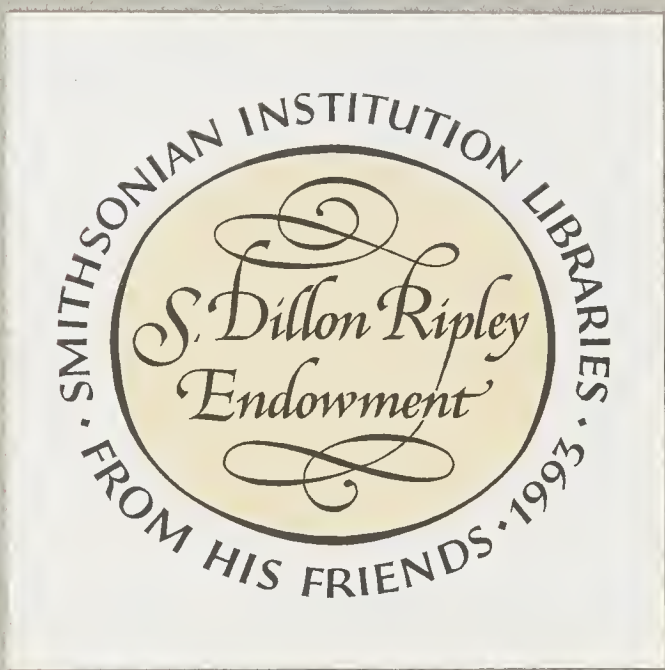




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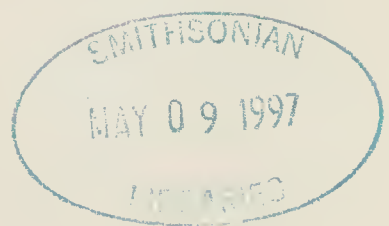
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THE LADIES' FAVORITE

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1874.

No. 25.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY LADY'S GARDEN.

There is a little annual I would like to recommend to your flower-lovers, and that is *Centranthus*. It is very valuable for cuttings. Did you ever try rooting cuttings by placing them in pots near the sides? If not, I would ask you to try it. I now have a *Hydrangea* in full bloom, which is very beautiful indeed, the admiration of every one. The whole plant is beautifully burdened with immense clusters of pink flowers, which gradually change color, as the clouds vary in their innumerable hues. It was kept through the winter in a dark cellar, where it shed all its leaves, but when the cold snows of winter were melted away it began to show new signs of life, when I again removed it to the "upper regions," this being in February or March, where it has remained up to this time, being far more beautiful than at any previous time of blooming.

The *White Eupatorium* is a handsome perennial, somewhat resembling the *White Ageratum*, is very desirable for cuttings, and deserves a place in every garden. A lady once gave me some mixed seed of *Tropaeolum*, or *Nasturtium*, more commonly called. In a few years the varieties had increased, each year adding novelties, when finally I had the pleasure to possess the very dark blood-red variety, called in the catalogues, *Tom Thumb King Theodore*.

A very simple yet pretty arbor can be constructed in a

short time; for material, secure slender bean-poles, lap the end of each on another, tying them firmly together, fasten them securely in the soil, bending them to form an arch over your garden pathway, four or five being sufficient to form your arbor; plant on either side of your trellis *Morning Glory* seeds, train them as they climb up over the frame, and every morning when you go to take a view of your flowers, a beautiful arch will greet your eyes, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow. Try it, my fair friends, and you will be

riety, having circles of two colors in the same flower. *Globe Amaranth* seed will vegetate much sooner if soaked in warm water; soak the seed in tepid water for two or three days (not stripping off the hulls), fill a box with good rich earth, and plant your seed quite deep, and it may not come up for a month, but do not be discouraged, for after a time it is certain to come. I always sow the seed much too thick, in case of failures, and to have plenty of plants to set out. Give the plants plenty of room, for only a very few grown in a box will give you more flowers than when the plants are crowded. Gather those you wish for bouquets

before any white shows on the blossoms, these intermingled with dried grasses and ferns, both phantom and green, form very beautiful bouquets for winter, enlivening when without all is lone and drear. The *Quaking Grass* is very pretty for winter decoration; at first it is similar to common grass, and



SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.—ARCHWAY UNDER THE DRIVE.

fully repaid for your trouble. A word about *Asters*. Give them all the care within your ability, and they will reward you with an abundance of perfect flowers; enrich them with a good supply of fertilizers, keeping the ground mellow, and you will soon notice the contrast between your own thriving plants and, perhaps, those of your neighbors, struggling to grow, choked in poor, gravelly soil. I sent for Truffaut's *Peony-flowered*, (mixed sorts,) and in the fall was surprised to find so many varieties. The *Crown* is another peculiar va-

does not blossom until late in the fall. There is a pretty little branching plant, suitable for both out-door and pot culture, called the *Wax Pink*, having long, sharp leaves about the color of *Carnations*, a blossom somewhat like a single *Aster*. Among the *Lilies*, the *White Candidum* is my favorite, very fragrant, and these alone, with only a faint background of *Arbor Vitæ*, make most exquisitely lovely bouquets for tall vases.

ROSE GERANIUM.

Floral Contributions.

WINDOW PLANTS.

Nothing adds more to the cosy, home-look of a room than a stand of healthy, well-grown plants. Rich brocade and filmy lace drapery cannot be compared to the tasteful elegance of wreathing vines, with all their rich garniture of green, interlacing sprays, graceful tendrils, and delicate or starry-eyed bloom. And where there is room enough, an Orange or Lemon tree, an Oleander, Abutilon, or stately Calla, give a tropical aspect to your bower of beauty, robbing winter of half its gloom, if not its rigor. It is so easy to have them, one wonders that any family room should be without. With a little care, any one may succeed with Geraniums, Roses and Fuchsias, while to the painstaking the name is "legion" of plants suitable for window culture. No one plant is more deservedly a favorite than the Geranium, both zonal and double flowering. Thriving under the most common culture, they repay extra care with a prodigal profusion of bloom. They need a rich soil, plenty of light, air, and morning sunshine, and judicious watering; never water in dribbles; use warm water through the winter; soft, if you have it; if not, liquid ammonia, two drops to a pint of water, is good, or weak manure-water once a week; frequent showering overhead (with a fine hose), and sponging of the leaves.

Last spring I repotted mine in a compost of light mellow earth, two parts; one part of well rotted hot-bed manure, one part decayed leaf mould from under the Black Currant bushes, and just enough sand to keep the earth friable. In raking out the walk between the currants I noticed the rich look of the decayed leaves, and as I am always trying experiments, gathered up the fine part and filled an old well-bucket, and set it under the drip of the smoke-house roof. In a few weeks it was ready for use. In taking it out it emitted the strong musky odor for which black currants are so much disliked by many people. In the bottom of the pots I put a layer an inch thick of pounded charcoal and calcined bone, then a mat of decayed leaves, filled the pot two-thirds with the mixed soil; then with a broad-bladed knife loosened the plant, inverting and giving a tap or two, out it came without any trouble; took off the fibrous mat of roots at the sides and bottom, shook out the old dirt, replanted carefully, pressing down the earth firmly, gave a thorough watering, and set in the shade for a week. All treated in this way grew straight ahead. They were small plants, needing no trimming. Large bushes I cut down to within three or four inches of the pot.

Have grown plants for years, but never saw anything like the bloom on these Geraniums. They have not run to stems and leaves, but the bloom has been (yes, I will say it) magnificent. "Lord Derby" and "Donald Beaton" having all the time more trusses than branches, and they measure nine, eleven, and twelve inches around, dense globes. "Madame" and "Victor Lemoine" look like great snow-balls in size, if not in color. All the rest, a dozen kinds, have grown equally well.

For Fuchsias, I use leaf mould from under scrub oaks, mixed with a sprinkle of good garden soil, a few rusty nails (oxide of iron is good for them), and a layer of charcoal at bottom; they need perfect drainage. Have had seven kinds in bloom all summer. Like some lady's in the CABINET, my "Sir Colin Campbell" is a real tree, with hundreds of coral bells on at a time.

But unlike hers mine did not die. This was my treatment: After it was done blooming I clipped off the terminal shoots of all the branches, and set it aside for two weeks, giving very little water—exhausted with blooming they do not require much; then repotted in a soil composed as given above. Not a leaf wilted or fell. In two weeks, new shoots full of flower buds had started all over, growing rapidly.

Roses must have a rich soil, two parts loam, one part dry, well-crumbled cow manure, one part leaf mould, and a little soot. An occasional watering with a little weak soot water is very beneficial. As soon as a rose withers cut it off; keep the bushes low and compact; in this way they are always throwing out new shoots, and are seldom out of bloom. The regal Rose! After all, what other flower can surpass it? I find Bon Silene, Safrano, and Pactole very satisfactory—exquisite in bud and delicious in fragrance. Pactole is sodouble, grows so large after you think it fully blown, and lasts in the shade more than ten days in perfection.

In this climate in the winter the cellar is the only sure refuge. So I carry my pets there at night. I would rather take fifteen minutes, night and morning, than waken to find them all frozen stiff. I have saved plants that were frozen hard, by placing them to dry in a perfectly dark cellar, leaving them covered three days, and they never lost a leaf, while those showered with cold water shed every leaf. Repot, spring and fall, or oftener, if the growth of any plant requires it; cleanse the pots with hot soapsuds, and soak new ones ten or twelve hours in water.

When my plants are put in winter quarters, I examine carefully for insects of all kinds. Am not troubled with red spiders, or any of its kin. "A member of the CABINET" says: "Never keep Verbenas over winter, they are more plague than profit." I don't think so, as they are so easily kept, only don't give too much water. I keep half a dozen or more choice kinds every winter. Three kinds can be grown in a six-inch pot, but I prefer deep tin cans. They always bloom early in February, and are such a pretty contrast to Geraniums, Primulas, and White Begonia.

Flowers have such a refining influence over children, they love them dearly, never spoil them, but move among them with the greatest care, picking up the fallen "fuchtelles" and blossoms with such eagerness. How they brighten the gloom of winter days for an invalid. I know a dear old lady of over eighty, who is always delighted when the plants come in for the winter. Watching each leaf and unfolding bud with the keenest pleasure; complaining if they are taken to another room for sunshine, because "she is so lonesome without them." Keep one or two plants, if you can no more. You will not think the time lost they require, and in gloom and trouble they give an almost human sympathy.

HORTENSE SHARE.

WINTER DECORATION.

While many friends give directions, and much is written about plants for window decoration, let me offer a suggestion for winter decoration now, "while yet it is time" to prepare. Always cultivate, if you can, a few plants for your windows; but from one cause and another, some cannot do so. To you who cannot have plants, and you too, who can, let me say, gather all the varieties of grasses you can and dry them. Do not hang them with the tops down to dry stiff, but tie them in small bunches, and set them up so they may fall gracefully. You will want them of

different shades; they differ naturally, but some you will wish to retain as much as possible of a green shade; these gather before they begin to ripen. While yet green, set them in a perfectly dark closet, where it is dry. Others you will bleach. These set a few days in the warm sun, but take them in if it rains. To your grasses you will want fern leaves. The hardy ferns and maiden hair press best, and retain best their natural appearance. Next you want bright leaves to add to the beauty of your grasses and ferns. When you gather these do not do as several persons, who, anxious to have bright leaves for winter use, gathered them and put them away in boxes, and then wonder why they did not look right, but press them, and with a very heavy weight, a letter press is splendid to press them in. It takes two or three weeks for them to dry, changing them once or twice in dry papers.

I give you these hints to begin with. Another time I will describe the parlor of a friend, which although very plainly furnished, gives delight to all who visit her, especially in the winter, for it is so bright and cheery that one almost forgets that it is winter. M.

A CHEERFUL PARLOR.

My friend's parlor is quite plainly furnished, but such an air of cheerfulness and brightness you seldom find in the elegant houses richly furnished. In the fall of the year she gets long branches of the English Ivy. She does not keep a steady fire in that room in the winter, so cannot put her Ivy in glass or china vases; so she takes tin cans, takes large pieces of the green wood moss, wraps around the cans, secures it there by wrapping fine black thread around the moss, then sets the can in a corner, so she may occasionally pour water around the moss to keep it fresh; she then puts some scraps of moss in the can, to hold her branches more steadily, and fills them with water, then puts her ivy in, and places it where she wishes. If it freezes, no matter, it will thaw again, and the Ivy is as bright as ever, and keeps quite well until spring, and if kept without freezing, some of the branches will root in the water. On the mantel, on corner brackets, around the room you will find the Ivy twined around the pictures. Around the walls she has the most beautiful bouquets of grasses in their natural colors, brightened up with the green of the pressed ferns, and the beautiful shades of the lovely autumn leaves. These are arranged in wall pockets and receptacles of different forms made of pasteboard, covered with moss and lichens. From her gas pipe in the centre of the room hangs a small basket, made from a cocoa-nut shell. The long gray Spanish moss conceals the shell and falls gracefully down. In the shell is a small bouquet of the more delicate grasses, brightened up with the smaller bright autumn leaves, and the leaves are studded over the moss and secured there by a touch of paste or glue. On the mantel are delicate vases with sprays of beautiful bright sumach and fern. She has beautiful plants of her own raising in the windows and her fernery, but as the weather grows cold she must remove these to a place of safety. But the frost and cold would hurt the grasses and autumn leaves, they are bright all winter. One cannot enter the room without being touched with the beauty and cheerfulness, and frequently a visitor will ask to bring a friend who is a stranger, that she too may see and admire.

Try it, friends. It costs no money. It will take a little time, only you must go through the fields, or wood, or along the roadside, with your eyes open, so you may find these treasures for the winter store. M.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Cacti as House Plants.—I would like to have some one give instructions as to the care and treatment required for Cacti; when to water, and how often, etc. I know in the countries where they flourish spontaneously there is a dry and a wet, or rainy, season. Now it is, and has been for a long time, a question with me whether with us they should be kept dry all summer, and given water freely in winter, or the reverse.

Waterloo, Ind. MRS. SARAH S. WINSLOW.

Answer.—Cacti require the least care of any house plant. Should be kept comparatively dry, except when growing, then water freely. In their native country it is all wet or all dry. A poor, sandy soil seems to suit them best.

Cape Jessamine.—Will some one tell me through the columns of the CABINET how to take care of a Cape Jessamine, so as to have it blossom?

Marlboro', Mass. MRS. W. S. FROST.

Answer.—Florists plant the Cape Jessamine out in May or June, and take up about the 1st of October. In potting, use a good rich loam, water moderately until they become well established, then give heat, and water liberally. The red spider is their greatest enemy. The only way to get rid of this pest is to syringe thoroughly every day. In most cases of failure, the red spider is the cause.

Japonica.—I have had a Japonica for three or four years, and it has never blossomed. Can you tell me why it does not? Some florists say it must be bedded first. The term I don't just understand. How is it to be bedded, what with? I will enclose a leaf; please tell me the name, as there are several different kinds of Japonicas. Is there any difference between garden Hyacinths and those for the house? I have had a Calla for more than two years, and have tried every means to make it blossom without success. Should plants kept in the cellar be watered when dry? *

Answer.—Japonicas rarely ever succeed as a house plant. Your best plan would be to give it over to a florist to bring into flower, and to care for after flowering. You will find an excellent article on growing it in "Window Gardening." The only difference between garden Hyacinths and those for the house, is that stronger and named sorts are generally selected for house culture, to secure the desired color, and to produce finer spikes of bloom than are generally desired out of doors. If you will refer to our back numbers you will find particular instructions for treatment of the Calla. Plants at rest require but little, if any, water.

Bouvardia.—Will some of your many readers tell me how to manage a Bouvardia? I have one I got last fall, and it has done nothing but go backward. It is in the same earth in which it came from the florist. The soil is poor. Must I change the earth? *

Answer.—The Bouvardia should have a light, rich soil. If grown in a pot it must be large, to give plenty of root room. It will not flower except in very warm, moist atmosphere. It may safely be called the most unsuitable plant for house-culture.

Crassula.—1. I bought a Crassula Perfoliata last fall for winter blooming, but it has not blossomed, though it is growing finely. Can you tell me the cause? Does it need different treatment than other plants to blossom? 2. I got a Poinsettia Pulcherrima at the same time, but it does not grow very well. Indeed, I

can hardly say that it grows any. Will you please to tell me what treatment it needs? Does it need much water, or should it be kept rather dry? Tell me what kind of soil, etc., it needs. 3. Will you tell me the name of the plant of which I enclose a sprig, and the treatment it needs? I have one that I fear I shall lose. It will grow for a while, and then the leaves will become dry and wither away. I have but a very little left. What can I do to save it? S. B.

Answer.—Your Crassula, very likely, requires age. All the house leek family are slow to come into flower. If it grows well it will come into bloom in good time. The Poinsettia is another of those plants that is homesick and despondent away from the greenhouse, and should never go from home. Not half the professionals manage it well. If wanted for the conservatory, give it to a florist ten months in the year, and enjoy it only when in flower. The enclosed slip is Lycopodium Denticulatum. It grows readily in any moist, warm, shady situation. It will do nothing but die if in a dry atmosphere.

Rapid-growing Climbers.—What will make the most rapid growth to cover a summer-house? Also, how to grow Coxcomb? I have had two, but could never get them to bloom till the frost killed them. What soil do they grow best in, and what moisture should they have? A CONSTANT READER.

Answer.—Bignonia Grandiflora is one of the best creepers for summer-houses. Coxcombs grow well in any rich soil. They should be started in a hot-bed to be in advance of frost.

Lawn Baskets.—Please tell me what plants and vines—running and trailing—would be suitable to put in the flower basket for the lawn, described in the December number of the CABINET. I have a Bridal Rose which keeps sprouting up from the roots. How should I manage it? Let the sprouts grow or keep them cut off? DAN. D. LION.

Answer.—For a very fine basket or vase on the lawn put a Dracaena in the centre, Ferns, Farfugium Graude, Var Hydrangea, Panicum Plicatum. Linaria makes a beautiful border, as it will in a short time completely cover the outside. The German Ivy does nicely for the same place. A cheap basket can be made to look well filled with Geraniums, blotched Petunias and native Ferns, with Linaria to hang over the rim. Let the Bridal Rose grow without cutting until it is larger than wanted.

Geraniums.—Mary A. Pease, Oxford, Mass., wants to know what she will do to make her Geraniums blossom. She has several nice ones, but they do not blossom. Also, an Agapanthus Lily, which is nearly two years old, and has never blossomed. What will she do to it?

Answer.—Plant Geraniums out in a poor soil, or plunge the pot. They will not bloom as well in rich soil as in poor. Running all to wood is the result of too good living. Keep the Agapanthus another year. It is best to keep it growing during the winter, though it may be kept dormant, when it will not freeze. Give it plenty of water during the summer. The pot should be set in a tub of water, say three inches deep, about the first of July, and let remain there until after flowering.

Lilium Auratum.—I wish you would inform me what was the matter with my Auratum last summer. One bulb threw up one flower-stalk five and a half feet high, with eighteen buds; most of them grew to half size, then withered and fell off; another in the same bed threw up two flower-stalks three feet high, one with five the other with six buds—all of which

opened finely—the blossoms measuring eight and nine inches in diameter. My other Japan Lilies and Tritoma, in the same bed, did splendid, the latter having thirteen fine flower-stalks, between four and five feet high. It was its third season of flowering. We leave it out winters—protecting it only the same as our Japan Lilies—which in this latitude (where the mercury falls 36° below zero) with good protection seem quite hardy.

Evansville, Wis.

MRS. D. L. MILLS.

Answer.—There is but little the matter with your lilies, upon the whole. They rarely ever do as well. Very likely a worm at the root caused the buds of one to drop.

Coboea Scandens.—Permit me to ask if there is any special treatment required to secure seed from Coboea Scandens. A number of ladies in this vicinity have been unable to get any seed whatever from this beautiful climber.

Savannah.

M. J. ALDERMAN.

Answer.—All that is required to make the Coboea Scandens seed is a long dry season. An old plant set in a southern exposure will generally seed freely.

Ground Ivy.—I would like to inquire if there is any one who can tell me how to destroy Ground Ivy. It has spread nearly all over our yard. Have tried pulling it up, but the roots are so thick that we cannot kill it out that way.

A. R. YOCOM.

Answer.—Keep on pulling.

Bulbs.—I would like to ask a question about bulbs, Narcissus and Jonquils. I have some beautiful ones this winter. Will they do to force another year, or are they used up, like Hyacinths? I wish some one would tell me the best plants for the house; those that will bear the dry air from the furnace.

MRS. M. PLUMSTEAD, JR.

Answer.—Bulbs that have been forced do not do well the second year, as they do not ripen well in pots. They may be planted in the open border and do very well. For forcing we should advise getting newly imported bulbs. Full descriptive lists of plants for house culture, with cultural instructions, may be found in "Window Gardening."

Gloxinia.—Can you tell me, through your FLORAL CABINET, what treatment to give Gloxinia seedlings that are just coming? What I mean is, the after-treatment, time of rest, etc. I also wish to ask whether Cyclamen can be made to rest all winter, and have their growing and blooming season at a time when they require no artificial heat? C. M.

Answer.—Gloxinia seedlings should be kept growing on as fast as possible until after blooming, when they should have a season of rest. The natural season of rest of the Cyclamen is summer, and they cannot be induced to change habits. At least, we have not been able to get good blooms except in winter and spring.

Inquiries.—1. On digging my Gladiola bulbs last fall, I found around the old bulb a number of very small bulbs, about the size of beans. What ought to be done with them? 2. My Tuberose bulb was surrounded by small new bulbs. Should they be broken off when dug, or when planted next spring? 3. How are Bouvardias propagated? MRS. T. F. WRIGHT.

Answer.—1. Plant in early spring, the same as peas, and, in good soil, they will make bulbs that will flower next season. 2. Leave the offsets on the Tuberose bulbs until the time to plant out, then plant in a deep, rich soil, and, if good sets, they will flower the following season. 3. From root cuttings. Take pieces of root an inch long, put in a box or pot of good mould, and they will make young plants in a very short time.

Garden Decorations.

GARDEN DECORATIONS.

Upon this page are figured two very pretty and useful structures for decorating the lawn and garden.

Fig. 1 is a little summer-house for the garden, or among the shrubbery of the ornamental grounds, which has become covered with a perfect luxuriant mass of climbing vines. It is constructed of wood, very tastefully cut, and joined in fancy open-work figures, and its interior is apparently formed of various colored woods joined together, and varnished, forming a pleasing variety of native inlaid work. A table of same construction stands in the centre, which is used for reading, or games. The ornamental shrub at the left hand may be either the Spirea or the Weigela, while on the right hand is a vigorous clump of Hollyhocks.

Fig. 2 is suitable either as a garden screen, or better, to be placed in the centre or side of a lawn path wherever there is a pretty view of scenery in the distance. Looking through the oval opening, the vista seems more distinct, and being less in extent, its beauty is enhanced. Short trellises are placed close to the ends of this frame upon which are growing climbing vines. The structure is made entirely of wood, ornamented at the top with curved wire rods and bells, like the Chinese garden house, or temple. The climbing vines most suitable for planting here are Aristolochia, Trumpet Creeper, and Morning Glory. Best annual flower to plant at base in front is the Salvia Splendens.

HANGING BASKETS.

The wire baskets are much improved if, after they are lined with moss, pretty white oyster or clam shells are placed here and there between the moss.

The Tradescantias, Zebrina, and Viridis, are good edging. The first is lovely, with its silvery, green, and maroon striped leaves; the common name, Zebrina, suits it well. The other is called "Cactus Grass." Both are propagated with the greatest ease, and like shade and moisture. The different varieties of Ivy are useful. Torenia Asiatica is beautiful, commonly called Porcelain Plant (it does look like porcelain, with its rich shaded purple flowers); "will bloom in profusion, if allowed heat enough;" that comes so readily that I think I must have read it somewhere; but I have grown it myself, and I know that it likes shade likewise.

For stone or terra-cotta baskets, nothing can be prettier than the Frost Plant (*Mesembryanthemum Crystallinum*), and *Linaria Cymbalaria*, or Toad Flax, with its drooping, delicate foliage. One of either of these plants are sufficient for a basket, if cultivated right.

Marsh Pennyroyal is a good trailer, and quite pretty.

A lady friend had baskets filled with it, and trailing and climbing over the top and up the cords was a yellow leafless twining vine, with floating tendrils; going nearer, I found it to be a variety of the common Dodder (*Cuscuta*). She said, "I did not notice it when I filled the baskets; then it grew so fast and was so pretty, I let it alone;" and pretty it was, and graceful and odd.

deception, but no one was the wiser from the street, and they did look beautiful. One summer I had Chickweed (I am great for trying new things), and it ran and raced over everything, and was not ugly until it died.

G. C.

WHITE WATER LILY.

"If our readers knew how easily the White Water Lily (*Nymphaea Odorata*) could be cultivated, we believe that very many of them would be quite as proud of their lily gardens as of any other portion of their premises. The roots having been procured in the fall were kept damp during the ensuing winter, in flower pots. In the spring a tub was made by sawing a substantial barrel in two, and this, duly painted green, was set on brick, put in the garden, and one-third

filled with a mixture of garden soil, sand and well-rotted manure. The roots were set in this mixture, water was added in small quantities, and at intervals of a day or two, and so gently as not to disturb the earth, until the tub was filled. Very soon the handsome round leaves, four or five inches in diameter, made their appearance and filled the tub. The loss of water by evaporation was made good from time to time, and ere long the blossoms appeared and delighted every one with their beauty.

When cold weather approached, the water was allowed to dry off almost entirely, and when it was thus nearly gone, the tub, with its contents, was placed in the cellar, and watered at long intervals through the winter. In the spring the roots were separated, and about half the increase returned to the same tub, in a fresh mixture of earth, and they are now brought out earlier than before, about April 1st, and blossom yet more profusely. The pure white flowers were as perfect as the Camelia, and delightfully fragrant, closing in the night and re-opening in the morning, as is the wont of Water Lilies. The blooms were about two inches in diameter, not quite so large as some of the specimens in the pond whence these roots were first taken, but not less beautiful nor less fragrant."—*Flower Garden*.

PLANTS FOR EDGING.

Sweet Alyssum is excellent, both yellow and white. This spring I found several plants self-sown in the flower pots. I have a round centre mound, bordered with good-sized stones, clinkers, and shells; planted Sweet Alyssum around it, mixing with Rock Ivy, Dew Plant, *Mesembryanthemum Tricolor*, (oh, what a name,) and Moneywort (*Lysimachia Nummularia*), it makes a very pretty edging, trailing down and covering the stones, and has been constantly in bloom. Stonecrop (*Sedum*) is good, and perfectly hardy. Phacelias, both colors, and a small, bushy variety of White Candytuft, will bloom all summer.

G. C.

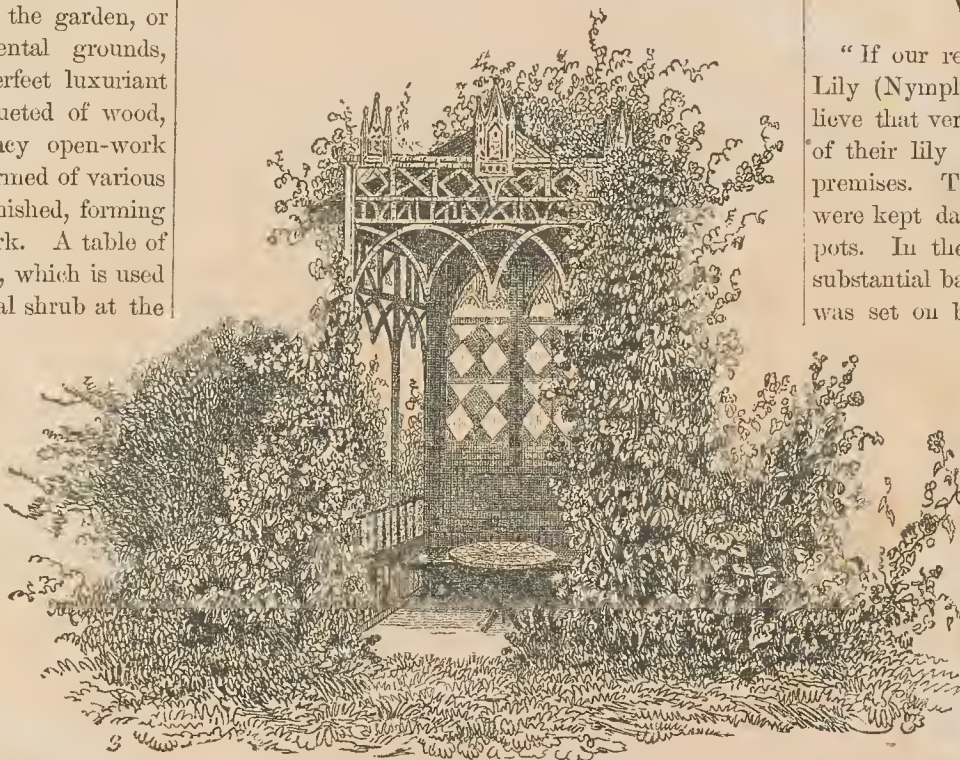


Fig. 1. GARDEN SUMMER-HOUSE.

It is a parasite, living on the juices and strength of other plants, as every one knows who has seen it; but it is a novelty for baskets, I assure you, if it can be grown. Love Vine it is called here, no doubt on account of its clinging propensities. I brought pieces of it home, throwing it over my baskets; one took root (on another plant), but as it was late in the fall it made very little growth, and died through the winter. Last

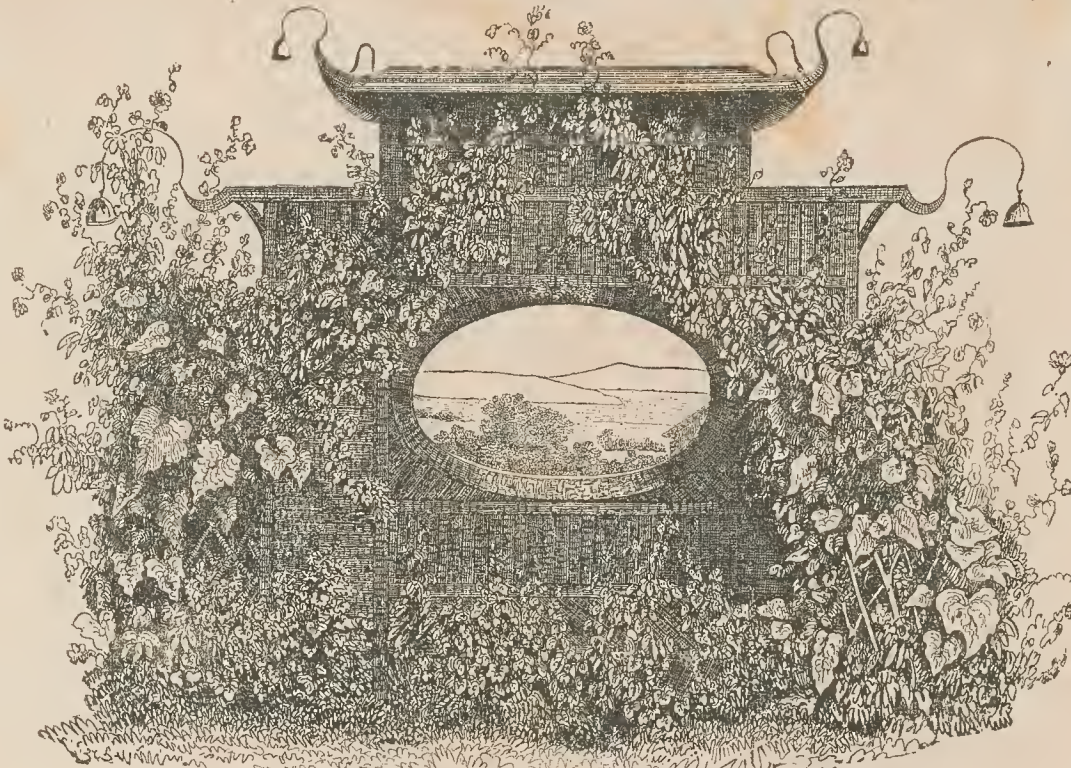


Fig. 2. A LAWN ORNAMENT. SUPPORT FOR VINES.

summer my baskets were destitute of standing or climbing plants. Every time I would go in the woods I would gather the graceful drooping stems of Solomon's Seal, and Ferns, and put them in my baskets. The Ferns wilted in a day, but the Seals stay fresh and green several days, if kept damp. This was a floral

Ornamental Cottages.

A PRETTY COUNTRY COTTAGE.

Upon this page we present a beautiful illustration of a very cosy country cottage, which will commend itself to a multitude of citizens who wish for something constructed at a moderate cost. For a large proportion of country families, needing but small space, and having but small means to build, this plan is exceedingly suitable. Although the plans we give are for rooms of only moderate width and length, yet the same proportion may be maintained for building a large house, and still the same exterior be preserved. The cost of enlarging from rooms 12 feet square to 14 or 15 feet square, will add but \$300 to the price mentioned below.

From consultation of plans it will be seen there are five rooms on the first floor and three rooms on second floor.

1. Entrance porch, about 8 feet square.
2. Hall and stairway, 8 feet wide, 11 feet long.
3. Parlor, 12 feet wide and 12 feet long.
4. Bedroom or library, 8 by 11 feet.
5. Porch, fronting No. 4.
6. Kitchen, 12 feet square.
7. Pantry, a back lobby, 6 by 8 feet.

The capacity of the first floor may be considerably added to, by widening room No. 7 to that of No. 2, say 8 feet, and then extending it backwards 20 feet. This extension will then allow space for two rooms—No. 7, eight feet wide and twelve feet long, with smaller room, No. 8, at end, for a scullery, 6 feet by 8.

In this case No. 3 would be a parlor, No. 6 dining-room, and No. 7 kitchen.

Perhaps a pleasing addition to this plan would be to enclose Porch No. 5 with glass, and make it a handy Conservatory or Plant Garden.

The roof can be ornamented still more than is shown in the illustration, and made much more elegant. This can be built in any country district for \$1,500, where timber does not exceed \$35 per 1,000, or labor \$3 per day. It would be also an excellent design for a garden, a cottage, or summer-house among the country hills.

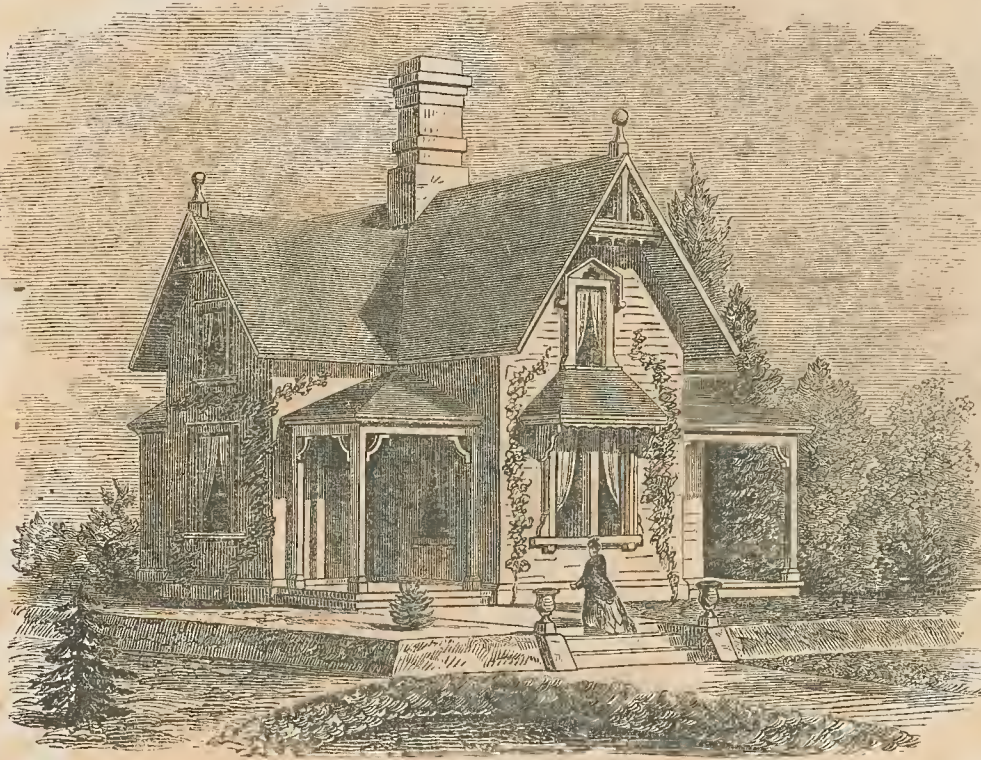
INTERIOR FURNISHING OF COTTAGES.

An English lady, who fancied this design and copied after it, building a house of her own just like it, has written some excellent suggestions about house furnishing, which apply equally well to not only this design, but most country dwellings. We know of nothing which will add greater grace and refinement to the life, habits and conversation of a family than the possession of such a pretty house. The lady says:

"I like small, square entries, like vestibules, for cottage ornés. They separate effectually the front and back of the house, so that the noises and other attendants of work do not invade the sitting-rooms. The lobby, as well as the porch, should be laid with mosaic or encaustic tiles, if not considered too expensive or too pretensions for the *petite* simplicity of the cottage. If economy, however, is to be strictly studied, choose an oilcloth of a marquetric pattern, (like gay inlaying), or white India matting, with a colored border. For the

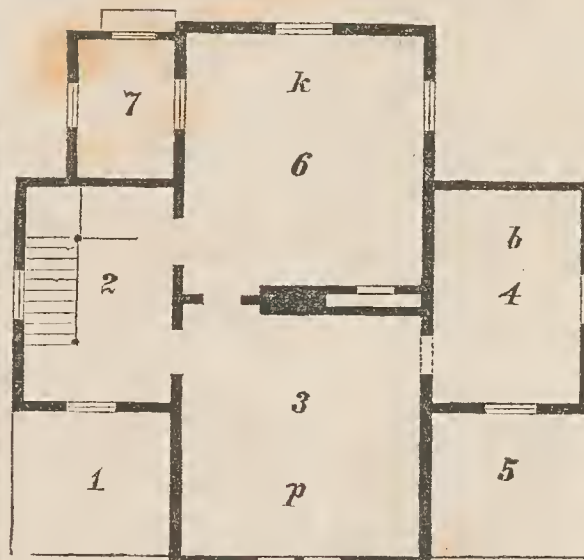
side lights, obscured glass with colored borders, seem a desirable addition.

"From the ordinary stair carpet, with dingy enamelled cloth cover hiding the pattern, us deliver and fend! Either you can afford to have a stair carpet and use it, or you can't have one at all. Cover the entire stair with one with a small-figured ingrain, moss-like pattern of crimson, green or drab, with large patent stair-rods—not the wretched little bits of brass wire that are too commonly seen.



DESIGN FOR PRETTY COUNTRY COTTAGE.

"The lobby table is preferred to the hat-stand in cottage ornés. It should unmistakably vary from other tables in being long, low and narrow. A square, plain glass must hang above it; for a lobby without this convenience, whereby a guest may arrange his appearance before entering the presence of his hostess, is inhospitably furnished. Below the glass, or on the opposite wall, should hang a wall-basket of carved



PLAN FOR FIRST FLOOR.

wood or iron, of open pattern, to receive gloves, papers or parcels. An ornamental whisk-broom should hang near.

"About the furnishing of the rooms, I have some decisions which will scarcely be accepted at once. They come from noticing the French and Flemish country styles. The cloth-covered door is one of these ideas. This is a frame of plain deal, with broad cross-piece, on which the lock is fastened, the whole covered with baize or rep, stretched tight, and studded with

gilt nails on the edge. Else it may be covered with jacquard linen, and covered by a curtain, like the French *portiere*. The advantage of these doors is, that they are lighter, more noiseless, and less expensive than wooden ones. When covered with woolen stuff, lined with several thicknesses of common paper, they are even warmer than wooden doors. They deaden sound effectually. For these reasons I urge their adoption—at least between communicating rooms, if the doors opening into the entry are of wood.

"If ordinary wooden doors are used, let them be well painted, and if really good graining is not to be thought of, in consequence of the expense, paint them in solid color. The dark Etruscan coloring, delicately lined with white, crimson, or black, is coming in vogue for town houses, and is in far truer taste than the imitations of walnut which show their shabby edges on the 'genteel' squares and side streets. This style is too heavy for cottages, which may have the doors treated in the *salon* fashion of some gay French houses, the panels painted with fruit and flowers on white or neutral ground. This effect may be given by cutting the figures from fine wall paper, gluing them on the panels, and coating the whole with clear varnish.

"Let the walls be tinted plain, with gay cornice and ceiling mouldings. Ornamental hinges, door-knobs and key-holes, if not obtrusive, are

appropriate additions to prettiness in the style we are considering. The surbase must be narrow, and have a single bevel on top.

"The carpet should be of small figure, and the rules for choosing apply equally to Brussels or tapestry, as the patterns are repeated in both. I should say a tapestry is in better taste for a simple house than a Brussels, just as muslin and cashmere suit a village lady better than moire and velvet. These carpets are fine, and wear nearly as long as Brussels. The effect, after a year's wear, is almost the same. The patterns fancied now are mottled crimson, green or drab, in three shades of the same color. These are monotonous, perhaps, in themselves; but a five-inch border of brilliant color is usually added, which gives a beautiful finish. Drab carpets are specially fancied now; small figures in oak yellow and oak brown (marquetric designs, quite different from the "oak" carpets formerly chosen for dining-rooms), small flowers and leaves strewn the ground thickly, without any set grouping, are favorite styles. The floral oak patterns need no border. Rugs should be made of the mottled carpeting, with bright border.

"Stuffed chairs are preferred to common cane-seats. When the latter are used, a border of blue or crimson velvet should be placed round the canework. Ebonized wood is in request for the drawing-room suits of cottage ornés, beyond all other descriptions; and to lighten the effect a few chairs of scarlet or white lacquer are introduced.

"Muslin with fluted borders and chintz under-curtains are the appropriate style for cottages. If chintz is disdained, draperies of rep over full muslin curtains are used; but never long curtains of wool or silk materials. They are too heavy.

"The ornaments for a cottage must be unpretending, but choice. No gilding or inlaid ware should be seen."

DREAMING EYES OF LONG AGO. Ballad.

Words by EDWARD COLEMAN.

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Music by G. OPERTI.

Andantino.

1. I am thinking of a morning In the dis-tant long a-go,.... When hopesmil'd on my life's dawning, For I
 2. I re-call so well that old-en, Ev-er un-for-got-ten time,.... It was in the glo-rious gold-en, Mer-ry

pp

knew nor eare nor woe,..... By my side there tripp'd a maiden, Passing fair and dreaming eyed,..... Re-sy
 laughing summer's prime,.... After summer came De- cember, Roses perished in the snow,..... While I

smiles and eyes love-la-den Reveal'd thought her tongue de-nied,..... Dreaming eyes,..... Dreaming eyes,..... Dreaming
 live I must re-mem-ber Dreaming eyes of long a-go,..... Dreaming eyes,..... Dreaming eyes,..... &c.

eyes of long a-go,..... Dreaming eyes,..... Dreaming eyes,..... Dreaming eyes of long a-go,.....

*colla voce.**colla voce.**D. S.**D. S.*

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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1874.

PELARGONIUMS.

Pelargoniums are especial favorites with me, except, perhaps, a few of the hybrid perpetuals. They should be confined to the green-house. Those particularly adapted to window gardening, are Benoiton, Mary Fox and Beelzebub. The whole class of Pelargoniums are selfish things, and require an abundance of sunlight to grow them satisfactorily. From the moment the young plants are established in pots until the period of flowering, they must not be allowed to wilt from want of water; neither suffer from excess of moisture; either of these conditions will be fatal to the bloom. Cuttings made from partially ripened wood, in June, make fine plants in the Fall. Recently, I have succeeded admirably with the better varieties of Carnations, by treating them to a slight trellis. Every branch fully exposed to light and air, with thorough syringing twice a week, in clear, cold water, effectually checks the operations of the red spider and otherwise promotes the health and vigor of the plant. Under this treatment, a President De Graw, so cutting in April, became in February three feet in height, producing at one time nearly fifty fully expanded flowers. With Defiance, Astoria, Amanda Bertine, Optimee and Admiral Farragut the collection is unrivaled. Cuttings from strong shoots, placed in bottom heat, root readily; or a still slower process is, to place them in a pot of clean, moist sand, cover with glass, and wait patiently for the results.

Of Calceolarias, the hybrid sorts are the most desirable. From a single packet of seed, costing fifty cents, nearly fifty varieties may be obtained. Fill a pot half full of drainage, over which sift three inches of light, sandy soil, moisten thoroughly, then sprinkle

the seed as evenly as possible, cover with a pane of glass, and place in a shady location. When the second leaves appear, prick out in little clumps into shrub pots, as they are at first so delicate, any attempt to pot them singly would involve the loss of the entire mass. As the plants become established, one should be left in each pot, and given water freely. They require partial shade at all times and as much water as a Calla. Primulas require similar treatment, and will thrive with less delicate handling, although the seed is sometimes weeks in germinating. My plan is to sow them as early as May; then you have fine, large plants for winter blooming. Among the Fuchsias that have given me the greatest satisfaction is the Avalanche, the finest of all the double ones, and a free bloomer, which can be said of no other double one in cultivation. A vigorous grower, the foliage alone would compensate



HANGING BASKET OF FERNS.

for the care of one, if it never produced a flower. I have learned from experience that to have an abundance of flowers, you must have strong roots, at least one year old, well formed in autumn, and potted in rich, mellow soil, with alternate periods of rest and growth.

Those only can succeed with plants to whom the labor of caring for them is a pleasure; the moment it becomes other than this, a sickly collection will be the result.

SARAH E. PATTON.

A BEAUTIFUL HANGING BASKET.

Upon this page is figured a rare hanging basket filled with Ferns. It is a wire frame, such as is found at almost any horticulturist store, or made by any tin dealer. The entire interior is filled with moist moss, except a small round spot in the centre, which contains a little earth. At the bottom of this earth is a sponge. The Basket is filled with Ferns and Smilax. The varieties most suitable for culture in hanging baskets are the Maideu Hair Fern (*Adiantum*), *Athyrium*, *Polypodium Vulgare*, *Asplenium Flaccidum*, *Pteris Serrulata*.

Such a list is easily obtained from any florist, and small plants may even be sent by mail. We know of no plants so durable or requiring so little care, and yet able to live in any position like Ferns. We would call them the Window Gardener's Live for Ever.

PLEASANTRIES OF FLORAL LITERATURE.**THE MOSS ROSE.**

The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe the young buds in dew from Heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:
O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou'st given me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow:
"On me another grace bestow!"
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there that Flower had not?
'Twas but a moment; o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws;
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a Flower that Rose exceed?

THE DAISY.

Not world on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood;
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within.

ORIGIN OF THE YELLOW ROSE.

Once a white Rose-hud reared her head,
And peevishly, to Flora said:
"Look at my sister's blushing hue—
Pray, mother, let me have it too!"
"Nay, child," was Flora's mild reply,
"Be thankful for such gift as I
Have deemed befitting to dispense—
Thy dower's the hue of innocence."
When did Persuasion's voice impart
Content and peace to female heart:
Where hateful jealousy hears away,
And seares each gentler guest away?
The Rose still grumbled and complained;
Her mother's hauntings still disdained—
"Well, then," said angered Flora, "take"—
She breathed upon her as she spake:
"Henceforth, no more in simple vest
Of innocence shalt thou be dressed;
Take that which better suits thy mind,
The hue for jealousy designed."
The Yellow Rose has, from that hour,
Borne evidence of Envy's power.



AN EVENING FAMILY GATHERING.

R. L. L. & Co.

The Ladies' Boudoir.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two, to-night—
No guests our bounty share;
The damask cloth is snowy white,
The service elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,
The muffins nice and hot.
What though the winds without blow cold
The walls a little world unfold,
And the storm is soon forgot.
In the fire-light's cheerful glow
Beams a Paradise below.

A fairer picture who hath seen?
Soft lights and shadows blent;
The central figure of the scene,
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—
Her head a little bent;
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,
With quiet, gentle grace;
With fingers deft, and movements free,
She mixes in the cream for me,
A bright smile on her face;
And, as she sends it up,
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?
I secretly reflect.
The passing thought she must have guessed.
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,
An arm is round my neck.
Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife.

—Overland Monthly.

TRUE TASTE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN MONEY.

Many imagine they must relinquish all hope of gratifying their tastes, or the inherent love of the beautiful, if they do not rank among the rich. This is an entirely false idea. There are houses upon which thousands of dollars have been expended that would be quite intolerable to people of real refinement as a permanent residence. The whole arrangement and furniture are so stiff and formal—so heavy and oppressive with superfluous ornament, that simple curiosity to see what strange vagaries can enter into the heads of the rich, and in what absurd manner they study to spend their abundant wealth, would seem to be the only motive which could tempt a sensible person to enter.

On the other hand we find small, modest cottages which bear unmistakable evidences of necessity for close economy, that have more of real comfort and convenience about them than those splendid mansions; and at the same time they are gems bearing in every part the stamp of true elegance and refinement. They are so beautified by the genuine taste and ingenuity of the occupants that it is a real pleasure to pass from one room to another, or sit quietly and enjoy the sweet enchantment—yet money had little to do towards securing such attractions. It is the fitness of things—the harmonious blending of shape and color, the adaption of the furniture to the wants of each apartment, that make the whole combination so peculiarly delightful. And yet, how and from what was all this tasteful furnishing constructed?

If some of those persons whose dark and gloomy parlors are hung with the costly damask, and their

furniture carved and upholstered by the most skilful and fashionable workmen, should by chance find themselves in one of these pleasant homes, they could not help being captivated by the spirit of the place, in the absence of style and fashion. The elegant, airy, graceful parlors, the rest, the peace and comfort which pervade the whole atmosphere, would be to them a new experience, and what would be their astonishment to learn with how little expense all this, which they acknowledge to be so refreshing, has been secured.

No matter if the purse is not very heavy, young people, with good health and a fair share of taste and ingenuity, have great pleasure in store for themselves when they undertake to furnish and beautify a house, which is to be their first joint home. There are so many small conveniences, so many little contrivances that a carpenter never thinks of, because he has never had a woman's work to do, and therefore cannot see how important these little things are. A woman knows just where an hour's work, well-considered and planned, can be employed to manufacture some convenient thing that will save much time and strength, and which, however cheaply and roughly made, she can in a few spare moments transform into an object of real beauty.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

"BEST ROOMS."

I have always wondered what some people have best rooms for. It really is a mystery, for they always keep them closed and dark—no ray of sunlight ever peeps through the curtains or falls upon the carpet or pictures. Everything is cold and stiff, and a sort of awe-inspiring atmosphere pervades the entire room, and you feel involuntarily like raising your hat and making a profound bow when you enter.

A few times a year the apartment is aired, and two or three times opened for "grand company." But how uncongenial everything is! One feels just like walking on tiptoe; the children are sure to talk in whispers, and there is a pervading feeling that the carpet is too nice to walk on, the chairs too easy to be enjoyed, the pictures too beautiful to be commented upon, the books too handsomely bound to look at and read. So you sit bolt upright and talk politics and theology until you get as rigid as your surroundings.

Now, I don't like such rooms! I don't believe in having things that are too nice to be used; they always make me nervous. If I have a nice dress, I want to wear it; if I have a nice pleasant room, I want to enjoy it when I have leisure, and not when I have a room full of company to entertain.

I always think soft carpets are to walk upon, easy chairs to lounge in, beautiful pictures to look at and admire, handsome books to read and talk about.

How I love to throw open the "best room" now and then and spend a quiet evening there; have a father and brother put on their dressing gowns and slippers—mother bring her knitting, and sisters their crochet and embroidery; have some one read a good entertaining story, or a sketch from some favorite author,—then play an innocent game of some sort, laugh and talk just as much as you please, or sing a pleasant, cheery song with the piano for accompaniment.

Presently father will begin one of his long, thrilling stories of his early life in a new country; mother will look complacently around upon the family group and think what a happy change time has wrought. How bright and happy those faces are around that hearthstone! Soon the clock gives warning that 'tis an hour

past bedtime—and where has the time flown? Happy good-nights are spoken, and happier hearts think there is no place like home, and there isn't.

Now, this is what I call enjoyment, and putting our "best room" to a proper use; and I am confident that if more parents thought so, and would labor to make home the happiest place on earth, there would be far less of dissipation and crime among our young men than there now is.

There is nothing that sheds such a glow of warmth through the soul as the feeling that there is one place on earth where we can find rest, and that is home; a place where we can enjoy the society of those most dear to us, and where all is peace and happiness.

Parents, open your "best room" occasionally, when only your own family is to grace it, and see how much comfort you can take, and how great an amount of happiness you will afford those over whom you have control.—Mellie Willow.

GIRLS' OPPORTUNITIES.

A lady friend suggests that the following remarks, forming part of an editorial in the Boston Advertiser, are worthy a place in our columns:

"The trouble to-day is that girls confound acquisition of knowledge with education, and pride themselves on a certain number of facts which they have stored in their memories, and which for a few years they use with a showy effect. They think they know a great deal more than they do; they peep through the windows of science, see a star here and a flower there, trifle a little with acids, alkalis and crucibles, and are persuaded that they are astronomers, botanists, and chemists; they undervalue all knowledge which they do not possess, and are inclined to despise all labor save that of the student. There is no height of learning to which girls may not aspire; but they should be taught, most of all, personal dignity, the need and beauty of adapting themselves to the life in which they are placed; their studies should, so far as possible, have a practical application; they should understand that they cannot know much at any rate, and should learn the graces of intellectual modesty.

"Parents and teachers should be guides as well as instructors, and should look to the future lives of their pupils, and not merely to their standing in their class or college. The child's play of sticking flowers thick in the earth and calling them a garden, is harmless, but many a girl is educated on that principle, and the result is ruinous. The flowers fade, the girl forgets her learning; and there is left in one case dry and barren waste, in the other, a miserable, incapable woman, weak and nervous, whom physicians prescribe for, and then, strangely enough, use as a warning to other women against study.

THE WIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, and that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solicitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

Home Readings.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise,
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter.
Now he hursts into the room,
Noisy as a rocket:
"Auntie, I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking hoots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something better yet—
I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
Emptiness a sorrow;
Little hand is plump enough
To fill it till—to-morrow.
And, ere many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it:
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too:
It was always handy.
And, when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
Found a place within it;
He forgot that he had said,
"I want it just a minute."
Once the closet-key was lost:
No one could unlock it;
Where do you suppose it was?
Down in Willie's pocket!

—The Nursery.

Four Monarchs.—During the occupation of Paris by the allied troops in 1815, three military gentlemen were walking one morning in the Jardin des Plantes, when its beauties were quite scientifically pointed out and described to them by an oddly dressed and singular looking personage, whom they supposed to be one of the under gardeners. He dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the beauties of the Indian trees—the lotus, the palm, the banyan tree, &c.; and after concluding his botanical survey, he turned to his audience and politely requested the strangers' names.

"I am the Emperor of Russia," said one of the party.

"Indeed! Ah, and this gentleman?"

"He is the Emperor of Austria," was the answer.

"Oh! Must I also understand," pursued the singular querist, "that this gentleman is an Emperor, too?"

"No," replied Frederik William, smiling (who then saw Paris for the first time), "I am simply the King of Prussia. But," continued his Majesty (with a touch of that grave humor which is characteristic of his race), "will you be so good as to tell us in return the name of our distinguished eicerone, to whom we are at present so much indebted?"

"Monsieur, my brother," replied the eccentric botanist, drawing himself up and laying his hand on his heart, "Messieurs, my brothers, I am the Grand Mogul!"

Alexander of Russia, who frequently told the story, afterwards, used to add that the Great Mogul, who was simply a harmless lunatic, once a distinguished botanist, was probably the happiest monarch of the four.

Hebrew Roots and Persimmons.—Is there anything in the study of Hebrew roots as a specialty in life that affects the person so engaged? We recall the idiosyncrasy of the Rev. Prof. Packard, of the Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. He had just come from New England, and had never before seen the Persimmon grow. Those acquainted with this singular fruit know well that it attains a light orange color some time before it is ripe, and that at this time it is astringent to a great degree. The doctor was taking a walk, and the glowing Persimmons looked very tempting; so he thought he must for the first time taste the fruit. Its effect upon the good man's mouth was very astonishing, and he became convinced that he had been eating the apples of Sodom, or some other very poisonous thing. At this moment two other professors of the seminary fell in with the good man, and were made quite solicitous by his grimaces, which seemed to indicate that he had been swallowing by accident some of his own formidable roots. One ventured to ask—

"Doctor, what have you been taking?"

With manifest effort to untwist his badly puckered mouth, the professor ejaculated—

"Do-o-on't speak to me, but let me go home and die in the bosom of my family!"

It is painful to reflect that the incident was often made the occasion of merriment among the young theologues, and it is even said that one of them asked the president of the faculty for permission to go home. When further questioned why he wanted to go home, he said he had a bad pucker in his mouth and stomach, and besides didn't feel well, and would like to be allowed to go home and die in the bosom of his family.

Of the complete discomfiture which befell the gravity of the president it is not possible to tell.

Unwashed Prince.—One day the Crown Prince of Germany heard an uproar in his nursery. He stepped in to inquire, and the nurse said, "Prince Henry refuses to be washed." "What, my son, will you not be washed and made clean?" "No, I won't be washed," he petulantly responded, "I don't like to be washed. Let me be!" "Well," said Fritz, "if that is his choice, let him be. He need not be washed!" Away he bounded with great glee at having conquered the nurse, and getting his own way. By and by the nurse and Prince Henry took a ride through the Thier garden and streets of Berlin. He soon noticed that the sentries stationed all over the city, did not give them the customary salute. "Why don't the soldiers present arms, nurse?" "I can not tell," she said, "we are dressed correctly, are in the royal carriage, and I can not guess why they refuse us the honors." At eventide his papa asked Prince Henry if he had enjoyed his ride to-day? "No, papa, not a bit." "Not a bit? What can the matter be?" "Why, papa, not a soldier recognized or saluted us in driving all round the city, and we had on uniform, and rode in the royal carriage." "Ah!" he says to the lad, "soldiers did not salute you, eh? Well, you must understand, my boy, that no Prussian soldier will present arms to an unwashed prince!"

Teaching Boys a Trade.—Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will his craft will bring him support. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. He need ask favors of none. Yet ambitious parents—ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profes-

sion, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or running the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods, or of toiling laboriously at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health, and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at; for the supply of candidates for positions as "errand boys," dry goods clerks, and kindred occupations, is notoriously overstocked; while on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics of every description, is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong, and runs the risk of helping, by so much, to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners, confined in the penitentiaries of thirty States, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life.

Cheerful People.—God bless the cheerful people—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature—what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him—are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh! so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and, passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

Pleasures of Reading.—Of all amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which the man has had enough—perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dulness and sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure.

Sold.—A Troy family having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of a fire. One of the coldest days last winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curling up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was as cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed heartily at his misfortunes.

Household Elegancies.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Those oft-quoted "melancholy days" are close at hand again. The time has rapidly come when November's chilly winds will strip the trees of all their lovely foliage, and leave them desolate; but there will be a brief, bright season, ere yet they are despoiled, when they shall brighten into such a rainbow of glory that we shall hardly miss the vanished colors of our summer garlands. Every tree shall then be gorgeous in its most radiant robes; and again, as in the early spring-time, when we sought for the first wild flowers, we shall all "away to the woods;" remembering that this also is a fleeting splendor, and that if we would secure a portion to adorn our homes for the coming winter, it behooves us to lose no time about it.

There are few things more suitable for decorating our homes in winter than these bright leaves of autumn. With a little taste in arranging and disposing them about our rooms, they will add untold beauties even to what was beautiful without them; and those who have not many lovely things can ill afford to dispense with this cheap and unsurpassed adornment.

I will tell you a secret for turning an ugly thing into a "thing of beauty." If your parlor has a window with a disagreeable view, make it an ornamental window, thus: Get autumn leaves and press them; I am very successful in merely ironing them with a hot flat-iron, exactly in the manner of smoothing a garment, until the moisture is dried out of them. I put the iron right upon the leaves, and though some will be spoiled, I get a plenty, so that there will be good ones enough left; for this process, although a little "risky," is preferable to some more careful methods, as it gives the leaves a most brilliant color, and a rich, glossy surface, and they keep it all the winter through, even in the case of the most delicate tints. Having prepared the leaves in this manner, glue them upon sheets of paper just the size of your window panes. Take white paper, or any delicate tint, as best suits your taste, and arrange the leaves upon it in graceful designs; then glue the sheets upon the panes of glass, entirely covering the obnoxious window; cover the whole with a coat of white varnish, and then step back and view the effect. You cannot imagine, until you try it, how pretty this will be.

My neighbor, Mrs. B., whose parlor windows have a peculiarly unfortunate outlook, has thus converted the ugly blemish into an ornament. She has two of these beautiful windows, one of which has wreaths of American Ivy leaves, glowing scarlet and crimson and rose, upon a ground of delicate gray; another is arranged with bouquets of brilliant maple, sumach, birch and other vari-colored leaves, and it is gorgeous. In this last hangs a basket of Ferns, and the softened light shines through the glowing window, and falls in many-colored rays upon the waving Fern plumes, making one of the loveliest sights I ever saw. It is worth a whole "suite" of "elegant parlor furniture," in the way of adorning a room, and has the merit of costing nothing but a little time and taste for the beautiful.

MARY F. WILLIAMS.



EMBROIDERED FLOWER STAND.



WREATH OF MOSSES AND GRASSES FOR PICTURE FRAMES.

EMBROIDERED FLOWER-STAND.

This pretty jardinière or flower-stand, is of Spanish reeds set with zinc. The medallions, which form the upper side of the stand, are embroidered on brown cashmere, with corn-colored silk in point Russe, with scenes from Reynard the Fox. The embroidery is mounted on pasteboard.

HOW TO MAKE ZEPHYR FLOWERS.

Get the finest wire you can find at the hardware store; take a piece and wind it close around a pin, or large needle; then slip it off and stretch it out and form a leaf the shape of those in the flower you wish to make; then split your zephyr, and take one thread, beginning at the stem, close to the leaf, and wind through the centre around the wire. Make a number of leaves, if you wish to make a full flower, and tie them together, one by one, with thread. For the centre of the flower, take stamens or a little of the zephyr, white or yellow; place a row of leaves around that, making the leaves larger in each row. To make the green leaves, shape your wire in the form of a leaf, and wind the zephyr across the leaf until you get to the end, and then bring it across the centre of the leaf back to the place of commencement.

HOW TO FRAME CHROMOS.

As a general rule, the predominant colors in a picture should be taken as a guide. Black-walnut frames, or brown panels, will be suitable for bright pictures, while dark pictures, and especially those in which brown predominates, should always be framed in gold. Whenever you are unable to decide between the two, take a gold frame by all means, as gold will agree with every picture. Black walnut, especially when enriched by delicate engraved and gilt lines, is likewise very beautiful. The width of the frame should also be determined by the character of the picture. The stronger the picture, the wider the frame should be. Width of frame adds to the importance and dignity of the picture. The style of wall-paper should, in some degree, influence the selection of a frame. When the paper is figured, the frame should be wide, in order to separate the picture from the paper. The best background for pictures is a neutral gray or a dark maroon.

Wreath of Mosses and Grasses for Picture Frames.

A pretty wreath for picture frames may be made of different grasses, mosses, and flowers, dried and pressed between blotting-paper, and gummed on a piece of pasteboard corresponding to the frame of the picture intended to be wreathed. Beginning at the middle of the upper part, arrange, first, one half, and then the other, in such a manner that the stems of the grasses shall be covered. Care must be taken to arrange the colors harmoniously.

The stems which come together in the middle of the under part must be covered with a large flower. The wreath may serve itself as the frame for a picture—in which case it must be glued on the edge of the picture, which must be mounted and furnished with a glass.

Young People.

Take the Other Hand.—One of the most attractive things in children is *their willingness to do what is best*. A pretty anecdote is told of a young lady who had been anxiously watching for some weeks by the bedside of her mother, and who, on a lovely day in the commencement of spring, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After strolling some distance, she came to a rope-walk, and, being familiar to the place, she entered. At the end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. Thinking this too laborious employment for such a mere child, she said to him, as she approached:—

"Who sent you to this place?"

"Nobody, ma'am; I came myself."

"Do you get pay for your labor?"

"Indeed I do; I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with the money?"

"O, mother gets it all."

"You give nothing to father, then?"

"I have no father, ma'am."

"Do you like this kind of work?"

"O, well enough; but if I did not like it, I should still do it, that I might get the money for mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you get tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes, ma'am."

"And what do you do then?"

"Why, I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for mother?" asked the well-pleased urchin.

"No, no; it is for yourself, because you are a good little boy."

"Thank you, kindly, ma'am," returned he, smiling; "mother will be glad."

The young lady departed and returned home, strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a mere child. "The next time duty seems hard to me," she said to herself, "I will imitate this little boy, and take the other hand."

The Ready Reckoner.—"Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child, what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem

in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

"But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week?"

"That's so by the almanac."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I'll do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you, father; but if you would only say a

hand eagerly for the beautiful fruit. "It is too pretty to eat; I'll keep it to look at," she said, and she held it by the stem and turned it around and around. But Belle laughed at her and made dents in her apple.

Presently a little girl came up the steps. She had a basket on her arm, too, but there were pins in it instead of apples.

"Pins!" she said, "six cents a paper—fourteen rows."

"No," answered Lulu, "ma's got plenty now; come again."

"I will," said the other. "Oh! what a nice big apple!" and then she turned down the steps.

"Poor little girl," whispered Lulu to herself, and then she looked at her apple. "Shall I?" she said. "Yes."

Down the steps she went very fast.

"Here, take the apple," she said, holding it out to the pin-girl. "Pa has plenty more."

"Yes," the pin-girl returned, and she put the apple at once to her mouth. "It is good!" she cried gleefully, and then she went out of the gate biting away at it.

Lulu came up the steps smiling, and Belle caught her in her arms.

"You darling!" she said, "do you know that is a charming action you have just done? I am going to buy you sugar-plums for it."

"No!" answered Lulu soberly, "it was not for sugar-plums I did it."—*Hearth and Home*.

Laughing Children.—Give me (says a writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate

and loveable. It is a feast even to look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds—the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy upon all around her—the joy and light of the household.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute usefulness.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

YEAR. It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a YEAR."

And the father's kisses were sweeter for many years after, for once the habit was overcome, he persevered.

Not for Sugar-Plums.—Five-year-old Lulu was running races on the piazza with her young lady-cousin Belle when Lulu's father came up the garden-path with a basketful of apples on his arm.

"Here are two of the largest and most beautiful apples that ever grew," he said; "one for Belle, and one for Lulu if she has been good."

"Oh! I've been good!" cried Lulu, holding out her

Housekeeping.

IRENE'S FURNISHING.

Frank bought the house; it was in a quarter of the city that suited him, and the price was not higher than his salary warranted. It was painted brown, and really was not remarkable for its outward beauty; but the roof did not leak, the eistern was large and tight, the location healthy; so Frank seemed it at once, and they both counted the days that must slip away before they bade adieu to boarding and set up their own household gods. Luckily their predecessors vacated six days before the momentous first of April, and not many hours thereafter our home-seekers inspected the premises. Gates were off the hinges, straw in the yard, and every blind incautiously left open showed broken glass; floors were rough and covered with litter and dust; cobwebs festooned the walls, and soiled paint, torn and stained paper, met them everywhere.

"It's strange how much difference furniture makes in a house, isn't it?" said Frank, trying to keep up his spirits by a melancholy whistle.

Poor things! they had built so many air castles about the pretty home they should make, and I do not wonder myself that their ardor was cooled, for nothing can be drearier than a deserted dwelling. But Irene produced pencil, paper, and line, and the necessary measurements were taken.

The prospect was more cheerful after a strong woman had used soap and water, and the ceilings had been whitened. Every day Irene superintended repairs and grew more and more absent-minded, for, though housekeeping and furnishing were new to her, like Griffin's spouse "she had a frugal mind" and foresaw that rosewood and rep would leave nothing for *conveniences*, to say nothing of the tidy serving maid she had pictured. Here was her house. You entered from a porch into a square hall, 10 x 10; at the right was a large room, 25 x 15; back of the stairs, at the left of the large room, was a smaller one, 10 x 20; and this was *all* of the ground floor. Not much room for elegance was there, and I thought so myself; but in a day or two Irene's ideas seemed to have cleared, and when I dropped in on Wednesday morning I found a couple of carpenters had been taken into employ, "for I'm determined," said she, "to see what I can do for once, with the least possible outlay. Two rooms indeed! I've been 'cramming' on Miss Beecher and I'm going to astonish you!" The result was; that the square hall had its corners cut off by arched recesses fitted up with hooks and umbrella stands, closed by light frame doors, covered with cloth, and then with panel-paper harmonizing with that of the hall. On the shelf above the arch were lovely vases filled with Ivies and Tradescantia. The hall carpet was a small figured ingrain—scarlet and gray. "This was my bed-room carpet, you know, and it gave me enough for my upper and lower halls; so cheerful, isn't it? I like a pretty entrance. And my stair carpet! I'm glad you like it. I found that in mother's attic, completely worn out in the middle, so I cut and turned it, and covered the middle with new towelling." I stepped into the large room, and I could hardly believe my eyes, for the whole effect was so beautiful, and yet the shabby paper had not been removed.

"Let me tell you," said Irene. "Firstly, you see I made the room smaller by this movable screen, wasn't that a lucky hint of Miss Beecher's?" But only careful scrutiny dispelled the illusion that the screen was

not solid, so cunningly had its sides been decorated and its cornice adorned. "You see I just got matting, for that is always useful, and this wide scarlet braid around the edge relieves it somewhat. And how do you like my furniture?" asked she, as I looked at brand-new chairs, graceful sofa, and a luxurious sleepy-hollow, all carefully covered with bright chintz; not covered with a baggy carelessness, but as smooth as the work of an upholsterer. "Charming," I replied. "All out of mother's attic," laughed Irene, "and what with a little padding, varnish, and chintz, I think they are quite respectable. And there are my windows, the two front ones have Nottingham lace, you see, the pattern is lovely, and those lambrequins I made myself, so don't count thirty dollars for that item. They are made from a scarlet merino dress that a queer aunt gave me years ago. I never wore it much, and the ungored breadths cut over nicely. I lined them with heavy muslin, and with the fringe and tassels are hardly to be told from rep."

In one of these windows hung the golden canary, in the other a globe with a pair of shining gold fish. The southern window was left clear for plants. On the sill was a box, tin lined, filled with pots of Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c., the interstices crowded with moss, in which were set trailing plants, mostly Ivies, which half covered the ornaments of the box, made of the large cones of Norway Spruce. From each side of the box rose a lovely trellis of spruce branches, fastened together with copper wires, and these meeting over the top of the window formed a beautiful arch, from which a sea shell seemed to hang with its freight of cut flowers, scarlet and white.

"But what have you done to the paper?" said I, "this is the same, isn't it?—gray and gold, with the crimson border." O yes, it was handsomer than we could have afforded again, so I took out as many spots as I could, then I filled up the nail holes with putty, colored to suit, with umber, and the pictures have covered the rest, except this corner bracket, which I made to match my lambrequins. My Clytie on it covers a terrible stain, and I could have kissed my Mater Dolorosa when I saw what she would do. Just look at Frank's new carvings; this easel, and card-case, and bracket, and frame, are all the work of his magical saw. There's this cornucopia of perforated paper and scarlet wool, doesn't it set off these brown grasses and sedges? My tidies, you see, are all scarlet and white. I have kept out blue and yellow, or even green, except in my plant window. I am going to make two or three things in the imitation coral line; one of them shall be a tiny wall basket, to hold gilded ears of wheat and oats; and I am going to paint three little water-color flowers, and frame them in straw, to hang in a group over the book shelves. The mantel is to be covered with red, and when I get two or three scarlet rugs I think we shall have such a home-y room to enjoy—not grand, nor even so expensively furnished as we could really afford, but the feeling of a surplus is exceedingly comfortable. And then I like so much to *make* things, like this chair now, with a cushion of scraps from my gray linen dress, covered by scarlet crochet work, and those vases in the hall that were, when black, on a couple of stoves."

Behind the screen was a pretty bed-room; then I saw a lovely little dining-room, and finally the loveliest of kitchens that I wish I might describe. I didn't like to leave it, and Irene said quite earnestly, "this kitchen tempts me most sorely to cook my own waffles and omelets, and I almost think I shall try the experiment, after a little."

DORE HAMILTON.

USEFUL HINTS.

ODOR FROM PERSPIRATION.—The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such unguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonsful in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

AMMONIA FOR STAINS.—I am not much acquainted with wine stains, but in any case where an acid has taken the color from a fabric, ammonia will restore it, and I would suggest that washing a carpet in ammonia water, say a tablespoonful of concentrated ammonia to a quart of warm suds, will take almost any stain out of it.

I don't know but I could keep house without my bottle of ammonia, but I shouldn't like to try. In cleaning paint, glass, silver or gold, it is invaluable, as well as for keeping the hands soft and white after cleaning all these other things. For cleaning windows, I put a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in half a gallon of clear warm water, wring a cloth out and rub sashes and glass, then rub with a dry cloth.

Stains, pencil marks, fly specks, and all manner of dirt disappear under the ammonia treatment, with no injury to paint or varnish if not used too strong.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—"My dear friend," said R., "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes." "How? How?" inquired I; "do it in pity." "Instantly," he said. "Have you any alum?" "Yes." "Bring it and some salt." They were produced. My friend pulverized them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth. "There!" said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head; the remedy is infallible."

A CHEAP WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—Take a clean water-tight cask and put into it a half bushel of unslaked lime. Cover it with boiling hot water six inches deep, stir briskly, and wait for the lime to slake. To the lime and water add two pounds of a cheap salt called sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and one pound of common salt. These ingredients cause the white-wash to harden, and not crack and fall off. To form a beautiful cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre. A lump of ivory-black will give a pearl or lead color. Lamp-black may be used to produce a darker color if desired. Applied to palings, plank fences, and all outbuildings, they last much longer and look better.

LEMONS.—A contemporary says that in most cases of fevers we have no doubt that an attack might have been prevented and the patient well in a few days without a particle of medicine, by rest, partial fasting, and free use of lemons and lemonade. The virtue of this article in bilious attacks and incipient fevers has been tested with best results, and we commend its use as a preventive of these diseases.

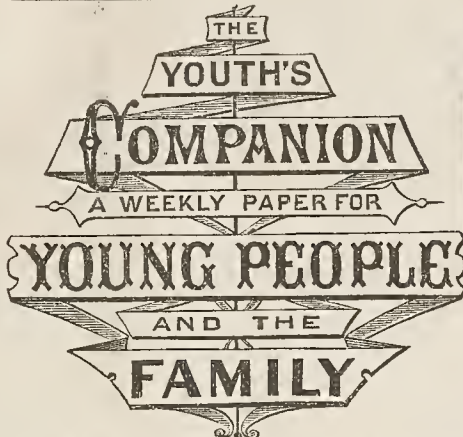
FOR SCALDS OR BURNS.—Dust over the parts in wheat flour. It is the best remedy.

Keep the feet warm and the head cool and you can bid defiance to the doctors.

Chloroform will remove grease spots or stains from the finest silks, and not injure them.

Sage tea, sweetened with honey, and a small piece of alum in it, is the best gargle for sore throat.

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PLANTS OF THE NEW

Double White Geranium.

If you want a Plant of the above, send 10 cents and receive a packet of choice Pansy Seed, and a copy of my Illustrated Catalogue of New Plants and Seeds, for 1871. The following list of Plants I can ship by mail at any season of the year:

Begonias, Flowering.....	6 fine sorts, for \$1.00
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Sunshine.

AT a recent spiritual sitting in this city there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort; and, as the manifestations began to respond, the spirit of the departed Benedict appeared upon the scene. Of course the widow was now anxious to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued: Widow—"Are you in the spirit world?" The Lamented—"I am." Widow—"How long have you been there?" The Lamented—"O! some time." Widow—"Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?" The Lamented—"Not if I know myself! It's hot enough here."

DIED RIGHT.—"I hab hearn," said a colored preacher, while enforcing the duty of liberality on his congregation, "ob many a church what hab died becase it gib away too little for de Lord; but I neber hearn ob any what died becase it gib away too much. If any ob you know ob any church ob dis kind what died from liberality, jes tell me where it is and I will make a pilgrimage to it, and by de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl up on its moss-cobored roof, and write upon its topmost shingle, 'Blessed am de dead what die in de Lord.'"

We had a maid in our family once who, in the place she was last, spent the most of her time reading novels to her sick mistress, and so acquired a stock of long words, with but a dim idea of their meaning. She used to amuse us very much by her misapplied jaw-breakers. One day she came in out of breath: "O, ma'am, there's a boy out there abusing George, calling him the most *upronious epitaphs*." Another day she said, "I *prevailed* on George to take his overcoat, ma'am, but he wouldn't."

"DAR are," said a sable orator, "two roads through dis world. De one am de broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, an' de nnder am de narrow an' de broad road dat leads to sure destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud individual takes to de woods."

A GENT, while passing through Vicksburg, was struck by a sign in front of an auction store. As he was not very badly hurt, he stopped and copied said sign *verbatim*. Here it is:

"Waggin Fur Sail
Cheep Fur Kash."

WHEN Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said, solemnly, "My mother has *tended to me*."

AN old lady called at a drug store in this city the other day, and breathlessly remarked, "There! I have serenaded all the way down here to get a receipt prescribed, and disremember the combustibles."

"KEPATOMEATATERIN."—This was the note sent by a farmer to a school-teacher in the potato-digging season, to explain his boy's absence from school.

Blossoms.

"A LITTLE FLOWER SO LOWLY GREW."

BY GERALD MASSEY.

A little flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That Heaven looked like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little Flower do
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue
And climb to kiss Heaven's face?

And there's no life so lone and low
But strength may still be given
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to Heaven.

KINDLE AND SMILE.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
Go! build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears!
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind;
For oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus a kinder plan;
For if but little good we've known,
Let's speak of all the good we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it please our human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let it reach a higher mode,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To other's feelings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing flood;
No lip can tell how brief the stay;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we may.

PRAISE TO HEAVEN.

Babes and Angels grudge no praise;
But elder souls, to whom *His* saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the *Grace*, and no meet answer make.

Dew-Drops.

THE FUTURE.—The future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane; on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste; in the centre, a stagnant and lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

THE art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.—*Addison*.

IN middle life we hesitate to sit in judgment upon any one; we read slowly and reverently the untranslated scripture of another's heart; but in youth we are confident, and assign motives and intentions as glibly as children pretend to read nursery tales which they have learned by rote.—*Celia Burleigh*.

GOOD, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar; haply, therefore, to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

CHOOSE GOOD FRIENDS.—There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work and tools to work with for all those who will, and blessed are the heavy hands of all toil.—*Lowell*.

ALMOST the best rule of life is to be worthy of one's self.—*S. P. Herron*.

SOLITUDE shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.—*Cecil*.

PARTIAL culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.—*Bovee*.

THAT is true plenty, not to have, but not to want, riches.—*St. Chrysostom*.

EVERY temptation is great or small according as the man is.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THE LADIES' *Domestic*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 26.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

MY FERNERY.

A Wardian Case, filled with exquisite Ferns of exotic origin, is a very beautiful object. So is an elegant vase of marble or terra cotta set on a classic pedestal, and furnished with a rich growth of stately greenhouse plants. But these articles are so costly that very many persons in the middle walks of life, who would gladly possess them, and who have the taste to fully appreciate them, must look upon them as wholly beyond their reach, owing to the slender resources of their exchequer. Take courage, O my impecunious sisters! It is possible for you, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, to find a substitute for these beautiful things which will cost you nothing, and give you quite as much pleasure as you could derive from the others. Let me tell you about my "Fernery."

Late in the fall I went to the woods, dug up a number of small Ferns of different kinds, some *Linnaea*, or *Squanderry* (with the red berries on), Wild Violets, Liverwort, Prince's Pine, Wintergreen (with the berries on), *Galium*, or Ladies' Bedstraw, with its beautiful whorls of leaves, and other little woodland plants of pretty foliage, together with a sufficient quantity of the peaty soil they grow in, in which to plant them, taking care not to shake out any of the small roots with which this soil was filled. These I planted in nothing more stylish than an old tin milk-pan, painted green, raising the soil in the form of a little mound, and covering the whole surface between the plants with a variety of lovely green mosses, out from which peeped here and there a gray lichen, or a shell-like fungus.

This pan I placed on a little round, old-fashioned, three-footed stand, which also happened to be painted green. Then a wire trellis was made (out of old hoop-skirts), painted to correspond, by which the edge of the table and the edge of the pan were connected; giving it the effect of a wire-work basket stand. Around this a well-grown German Ivy, planted close to the edge of the pan, was trained, and, being carefully confined to the trellis, soon became a per-

fect garland of exuberant green. The ferns grew and flourished; the violets and other plants put forth fresh leaves; the hidden roots, feeling the genial influence of heat and moisture, pushed up through the moss, here

long months, put forth its buds, and opened its tender, blue-white blossom on the inclement skies of January.

But this was not all. I had a small cast-iron vase, which, *entre nous*, had formerly adorned the top of an air-tight wood stove. This I had painted of a suitable color, and had planted therein a running Myrtle. I took the vase and set it in the centre of my mossy mound. It was the one thing needed to complete the charm. The sprays of Myrtle, falling in all directions over the lip of the vase, made it look, as a young friend remarked, "like a little fountain;" and the effect of the whole was so charming, that every one who came into the room uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

It stood by a north window, within a few feet of a coal stove; and all the care it required was a quart of luke-warm water sprinkled over it every other day, and a newspaper pinned up against the window when the night happened to be very cold.

And was its vocation over when the winter closed? By no means. Not wishing to expose my little table to the weather, I made a rustic stand of some gnarled grape-vines and rough elm branches, which I placed in the centre of my flower-beds. On this I set my wire-garnished pan, replacing some of the ferns and plants that had died by others from the woods and fields. At the foot of the stand I planted some Madeira Vines, Balloon Vines, and Morning Glories, which soon climbed up and coyly kissed and clasped hands with the Ivy, now luxuriating in a truly rich and rampant growth. The result was a perfect mass of greenery of graceful form, every day assuming a different aspect, or putting on some new attraction.

In the simple means at my command, and the thousand lovely things that God has so bountifully strewn around my feet, I can find, not indeed the same forms of beauty, but others equally charming, equally delightful, to a cultivated taste.

I. M.



A GARDEN AVIARY AND BORDER OF FLOWERS.

the little curled-up froud of a fern, and yonder the delicate many-cut leaves of the *Thalictrum*, or Meadow Rue; while best and sweetest of all, the pretty May-flower, or Liverwort, anticipating the springtime by four

Floral Contributions.

EXPERIENCE IN GROWING HOUSE PLANTS.

When I first began sending for seeds, as the seedsmen advised those who had no green-house or convenience for growing green-house plants not to send for such seeds, I did not for a few years, so I necessarily had but a small variety of house plants. But I wanted more to make home bright and cheerful, when everything green out-of-doors was frozen, and soon began sending for them, ordering a few at a time, but adding to them every year, until now I have enough to fill my windows, and have some besides. I have had pretty good success with nearly all of them.

In winter I keep my plants in the living-room and in a small room that opens out of it. This small room has one south window; here I keep those plants which require the least heat. The living-room, where I keep most of my plants, has two east and two south windows, which I fill with flowers, and place the others on a table near the south windows; we are obliged to remove them every time we use the table for meals, but they grow and thrive just as well as those in the windows. We have an outside door opening into the room, and every time it is opened—which is very often—it makes quite a change in the atmosphere of the room. On pleasant days, during the winter, I sometimes open the door for a while, when I think the room is getting too hot for my plants.

To grow *Cyclamen Persicum* I mixed garden soil and leaf mold, pressing it down in the pot or box, and scattered the seeds about two inches apart, sprinkled a little fine mold over them, and having covered the box with a pane of glass, sat it in a warm place and kept it moist. In about two weeks two of the seeds came up, the remaining ones made their appearance in about three months. I let them grow in the box through the winter, and on the approach of spring potted them singly in small pots. As I had no cold frame to keep them in, I made a rough frame of boards and tacked white domestic over the top in lieu of glass; then placing my pots on the ground I set my frame over them, to keep the hot sun from them by day, but removed it at night that they might have the benefit of the cooling dews. About September I repotted them in larger pots, using rich garden soil and leaf mold mixed with a little sand; took them into the house as the weather grew cold, where they blossomed during the winter. In the spring, when they were done flowering and the weather became settled, I plunged the pots in a shady border until September, when I treated them as I did the previous winter. The second winter each plant bloomed from October to March, having from twelve to fourteen blossoms at a time.

I prepare the soil for *Primulas* in very much the same way as for *Cyclamen*, with this exception: I put broken charcoal in the bottom of the pot and use silver sand with the leaf mold and garden soil. When they show the third leaf, prick them out in small pots, keeping them moist and away from the direct rays of the sun. When large enough repot in larger pots, using the same compost as before. If seed is sown in the spring the plant will blossom the next winter. After blooming, when the weather becomes warm, set the pots out-of-doors where they will not be exposed to the sun, and pinch off the buds as they appear during the summer, that the plants may grow stronger and bloom more profusely in the winter.

Begonia, *Hybrida*, and *Cineraria* require the same treatment, except the *Begonias*, being stove-plants, require a more tender care.

When I sow seeds I always write the name of the seed and date of sowing on the box or on a label, lest, memory proving treacherous, I might have a plant without a name. I bake and sift the mold for some of my plants, thus destroying any foreign seeds or any worms there may be in the soil. The soil in the pots must be stirred often to keep it light and to keep the weeds down. I sponge the leaves of my plants on both sides, and occasionally sprinkle the foliage with tepid water, and am not much troubled with the plant louse; I watch for them, and if they appear I wash the plant, pick them off, and generally succeed in freeing the plant from them. I think it benefits plants to water them with warm water, and to put water that is nearly boiling hot in their saucers occasionally. On very cold nights in winter I draw the table into the middle of the room, put up the leaves and fill it with plants, then pin newspapers all around and over them to protect them from the cold; in the morning they look as bright and cheery as though no frost had been around them.

I do not always start my slips alike, sometimes I use sand, keeping it mud wet; again, I put them in a deep box and cover with a pane of glass, or in a thumb-pot and cover with a tumbler; and sometimes I start them out-of-doors. I like baskets to hang in the windows very much, but for a long time I could not think of any way to have them, unless I took an old tin pail; that would hold the plants very well, but it did not look well enough; at last I thought that if I could cover the tin it would do, so I procured some birch-bark and pine-cones and went to work. I fitted my bark to the dish I was about to cover, scraped the prickles from the cones, picked them to pieces, and sewed the scales on the bark, putting them on plain or in fanciful shapes, but lapping them as shingles are lapped on a roof. Shrub-oak acorns, hemlock burrs, and such things, improve the appearance of the baskets when mixed with the pine-cones. When the sewing on is done I varnish it over with glue, which serves the double purpose of holding fast any loose pine scale and of glazing the surface of the basket; then insert the tin dish, add a cord to hang it by, and it is ready for the plant to grow in. *Lobelia*, *Ivy*, *Geranium*, and plants of a trailing habit, make good basket plants.

Hanging baskets require more water than other plants, since, being more exposed to the sun and air, it evaporates sooner. I sometimes take the covering from mine and set them in a tub of water till they are thoroughly wet. When but little water is given at a time, only the surface is wet, while the roots, deeper in the soil, get comparatively little, and the health of the plant is impaired in consequence, and, generally, its owner cannot guess what the trouble is, so lets it suffer through ignorance, as I did before I learned from experience.

As soon as it becomes warm enough to set plants out-of-doors, I remove most of my pots to the open air, placing those that will not bear the hot rays of the sun in shady places. I do not set my house plants in the ground, if I wish them to blossom the next winter.

MRS. CHASTINA J. AGARD.

WALL POTS FOR FLOWERS.

One of the prettiest modes of using plants for indoor decoration, and yet one which is not often adopted, is to have them growing in bracket pots upon the walls of a room. The writer of this has several such in view at the present moment, and very graceful ornaments they are. There are numerous plants which

may be used for this purpose, growing well in situations where they cannot get much sunshine; many climbing plants are especially adapted to this treatment, and indeed we have one or two which never receive the direct rays of the sun, yet they are thrifty and beautiful.

Our German Ivy grows well in the shade, as also the Money Myrtle, *Tradescantia*, *Smilax*, and Ferns of various kinds. These last are very pretty when planted in boxes and placed behind pictures, so that the delicate fern fronds may droop over the top. Nothing could be more gracefully effective. Another pretty way is to plant them in a hanging wall-basket, made from one of those large conch shells, such as are common enough to be easily obtained. Bore three holes in the sides of the shell and suspend it by cords against the wall, and when filled with earth and planted with ferns, no prettier basket could be devised. Of course the ornamental climbers will be equally appropriate for these shell baskets.

Little black walnut boxes, supported upon brackets, are as pretty as anything for growing plants upon the walls, and almost any boy can make these with a knife or small saw. They may be more or less ornamental and varied in style and pattern, according to taste and skill of the one who makes them. Dear lady readers of the CABINET, here is an opportunity to enlist the interest of your boys in the refining work of home adornment. Let their "whittling" propensities be turned to good account, and you will find them very valuable allies, I assure you.

One of our bracket flower boxes, though perhaps a little difficult for a juvenile whittler, is beautiful enough to tempt some masculine of more dignified years into the familiar occupation. Some of you, ladies, coax "John" or "William" to try their hands at making something like this: The miniature semblance of a tall gothic window, with a balcony in front supported upon brackets, is cut out in the black walnut; a piece of colored glass is placed behind the quaint lattice-work of the window which forms the high back of the bracket, and which is surmounted by projecting ornamental ridge boards, thus representing the gabled end of a tower in some gothic church, with its stained glass window; and in lieu of Ivy we have *Smilax* vines trained up over the gable and overhanging the pointed arch of the window. They are planted, of course, in the oblong box which forms the balcony, and it also contains a thriving Musk Plant (*Mimulus Moschatus*), which completely fills the box and droops down over the brackets. If I could but do justice to this pretty ornament you would not wonder that it is one of the most admired among our many pretty contrivances for flower growing; but the above imperfect description may perhaps give the idea which I wish to convey to anybody who will try to make one.

MARY F. WILLIAMS.

Slugs.—If your readers have been troubled as I have been with the small slug which destroys the leaves of the roses, they will be glad to know that a decoction of White Hellebore, sprinkled over the bushes twice, is a successful remedy. I take a quarter of a pound, and steep it in a gallon of water, and when cold, apply with a whisk brush. My Rose bushes are looking finely where the application was made, while others are nearly ruined.

Exchange.—I would like to exchange plants, bulbs, or seeds with any of the subscribers of the FLORAL CABINET.

Jefferson, Md.

MISS EMMA MAY.

Gossip with Correspondents.

A Window Garden.—That picture of the Window Garden in one of the CABINETS, last fall, nearly upset me. I have been thinking and dreaming of just such a one for myself ever since. It is so pretty, and the decorations are so graceful that any lover of home beauties will covet it. Now I will relate my experience in trying to copy the idea. Taking that picture as my model, I have had my window fitted up with side brackets for vases, and in them is planted *Tradescantia*, *Moneywort* and *Saxifrage*, with two or three long branches of *Ivy* to be trained around the window frame; of course I have only to place the ends of these in water and they will grow as well as if in earth, and remain green all winter. But the puzzling part was that Wardian Case in the middle, which was the chief and central ornament in the picture. I had very pretty Ferns in pots, just ready for such a case, but the case itself, that was the question. I knew it would be next to impossible to get one made in time. However, no one need be in a quandary very long, so I put on my hat and went down to Henderson's, in Cortlandt street, to see whether he could tell me anything about it. Of course he could, for he had just the things themselves, ready to my hand. Some were in growing order, with all sorts of pretty things in them, but I wanted the fun of planting, so I ordered one to be sent home at once. And now, Mr. Editor, just ten days after I first saw that picture, my dream of a window garden is realized, and I have copied you exactly. I thank you for the idea, for perhaps I should never have had my Wardian Case, or Window Garden but for your invaluable hints in the CABINET. I hope this will be in time to encourage some others to go and do likewise. Success and many subscribers to the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.
AN AMATEUR.

Crocuses.—I see in the FLORAL CABINET for December, that Mrs. S. E. B., Clear, Creek, Texas, finds difficulty in raising Crocuses. Now my home is almost as far south as hers, and the yellow Crocus, for early blooming, and what we call September Crocus, for fall flowers, have been indispensable. Our Texas contributor I suspect has a soil too fertile, or too loose. Mine is a stiff clay soil, slightly mixed with sand, which I think suits admirably.

Burr Roses.—Another contributor, G. C. (without location named), asks if all *Microphylla*, or Burr Roses, are imperfect? I would say that this rose is one of the most perfect and hardy, as well as one of the most beautiful in my mother's old-fashioned gardens. The Lamarque Rose, another one of my childhood's friends, which G. C. finds fault with as falling off as soon as bloomed, since my marriage I have never been without one on my front porch, and it has been as little trouble to me as a flower could be, and through the rose season, indeed, "a thing of beauty." The soil, I presume to be the trouble in this case, as in the first, a firm clay slightly mixed with sand and some mild fertilizer. My Lantanas are not looking as well as Mrs. Norris', of Texas. They are filled with buds which seem to be at a stand-still. Will she explain? I would be glad to supply her on exchange, as I can supply Virginia Creeper, and would be glad to get a full list of her wants before mentioning mine.

Wandering Jew.—Mary E. Look wishes to know if her Wandering Jew will put out new leaves if the old ones have been killed by freezing. I should think not; for the stems are certainly injured too, to some extent. I have a real treasure in my sitting-room now—the weather freezing, and very cold for

South Carolina. Two flower-pots made of the bowls (the bottoms being taken off) of goblets, these were filled with garden soil and planted with a sprig, last spring, of a Wandering Jew; they now have three branches, two or three feet long, running up on each side of a four-shelf bracket. The shiny rich green of the leaves, together with its graceful drooping vines, cheer many weary hours of a sad invalid. If M. E. L. will procure new cuttings and *begin over*, I think she will, by keeping in a warm room and watering leaves as well as roots, be repaid for her trouble.
South Carolina. H. B. L.

Geraniums.—A few months since I noticed a question in the FLORAL CABINET in which I felt quite an interest. Some one had asked how long a time would pass before Geraniums grown from seeds would blossom. The answer given was, it would take near two years. I had planted seed procured from Rochester, N. Y. The seeds had grown to fine looking plants; the leaves were really beautiful. I thought that if I must wait two years for blossoms, the leaves would repay me the care I gave them. I was one day delighted to find one of my plants putting forth buds, and now there are two clusters of blossoms, one with near fifty on the stem. The plant is only seven months old. I transplanted it when small into a coffee-cup, and it being the only one out of six that has blossomed, I'm thinking it may be the cup is better than pots that are open at the bottom. M. E. WHITE.

Description of Miniature Green-House.—This consists of a box 5 feet long and 3 wide, with a double bottom; the space between the two bottoms 6 or 8 inches, with an opening at the side large enough to receive a good sized pan, which, filled with boiling water, is thrust in underneath the box proper; this opening is then closed by a close-fitting door. Thus, you see, I have bottom heat through the agency of the steam arising from the hot water. Inside the upper box, which contains my plants, I also placed another vessel of hot water, giving off a moist warmth, which cause my plants to thrive as though they were growing in a summer climate. Lastly, the inside of this little plant-house is painted white, to afford light by reflection. The top is a close-fitting sash, with an inclination of 6 inches. The whole affair I have sitting in a spare room with a south window. Against the window it sits, receiving all the bright sunlight, which has painted the foliage of my caged beauties, oh, so richly green. In there are *Salvias* blooming, and seven varieties of *Roses* budding for bloom; also, *Camelia Japonica*, *Abutilon* varieties, *Fuchsias*, *Daphne*, *Oleander*, *Lantana*, *Geranium*, *Begonia Rex*, *Cyclamen* (these of my own raising, except *Daphne* and *Begonia*). I procured green-house seed from Washburn last spring. Then there are *Ivies*, *Ferns*, *Violets*, *Anemones*, *Hyacinths*, *Dicentra*, and *Tree Pink* of my own hybridizing; also, a multitude of wild darlings, from our own hilly forests, and from among the rocks of our cliffs.
WILD LADY OF THE WOOD.

Food for Mocking Birds.—If Mrs. E. R. Owen will give her mocking bird a piece of raw beef steak, free from fat, once or twice a week, he will need no other animal food during the winter. In the south, the colored people, who catch and raise young mocking birds, feed them on corn meal moistened with water. Rough or unhulled rice is a favorite food with mocking birds. We feed our bird with boiled potatoes finely mashed, to which is added the hard-boiled yolk of an egg. Red peppers are very much liked by mocking birds, as well as by canaries, and they seem to be necessary to keep the birds in good condition.
M. C. M.

Roses.—In speaking of *Roses* you say, "When the plants are out of flower, remove the soil to the depth of an inch, if you can do so without injuring the roots." Now I have found out by experience lately that you can do this without the least danger to plant or roots, by laying the pot on its side and syringing with face directly into the pot, until you have washed away all the earth you wish, then fill the pot with fresh earth, and your plant will never feel the least bad effects.
Manlius, Ill. MRS. F. E. D.

Double Calla Lilly.—In answer to numerous inquiries how we treated our *Calla*, I answer as follows: The bulb was a common *Calla*, potted in the usual way, at the usual time. During the season it was watered about three times a week, with water from charcoal dust and soot; at other times it was watered with very warm clear water. We are also experimenting with our *Amaryllis*, to see what effect the charcoal will have on that.

Irvington, N. J.

GEO. O. Z. TAYLOR.

Wintering Pansies.—I cover mine in autumn with dry leaves, putting on brush to keep them from blowing off. They always winter nicely. MATTIE.

Temperature for Keeping Plants.—I requested some time since to be informed through the FLORAL CABINET the proper temperature to be maintained in a room containing a collection of plants, the most tender being *Callas* and *Begonias*. The room is heated by a wood-stove. I have since ascertained that 55° through the day and 50° at night is about the right temperature.

Note by Editor.—We would recommend 65° during the day as better than 55°, but under no circumstances should plants be placed where the temperature is less than 50° at night.

Good Which the Cabinet has Done.—In calling upon my last year's subscribers I found them anxious to renew for 1874. I found also that they had profited by the information in its pages. One young lady, Miss Lou Sehlbrech, has decorated her sitting room beautifully. She is naturally handy, and with a few suggestions from the CABINET, has made a beautiful rustic hanging basket, and filled it with immortelles, dried grasses and autumn leaves, skilfully arranged. There are other rustic designs in the room which are interesting. Another lady informs me that the information obtained in regard to one single plant, a favorite of hers, is alone worth four times the price of your paper. Although the CABINET has been visiting us but a year, I notice a marked change, our farmers are becoming interested in flowers, and are arranging their yards beautifully.
M. A. LINES.

Geraniums.—In some back number of the CABINET the question is asked, "What causes the leaves of Variegated or Silver Leaf Geranium to turn brown?" My experience is that too much moisture will produce this effect, and my practice is to give but little water to that class of plants.
C. A. O.

P. S.—The *Diadem Pink* and *Gladiolus* which you sent, produced flowers really fine.

Abutilons.—Some one asked how long it took *Abutilons* to blossom from seed. I have one that blossomed when fourteen months old.
X.

Wire-Worms in House Plants.—The following recipe I have tried and know to be good, if continued long enough. Take fine-cut tobacco, spread a thin layer on top of the earth around the plant when the earth is dry, then water freely; repeat if needed, and first application is not thorough.
A. M. K.

Garden Decorations.

DESIGN FOR BIRD-HOUSE.

Our artist is a great lover of birds as well as of flowers, and he has happily combined the two ideas. Here is a bird-cage, neat, simple, full of the beautiful warblers within. Upon the outer edge of the stand are little flower-pots full of choice plants, and here and there some pretty climber attempts to work its way towards the top; on the ground, underneath, is collected a few more flower-pots of larger size, with plants of ornamental foliage, and in the distance, just on the outer edge of the grassy lawn, are the forms of evergreens and shrubs, which bring out the whole picture into still more charming relief.

AN ORNAMENTAL SUMMER-HOUSE.

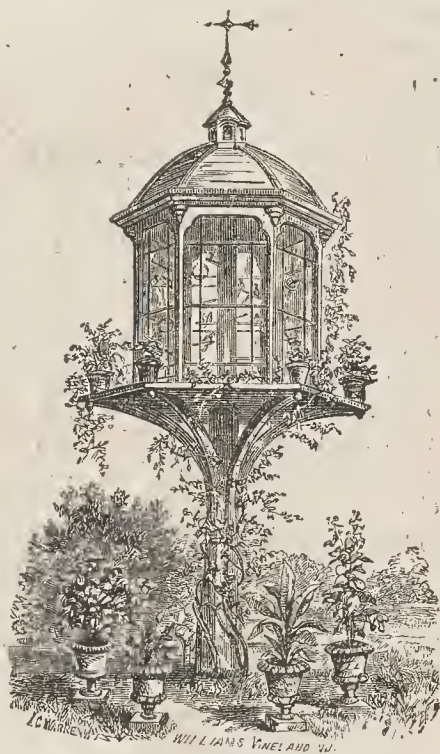
We introduce here a sketch of another pretty garden structure, similar to the one published in January No. This is constructed of stout six-inch cedar posts, supporting a thatched roof. The little building is placed near a group of young trees, which partially shade it, and these help to render it a cool retreat. At the side of the arbor are growing some of our best and most brilliant annual flowers, such as Amaranthus, Coleus, Achyranthus, Salvia, and Spiraeas, which form a beautiful background when in bloom in the spring. The climbing vine in the front of the garden house is the Aristolochia, a very vigorous grower, with leaves of a most astonishing size, almost as big as the top of a gallon kettle. The inside of the arbor is beautifully fitted with dressed and polished native woods, the preference we would give to the cherry and maple. Seats around the sides, and a little table for games or books, complete one of the cosiest of garden retreats. Besides the Aristolochia, there is an abundance of other choice climbing vines, and we could recommend the Trumpet Creeper, the Wistaria, the Morning Glory, and Honeysuckle.

THE TRUMPET CREEPER.

This hardy, wild, and handsome climber inhabits most of our American woods. It is a great climber, sometimes running to the tops of the tallest pines, and clinging to the bark with a tenacity that is astonishing. Like the Ivy, it emits little roots which adhere to any exposed surface, wood, stone, or brick. They bloom during July and August, very often lingering into September; it sends out long, slender, airy branches, the tips of which are crowded with red and yellow trumpet-shaped flowers, seemingly too heavy for the slender branches, and which contrast prettily against the dark green foliage. The flowers are succeeded by long curious green seed-pods; these ripen late in the fall and scatter the seeds in every direction. The botanical name is Begonia Radicans. Another variety here (B. Cocinea) has splendid scarlet flowers. The common names are Trumpet Flower and Virginia Creeper; here it is called Creeping Jinny and Blister Vine. In vain have I tried to convince them it is not poison; very few can be induced to touch or handle it. It is a splendid, showy vine, desirable for many situations; nurserymen sell it for fifty cents a root; here it is a nuisance. I never saw an easier vine to transplant. Take up in the spring, before the buds begin to show much, or in the fall, after the leaves have fallen off. In the following way it makes a handsome ornament for the lawn or garden: Take an old cedar tree and trim it up well; plant firmly in any desired position;

plant a Trumpet or two at the foot, only giving it a start; after it has reached the top, prune out, then let it run and clamber all it pleases; it grows rapidly and will soon cover the tree; put one at each side of the gate and you have as pretty an entrance as one could wish. Wistarias, Honeysuckles, and new Roses can be treated in the same way and become objects of beauty and fragrance. It is a vine that will live to a great age, sometimes growing as large around as small trees.

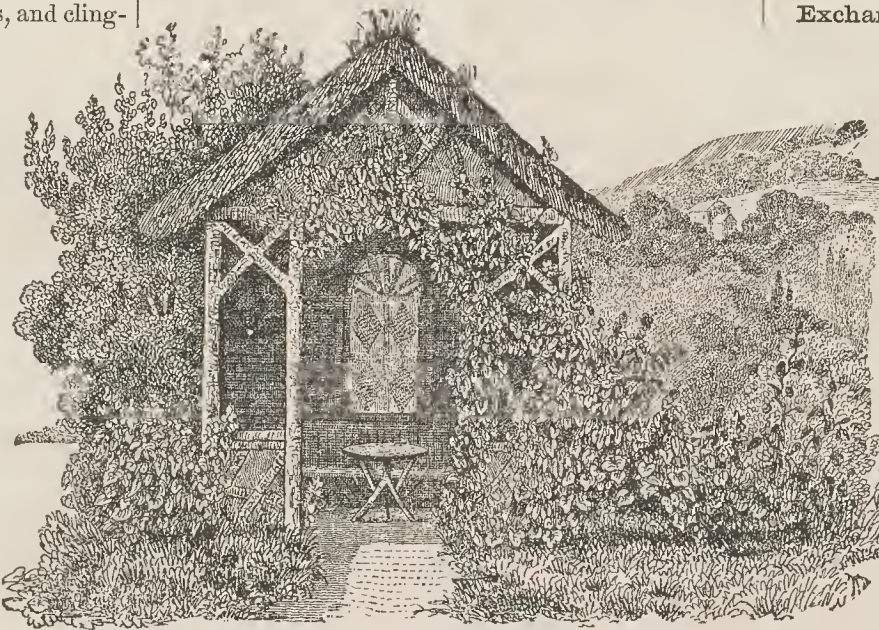
S. C.



DESIGN FOR A BIRD-HOUSE.

ROSE CUTTINGS.

European horticulturists have lately adopted a mode of making Rose cuttings root with more certainty, by bending the shoot and inserting both ends into the ground, leaving a single bud uncovered at the middle and on the surface of the ground. The cuttings are about ten inches long and are bent over a stick laid



AN ORNAMENTAL SUMMER-HOUSE.

flat on the ground, holes being dug on each side of the stick for the reception of the ends of the shoot. The roots form only at the lower end of the shoot, but the other end, being buried, prevents evaporation and drying up. A correspondent of the *London Garden* states, that he has tried this along with the old mode, and that while the weaker cuttings of the latter have shown symptoms of dying and failure, all the former have grown vigorously.

Miss J. A. M.

GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Marshal Neil Rose.—Some lady wished to know last summer if the Marshal Neil Rose was a humbug, as she had always failed in getting it. I have one, and I think it the sweetest rose I have. Some do not fancy its color, but all go into extacies over its fragrance. The color, instead of being a canary yellow is a delicate cream color, deepening toward the centre. The bloom is large and very full to the centre. The catalogues describe it as deliciously fragrant, and delicately tea-scented, which is just so. It is a very free bloomer. During the hottest weather each blossom would remain on the stem from three to four days, and when the weather got cool they would hang on for more than a week. The Pink Daily is a very nice rose, but not as large as the Marshal Neil, nor as fragrant.

Floralia, of North Hyde Park, Vt., desires the address of M. J. S., wishing to communicate something of advantage.

Onion Lily.—In answer to Mrs. S. Hart's question in the October No., about the Onion Lily, I will tell her about mine. It was taken from the parent bulb two years last September; the bulb was then about as large as a marrowfat bean, it is now 11½ inches in circumference. It has twelve leaves, the longest one is 49 inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is now budded to blossom; the bud stock is 28 inches long from the bulb to the buds, the buds are not yet half grown. It blossoms in a spike; between each bud is a green beard, something like wheat beard. About eighteen months ago, I set it in a paint-keg, 7½ inches deep and 6 inches in diameter; in the bottom I put two inches of broken earthenware and filled up with black muck, set the roots in the dirt and left the bulb entirely out. I have not disturbed it since, only watering it and washing the leaves when necessary. I roll up the leaves, beginning at the ends, and tie with bits of bright ribbon; it keeps them out of the way, and gives the plant the appearance of being in blossom. The lady that gave it to me says they do not usually blossom until they are three years old. So much for one grown in a keg with one bottom.

ISABEL BETHEL.

Exchanging Plants.—The editor desires to say that where amateurs desire an honest exchange of plants or seeds, he has no objection to their mention of it in their correspondence for the CABINET, but when he suspects it is done to help bring some florist's business before new customers, it will be resolutely forbidden, and such correspondence thrown into the waste-basket. Already we have had applications to put in our reading columns matter that is admissible only in our advertising department.

Address of Correspondents.—Occasionally a reader asks why we do not print the full address of contributors. I answer, 1. The contributor gives this to us in confidence, and we never print it except when proper. 2. We do not wish to see florists or dealers copy names from our paper in order to send them catalogues and try to drive a trade behind our back. In

general, we believe our correspondents do not wish their locality fully printed.

Reliable Seedsmen.—A Springfield, Ohio, correspondent asks us for the most reliable seedsmen. We answer, none but reliable seedsmen are permitted to advertise in the FLORAL CABINET. Look in our advertising pages and see the well-known names of Bliss, Vick, Henderson, Dreer, Briggs, &c., all perfectly reliable.

Ornamental Cottages.

A PLEASANT COTTAGE HOME.

Inquiry is made of us very frequently for designs of pretty cottages *very cheap*, say less than a cost of \$1,500 to \$2,000. It is very difficult to produce acceptable designs for such low-priced houses, because either building materials and labor are too costly to warrant the possibility of cheap homes, or if one can be built for so low a sum, it is almost always devoid of some ornaments, which seem absolutely necessary to make the cottage an object of beauty, as well as of convenience.

The design we present this month has the merit of both convenience and a reasonable degree of ornament, and yet will not exceed \$2,000. In the interior of our State or country districts, a good carpenter will build it for less than \$1,500.

In this design the verandah, balcony, eaves, brackets, dormer windows and gables, are very simple and easily constructed, while the ornamental appearance of the cottage comes from the climbing vines and pleasant surroundings introduced by the artist.

Were we building for our own taste, we would introduce a little more ornamental work, and make the architectural beauty complete. The following is the plan and arrangement of the rooms:

The front door opens into a vestibule A, six feet wide and nine feet long. From the rear of this a passage extends to the staircase hall E, which opens out to the yard, or into a hall if desired. B, the parlor, is fifteen feet square, and connects by means of a small passage with the living room D. This living room is twelve feet by seventeen, and opens into the staircase hall at a point convenient to the back entrance to the house. Across the hall, and near the head of the cellar stairs, is a good sized closet or store-room *a*, fitted up with shelves and cupboards, and lighted by a single window.

The sitting room C measures thirteen by fifteen, and has two doors, one opening into the vestibule, and the other into the passage back of it.

The second floor is divided mainly like the first, and comprises three chambers, a bathing room, and five closets besides the hall.

OUR COUNTRY COTTAGE.

"Now remember the trite saying, 'Don't buy any thing which you cannot afford to use and to replace when worn out,' for thereon hangs the economy of housekeeping," said my Aunt Martha—herself a house-mother of the good old time—when I began to furnish a snug little cottage that was to be to me "home." If the kitchen is the stomach, the parlor is no less the heart and brain of a house, so, after clearing it of plaster, rubbish, etc., I began to furnish it, first having the walls papered with light gray, bordered with crimson. The floor was then stained a dark mahogany color, with a solution of Spanish brown and spirits, to the distance of three feet from the wall; the centre of the floor being covered by a heavy drugget, in colors gray mingled with crimson, which deepened into a wine color.

Physicians of the day affirm that carpets which can only be taken up once a year are injurious to the health—insomuch that the woolen fibres retain dust and noxious gases.

Our attention was next turned to the windows. How a woman's soul delights in window curtains! These were hung as they often are in England: a bar of wood, two and a half inches in diameter, ran across the top of the window, in place of the usual gilt cornice; on it were hung nine hooks of wood, resembling pot-hooks of our grandmother's days, and to their

which was to serve for kitchen and dining-room. On one side of it were two windows, and a door opening on a rustic porch. At the far end of the room was the chimney; and a "great grief of mind unto me" it was to think of the stove that must soon stand before it, with its relay of pots and pans in full view of the dining-table, until at last the good fairies brought to mind a folding clothes-horse which had been stowed away in Aunt Martha's garret for years. This I brought to light, covered it with strong, unbleached cotton, and gave it (musslin and all) six coats of burnt umber paint. Afterwards, coming across some colored prints, taken from books on flower culture, I pasted one in the centre of each panel, and the screen, when placed across the room, dividing it in two equal parts, was really pretty. The window curtains were gay chintz. A table, six splint-bottomed chairs, and two box ottomans, covered with chintz, made up the furniture of what I then dignified by the name of dining-room. After keeping house a short time, the prospect of a visit from a wealthy friend made my heart fail. "Would she be happy without luxuries, and what would she think?" "Ah! there's the rub," said plain-spoken Aunt Martha. "Now, I advise you, when Mrs. L. comes, to be yourself; take her into your every-day home life, and if she is a sensible woman, she will be happier and love you better (which is

the real thing) than if you aped her own style of living." My aunt was right. Mrs. L.'s first remark, on entering the spare chamber, was, "Now, this is cosy; how I shall enjoy it all." And again, as she stood by the wash-stand, "Ah! a pitcher of hot water as well as cold; how pleasant to think your friends care enough for you to take so much trouble." Yes, the room was cosy, although cheaply furnished. The window-curtains were chintz; in design, a green vine trailing over a pure white ground. The bed-spread was of chintz, and the small rocking-chair, drawn near the glowing fire, had a cushion of the same, while two tea-boxes—the lids fastened on with hinges—were covered with it, and, under this guise of ottomans, served to hold soiled clothes and shoes. The floor was painted gray; and as there was no carpet, I made rugs of coffee-sacks, woolen, when cut into strips, being easily drawn through the meshes, in loops, with an afghan needle; some old green merino dresses served for the centre, and pieces of crimson worked up into borders. In lieu of a bureau, I had a good sized box hung round with chintz curtains, and above it a glass, which reflected from the other side of the room a small table; and the wash-stand, which, like the toilet-table, was a box hung with chintz, and having shelves within.

The surroundings of this cottage harmonize with the interior, and are simple, inexpensive, and pleasing, the details of which will be reserved for a future paper.

ANNE HASLETT.

TRUE NOBILITY.

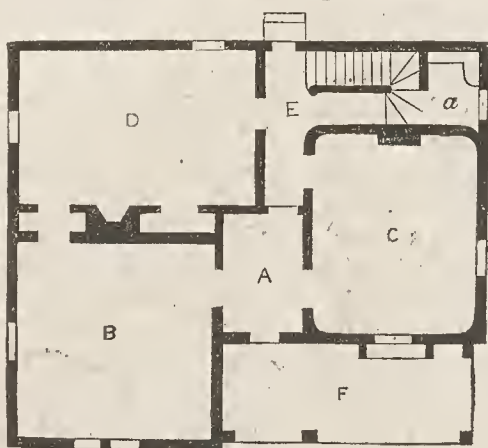
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gard'ner and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.



DESIGN FOR A PLEASANT COTTAGE HOME.

lower curve was attached a white dimity curtain, the upper part turned over in the form of a valance, which was finished with a fluted frill, as was the front edge of the curtain. The space between the two windows was filled with book-shelves—three in number—the lower one four feet long, and each one above decreasing half a foot in length. They rested on cast-iron brackets, secured by screws in the wall, and were also covered with a solution of Spanish brown. A carved bracket above the shelves supported a bust of Minerva, and a table beneath held writing materials and the



GROUND PLAN.

latest magazines, while its counterpart, on the other side of the room, held the inevitable work-basket. The mantel-shelf was covered with a lambrequin of crimson rep, and for each chair and the sofa I had made a cushion of the same material. But the beauty of the room centred in a chromo, which hung over the mantel-piece; clusters of bright prairie flowers blooming among sombre tinted grasses, which rose in waving tussocks, and in the far distance blended dimly with a pale blue sky. The finishing touches given to the parlor, I next turned to the large room,

Home Decorations.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! HOW WE ENJOYED IT.

A FEW HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Two or three weeks since, one of my numerous little nieces came in to visit me. She wore a very perplexed and distressed face, and upon my inquiring the wherefore, informed me that "she had only two dollars and a half with which to purchase her Christmas presents; for Father, Mother, Aunt Bessie, her two 'big sisters,' Dick, and little Birdie." This was truly a formidable number to be furnished from so small a sum; but Aunt Carry put on her thinking-cap, and after much consideration gave her the directions and hints furnished below. I will not take time and space to write all the pleasant talk we had over our work, but will go right on to give, in as few words as possible, the result. First, though, I will state that I have no doubt but the fancy articles and flower-seeds, mentioned in this article, may be purchased in many other places besides the one named, and that I only give that establishment in full because I have found it a reliable one, and, also, that I feel sure that many persons in the country do not know, often, where to send for certain things. A friend in Boston, sending me a package of flower-seeds, Gould's Catalogue accompanied it, and hence my first knowledge of his store. The seed (by the way) was pure and good, and the plants I mention in one of the directions came from it. My first suggestion to my little friend was to take a pencil and make out a list of articles, according to my directions, which I felt sure she could purchase for two dollars. She did so, and in the course of a few days the package came promptly to hand, from Gould's, 20 Bromfield Street, Boston, containing much more than was ordered. Then, after procuring white glue, 10 cents; copal varnish, 25 cents; brass-headed nails, 25 cents; burnt umber, 5 cents; and demar varnish, we commenced operations. We had decided on the following articles: for father, a paper-case, to hold his *Agriculturist*, etc.; for mother, a foot-stool and shoe-box; for sister Ruth, a hanging-basket; for Aunt Mary, a set of framed pictures; for sister Ethel, comb-case and cornucopia for hair-pins; for Dick, a scrap-book, well stocked; and for the little sister, a doll's bedstead and chair.

Paper-Case.—Take a thin board, which, cut into a graceful shape, for the back, and cover with black glazed muslin, by gluing carefully around the edges; paste gilt paper neatly; make a front pocket, two-thirds as high as back, of strong paste-board, covered also with black glazed muslin; make triangular pieces, for the ends, of strong muslin, covered like the back and front, or of morocco; binding *all* with the gilt paper; finish with cord and tassels, if available, or simply with loop at the top; ornament with a scene in decalcomanie, or a pretty paper picture, on the front of back and on pocket; varnish with clear or demar varnish.

Foot-stool and Shoe-case.—Obtain a square box (rather over a foot each way) with lid, which fasten on with small hinges; rub the sides smooth with fine sand-paper and stain with dissolved burnt umber (dissolve in vinegar), when dry, polish with wet flannel dipped in powdered pumice-stone, rub well with dry cloth and ornament with a bouquet, on each of the sides, of decalcomania; put four drawer-knobs on the bottom corners—screwing from within—for feet; line with colored muslin or paper; cover the lid with coarse cloth and stuff with moss, fine-cut paper, or any substance convenient; tack firmly down and cover top

with a piece of Berlin embroidery, carpet, furniture rep, or any material desired; finish with gimp, put on with gilt nails, and fasten a loop with which to raise the lid. With the sides varnished with clear varnish, this is a beautiful foot-stool.

A Home-made Basket, or Case, for Plants.—Those who have kept birds for any length of time know how the bottom of the cages wear out, and, finally, render the whole cage useless. Take the upper or wire portion of such bird-cage; and, having procured a strong board to fit the bottom, make an edge or lattice-work for it from the wires of an old hoop-skirt; this is done by taking off, with a sharp-pointed instrument, all the clasps, etc., but leaving the cotton covering; shape as many pieces as will go around the board, by merely cutting pieces of the proper length, putting the ends together and fastening tightly with wire or spool thread; fasten to a straight piece of the hoop, sufficient to go around the board; between these pieces place smaller pieces by putting the ends of the pieces to the centre and fastening as before; paint brown, or any other color, and varnish with copal; when dry, place on it a pan filled with light earth, with a pot in the centre also filled; plant in them any free-growing trailer. The case here mentioned had slips of the so-called Wandering Jew (*Tradescantia Viridis* and *Zebrina*), Ivy-leaved Geranium (*La Elegante*), and German Ivy, with two roots of Madeira Vine, planted in pan and pot November 5th, and to-day, December 6th, the cage is almost covered with the green branches which are shooting through the wires and falling over the bottom. By Christmas, I think, the sprays will be long enough to droop at some length, and then it will be a beautiful object, suspended from a hook like a bird cage. Fasten the cage to the board with wire put through gimblet holes in the board.

Brush or Comb Case and Cornucopia for Hair Pins.—Take the paste-board from old boxes, or the cheap blue kind of the shops; cut a bottom two-thirds longer than wide, and round off the corners; cut a back one-half longer than the pocket, making the pocket long enough to go around the bottom and meet the back; pink the top of pocket and line with table oil-cloth; pink also the top of back above the pocket, and line lower part as deep as the pocket with the oil-cloth; sew pocket to the bottom and the back, and both line the back with paper and hide the stitches with binding of gilt paper; select two card pictures, pink the edges, after cutting them of suitable size for front of back and pocket, make holes through both, on sides and bottom, and tie on firmly with gay ribbons; fasten ribbon bows and loop for hanging at the back. The Cornucopia is made to match the above of a triangular piece of card, also pinked on edge and with pictures with edges pinked tied on front and front of back with ribbons. These cards, put on in this way, answer for slipping combs in and other articles used about the toilet. A "catch-all," perfume box, powder box, handkerchief and glove cases may be made to match in the same way. If the cardboard used is not clean and white it must be covered with bronze or other paper. The pinking is a beautiful finish to any stiff substance, and an iron that can be procured for fifty cents is invaluable in a family.

Little Chromos in Colored Straw Frames.—Exquisite "chromos"—so-called—of landscapes, flowers, groups, etc., can be obtained for fifty and sixty cents per dozen. Colored straws, scarlet, crimson, green, yellow, gilt, brown, bismarek, buff, and black, for five cents per bunch. These frames are made by sewing the straws together in clusters of six, more or less, and then putting together, the two sides crossing the ends; sew or glue firmly and ornament with bows or rosettes

of straw on the four corners. These ornaments are made by soaking a few straws, for a minute or two, splitting open one side and pressing flat, then fold together in loops; place the picture on the frame with a few stitches in each corner, hidden by the rosettes.

A Home-made Scrap Book.—Take the back of an old Atlas, or other large book, and place within it sufficient leaves to rather more than half fill it—news-papers will answer if care is taken to cover the entire page with pictures, ornaments, or reading matter. As the little boy in question was rather small, the book here mentioned was filled; but, if desirable, the contents can be given loosely and much amusement afforded by arranging the contents. Every short and interesting story and pictures from old magazines and papers, riddles, anecdotes, puzzles, charades, and, indeed, all sorts of things are suitable for these scrap books, but above all, that which adds the crowning glory, the exquisite pictures sold for this special purpose. The back should be covered with dark or bright colored cloth, with the back neatly covered, as in new books. Then, the name of the recipient and scrap book, with other adornment in gilt, either cut or embossed, or, which is far better, the beauties that come in decalcomanie.

A Doll's Bedstead and Chair.—Take a box of the desired length, and, after rubbing smooth, stain in imitation of blackwalnut; put on pretty pictures suitable for a child; make an edge of the arches, made of hoop-skirt wires, covering the places joined with thread with little slips of gilt or silver paper (the head-board should be rather higher than the sides); make feet by screwing on knobs of drawers; varnish the whole with clear varnish and then furnish with bed and mattress, pillow, etc. Any little girl will take delight in furnishing such a bed with ruffled cases, pretty quilts, etc. The chair is made of an oyster, or small nail-keg sawed out, and covered with pretty chintz, like the barrel chairs, first stuffing the back and bottom.

As it may appear almost incredible to many, I will name the articles my little friend purchased for her two dollars: two sheets decalcomanie, viz.: two large scenes, four bouquets, and two sheets suitable for children; one dozen small chromos, lovely landscapes, bouquets, beautiful heads, children, etc., in soft colors; three bundles colored straws, brown, crimson and gilt; five sheets embossed pictures; one dozen card chromos; five sheets scrap-book pictures; besides, a dozen beautiful little flags. These colored straws cannot be too highly recommended for fancy work of various kinds, and the pictures named are certainly exquisite. I should be glad to tell our young friends of many beautiful and economical articles that can be made, but I have encroached too far already. AUNT CARRY.

FLORAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED OF 47 LETTERS.

My 37, 12, 11, 34, 7, 9, from the leaf of this plant the capital of the corinthian column is derived.

" 5, 16, 43, 39, 45, 14, is a graceful ornamental plant.

" 19, 41, 42, 3, 13, 27, 17, 4, 32, 9, is a double imperial pink.

" 26, 3, 20, 9, 1, 38, 37, 40, 24, an ornamental perennial.

" 6, 23, 2, 15, 7, 33, is an autumn flowering plant.

" 35, 36, 34, 18, 21, 45, 44, is a carnine pelargonium, spotted with crimson.

" 18, 7, 23, 30, 11, 40, 31, 10, 46, 31, 12, 9, 5, is a lantana.

" 16, 4, 12, 22, 7, 11, 25, 8, 13, 30, 34, 11, 15, 24, 6, a cherry rose.

" 10, 9, 29, 22, 40, 47, 32, 23, a beautiful plant with velvet leaves.

My whole is a welcome visitor. J. A. GRAVES.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1874.

DESIGN FOR A FLOWER TABLE.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the subject of home decorations in winter, we introduce this charming design of a new flower table. It needs very little explanation. In all our large cities there are wire makers who manufacture flower stands, hanging baskets, and other simple objects for household use and ornament. This stand may be entirely circular, or in the form of a semi-circle, in which case it will fit easily into the alcove of any window, and the circular portion will project out into the room; or if the window should be circular like that of a bay window, and project out from the building, then this table will easily fill the space, and gain the benefit of an abundance of light and the benefit of the sun's rays. It may be constructed entirely of wire, or the lower part may be made of wood and the upper part of wire, with a tin or zinc pan for holding the earth. Soil may be used for growing the flowers, or still better, wood mold from forests. Moss also can be used appropriately and kept constantly moist. Sand also, if convenient, can be used for such flowers as thrive best in it. Care must be taken to allow some means of drainage, to remove the surplus water. The size of the table is about four to five feet in diameter, and stands about two and a half feet from the floor, the upper railing not being over three feet high. It can be adapted in winter and early spring to Tulips, Hyacinths, and other bulbs, and in later spring and summer to plants of ornate foliage. The design is really elegant, and will be found a most graceful ornament for floral decoration.

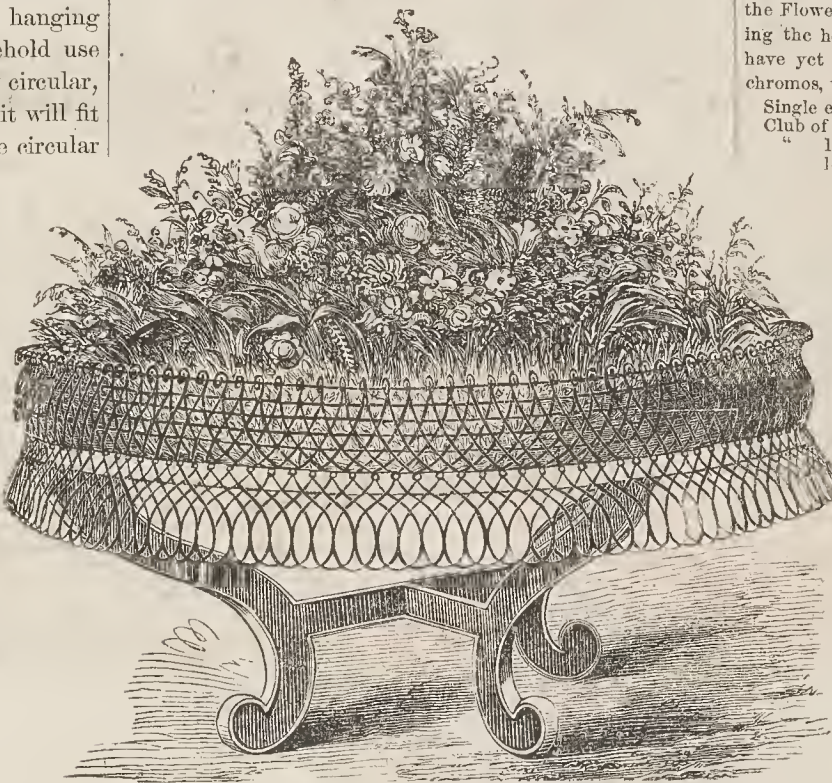
ARRANGING CUT FLOWERS.

Bouquet makers, like poets, are born, not made. Irene makes bouquets, and was born, I think, for that express purpose, so nicely do her flowers harmonize and contrast. Her flower groups are distinctive; she

does not crowd everything into a bundle, but chooses and culls most carefully. The general principles of color being understood, one deals with something more difficult than worsteds, in combining blossoms of such various shapes and textures. I have been watching Irene all this season, and can tell what she has done with flowers both wild and cultivated, limited space forbidding more than the bare results.

A basket of spring flowers—Spring Beauty, Liverwort, and Violets—were braided together, and coiled in plates and saucers; Dicentras were put in small, white vases, with their own foliage. Azaleas she never spoiled by neighbors, but always kept them in opaque, white vases. Blue Violets edging a centre of Bishop's Cap, and fringed by Maiden's Hair Fern, formed a most charming bouquet. Hyacinths furnished many a lovely vase; and one especially pleasing group had a centre of white, single Hyacinths, a cloud of sweet double Violets—the darkest grown—then another row of alternate white Hyacinths and pale pink ones, then the edge of Violet leaves. Another pretty hand bouquet had Lilies of the Valley in the middle, a wide row of blue Violets, and another of mingled blue and white Forget-me-nots, edged with Lily-leaves. She used white frequently for a groundwork, and then wrought in a pattern with strong-hued flowers, especially when the greatest effect was to be produced with the fewest flowers. On a ground of white Candytuft, I have seen Coreopsis, dark Nasturtiums, dark Phlox, Defiance Verbena, and lovely wreaths of double Portulacca.

I notice she does not confuse foliage any more than flowers. Her favorite greens are Geranium leaves, leaves of that exquisite plant—Tagetes Signata Punila—sprays of Maurandya, Ferns, Lycopodiums, Peony and Carrot leaves. Another very pretty bou-



DESIGN FOR A FLOWER TABLE.

quet had a mass of scarlet Geraniums, surrounded by the pure white flowers of the perennial Phlox; from the border of fragrant Geranium leaves, rose, on two opposite sides, long sprays of Ambrosia, or Jerusalem Oak, which met, and were twined together so that the bouquet looked like a little basket of flowers with a live, green handle. The happy recipient of this "basket" attracted all flower-lovers who saw her pretty travelling companion.

I think Irene likes best to arrange flowers without

tying them. She makes raids upon the china-closet on grand occasions, and builds amazing structures. Once, with a large wash-dish, a hanging-basket inverted, a soup-plate, and a celery-glass, she made magnificent a deep window, using for flowers only Snowballs and Peonies. I look now at two beautiful arrangements. The concealed foundation of each is an oval preserve-dish and a low, broad bowl; one holds pink and red Asters, shaded to white, with Marigold leaves; the other has purple and blue Asters, with a few blue and white Larkspurs in the middle.

She is complete mistress of the art of stemming, wiring, gluing, etc.; knows just how her darlings ought to be treated to insure their longest possible beauty. I believe she lays great stress upon ammonia and charcoal in the water; and I notice that anything especially dainty usually slips into her wardian case to spend the night; and Pelargoniums have a habit of never quitting its friendly warmth and moisture save on special occasions. And her wreaths, if not used at once, are apt to lie on a large platter with a thin piece of wet muslin laid over, without touching them. But I cannot make you understand half the charms her deft fingers weave. Is it because she has studied her flowers so long and loves them so well that they whisper to her their affinities, do you think?

DORE HAMILTON.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Keep Adding to Clubs.—Club agents will please keep adding to clubs, and not relax their efforts. Many who had not the money to spare now may get it before the spring is over; do not lose sight of them. Times may grow better in a few months, and then each club agent may be able to double his club.

Original.—Our paper is almost entirely original this month. Thanks to our correspondents who have sent in their bits of knowledge so freely.

Chromo.—Every one ought to have our new chromo, "Gems of the Flower Garden." Those who took the paper without it are missing the best of the whole. Send 25 cents and get it now while we have yet a good supply. To any who wish to get up clubs without chromos, we will temporarily take subscriptions at these prices:

Single copies, \$1.10 each.

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Contributions.—We are glad to get any notes or

Contributions.—We are glad to get any notes or letters giving experience on any household topics. Our "Ladies' Work-Box" we want always filled with these bits of experience. Make the note short, we cannot use long letters. Be patient in expecting answers to questions, we have many hundreds to answer.

Music.—The CABINET contains every month a piece of new music, worth, to purchase separately, from 35 to 50 cents. In the course of a year, twelve such pieces would cost from \$4 to \$5. All this, with all the rest of the good things of the paper, making 200 pages every year, for only \$1.25. Is not the CABINET the cheapest paper published?

New Premium List.—Subscribers will please preserve our new 4 page Premium List, which we issued as a supplement to January No. It contains notices of many books, games and amusements, really valuable and worth having. We will send any of them on receipt of price. It is worth keeping for reference.

Photograph of Editor.—A lady writes, saying she would value a photograph of the editor more than any premium on our list. Well we are not ambitious for distinction for looks, but if any one is curious, and would value it, and will bring a new subscriber, it would be an inducement to us to send it, which we will think seriously over.

Green Houses.—A specimen copy of *Horticulturist* will be sent free to any person who has a greenhouse or conservatory. We wish the address of all such persons in the United States. The *Horticulturist* is more especially devoted to plants grown under glass, also to gardening, than the CABINET. We have not enough free copies to give to any others than this class, which we are quite anxious to get interested in it.

The Address of P. D. Barnhart, who made offers of Canna seeds to subscribers of the CABINET last fall is at Kittanning, Pa. We do not understand where the printer got Montana Territory.

Registered Letters.—The fee on registered letters is now reduced to 5c., or including postage, 11c. This is the cheapest possible mode of sending bills and currency. A money order, however, costs but 5 cents for small amounts.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers will find a vast amount of useful matter in our back volumes. We can supply sets as far back as July, 1872, for \$1.50, or for the year 1873 for only \$1.00.

The Household.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR ROOM LOVELY.

"Mamma, I want to marry, and have just such a lovely room as Jessie Lounox has!" "Why, what has she got—bureau, table, chairs, and bed, like everybody else, hasn't she?" "Oh, the pretty things; so tasteful, and doubly pretty, that she made them all herself." "Tell me what they are?" said mamma, sewing away, while I throw myself down upon the lounge and begin. "Well, you know her husband cannot afford expensive adornments, and so Jessie's taste and fingers have made their room a little bower. She hasn't a closet where she can keep her soiled clothes conveniently—boarding, you know—so she took a common flour barrel and neatly tacked pretty, green paper muslin around it; then took white dotted Swiss muslin, cutting it in three flounces, gathering and basting one above the other on the green muslin, so that the top one reaches the mouth of the barrel, and the third one rests on or touches the floor; then at certain distances, little knots of green ribbon were fastened; it gives the barrel the effect of a lady in a ruffled petticoat. The top of the cover was stuffed like a pin-cushion, and the dotted muslin drawn plainly over the green, and her initial worked in green in the centre. The cover was tacked to the barrel with two strips of leather; then a broad box-plaiting of the Swiss on the edge, which stands up all around, hiding the fact of the cover, and the rest being separate, a loop of ribbon raises the cover; and in the barrel she keeps her soiled clothes, and calls it her 'toilet table.' The effect is at once airy and lovely, no one imagining its internal conveniences." "That's what I call useful as well as ornamental," put in mamma. "Hanging above it, in a graceful, rustic frame, was an elegant picture of Dickens, against a black background, with a light tinted border. I was in raptures; and would you believe it, she framed it herself. The photograph was taken from a magazine, and she cut it out as you would a paper doll, and with flour-paste fastened it in the centre of a piece of black broadcloth, bought a tinted mat, and there was the richest looking picture for barely nothing." "I could suggest," said mamma, "that the tinted mat be dispensed with, and have the entire background of black broadcloth." "Yes; that is so. However, underneath it was a fernery, made of a piece of card-board about eight inches square, cut so that this square piece was against the wall, and the front consisted of two narrow pieces of the card-board, one at the top, the other at the bottom of the square, rounded out like the handle of a basket. These were perforated by a shoemaker's awl, with perforations quite a distance apart, and straws pushed down, so that it has the effect of a fence. The straws ran up a little way above the holes,

and were cut in a point in the centre of top and straight across the bottom; then narrow green ribbon wound in and out through the straws, between the strips of card-board. It was filled with Autumn leaves and trailing, pressed vines, that twined over the picture above it." "Really quite tasty," said mamma. "In one window was an ivy in a fancy flower-pot; but it did not look well on the floor, and as a bracket was out of the question, she made a pedestal just large enough to hold it. She took two solid, round pieces of wood, one as large as the bottom of the pot, the other two sizes larger, sawed off an old broom handle, or some strong piece of wood, the height she wanted the pedestal, and nailed it in the middle of the two

with hair-wire, and put together artistically and rustically; then fastened in the top was an oval, wooden chopping-dish, painted the color of the framework or vines, filled with earth, and hanging vines, that trailed over the sides, lovely Geraniums and basket-plants, just covered everything; but the prettiest part almost, was the handle, also of a grape-vine branch, gracefully bent, with a tiny fish-globe pendant from the centre, holding a tiny gold-fish to match, and the vines twining all around the handle so green and thrifty, it was lovely!" "She shows taste in cultivating flowers," again remarked mamma. "Oh, indeed, I forgot: on a bracket was a flower-holder, which could also be used to grow plants in. It was made

of fine twigs of trees, wired through the middle, so that it stood like a stand with a slender waist. Tiny twigs were wired to the larger ones, making it very rustic. In the opening on top was a cocoanut shell, with the mouth cut off in points, and the twigs running up above them; it looked like a nest on a tree. The whole thing was varnished, and filled with flowers and vines, twined over the twigs above, and hanging over the sides. Then the slipper holder, jewel and shaving cases, mouchoir and glove boxes, hair receivers and tidies, made the room luxurions and cosy." "I don't see the difference," said mamma, "why you can't have your room pretty, even if you are not married." "Well, there is a difference. A husband is so delighted, and thinks you are superior to other girls." "Wouldn't I be delighted?" said mamma, in injured tones. "Of course, you would, mamma; and we will go right to work, won't we?" GRACE SANFORD.



THE CHILDREN'S FROLIC.

blocks, making the larger one the base; then she took delaine the color of the prevailing tint in the carpet, and stretched it smoothly over the top board, laying it in side plaits on the lower block, tacking it underneath; then covered a piece of paste-board, about four inches broad, with the delaine, and put it right around the middle, like a belt, drawing it just small enough to be graceful, and it made a very pretty pedestal. In the other window was one of those high standing flower-baskets, which I remarked to Jessie must have cost her enough to oblige her to economise. She laughed, and said it didn't cost her one dollar. The framework was of grape-vines stoutly wired

that on the ends of the bureau cover, and embroider any pretty design in the centre; and you have a cover for your pin-cushion, to be simply pinned over the top of any square cushion of the same size. Now you can keep your bureau tidy with but very little trouble, for as often as the tidies get soiled they can be removed and washed, and will look as well as ever. This will make very pretty, inexpensive sets for every-day use. When selecting worsteds, care must be taken to choose those that will harmonize with the furniture and carpets of the rooms where the covers are used. Very pretty sets are made of straw-colored canvas, embroidered with blue or green worsteds.

MRS. E. BURR.

The Ladies' Boudoir.

SHELLING PEAS.

Pink-sunbonnet hanging down
O'er a fair face half a frown;
Basket tipped upon her knees—
Maiden busy shelling peas.

Looking o'er the garden wall,
Youthful figure straight and tall.
Lounges with a careless grace,
Straw hat pushed off sunny face—

And a pair of lazy eyes
Look with cool and calm surprise
On the fingers plump and white—
Shelling peas with all their might.

"Such a busy little bee
Puts to shame poor thriftless me!"
And a yawn, half made, half real,
To these words gives sign and seal!

Pink-sunbonnet nods assent,
Fingers gives the pods a rent,
As though saying, "Were these *you*,
I'd soon show you what I'd do!"

"So you think I *ought* to be
Quite ashamed of this 'poor me,'
Who bewails his lazy lot
And to better it tries not?"

Pink-sunbonnet gives a nod,
Cracks a fresh new glistening pod,
Which exploding seems to say,
Answering for her, boldly, "yea."

Lazy-eyes dart a quick look,
Naught but *silence* will they brook;
Bending closer they peer down
Neath the bonnet's clumsy crown.

"I would toil and strive each hour,
Working with a will and power,
Had I aught to *work hard for*—
Some sweet bright reward in store."

Pink-sunbonnet laughs out now,
And the face is all aglow,
As she answers, pointing down
To her basket with a frown—

"Lots of shell and little peas;
Words are well and *sometimes* please;
But words are *shell*—its *fruit* we need:
Talk is easy—prove by deed!"

Quick the lazy eyes flash fire,
And the owner bends down nigher,
Till the color in his cheeks
Fades and flickers as he speaks—

"Ah, but 'tis *within* the shells
That the perfect fruit first dwells:
All my words I'll prove quite true,
If my *reward* may be you!"

Pink-sunbonnet's still and dumb;
Busy fingers quite o'ercome,
Drop the basket off the knees,
And down roll the half-shelled peas.

"See, you work in vain alone—
Without *help* naught can be done;
May I then through our lives be
Helpmate to you loyally?"

Two brown hands clasp fingers white;
Lazy-eyes grow clear and bright;
Pink-sunbonnet 'gainst her will,
Looks up with cheeks pinker still.

And again it gives a nod—
Then a noise! Was it a pod?
Something sounded. As you please,
It all happened—shelling peas!

THE GENERAL AND THE WIDOW.

There was a fine old general once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits, often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when Master Don Cupid brought him acquainted with a Widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result!

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, and drums, and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once read-

ing a visionary story-book, called the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly fellow, living alone, with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, when companionship afforded opportunity for him to "fight his battles o'er again." But alas! o'er this calm evening of the old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depths of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump, and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling God of Love.

The poor General! We must give him a name, or we can't tell the story; and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. The poor General debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had siege or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he once studied Othello's Defense, to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in this Defense very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the Widow Wadman's with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madam—

'Rude am I in my speech.
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore—'

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp—

"I want to get married."

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks—

"And who is it you want to marry, General?"

"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I think I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby; "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam—I wear a wig!"

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder, and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before; at the end of which she drew her seat nearer to the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precis-

ion, executed a rapid manœuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the General's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover—quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair, that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig, and bobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese Mandarins. As the story goes, the two were united very shortly thereafter.

Tact.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously-fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

Arranging the Hair.—The fashion which now prevails in New York, is to have a wide braid extending from the top of the head to the nape of the neck. A braided bandeau is placed upon the forehead, fastening on the side underneath the chatelaine braid. Hair crimped in front, arranged in stiff waves above the forehead, or in stiff, flat spirals, reaching almost to the eyes. The last, it is needless to say, is an idiotic fashion. Abroad, the hair is arranged higher on the top of the head. A narrow fringe of hair hangs over the forehead, slightly crimped; going back in waves, puffs, or braids, the hair rises at least three inches from the top of the head, and a high comb is inserted. In arranging the back, particular attention is paid to the shape of the head. Puffs are most worn; but few ladies are expert enough to make those themselves. The hair must be tied high on the head. If it is long, the different pieces required for the puffs must be braided down, leaving only enough hair loose for the puffs. The braids are then pinned up and the puffs easily made. If you wear false hair at all, we advise you to have it made in a chignon of loose puffs, as they are so much lighter than braids, and much prettier. Hair that is massed on top of the head is fastened with jet pins, balls, and daisies. Wide jet combs, headed by flat bands, are also used to hold the hair back.

French Women.—A French woman in the decline of life is one of the most delightful companions in the world. She retains a sufficient desire to please (the real source of coquetry) to the end of her days; and this desire prevents her from being either cross or stupid. She dresses well; that is to say, a woman of forty does *not*, in France, dress like a girl of fifteen; she takes care in the morning to arrange her blonde so that the coming wrinkles may appear but the shadow of the lace; her figure is well sustained; and by the aid of a little rouge and a little penciling, her eyes, the only real beauty in a French face, look brilliant, and, what is better still, good-natured to the last.

Home Readings.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire.
The gray-haired dame and aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek.
They both had thoughts they could not speak.
And each heart uttered a sigh—

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall:
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room up-stairs."

But she answered: "Father, not yet,
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children were away:
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from the billows deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep.
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose playtime is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

Elements of a Home.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, and dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garments, houses and furniture is a tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

A Curious Name.—"What is your name?" asked the clerk of a witness about to be sworn before a Justice of the Peace. "Ottiwel Wood," was the reply. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled Judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T I double U E double L, double U double O D." The astonished Judge thought that was one of the most extraordinary names he ever knew; and after two or three attempts to record it, both he and the clerk gave it up amid roars of laughter.

Early Influences.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood

—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

Elder Knapp, while baptising converts at a revival meeting in Arkansas, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap in the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall powerful looking man, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, said: "Elder, I don't want to interfere any in this yere business, but I want to say that is a hardened old sinner you've got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If ye want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him in deep water over night."

Village Post-Offices.—Life in a village is, in many respects, very pleasant. It seems to be a medium between city and country, combining many advantages common to both, without necessitating the citizens to live in the heart of the busy world or to be isolated. Yet, like all other things in the world, village life has its disadvantages; and not the least of these is the faculty with which every one can mind the affairs of his neighbors. One of the greatest sources of discomfort to myself and my friend is the village post-office. I would have all post-office employes either dumb or sworn to secrecy as certainly as the telegraph operators; indeed, they might better be dumb for all the civility one receives from them. Even if the postmaster himself is a gentleman, he generally employs some tattling clerk, or some male gossip volunteers his services just for the sake of satisfying curiosity. These soon learn the handwriting of all the letter-writing people of the place, and have no scruples against peddling their information about the streets. Said a volunteer clerk, the other day, to a gentleman, as a lady passed them, "I think that lady and her lover must have had some trouble, as he has not written her in nearly two months." I laughed when I heard this, as the lady had told me the gentleman had written to her regularly, but had disguised his handwriting for the express purpose of deceiving this meddling clerk. I myself have encountered this volunteer clerk on my way to the post-office, and he invariably says, "You have a letter," or "You have not a letter," as the case may be. I fear I have been wicked enough to wish that the wonderful memory of this man might in some way be impaired. I am also wicked enough to envy some of my city friends, whose postman apparently takes no personal interest in the mail-matter which he distributes; if he does interest himself and mentions his ideas, his remarks will not be listened to by those sufficiently interested to repeat them. Cannot something be done to stop this annoying gossip concerning mail-matter? Should not postmasters and all in their employ be sworn to secrecy?—*Country Gentleman.*

Madame Nilsson Off the Stage.—A Baltimore correspondent of the *Arcadian* writes: "You should see Madame Rouzard-Nilsson in the domestic circle. She has the most wonderful faculty of ingratiating herself with children. She will get down on the floor among them, enter into all their fun and infantile architecture, and then precipitate them into ecstasies by whistling for them, and she whistles like a flute or a nightingale, or playing the violin. It is really wonderful to hear her whistle; no one could ever do it better. There is nothing she is fonder of than a good romp with a lot of lively children; she makes them all infatuated with her in less than a minute, and she kicks up more noise than an eight-horse power school girl.

Meanest Man.—The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* thinks it has found the meanest man. A missionary traveling in Maine recently, came to a wealthy man who greeted him with great heartiness. "Every man ought to do something for the Home Missionary cause," said the wealthy man. "I want you to visit every man in this parish—all can do something." "Glad to hear it," said the missionary, feeling that he had hit on a great heart and a great pocket. "I guess I will take your subscription now." "Well," said the rich friend of home missions, "I can just as well make my contributions now as any time. These are hard times; but every man should do his part. By the way, you needn't call on my son—he's sick, and I'll give enough for him and me too." Visions of \$100 greenbacks flitted before the eyes of the missionary as the rich man drew his wallet. He fumbled it over for a while, and beneath a pile of greenbacks finally unearthed a piece of paper money and handed it to the missionary, saying, "God bless you." It was a *ten cent scrip*.

A Thoughtful Philosopher.—A good story is told of King George III, of England, who, on eating apple dumplings in a peasant's house, was puzzled to know how the apples could have got inside. A Virginia philosopher had a similar difficulty in understanding a tanner's sign, on which a calf's tail hung through an auger hole.

After a while the tanner noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, dumbly absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide-dealer was greatly excited in turn.

He stepped out and addressed the individual.

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper.

"No."

"Do you want to sell hides?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are a farmer?"

"No."

"A merchant, maybe?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger hole!"

LIFE.

Success is like climbing a mountain,
'Tis hard to reach the tip-top;
Who would catch the bright gem of the fountain,
Must watch for the water to drop.

Household Elegancies.

FLOWER-POT STAND.

The stand illustrated on this page was designed especially as a flower-pot holder, but may also be used for a stand work-basket. It is made of bronzed reeds. The upper part, which rests on curved feet 7 inches high, is six-cornered, and 8 inches high; the bottom, which is of wood, is 10 inches, and the top 12 inches in diameter. The medallions are underlaid with white cloth. In the middle of this is worked on with button-hole stitch around the edges, a green silk medallion, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide; on this is arranged a cork landscape, in application. Instead of this, application on leather or card-board, in point russe or satin stitch, may be used. The painted border which surrounds the medallion, is worked partly in satin stitch and partly in point russe, with silk twist in various gay colors, and with gold thread.

The white cloth foundation is mounted on paste-board, and fastened in the reed frame with little pegs. A lining of violet cashmere, and small tassels and bows, arranged in the manner shown in the illustration, completes the stand.

DESIGN FOR A FIRE-SCREEN IN WOOL WORK.

The accompanying illustration represents a very pretty design for a fire-screen, the result of the united labor of the cabinet-maker and the lady of the house. Walnut wood is an appropriate material for the frame; and the design of the wool work, of course, can be varied according to the taste and skill of the worker. The group of flowers and enclosing wreath are appropriate to the character of the frame illustrated; and with tasty use of the worsted, by the lady, a beautiful design may be elaborated. The sketch here illustrated, is that of a bouquet in centre, composed of Tulips, Roses, Lilies, Primroses, etc., surrounded by a wreath of ornamental grasses.

LEAF ORNAMENTS FOR WINDOW-SCREENS.

Ladies who take delight in arranging domestic floral decorations, will find much pleasure by trying experiments we here detail.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses, and autumn leaves on a pane of window-glass, laying another pane of the same size over it, and binding the edge with ribbon, leaving the group of plants imprisoned between. Use gum-tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well also to secure a narrow slip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane, and dried, before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged, then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty. To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galloon along the edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the centre, afterwards to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may be either hung before a window, or, if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash. In halls, a beautiful effect is produced by placing them against the side lights of the hall door. Where the side lights are each of only a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a free arrangement of ferns, grasses, and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich autumnal colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty during the whole of the winter.

HOME DECORATION.

Many pleasing ornaments can be made for the decoration of our rooms at odd times, with very little or no arduous trouble; a little done now and then will not show much at the time, but congregately taken, often prove something worth having. Every lady has friends who have a capacity for whittling; get on the



FLOWER-POT STAND.

right side of these friends; with a little compromising and a bribe or two, you will bring about the desired result. Brackets for the wall have of late been very much used. When the heavier and handsomer ones cannot be procured, old, discarded cigar-boxes will furnish



DESIGN FOR A FIRE-SCREEN IN WOOL WORK.

material for the smaller ones; these can be cut or sawed out in any pretty pattern, varnished, and placed against the wall with good effect. Tack them firmly, so that small china or marble ornaments, curious stones, handsome shells, etc., can be placed thereon. Do not have more than two in a room; one on each

side of the chimney-piece, with a small statue, vase, or picture on it, is pretty. Now make wreaths of dried grasses or pressed autumn leaves, and put around the bracket; these are easily sewn on a foundation or circle of paste-board, or tacked on bonnet-wire. On a black walnut one, I have a gilt and china open-work basket; in it is a bird's nest with three sky blue eggs. Back of the bracket are tucked brilliant autumn leaves and yellow ferns. Another has a Parian marble bust of Fremont on porcelain base; this also has ferns arranged back of it. Brackets generally look best under pictures. Some make them of stiff paste-board and paint. These are only desirable for holding fine, pretty colored pictures or steel engravings, framed in straw; painting the straw improves them—they then look like wood. Quite pretty little frames can be made of black and gilt, or brown and gilt, paper. If the picture is limber, paste it on stiff paste-board.

In a sunny room in the house, have one or two brackets made large, and substantial enough to support a flower-pot and saucer; nail this under a picture—one with an oval frame is the prettiest—have the bracket or shelf low enough, so that when the pot is put on it will be even with the bottom of the picture. Plant in the pot a couple of Ivies, and a vine to run down, or a sweet potato; if the latter, it is best placed in a Hyacinth glass or a jar of water. Select a potato that will nearly all go down in the jar, leaving eyes to sprout at the top; it is curious to watch the roots grow. But if this is not desired, the jar and bracket too can be painted or covered with lichens from the trees in the woods; these will not adhere to the glass without a covering first of rag or paper. When the potato begins to sprout nicely and sends out long shoots, tie strings from the neck of the glass around to the top of the picture, and it will soon become a living frame. Of the two vines, ivy is the prettiest. Keep the glass filled with water. Lichens make odd looking, but really pretty frames; pressed autumn leaves likewise, always pasting the picture on heavy paste-board or thin, dry board, and leaving a margin of the same for the leaves to go on. I had plain, square, white pine frames made and painted brown; I then glued pressed autumn leaves (maple and gum) on them, commencing at the bottom and going up around like a wreath, arranging them gradually smaller as I went up; copal varnished them; when done, they looked beautiful, and were much admired. This was three years ago; to-day they are faded, but still pretty. I am confident that if they were kept or hung in rooms where there was little or no fire, they would retain their color for years. Heat draws the brilliant hues out. If persons cannot keep plants through the winter, they can surely have a pretty collection of dried grasses in vases on the mantle. Gather all grasses before they are fully ripe. Several varieties of the sedges (*Carex*) are pretty for this use; the different grains are lovely; the flowers of the sprain root retain their color finely if cut before they are fully blown; also, the laurel (*Kalmia*); both should be dried or pressed in a dark, cool place. The seed pods of the sprain root are valuable for bouquets, if plucked just before they burst. Sumac berries, when ripe, can be used to good advantage. These make handsome wreaths, mingled with graceful grasses, dried ferns, or, indeed, alone. Nothing can be prettier than the scarlet seed pods of the common white or the wild rose, if left to mature. That plague of the farmers, the green briar, resembling somewhat the Smilax, and indeed a variety, is covered in the fall with hard, black berries; this is fine, and a hundred other of our wild and cultivated plants form seed vessels and berries worthy of our cultivation.

GENO.

Young People.

LITTLE TEASE.

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away,
Teaching the kittens their letters in play,
Clambering up to the table and shelf,
Having a tea-party all by herself,
Quiet a minute, in mischief, no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,
Sewing her apron, demure as you please,
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn and unraveling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace,
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;
Looks at her pouting there down at her knees,
Clasps to her heart again dear little tease.

Is Your Note Good?—A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer, pulling out a large drawer, exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me twenty-five cents for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag by the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good, I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon, the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow reappeared, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy who will do that is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

Mixing Her Errand.—A little girl was sent to the store one day to buy a yard of muslin, a quart of syrup, and a pound of nails. For fear she might forget her errand, she kept repeating them over to herself as she ran along. Arriving at the store door, she stubbed her toe, and fell down, completely demoralizing her ideas and memory, so that she made her wishes known in this way: "Mr. Storekeeper, I want a pound of syrup, a quart of muslin, and a yard of

nails." It confused the storekeeper, and he said he did not keep the place; and at last things got so mixed that the girl's mother had to go for the articles herself.

A Brave Boy.—A company of boys in a street in Boston, one day after school, were engaged in snow-balling. William had made a good, hard snowball. In throwing it, he "put in too much powder," as the boys say—he threw it too hard, and it went farther than he intended, right through a parlor window! All the boys shouted, "There, you'll catch it now! Ruu, Bill, run!" Then they took to their heels.

But the brave William straightened up, and said, "I shall not run." He went directly to the house

neighbors could not tell which was Jimmy and which Johnny, and so called them "the Jimmyjohns." And this is the account of one of their funny "ways." When the Jimmies were little toddling things, just beginning to walk, they were constantly falling down, tipping over in their cradle, or bumping their heads together; and Mrs. Plummer found that the best way to stop the crying, at such times, was to turn it into kissing. The reason of this is very plain. In crying, the mouth flies open; in kissing, it shuts. Mrs. Plummer was a wonderful woman. She found out that shutting the mouth would stop its crying, and to shut the mouth she contrived that pretty kissing plan, and at the first sound of a bump would catch up the little toddlers, put their arms round each other's necks, and say, "Kiss Johnny, Jimmy! Kiss Jimmy, Johnny!" It would make anybody laugh to see them, in the midst of a crying spell, run towards each other, their cheeks still wet with tears, and to see their poor, little, twisted, crying mouths, trying to shut up into a kiss.

A Simple Amusement.—For the amusement of children between two and six years of age, a very simple device is recommended. Spread on the floor of the play-room your largest newspaper, take a little stand or table and spread a paper on that also, and then allow the little one or ones two or three quarts of Indian meal to play with, letting them pour it on the table as they like. They will play snow, and shovel out their paths, or make drifts and clean off, and they can put their little toys into the meal without injury. Their cars can be blocked up and need to be rescued from their peril, or their little people and animals can be nearly buried up in it, and all sorts of exciting adventures happen out of that meal. Of course, cakes can be made by filling tins; but it is better not to allow any wetting of the meal, as that injures it for their plays, and is cold to the hands of a delicate child. After the allotted hour or two hours of meal time, brush it all into a box and put it out of sight, in reserve for the next unoccupied day.

Good Habits.—Remember, boys, before you are twenty years of age you must establish a character that will save you all your life. As habits grow stronger every year, any turning into a new path is more and more difficult; therefore, it is often harder to unlearn than to learn; and on this account a famous flute player used to charge double price to those pupils who had been taught before by a poor master. Try and reform a lazy, unthrifty, or drunken person, and in most cases you fail; for the bad habit, whatever it is, has so wound itself into his life, that it cannot be uprooted. The best habit of all, is the habit of care in the formation of good habits.



CLEVER CARLO.

where the window had been broken. He rang at the door, acknowledged what he had done, and said he was sorry. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and of his father's place of business, and said the damage should be paid for. That was true courage. It is cowardice that would lead a boy, when he has done an injury like that to sneak away and run to conceal it. How noble and brave it is to see a boy confess a fault, and not be afraid to face the consequence!

The Jimmyjohns.—Mrs. Diaz tells a comical story of two twins, who looked so much alike that the

Housekeeping.

CANNING FRUIT.

There are three things essential to success in canning fruits. First, to have good fruit; the second is good cans. As a rule, the simple cans are the best; those of glass, with glass cover, a rubber band, and a screw ring, are as easily closed as they are opened, and can be managed by any one possessed of common sense. The third thing requisite is, a good cool place to store them away; it should be dry, and just warm enough in winter to keep out the frost. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that it does not injure canned fruit to let it freeze. Freezing will change the color of the fruit. All who have ever canned any fruit know that the juice, if the fruit has saved perfect, is thicker than when it was just fresh cooked. The damson plum, and all blue and black grapes, are of a nice rich, dark plum color if they do not get a taste of frost; where, if they get a touch of frost, the juice will assume a dull red color, and is more acid to the taste. I think grapes are injured more by freezing than any other fruit. Glass cans should be wrapped in paper, to exclude the light, or the fruit will lose its natural color. In canning, never put in sugar; the fruit retains its flavor best without. It is a mistake to think it will help to preserve it. My rule for cooking the fruit is to boil it through thoroughly. Grapes, cherries, plums, and all kind of berries, are cooked sufficient as soon as they boil. Apples, peaches, and pears, and quinces, require a little longer, or until a fork will penetrate them easily. Tomatoes are cooked sufficient for canning as soon as they boil through. Heat your cans by placing them in a vessel of cold water, and then bring them to the boil. There should be a board or a cloth in the bottom of the kettle to keep the can from touching the bottom. Fill the cans, after pouring out the hot water, by putting a funnel in, that is the size to fit the mouth of the can, and pour the fruit through it. After filling the can, let it alone until it settles, and then fill up again; be sure and have the contents covered with the juice. By letting the fruit settle down in the can and then filling it up again, you will prevent its moulding. Seal immediately after filling it up. If you use the glass cans, with the band and screw, no instructions are necessary, except to let them alone after you close them; and do not open them to see how the fruit is saving until you want it for the table. If your cans have cork stoppers, cut a piece of old muslin the right size to cover the underside of the stopper and just come up even with the top. The old muslin will soak up the hot wax, if there should chance to be a crevice between the can and cork for it to run in. If you prefer sealing with cloths, use new muslin. Wax over the top of your can, and then put a piece of tough paper over it, and press it down on the wax all around the edge; then put a little wax all over the top of the paper, and put on your cloth; tie it securely with good, stout wrapping thread, after which pass a warm iron around the edge of the can to soften the wax sufficient to cause it to adhere to the cloth. If it should become chilled before the cloth is put on, it will not stick well. Have your wax warm enough to spread freely, and then put it on the top of the cloth, and rub it in around the edge, so as to cause it to stick to the can. If you are successful in the operation, the cloth will be drawn down in the center when the can has cooled. In selecting fruit, I always prefer the first ripening, as it is the best flavored. In canning grapes and berries, the juice is richer if you do not put in any water,

but crush a few of the berries for the first can, and then reserve a part of the juice to boil the next. If you use stoneware cans, they should be well cleaned after use. A good way is to put them in a kettle of weak lye and boil them to remove the wax, after which boil in clean water, when they will be as clean and good as if new. After emptying a can, it should always be washed, and never left to mould and sour. All fruits should be cooked in a tin or porcelain vessel. Dundas, Ohio. MRS. MARY R. CRAIG.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

CANNING FRUIT.—I think it is not generally known that it is not necessary when canning fruit to first fill the cans with hot water. I thought it was until quite recently; and it was such a task to heat a boiler full of water—and I thought the water must boil or the cans would break; so I would burn my fingers handling the hot cans, and take so much unnecessary trouble that the time for canning fruit was looked forward to with dread. But a friend has told me of a better way. Wrap a wet towel around the can, fill with the boiling fruit, and put the top on immediately. It is done so easily and quickly it takes away one-half the trouble, I think.

CARPETS.—I saw in the CABINET that a good way to sweep carpets was to use snow in which to dip the broom. That may be a very good way in the winter, but I know of a nice way which is always available. Sprinkle salt upon your carpets, fine table salt is best. It keeps down dust, destroys any moths which may be lurking around, and cleanses the carpet nicely, while it prevents the colors fading. When I take up my carpet in the spring I spread them upon a flat surface in the sun, strew salt on thickly, and it is really surprising the way the colors are brightened. Old and faded carpets will look quite fresh and new again, and there is absolutely no danger from moths. I am quite sure that those who once use salt for sweeping will never again use tea leaves, which ought never to be put on a nice carpet; while salt will not injure the most delicate colors.

BUGS.—I presume nearly every housekeeper has had some trouble with those horrid abominations—*bedbugs*. Ugh! It makes me shiver just to think of the disgusting pests. I once moved into a house which was "alive with them." I used all the advertised exterminators without avail; and when I was almost in despair, some one told me to try alum water. I had no trouble after that; and I would say to any one who would like a clean and easy remedy, make a strong solution, and wash every place where they "most do congregate," and I will guarantee that the places which have known them will know them no more. I will leave this disagreeable subject, and tell you how to make a pretty wall basket, and then I must stop; for I am spinning this letter out to a most unpardonable length.

WALL BASKETS.—For the basket, cut it out of paste-board any pretty, graceful shape; then put on rice thickly, using clear, white glue to make it adhere. Take the stems of raisins, point them with red sealing-wax dissolved in boiling alcohol; it will look exactly like sprays of real coral; fasten them on carelessly with the glue; or no, the *fastening* need not be done carelessly, but to look as if they were drifting amid the white sea foam, which, if put on nicely, the rice will resemble somewhat. A few sprays of feathery moss will do for sea-weed; and when finished, you will have a very pretty parlor ornament.

COVERS FOR FLOWER-POTS.—Will some lady tell me a pretty way to make covers for common flower-

pots; also, how to graft Geraniums? I would like to have some one try my recipe for Gentys.

Schaghticoke.

MRS. A. N. D. S.

ILLE-NOIS' FAVORITE RECEIPTS.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of eight eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of soda; bake in layers.

ICING OR CREAM FOR THE ABOVE.—Take two and one-half cups of sugar, put enough water in to moisten it thoroughly, then boil; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and when the syrup is clear, pour it on them hot, and stir fast as possible; then add half a teaspoonful of citric acid; if that quantity is not enough to thicken, add more; flavor with vanilla.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one cup of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, whites of ten and yolks of six eggs; beat until very light.

PLAIN MARBLE CAKE.—Dark part: Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour cream, five cups of flour, yolks of seven eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk. Light part: Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, one and one-half cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, five cups of flour, whites of seven eggs beaten to a froth, half teaspoonful of soda in the milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in the flour; alternate the dark and white dough in the pan, and cut through it once or twice with a knife; bake thoroughly.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, three of flour, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three-fourths teaspoonful of soda, whites of eight eggs well beaten. Make frosting out of eggs and sugar, and add one cup of desiccated cocoanut; bake the cake in layers.

FRUIT CAKE.—Twelve eggs, one pound of butter, one of sugar, one of flour, one of currants, two pounds of seeded raisins, one-half pound of citron, two nutmegs, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one of mace, one gill of fruit syrup or brandy; bake two hours.

CREAM CUSTARD.—Two quarts of new milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, yolks of seven eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar; beat the eggs, sugar, and flour together, and stir in the milk; let it thicken, but *do not boil*; beat the whites to a froth, and *pour* the hot custard over; flavor with vanilla, rose-water, or dust pulverized cinnamon. This makes a delicate and attractive looking dessert, easily made, and sure to be called good.

BAKED PUDDING.—One-half cup of suet, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half pound of finely chopped apples, one-half pound of stoned raisins, five eggs, one glass of brandy or fruit syrup, one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar; dredge the raisins in flour, mix the apples and suet with the yolks of the eggs, add all the other ingredients, and incorporate thoroughly; then beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir lightly in before putting in the oven; bake two hours.

COLD SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Take equal quantities of fresh, sweet butter and powdered white sugar, beat to a cream; if wished, add a glass of wine or a small quantity of clear, red jelly; set in a cool place fifteen or twenty minutes, and before serving, sprinkle over a small quantity of pulverized mace.

M. HOSSEY.

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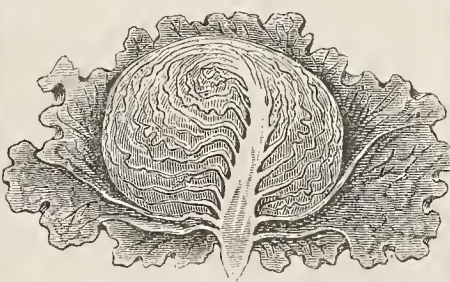
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LINGER NEAR ME, LITTLE DARLING. Ballad.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by "VIOLETTA."

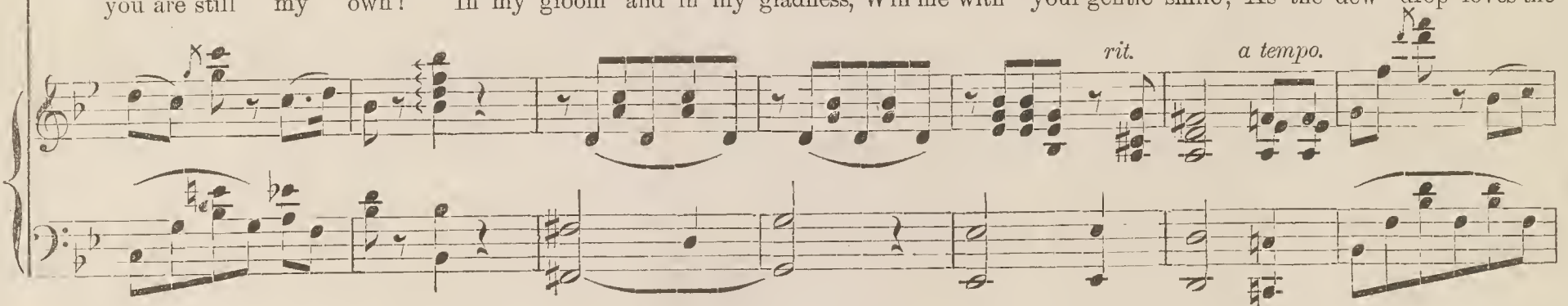
INTRODUCTION.

Andante con Espressione.

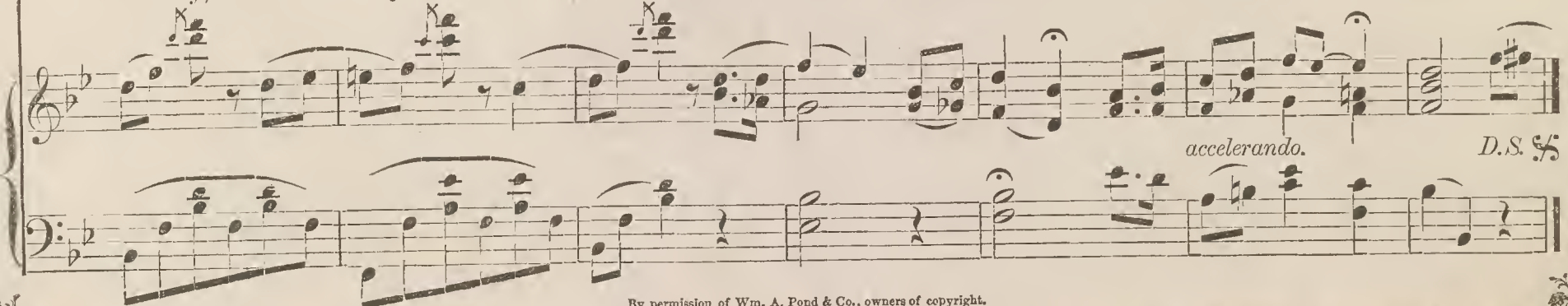
1. Linger near me, lit - tle dar - ling, Make my life a pleasant dream; Charm a - way the hours of sad - ness, Let your
 2. Linger near me, when the sun - light Of my life is gleaming fair; All the joys the day may bring me I would
 3. Linger near me, when in sor - row I am bowed, and joy is flown; Whisper words of home and com - fort, Tell me



smiles up-on me beam. Lay your hand of snowy whiteness In my own, and sweetly say, That you love me, lit - tle
 have you fond - ly share. In the calm and lovely eve - ning I would have you by my side; You are still my on - ly
 you are still my own! In my gloom and in my gladness, Win me with your gentle smile; As the dew - drop loves the



dar - ling, Love me bet - ter day by day! That you love me, lit - tle dar - ling, Love me bet - ter day by day.
 bless - ing In this weary world so wide! You are still my on - ly bless - ing In this weary world so wide.
 li - ly, So I love you all the while! As the dew - drop loves the li - ly, So I love you all the while!



THE LADIES' Floral Calendar

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1874.

No. 27.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT ANNUALS.

At this season, florists' and seedsmen's catalogues are being welcomed in every household where flowers have become a necessity, and, too, where they must be grown, not for their own beauty and attraction, but because this is the period that wealth must contribute to taste, or be out of fashion. So many new plants are now offered that we are in danger of losing many of those beautiful annals that are displaced by "bedding plants" and "florists' flowers," that ever need the tender care and watchful eye of the experienced gardener, or the purchaser will never realize the fond anticipations of perpetual Roses, ever-blooming Carnations, constant supplies of Heliotrope, Fuchsias and all the other rare and beautiful flowers promised upon the receipt of a five dollar remittance. The writer being a florist, speaks advisedly and feelingly on this subject, having, alike with others in the profession, received without number the complaints, regrets, and scolds of the disappointed purchaser of one dollar's worth of bedding plants, sent by mail, which, as a rule, will disappoint, as it takes the season for the puny things to get strength sufficient to bear an indifferent flower. At the expense of trade we must say that one dollar wisely invested in flower seed, with but little care, will give more flowers than one hundred dollars invested in bedding plants. We by no means discourage the growing of the latter, but would never forsake the annals that we have loved from a child, and that grow because they love to, for the petted hybrids

whose constitutions are as weak as rich men's children. Annals, in order to the development of anything like their true beauty, should be sown in broad masses, and the plants left tolerably thick. From two to four square feet, at least, should be appropriated to each variety, for by this means alone can their perfect growth and production of flowers be secured; and they will thus also be enabled to support each other against the action of wind and storm. Having been accustomed to grow them thus in beds and masses for

them only last from two to four weeks, and of these, regular sowings should be made at corresponding intervals, so that there may be some of each sort always in bloom. There are a few sorts that, with a little care in cutting off their seed vessels, may be kept in flower all the season; and of these it will not be necessary to renew the sowings. But it is particularly desirable to have annals in bloom both early in spring and late in autumn; and if this were more commonly aimed at, they would undoubtedly retain their

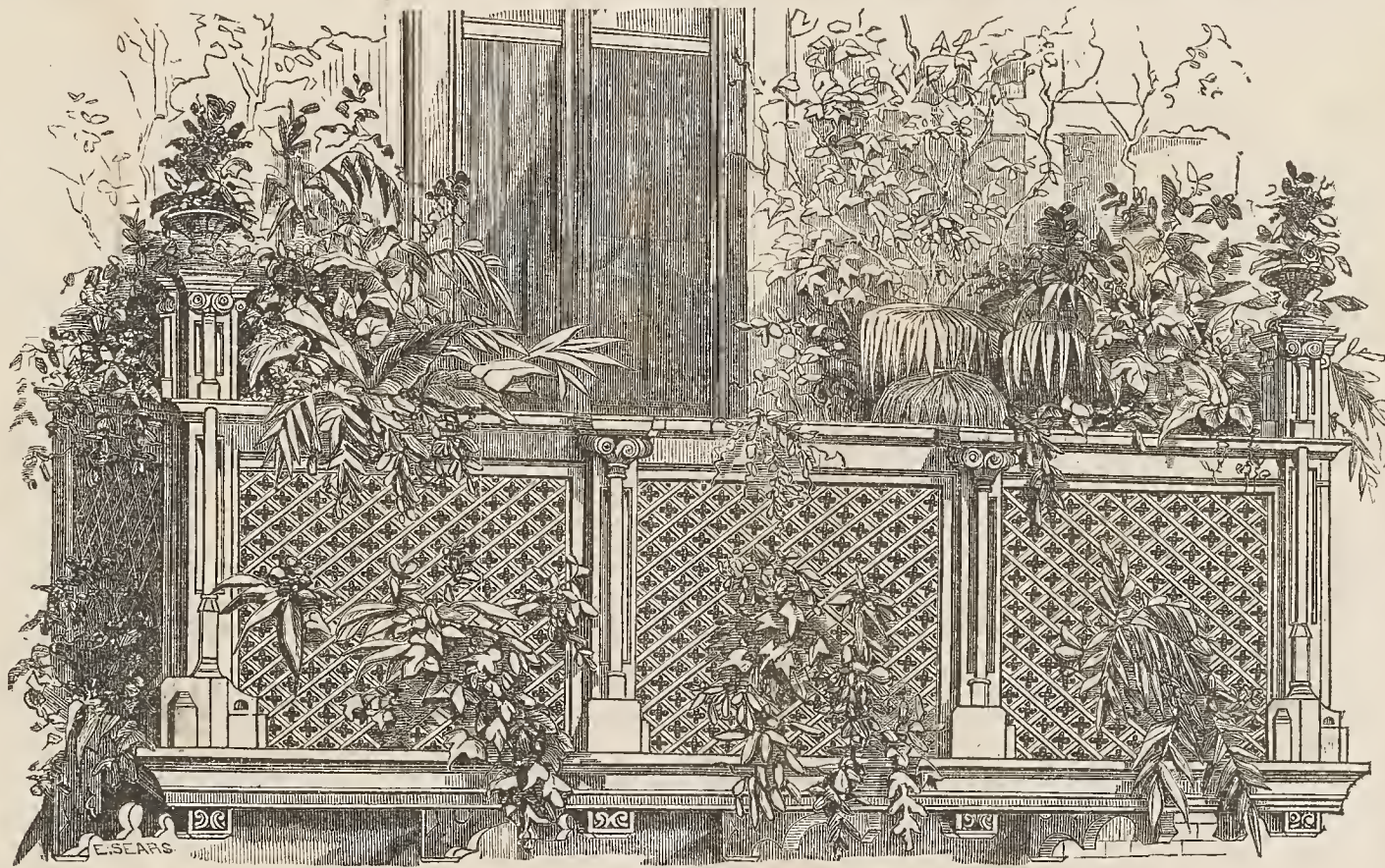
places as general favorites.

We all love flowers that appear early—the Crocus and Snow-drop, that greet us with a smile in some cozy corner before the snow leaves the more exposed places, awake in us more pleasure than all the garden in mid-summer. Annals that come into flower in April and May, besides being early friends, generally last twice as long as those coming into flower in July and August. In autumn, too, when the tints of the leaves are changing, and most of the summer ornaments have alto-

gether vanished or been spoiled by light frosts, a few remaining patches of annals (hardy) serve to prolong the glad season, and are thus particularly desirable.

Many of our annals will stand through the winter of our climate with but slight protection. For spring flowering they may be sown in September, or early in October, in the most protected part of the border, and covered with light brush, that will soon retain the falling leaves and give ample protection to the plants during winter.

Continued on page 36.



A BALCONY GARDEN.

several years, we can safely say that those who have only grown them in the usual stinted patches, can have no idea of their real beauty. They are almost universally unfitted for forming single specimens, not being sufficiently strong, sturdy, or free-flowering; and it is only when grown in large groups that they show themselves in their true character. To obtain from annals all the ornament they are capable of producing, more attention should be paid to having a succession of them than is usually given. Many of

Floral Contributions.

THE CULTURE OF WINDOW PLANTS.

[This article received Prize in 1873. for best on Window Gardening Topics.]

One must have a genuine love for these window pets to be a successful florist. House plants lead an artificial life, and we must learn their needs and supply their wants, before they exist, to see them thrive. In the culture of plants one ought to lay plans for the future, and in this looking forward and planning lies a great charm. Those that wish for early winter-blooming plants must lay their plans, that is, start their cuttings, in the spring. Some, like Roses, Verbeuas, Geraniums, &c., I start in sand in flower-pot saucers, keeping them in a warm place or sunny, south window, watching that the sand be kept moist. I press them down so that the ends of the shoots touch the bottom of the saucer. I also start some in small two-inch pots; after the usual piece of crock in the bottom, I put in a little earth from a well decayed stump in the woods, or leaf mold, as the case may be; an inch or more of this, with sand at the top, in which I insert the cuttings. In the spring, as the masculine members of the household believe in hot-beds, I have a moderate sized one appropriated to my use. In this I plant tender annuals for the garden, reserving a small space in which to sink my propagating pots. I always attend to the hot-bed myself, giving air and water, and shading, when necessary, well knowing that a little neglect would ruin all. As so much space in the hot-bed is used for seed planting, I start many cuttings in the house. I follow Mr. Henderson's rule in selecting these, taking such as will snap and break on being bent, for, at this point, they will root most easily. I set all such small propagating pots as I cannot put in the hot-bed in the windows (facing south), as near the glass as convenient, covering each with a tumbler inverted over it, thus forming a miniature green-house. I use old-fashioned wine glasses, broken goblets, in fact, glasses of all sorts come into requisition. I mend all the broken ones to keep up the stock, having dozens that have passed through careful medical treatment. The earth must be kept moist, especially in sunny days. My cuttings root easily, scarcely ever losing one if the above rules are followed. In dull, cloudy weather they can be kept warm by setting them over large vessels of hot water, or in some warm corner by the stove, though I seldom move them from the windows. As soon as I find they are well rooted, whether in sand or otherwise, I shift them from the saucer of sand into small pots, and from the propagating pots to those one size larger. If this shifting is delayed too long, weak, imperfect plants are the result. Plants should occasionally be turned out of the pots to see if the roots have become tangled and need new potting. After cuttings are well rooted, I pot them in soil composed of two parts leaf mold, two parts rich loam, one part sand, well mixed together. I grow most all plants in this soil. The leaf mold is prepared as follows: I had a deep hole made in the ground in an out-of-the-way place, into which are put the scattered autumn leaves swept from the garden paths and yard, sometimes adding more leaves from the woods; upon this is turned washing suds and all the slops from the chambers and bedrooms. In summer a few shovelfuls of earth are thrown over the top to keep down all odors. When the autumn comes again this compost can be taken out, placed in a pile, and covered with sods and left to decay another year, when it will be fit for use, and the hole filled with leaves as before. When rotted

and ready for use, it is put into barrels and placed in the cellar. With soil prepared in this way I find my plants thrive better than ever before. I always bake my earth in the kitchen stove to kill all insects, &c. As the cuttings make some growth, I nip out the centre shoot to make side branches form, and continue this pinching as they need it, well knowing the more branches the more blossoms will reward me when winter comes. The Carnations started last March I set into the ground in May, and kept constantly pinching off the ends to cause them to throw out other branches, and now they are fine, bushy plants to remove to the house for early winter-blooming, using pots six or seven inches in diameter. Some choice Petunias from seed, in the spring I treat in the same way. After once allowing them to bloom to see the shades and markings, I nip back, not letting blossom again such as I wish to remove to the house for winter. I had some beautiful Petunias, both single and double, last winter; in one large pot I had five different kinds growing together, plain, varied, striped, spotted, and shaded, and it was the admiration of all who saw it. For weeks together there were from seventy-five to eighty-five or ninety blossoms at a time on it. I watch my cuttings started in spring, repotting as they need it, pinching back, &c, and by the middle of August and through September start others. Not having a hot-bed at this season, I place my small pots, in which are the cuttings, in the next hottest place, which is the kitchen chamber, being a low room and over the warm kitchen, on the southern side of the house; there is bottom heat, and side heat, and heat all around, as one would believe to stop there long on an August morning. I place my pots in the windows, covering each with a glass, keeping the soil moist, and shading, if necessary (I slip a paper between the pots and window-pane), keeping watch to pot off such as have taken root; starting some in saucers of sand, also setting the cuttings thickly together, keeping the sand continually soaked. After potting, keep shaded for a few days and well watered. I let them remain in the chamber, giving air every day; windows lowered at the top, day and night, through August and September. I find plants started in this way are much better for winter blooming than old plants that have bloomed in the garden all summer; the latter, if cut back and repotted (all the soil being washed away), will bloom well in the spring, and make fine plants for the garden. I generally send my old Geraniums, &c., to winter quarters in the cellar, and give my Fuchsias a few months of rest, all but the winter-blooming varieties. Large plants of Oleander, some fifteen years old, I send to the cellar, reserving one small one three or four years old, which I do not allow to bloom much during summer, cutting it back in spring, repotting in fall in soil as above, with the addition of two parts of peat soil from the meadow, well rotted. They like this soil, as "when they are at home" they grow upon the river banks and meadowy places, and consequently like much moisture at the root. My Oleander thus treated had finer blossoms, larger, brighter, and handsomer than ever when growing out of doors. One lady wants to know about Pelargoniums. I start my slips sometimes in April (sometimes not until I cut them down after blooming in July), in very small pots, and pinch out the centre at the fourth leaf from the bottom, after they are well rooted and have begun to grow. I do not repot these till the roots have found their way thickly around the sides and bottom of the pot, when I put them into pots a very little larger; after the usual piece of crock at the bottom, put in a little soil, then the ball of earth in the centre, being careful not to disturb the

tiny roots when filling the earth about the sides. I use the same soil for nearly all my plants, except a little richer for Roses, and rather more sandy for bulbs. Soil from an old onion-bed is good where one wants rich loam. The secret of success with Pelargoniums is not to overpot them, as it causes them to run to growth rather than blossoms. I repot as they need it, nipping off the ends to make low, bushy plants. Old Pelargoniums can be cut back in July, repotted in one size smaller pot, treated as above, and will make nice blooming plants in the spring. If, on turning a plant out of a pot, I find good, white roots, I know it to be healthy; if black and dead looking, I wash off the soil entirely with warm water, cut away part of the roots, repot in one size smaller pot, when it will regain its health. Plants repotted as often as they need will seldom be troubled with insects, that is, I find it so. On taking up my plants in the fall from the garden, I bring them to a cool room or chamber that they may be inured by degrees to the change, a few at a time, for I am never quite "easy in my mind" till they are under my sheltering wing; then some time in October (some good rainy day, when no one will call), I give them a good smoking, preparatory to taking their seats in the bay-window. In a back room we have an old-fashioned sink, beneath which is a capacious closet, into which I set my plants as thickly as I can, leaving a large space in the centre; on this I place a large brick, and on that a piece of iron four or five inches square, previously heated red-hot in the stove among the coals; I then lay on some tobacco cut up fine, and close the door as soon as possible, and leave the bugs, if there be any, to their fate. In an hour or two I remove the plants, wash, sprinkle, and carry them to their places in the window. I thus proceed with them, small and large, hanging-baskets and all. Those too tall to go into the closet, I lay upon their sides. I am seldom obliged to repeat this smoking, as I rarely find any insects. A weekly washing and sprinkling is of great benefit. I use warm water for my plants summer, and winter, much warmer in winter. When I wish a plant to bloom, I stop pinching off the shoots. I do not give liquid manures or stimulants as often as many; never till the turn of the season (about January), as I do not think they need it earlier, unless blooming. Toward spring I use it once or twice a week, about the color of weak tea. I water them always very early in the morning, that is, those that need it; a plant just cut back will not need it as often as large, growing plants. Use water warm to the hand. I give my plants air every sunny, pleasant day, a few moments in the middle of the day; and if a plant wilts, water, no matter what time of day. We keep a dish of water upon the stove to moisten the atmosphere, and the temperature about 65 to 68 degrees by day, 50 to 55 by night. By following these rules, I have been quite successful, and my windows are gay with blossoms and bright foliage plants during the days when out-of-door gardening is forbidden us.

M. J. GIDDINGS.

Calla Lily.—The *Detroit Tribune* says that by observing the following methods of culture, success is almost certain: 1. After blooming, dry off very slowly but thoroughly. 2. Keep the roots simply from drying out entirely during seasons of rest. 3. Start slowly in light rich soil with little water at first, increasing as growth increases. 4. Plunge, if possible, in stagnant water until wanted for the house, or there is danger of frost. 5. Repot in rich mucky soil. 6. Give plenty of water while the plants are growing and blooming. 7. Give plenty of light and sunshine.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Oleanders.—In one of the fall numbers you speak of pruning Oleanders. I have two very fine ones, which bloomed very freely all the summer and fall until the frost came. When we put them in the cellar they were so tall that the tops of the branches were bent. Please inform me when you think the proper time for pruning.
MRS. LAURA I. REMSEN.

Answer.—Cut back when brought out in spring after resting.

Vitality of Garden Seeds.—I would like to know how long garden seeds are good, that is, how many years they will retain vitality.
M. MENKINS.

Answer.—The keeping quality of seeds vary. Some sorts are good for one year only, others are good for many. Most vine seeds are better two or three years old; Lettuce and Parsnip not good the second year.

Amaranthus.—Please inform me what soil to use for growing Amaranthus Salicifolius. I have Carnations just coming into bloom; how shall I manage with them for next year? Shall I take slips, or will the old plants bloom well next year? Can you tell me how to grow the Mignonette Tree? Will the seed from the spotted Calceolaria bring plants as finely marked as the flowers from which they were saved?
S. R. DUWOLFE.

Answer.—The Amaranthus Salicifolius will grow in any garden soil, not too rich. Carnations do not bloom well the second year; take cuttings in February for the next fall and winter's bloom. Mignonette can be grown in "tree" form by cutting off the lower branches; keep pruned to suit the taste. Calceolaria from seed not always like the parent but always good.

Soil for Crassula.—What kind of soil is needed for a Crassula?
E. ATWOOD.

Answer.—They will grow in any soil lighter than stiff clay; they delight in a loose gravelly soil.

Mildew on Rose-Bushes.—Will some one tell me how to treat a Rose-bush that is affected with mildew? The leaves have a whitish appearance, curl up, and gradually die. I have tried sulphur, with no effect, and as it is a "Marshal Neil" I am quite anxious to save it.
A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Keep your Roses hot and moist, with as little air as possible. A rapid growth is a panacea for mildew.

Bouvardias.—What is the best way to propagate the Bouvardias, and what time should it be done? Will Fuchsias do well in Louisiana? When should the seed be planted?
N.

Answer.—See last number.

Double Geraniums.—Will somebody please tell how they manage double Geraniums through the winter, and how to keep Caladiums?
M. A. T.

Answer.—Pot your Geraniums, cut them well back, and grow in the house, or put in the cellar away from frost; if the latter, water but two or three times during the winter. Caladiums must be kept in a dry, warm place.

Geraniums.—Please tell me how long before Geraniums bloom from seed. I have two nice ones; they were sown this spring, and are about six inches high; the leaves are four inches broad. I think they are very nice. Will Tuberose bulbs grow a second time from the same old bulb?
MRS. F. L. DAVIS.

Answer.—Geraniums from seed take their own time to flower, but always slow; have grown them two

years without a sign of a flower. Tuberoses will sometimes flower the second year from the same bulb, but it is better to get a new bulb annually.

Petunia Seed.—Will some one who knows tell what time to sow Petunia seed for winter flowering; also, how Verbenas can be made to bloom in winter? What treatment will make thrifty Fuchsias and Geraniums bloom? I received a package of Amaranthus Salicifolius seed from Gregory; sowed it early, in good soil; it came up nicely, but in a few days the plants withered and died in spite of all my efforts to save them. Sowed a second time with the same result. What was the matter.
E. F.

Answer.—For winter blooming, sow Petunia seed in August. A better plan is to take cuttings from the most desirable sorts in the garden, the last of September; they will root readily in a box of clean sand and make better plants for flowering, besides the satisfaction of knowing just the variety you will have. Fuchsias are not winter blooming plants. F. Speciosa is the only variety that can be coaxed into early flowering; it requires a good rich soil, high temperature, and plenty of water. Geraniums flower best in small pots, proportionately, as they require to be root-bound. We have never known the Amaranthus Salicifolius to act as yours has done; it succeeds best in rather a stiff soil.

Soil for Begonias.—Please tell me what soil I need for Begonias. I have a lovely pink one, but it was doing so badly I repotted it in too rich a soil, I think, and the leaves are all rotting. Do they require much water?
MRS. M. M. SLATER.

Answer.—The Begonias require a rich, light soil. Yours damped off too cool and wet; the foliage should be kept dry.

Ice Plant.—Will you inform me through your CABINET how to treat the Ice Plant? I had a very nice one in a jar last fall; when frost came I brought it in the house and tried to keep it, but all my efforts failed; it drooped and died in a short time.
MRS. MARY J. WADDLE.

Answer.—The Ice Plant is an annual that will not live through the winter. If wanted as a house plant, sow the seed in autumn.

Temperature.—Please inform me the proper degree of temperature to be maintained in a room containing a miscellaneous lot of plants. My room is heated by a wood stove.
MRS. DAVID BUFFELT.

Answer.—40° to 50° at night, 60° to 70° at midday.

Greenhouse Plants.—I would like to inquire how to treat plants just from the greenhouse; what kind of soil they require, and the temperature at which they should be kept, &c. Please answer and oblige a lover of your little paper.
MATTIE.

Answer.—Your query is similar to many we receive, so that an answer to yours will do for the whole, though we fear not satisfactory to any. As we deem this part of our paper the most important, and desire to make it as interesting as possible, yet we cannot answer questions of such magnitude. There are many hundred species of plants grown in the greenhouse, but very few require the same treatment; either soil, temperature, water, sun or shade, has to be different for each, consequently there can be no general answer given. Some practical hints have been thrown out on the treatment of very many plants, in previous numbers of the CABINET; a reference to them will be likely to furnish the desired information. Any question about an individual plant will be cheerfully answered.

Candytuft.—How are we of the far-off prairies to procure Perennial Candytuft if it will not grow from seed?
KATE SHERMAN.

Answer.—Perennial Candytuft can be grown from seed. Iberis Sempervirens is the hardy Perennial, and the seed can be obtained from any reliable seedsman. Iberis Carnosa is a new variety that does not seed freely, but plants can be had by mail from most florists.

Cinerarias.—What time does the Cinerarias blossom? I have two beautiful plants, raised from seed, planted the past spring, and will some one please tell me what will kill the little white worms?
HATTIE.

Answer.—The Cineraria comes into bloom about the first of February. That will, however, depend upon the treatment given it. If kept growing in a small pot they flower much earlier than if shifted on before they get root-bound. To grow them well they require frequent shiftings, the last in a six inch pot filled with a light, rich mold, with equal parts of leaf mold or well rotted cow manure. Lime water is the best remedy for the white worms.

Cobœa Scandens.—Will some one please inform me how the Cobœa Scandens ripens its seeds? I have waited patiently for a long time for my vine to ripen them, but can see nothing that promises to be like the seeds I planted except the sepals. Can the sepals be the seeds? Can the vine be propagated by cuttings? I have not succeeded in rooting them. I have a silver-leaved plant, called here Dusty Miller and Moth Miller. Am unable to determine whether it belongs to the Cinerarias or Centaureas. I enclose a leaf. Have thought it might be a Centaurea Gymnocarpa, as I have been told the blossom is a "yellow thistle," or "big bachelor's button." The plant is two years old, and the outside leaves are eleven and a half inches long, and droop over the pot. Can you give me some hints as to the proper treatment of Veronicas? Can any one tell me anything about a plant we once had called Chimney Piece? We knew no other name for it. Do not know that it was a bulb, but have thought lately it might have been a Cape Bulb; but it does not answer the description of either Ixia or Sparaxis, though I was reminded of it in reading of them. It threw up a flower stalk nearly three feet long, covered with Blue-bells the size of a Maurandia blossom; solitary flowers, nearly erect, on stalks about an inch long. It stayed in blossom thirteen months, from September through the next October, and then, in spite of all our efforts, died. Very handsome.
EDNA.

Answer.—The Cobœa Scandens ripens seed under favorable circumstances if planted early against a south wall with southern exposure. It will generally fruit, although in the vicinity of New York the season is rather short to ripen seeds, which it produces in a seed pod two to three inches long and one inch in diameter. It can be readily propagated by cuttings, but the easier way is from seed. The leaf sent is from a plant of the Centaurea Candidissima. The greenhouse varieties of the Veronica are readily increased by cuttings, and grow well in a good, rich garden loam. They make a charming border plant, flowering freely in August and September. They can be taken up before hard frost sets in, potted, and grown on through the winter, or kept dormant in the cellar away from frosts. We do not know the Chimney Piece, nor have we met a plant that will keep in bloom so long.

Floral Decorations.

A BRILLIANT FLOWER-BED.

An English periodical of some months since, gives the following directions for making a brilliant Flower-bed: "Select, or make a small isolated bed in some spot fully exposed to the sun, and let it contain fine sandy peat, or fine sandy soil of any other kind; let it be well drained, of course, and place a few rustie stones round the margin and through the bed, half or more buried in the soil, so that the whole will be elevated a little above the grass level. Over the bed, beside the stones, &c., plant a select few of the best dwarf Sedums and Saxifrages of the incrustated section, and, if you like, a few of the very choicest spring bulbs, such, for instance, as that little Siberian exquisite, Puschkinia scilloides, just to vary the bed a little at all points, and give it unsurpassed charm in spring. But for the brillianey and chief beauty, you must have a number of plants of a very beautiful, hardy perennial, Calandrinia Umbellata. Make the ground-work of your bed of these, and put a few good specimens on the little elevation about the highest points, and tiny rocks in your little bed. Plant in spring; give a good soaking of water in dry weather, and wait for the result. The Calandrinia is a continuously blooming plant, and when it begins to flower, you may expect a display of the purest magenta-colored flowers for many weeks." Of the Siberian exquisite alluded to, I know nothing, at least under that name. I imagine it cannot belong to the Scilla family, for they are all blue, and that color combined with purplish red, would hardly present a tasteful appearance—clumps of the Double White Daisy, or the well-known and universally admired little flower, the Lily of the Valley, would make a good substitute. Every Flower-bed is immensely improved by the addition of white blossomed plants. A white variety of Mathiola Annua, or Ten Weeks' stock, combines fine foliage, with beautiful blossoms of most delightful fragrance. Seed sown in the open ground, in May, if the soil be deep and rich, and they are allowed sufficient room to perfect themselves, cannot fail to give a satisfactory result. The Calandrinia is a very desirable plant, in every way deserving of more extended cultivation. Umbellata is a perennial, but flowers the first season; it grows about a foot in height, and bears a profusion of little cup-shaped blossoms, of various shades of purple. Speciosa alba is a pure white variety, growing only about four or five inches high, but producing myriads of blossoms, the latter, though in some situations quite hardy, it is safest to treat as a half-hardy annual.

MRS. W. J. TAYLOR.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT ANNUALS.

(Continued from first page.)

The following list of seeds that will not cost more than two dollars, will be sufficient to plant one-fourth of an acre, and will furnish flowers from April until December:

Abronia. Sweet-scented trailer; flowers in trusses like the Verbena.

Alyssum (Sweet).

Calliopsis. Fine for mixed borders; seeds itself when once in.

Candytuft, in variety. For early flowers, sow in autumn, and protect.

Celosia (Cockscomb). Well known border plants.

Clianthus Dampieri. The most beautiful and showy annual yet introduced.

Cypress Vine. The most charming summer climber. Requires a warm situation.

Delphinium. A perennial, but flowers the first season from seed, and has no equal for fall flowering.

Dianthus. (Chinese Pinks). Biennials, that flower the first season.

Eschscholtzia. Showy and profuse flowering plants, with extremely fine foliage.

Globe Amaranthus. A beautiful class of everlasting flowers.

Helichrisum. Ornamental for the mixed border, and unequalled for dried specimens.

Marigold. All varieties. Are grand for fall blooming.

Marvel of Peru. (Four-o'clock). A border of this plant rivals the Azalea in beauty.

Mignouette. Always in flower, but best in autumn months.

Morning Glory. This should always cover out-buildings and old fences.

Nasturtium. One of the most desirable plants for massing the tall-growing varieties. Are admirable for rock work.

Nemophila. A most charming dwarf annual, of compact growth, fine for masses, circles or ribbons.

Pansy. If sown early in a cool, shady situation, they flower freely in autumn, and with a protection or dry leaves, are good the second year.

Peas (Sweet.) Plant four inches deep, and stick well with brush.

Petunia. The blotched and striped varieties have no equals for free flowering and gorgeous display.

Phlox Drummondii. Always admired. If not allowed to seed, will flower all the season.

Poppies should always be found in the border.

Portulaca. The double varieties are particularly desirable.

Scabiosa. The new double varieties are good for cut flowers, and are showy plants for massing.

Verbena. It is not generally known that the first Verbena beds are from plants raised in the hot-bed. It is, in fact, the only way to

have a good display of this charming flower. A good strain of seed will produce plants far superior to those usually sent out by florists.

Zinnia. Where there is plenty of room, this plant should be grown in quantity. It blooms abundantly; colors of every shade, some of which are most superb.

All the plants here listed can be grown as easily as garden vegetables, if we except the Verbena, which should be started in the hot-bed, to prolong its season of flowering.



LARGEST ROSE-BUSH IN AMERICA, AT SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Amaranthus Tricolor and Salicifolius. The latter new and desirable.

Antirrhium (Snap-dragon). Flowers the first season from seed, but a perennial.

Asters. The newly introduced varieties are unsurpassed garden ornaments.

Balsams. Camelia and Rose flowered; started early, flower the whole season.

Browallia. A charming little blue flower, for late summer and autumn.

Ornamental Cottages.

DESIGN OF A SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

Cottage architecture is always a pleasing subject, for in all parts of the country the popular mind demands yearly more and more information as to the ornamentation of home grounds and more tasteful forms of rural architecture.

The taste which was stimulated by the hand of Downing we find now everywhere cultivated; and in the suburbs of all our large cities we find cottages and villas in reality far more graceful and beautiful than we generally are aware of. As we travel frequently on the lines of railroad travel, we see that the taste for rural embellishment is widely developing, and rural architecture is one of the most popular subjects on which to address the public mind.

We continue this month our series of designs of cottages, of suitable form, moderate expense, and outward ornament, which we will commend to people of moderate means everywhere. The design we here present is one of pleasing beauty and great convenience.

Though the exterior is somewhat ornamental in its character, there is nothing about it costly or difficult of execution; no detail which cannot easily be wrought by any ordinary house-carpenter.

It is designed to be of wood, and covered in the usual vertical and batted manner. The roof projects two feet and a half, and is supported on brackets. The house should rest on a foundation projecting at least three feet above the level of the ground. The first story is 10 feet high in the clear, and the second 6 feet at the eaves, and 10 feet high at the ceiling. The plan comprises—

No. 1, gallery, five feet wide. No. 2, hall, 7½ feet wide, and 20 feet long, containing stairs to chamber and cellar.

From the hall we enter No. 3, the parlor, 16 feet square, in the front of which, and forming its principal feature, is a bay-window overlooking the front yard.

No. 4 is 15 feet square, and may be used either as a bedroom or living-room. No. 5, the kitchen, is 15 feet by 16; it contains a large closet, and connects with a pantry, No. 6, which opens upon a gallery, No. 7, leading to the yard. Under this gallery is the outside entrance to the basement.

The second floor contains four chambers, each furnished with a large clothes-press. Two of these chambers are lighted by dormer windows.

Previous to the advance in prices of building materials, the cost of construction, according to the above plan, was about \$1,600, according to the estimate of George E. Harney, the architect; but now would not be less than \$2,500.

OUR HANGING BASKETS.

We had eleven in number, all hanging on the portico, which is situated on the west side of the house. These were not purchased, but mostly manufactured; and, in our estimation, looked fully as well as those bought and paid a high price for. The vines that were planted in them covered them so nicely that the most experienced eye could not detect how or on what plan they were constructed.

In the first place I will inform the many readers of

hoop-skirts, but very much larger, in which we placed Moss, to keep the soil from washing through. In one of these was *Cobæa Scandens*, and the other the different kinds of *Thunbergia*. These baskets cannot be recommended as being as good as the others, as they do not retain the moisture. On this account neither of these came to perfection, yet they were very pretty.

Another was an old butter-bowl. This being quite shallow, we planted *Maurandia Vine* in it. I think the foliage of this much handsomer than the flower.

Another, an old wash-basin, and still another, an old porcelain kettle. These last three were painted green, which caused them to look more genteel, and had different flowers and vines in. The kettle had a *Geranium* in it, which bloomed constantly.

Two were terra-cotta. These baskets we were compelled to water every evening, as they would dry out very much during the warm summer days.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

HOW TO GROW THE OLEANDER.

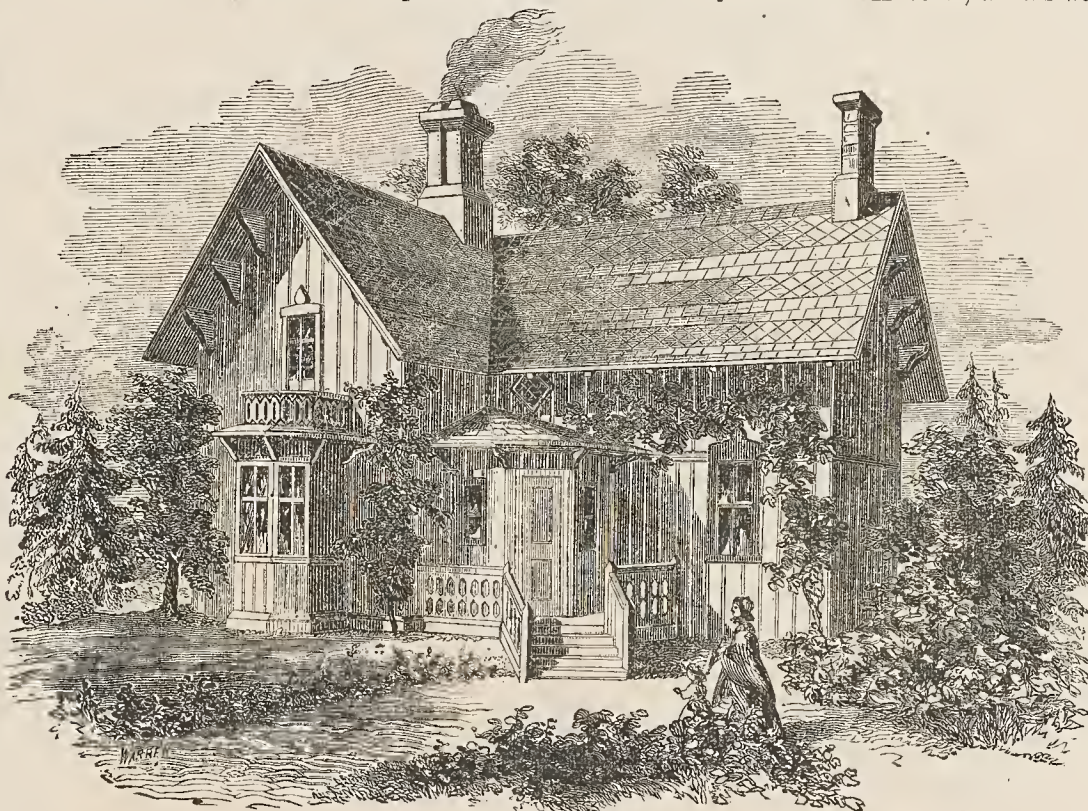
The Oleander is a very ornamental plant when properly grown, but we seldom see fine specimens. There is scarcely one of my readers who has not seen dozens of tall, straggly plants. I propose to give a few directions by which fine plants may be grown.

Take a healthy cutting, place it in a bottle of water, and let it remain there till roots appear; then pot it, shifting it into larger-sized pots as its roots require room. Do not try to have it branch until it blooms. It will then have a long, straight stalk—a good foundation for the plant you desire. After blooming, three shoots will start; allow these to grow, as these are the flower-shoots. But, after these have bloomed, cut back *all* the shoots to within four or five inches of the former branching place. Do this each time the plant blooms.

Two years ago we had a plant given us which was four years old and several feet high. In the autumn my husband remorselessly cut it down to within five inches of the first branching, but after starting the following spring, it grew rapidly. The Oleander has many good qualities. It will bloom well for its owner all summer, and then after cutting down in the fall, may be put into a dry cellar for the winter, doing better during the following summer for its long rest. While growing it requires an abundance of water. It would be a good plan to allow it to stand in pans, constantly full of water, till after blooming, when water should be gradually withheld till cut in, and then it should be put in the cellar and no more water given it till the following spring. It is well to re-pot the plants every three years (just before starting them in

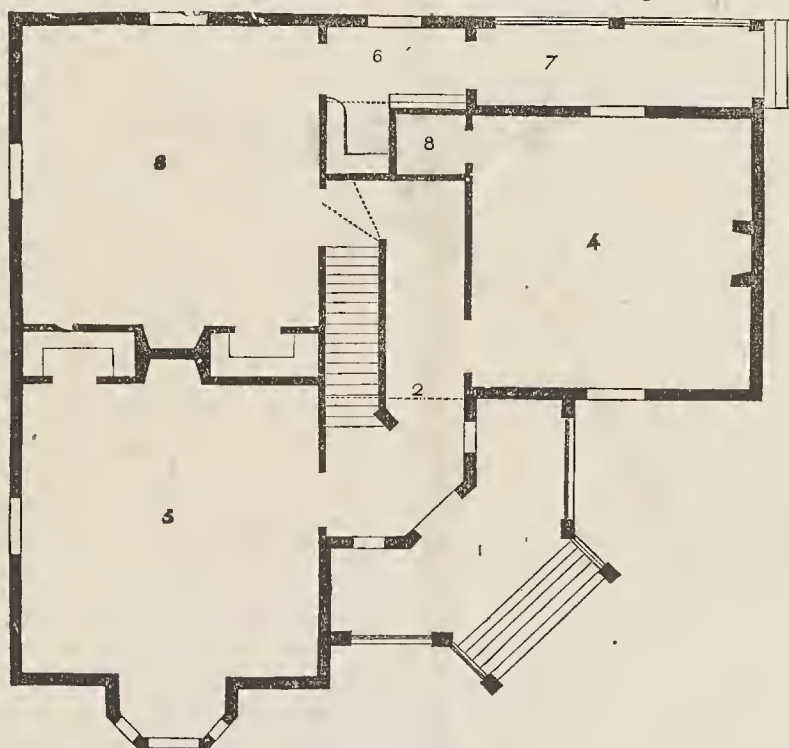
the spring). If you do not wish them in larger pots, pare the ball of roots with a sharp knife on the sides and bottom, re-pot in strong, rich loam, and set in a shaded place, and in a few weeks the roots will form anew.

KITTY CLOVER.



DESIGN OF A SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

the CABINET how I make these inexpensive baskets. I adopted the plan given in one of the back numbers of the CABINET for making baskets to hold papers out of old hoop-skirts, only placing the pieces so as a crook will set in each one; using red or green braid for handles, and not forgetting to paint them green.



GROUND PLAN.

I made three of these. In one I had an Ivy; in the second a *Maderia Vine*, and in the third a *Canary Vine*. The *Canary Vine* was beautiful. If any one would like a nice basket, let them try this, and it will fully pay them. Two other baskets were made of old

Gossip with Correspondents.

Oxalis.—How long does it take Oxalis to bloom from seed?

Sadoga.

MRS. S. A. MCDANIEL.

Answer.—From two to five years, owing to the variety. The most satisfactory way to increase this plant is by the bulb—they increase very rapidly.

Oleander.—Please let me know if it will hurt my Oleander to cut off some of the roots, as they fill a large washtub? It did not bloom well this summer.

MRS. MARY G. DOUGLAS.

Answer.—No. On the contrary, it will be highly beneficial.

Musa.—I have among my window plants a beautiful sub-tropical plant, the Musa Cavendishii, but it has lost its lovely brown markings. Will some one tell me what treatment it requires to regain, also to retain, its variegations?

Burlington, Iowa.

MRS. L. F. DONAN.

Answer.—Your Musa Cavendishii (Banana) requires more heat and a moist atmosphere. It is not a success as a window plant; its place is a warm greenhouse or stove.

Passion Flower.—Please tell me how to treat the Passion Flower. I have one which has grown very rapidly this summer, though it seems to have been a favorite article of diet with insects; and in spite of watchful care it has lost all the lower leaves. The top is thrifty—a crown of verdure on the bald head of winter. Will it leaf out again, or should it be cut down? Is it a hardy plant? How often does it blossom, and does it require much sunshine?

Crawfordsville, Ind.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—There are so many varieties of the Passiflora, each requiring different treatment, that we cannot answer without first knowing which yours is. Some varieties would be perfectly hardy with you; others would not thrive outside the greenhouse.

Snails.—Please answer through CABINET the following: 1st. Do snails injure plants in the open ground? If so, what will kill or drive them? 2d. Is street dirt good for flower beds? I dug out my beds about fifteen inches deep, threw away the soil, and filled the place with street dirt. It is now one year old, everything grows splendid, but there are most too many snails to make very pleasant.

Answer.—Snails are pests wherever found. A little air-slacked lime sown on the places they infest is the best preventive against their ravages. Your answer to the second query is more satisfactory than any we can give.

Gladiolus.—Have any of your subscribers kept the Gladiolus through the winter in the ground? I am trying the experiment, and will report. C. W. I.

Answer.—Frequently; and if the frost reaches them a fresh supply will be needed the coming season.

Pelargoniums.—Do Pelargoniums come true from seed, and how long does it take them to bloom?

Wilkes Barre.

E. C. MAXWELL.

Answer.—Rarely; time, two to three years.

Apple Geranium.—I wish some one to tell me when and how Apple Geranium seed are to be planted, and the easiest mode of cultivation. S. J. J.

Answer.—Whenever the seed can be obtained fresh, it should be sown in small pots and grown like other Geraniums. A light, moderately rich soil suits it best.

Pomegranate.—When can I let my Dwarf Pomegranate have a rest? It is blooming and growing nicely now. I keep it in my sitting-room. Also, will you please tell me the name of the lovely little vine that I send you the flower and leaf of? It came up spontaneously in the Convolvulus bed last spring. In October I brought one in the house; it is growing and blooming nicely now. MRS. J. A. LEMMON.

Answer.—The Dwarf Pomegranate requires but little rest—that should be given it soon after flowering. The flower sent is *Manrandya Barellyana*, a beautiful perennial, though generally treated as an annual.

Winter Blooming Plants.—What plants will bloom well through the winter?

Massachusetts.

MRS. JOSEPH KELLY.

Answer.—Plants that bloom well through the winter are exceedingly rare for conservatory or drawing-room. We should recommend Cyclamen, Oxalis, Chorizema, Azaleas, Primulas, Cinerarias, Begonia Weltoniensis, Callas, Hyacinths, Lachanelius, and a few of the early Tulip. Most of the above will grow for any one that loves them sufficient to water and keep them clean. Many other plants might be listed for those who have had some little green-house experience, but if added to this list would be likely to mislead.

Club Moss.—I saw in the June number of them CABINET an article headed a "Pretty Parlor Ornament." The Club Moss was spoken of. Can you give me any information with regard to the Club Moss; where they can be procured, etc.; also, the New Zealand Flax Seed?

Mississippi.

MRS. J. S. REID.

Answer.—Club Moss can be had at any of our florists, and seed of New Zealand Flax from most seedsmen.

Violets.—I wish some one would tell how to treat the Neapolitan, or Sweet Scented Violet, to make it bloom. I have several plants which bud, but have never had a perfect blossom. I have tried them in sun and shade, have bought them of different florists, and although the plants grow nicely, they are perfectly obstinate about blooming. Is there any remedy for worms in flower-pots? I have been fighting all the spring with small, white worms, angle worms, and various other insects. Will it do to put salt in the soil? I have tried ammonia, lime, etc. How shall I treat my Cyclamen through the summer?

Iowa.

MRS. S. I. SMITH.

Answer.—Take cuttings from your Violet in spring; pot off singly; plant them out in a good situation in the garden; by the first of October, or before frost, take them up; put in a 6-inch pot filled with a strong, rich loam; keep in a cool, light situation; it requires plenty of sun, but little heat. If this will not produce Violets, we know of no plan that will. We have already treated of worms in this paper.

Calla Lilies.—I have noticed that a number of ladies complain that they cannot make their Callas bloom. I think they do not give them room enough. But let me tell of my experience with a Calla. I have kept one for several years, and thought it did pretty well. It bloomed two or three times during the season, but never more than one flower at a time. But last fall, in moving the pot I let it fall, and smashed the thing all to pieces. What was I to do? Not an empty pot on the place; but something must be found. Up garret and down cellar, and out to the barn I go in my frantic search. Ah, yes! here it is, the half-bushel measure. If a doubt of its suitability crossed my mind, it was quickly put to flight by

the thought of Calla lying a heap of ruins in the yard. So I filled the measure with rich earth, a whole half-bushel full of it, and planted my poor bruised and broken lily, and soon it began to grow; and such growth I never witnessed. In a short time it had twelve immense leaves from fifteen to eighteen inches long, on stems nearly three feet high. It bloomed from February to June, two and three enormous flowers at once (at one time there would have been four, but I injured one bud so it did not expand), borne on stalks four feet high. I would not advise all the ladies to appropriate half-bushels for their Callas, especially if they are farmers' wives, for they can all imagine the consequence when it is wanted for another use, and found filled with their "weeds"; but let those who cannot make their Callas bloom, try them in larger pots. MRS. M.

Green Aphis—Hot Water.—At the suggestion of some one in the CABINET, I tried hot water for the Green Aphis; I think it killed most of them; I am sure it did the Cineraria, for it never held up its head after, though I often dipped it twice in the hot water for a moment at a time. I have used very warm water for watering my plants all winter, and my conservatory has been a blaze of beauty. *

Meal-Worms to Breed.—In December number of FLORAL CABINET, on page 91, I see an inquiry by Mrs. James A. Morgan as to how to breed Meal-Worms. I take the following from a small work published by Routledge & Sons, of London, upon "Cage and Singing Birds," which, if of any use to her and others, it may be well to put in your paper: "Into an old jar or box put some pieces of old leather—part of a worn-out shoe will answer the purpose—or some pieces of thick brown paper; fill up the receptacle with a mixture of barley meal and bran, or, indeed, farinaceous meal of any kind will do. The miller or baker from whom you procure this will be able to supply you with a handful of meal-worms, which throw into the mixture; tie down with a cloth, and put the whole by for five or six months. If the covering is moistened occasionally, the live stock will increase all the faster. Stale ship biscuit, moistened, and put into a covered vessel in a warm place for a few weeks, will also afford a supply of these worms."

W. S.

Oxalis.—Mr. Vick speaks of an Oxalis with which he was greatly impressed during his visit to England. "It grew a foot or so in height, and about the same in breadth. The leaves were in nine divisions, the flower stems standing well above the foliage, of a bright purplish pink. The flowers opened well only in sunny weather, and closed in the afternoon." We have in this neighborhood (on the line of the Hannibal & St. Joseph R. R., above Hannibal) an Oxalis answering exactly to this description, growing along the roadsides and on the edge of the prairies. It is very beautiful, and makes a very satisfactory border plant. There is also a yellow variety growing in the same localities, and similar in shape and habit.

C. S. J.

Ground Ivy.—In parts of the West where there is little water, especially upon the prairies, the Ground Ivy (so called) is cultivated as a basket and vase plant, and is highly esteemed for its trailing habit, and, indeed, a basket of it, when in vigorous growth, is very beautiful. In Pennsylvania and Delaware, however, I recollect it as a great pest, but I think it may be entirely killed out by sprinkling salt thickly on the ground where it grows. Hot ashes also will finally dry it out, if used perseveringly. C. S. J.

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More Sewing Machines than were sold by any other company during the same period, and over **ONE QUARTER** of all the machines sold in 1872.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF

The Singer Mfg Comp'y

34 UNION SQUARE.



NEW YORK, MARCH, 1874.

PANSIES.

For richness and varied coloring, flowering freely from March until December, I think the Pansy exceeds any other plant with which I am acquainted. I have grown them for six years, and am more in love with them to-day than ever. The first spring I bought three plants, at fifteen cents each, but soon killed them with loving kindness, keeping too wet in a box without drainage, which will kill most any plant. Have a hole in the bottom to let off surplus water, as Pansies have a tendency to damp off, which must be guarded against. They bloom longer and better if watered freely, but must not be kept soaking wet. I then bought two packets of seed, obtained eight plants, instead of two hundred, as I could now from the same packets; planted them in the ground—which I believe to be a poor way; they bloomed well the second spring; the hot noonday sun of summer killed them. The third year I bought two packets more; they bloomed so well in the fall and spring that it encouraged me to try again. The fourth year I bought three dollars and fifty cents' worth of seed, and experimented, which I am very fond of doing. I have planted from February to September. My experience is, that planting in June gives me the largest and most flowers from the same bed; if planted earlier, they flower too soon; if later, I do not get a good, tall display. Get the choicest seed if you wish satisfactory results. The fancy Pansies are good. The Odier is extra fine. The new blue for 1873 is all it promised. Obtain boxes any convenient size, about twelve by fifteen inches, by three inches deep; for

soil, use equal parts of leaf mold and sand, sifted through a sieve, with meshes one-fourth of an inch in diameter; nearly fill the box; sow the seed evenly; then sift on one-eighth of an inch of pure leaf mold for covering; press gently with a flat board; water carefully through a fine Rose watering-pot, that the seeds may not be displaced; place the box in a cool place, where it will not get sun or much air, until in a week, or when the plants break ground, give strong light, but no sun until well up, then give morning and evening sun. I grow mine on the north side of a tight board fence, which location suits me well. They come stronger and better when the thermometer ranges about 60 degrees. I planted seed last June, when it averaged about 80 degrees; they postponed coming up until the weather cooled off, when they came up finely. During the last of July I had many hundred plants nearly ready for transplanting; some from seed I sowed in June. I water every evening, when the top looks dry, that they may not suffer for water. Pansies, to be fine and large, must grow fast. When they have grown five or six leaves, transplant ten inches apart, into a bed slightly raised above the surface, made of leaf mold and sandy loam equal parts; cow manure, on sandy soil, dries up too soon, but will do on clay. Choose a situation where they will not get the sun more than one-half the time; they will make a fine display until winter; just before winter I cover with leaves, putting on brush that they may not blow away. Freezing does not hurt them any if they can stay frozen until the frost is well out of the ground in the spring, when the covering must be taken off, being careful not to expose to strong sunshine too suddenly. I did not lose a plant. Buds that grew last fall bloomed this spring. From a bed of seventy-five plants I have had thousands of blossoms. My



A LAWN FOUNTAIN.

husband thought I picked them rather freely. One evening in May, I picked eleven handfuls; the next morning he had to acknowledge that he could not miss them. I have the best I ever saw; so say many admirers of the *Pensee*. I renew the bed every year with fresh leaf mold and choice seedlings. A perfect

Pansy stands well above the foliage, is flat, and has thick petals, with a round, good-natured face. Pull up the long, consumptive-looking faces, showing from want of care they have gone into a decline. Any poor plants growing near will materially impair the quality of the seed.

MRS. D. L. A.

THE LARGEST ROSE-BUSH IN AMERICA.

The sketch we give on page 36 is one which will astonish most of the flower lovers of the United States. This Rose-bush is located at Santa Rosa, California; it was planted in 1858; is the Lamarque variety of pure white color. It has grown so vigorously that it forms a huge bouquet, 25 feet high, covering 400 square feet, and has at one time no less than 4,000 full bloom Roses, and 20,000 buds upon it. Santa Rosa is well named—a city of Roses. They bloom in almost every yard, and perfume the atmosphere in every street.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Missing Money.—It is a good plan for each subscriber to keep a record of exact date when his subscription was sent to us, and *how*—whether by money order or otherwise.

A Novel Premium.—A novel set of premiums is offered by Graham, Emlen & Passmore, in our advertising columns, for the best essay on "Making and Keeping Lawns." Our smart essay writers now have a good chance to win a prize. We know the house; they are reliable.

Complimentary.—The FLORAL CABINET is one of the few papers devoted to Floriculture which talks *sense* and puts it in plain English. What most ladies need in such a paper is how to grow plants in a common sitting-room *without* devoting one's *whole* time and attention to them. However much we may admire window plants, most of us have other claims which need some attention.

Janesville, Mich.

MRS. A. G. SPAULDING.

Our Chromo was not sent *mounted*, because it was too large, and would not go through the mails without spoiling. It is, however, a genuine chromo and printed in oil colors; is not a lithograph.

Busy Times.—Our readers can form no idea of the "busy times" in our office. From December 1 to March 1, no less than 20,000 letters were received at our office. Think of the immense amount of work needed to take care of them!

Missing Copies.—Subscribers not receiving chromos or CABINET regularly, will, in their letter of complaint, state date when subscription was sent; we can then hunt up more easily.

Premiums.—Some club agents neglected to claim premiums at time of sending club; they will, in claiming it afterwards, state dates when each list was sent, and the full number of names.

Compliments.—We rarely publish compliments, yet we receive them by the thousand. We are only too glad to know that the paper gives such excellent satisfaction. A little note just received, says: "*Splendid* is no word for the CABINET. I never saw a paper in my life which took so with the ladies and was so eagerly welcomed." The publisher says to his readers, *work for the paper* and he will work for you, by making it handsomer every month.

To Club Agents.—For convenience of sending carefully, all the February numbers, with chromos, for each club, were sent to the club agent. They go through the mail more solidly and in better order than if separately. The postmaster should not charge postage to the agent, but equally to each member of the club. Hereafter each copy is addressed separately to each subscriber. Our object was to save trouble to the postmaster, for the club agent could deliver better than the postmaster, who might, without knowing it, spoil the paper and chromo in folding. Where the postmaster has charged extra postage to the agent, he should refund it, and collect quarterly postage from each subscriber. If he does not, the subscribers should pay their proportion to the agent.

Pets of the Drawing Room.—A large supply of these is ordered from Paris, and we expect to send them to club agents in March. Other premiums we are sending off daily.

Not in the Trade.—The CABINET is in no way connected with any house selling plants, seeds, or bulbs; hence, it grinds no axes; is no medium to push plants, &c., on its readers; it is edited with care; its recommendations are reliable; it is independent, and all may have confidence in it.

Household Art.

Spatter Work.—Select a few graceful and delicate ferns; take a piece of eardboard, a dressing comb, a tooth brush, some small pins, or better still, needles, and a little black writing ink poured into a small plate—for you are apt to get too much on from your ink-stand. Arrange your leaves on the cardboard and fasten them in the desired position, with pins placed erect; hold the flat side of the comb parallel with the ferns and after just touching the end of the brush to the ink—for you cannot get too little at a time—rub it briskly and lightly backward and forward across the teeth of the comb, always using the coarsest end. The shading will soon begin to appear.

Continue the process till it grows very dark close to the leaf. Work it all gradually lighter towards the edge of the cardboard. When the ink is perfectly dry, and not before, take out the pins and remove the leaves, when the fern forms will appear. The effect varies with the texture of the material on which the work is done, and with the depth of the shading. If it is done on eardboard, it is very pretty for lamp shades or eard baskets. Done on light shades of velvet, it is very pretty for sofa pillows, echair bottoms,

pin eushions, or even neck-ties. These fern forms look well on white wood ornaments, or on glove boxes, fans, table mats, fire-screens, etc. On wood, the spattering is rendered more durable by giving it a coating of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. On damask

Mounting Autumn Leaves.—Among ways of arranging these so as to show their exceeding beauty to advantage, the following method has great merits, both as to simplicity and effectiveness. It imitates stained glass, but in elegance of figure and variety of

shading, it far exceeds the stiff mediaeval designs seen in church windows. The leaves having been fully and speedily dried under pressure, as soon as in their best glow of color—the vividness of which otherwise soon fades—a sash of a parlor window is laid flat, and leaves are arranged on one of the panes in any design of colors and figure that is fancied—dried mosses or mill-foil making a good base. A spare pane is then laid close down upon them, and tacked in place. The effect is fine, whether seen from within or without, the colors and shadings being enhanced to a surprising degree, and their variety will reward a long examination. A little boiled linseed oil rubbed on the uppersides of the leaves increases the transparency and brilliancy of the colors. They show finely on lamp shades, gummed down with clear mucilage.



THE CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO MAMMA.

the fern forms are beautiful for table mats, or on square Swiss muslin, pin cushions and toilet sets, especially if they are lined with colored silk, the effect is charming. Some prefer the bright-colored inks, instead of black. For things to be washed, indelible ink may be used.

Declining an Invitation.—A young man, "illiterate but polite," on being invited to attend a wedding, sent a note in response, saying: "I regret that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence, will prevent my acceptance to the invite."

The Ladies' Boudoir.

BEFORE THE GLASS.

Her maiden twines the rainbow pearls
About her golden hair,
While loosely yet some wayward curls
Caress her forehead fair;
Then clasps around her graceful throat
More pearls on velvet warm;
Ah! never yet did white robes float
About so sweet a form.

She rises; towards the mirror tall
She turns her satined feet,
Her glances quickly rise and fall,
So fair a sight to meet;
The gentle blushes come and go
As eyelids droop and lift,
For, ah! she cannot choose but know
She has the fatal gift.

Will knowledge make her wise in time,
And teach her that her dower
Is fruitful source of many a crime—
Has victims every hour?
Go, Ethel, win in beauty's race,
Remembering ere you start,
Unlovely is the loveliest face
That hides a truthless heart.

HOMES OF TASTE.

SUGGESTIONS TO AMATEURS.

No. 1.

An ingenious and tasteful woman cannot be content to live without pretty things about her. She may not have means to purchase those rare and costly ornaments that belong to her more wealthy neighbor, but she sets her wits at work to invent substitutes. She even tries her hand at high art, never afraid to venture upon untried fields, and as she proceeds her self-confidence increases. Her first effort satisfies her that the thing can really be done, and so she perseveres in her experiments until results are entirely satisfactory, and she can show something artistic and excellent, which will not suffer by comparison with the costliest.

As an illustration of my meaning, I propose to give a few plain directions for producing imitations of some elegant and expensive articles, which, if successfully done, will amply repay the moderate outlay of time and material. In the present paper I shall describe a method of imitating the beautiful

JAPANESE LACQUERED TABLES,

which are so ornamental in a lady's parlor. To begin, one need not go to the expense of having a table made expressly for this purpose, but may use some little stand, shabby, perhaps, but sound, and of a light and graceful shape. I have often seen such for sale in auction-rooms, amongst the refuse of persons declining housekeeping, and once bought one of them for only fifty cents. After it was ornamented I could have sold it for twenty dollars. The chief requisite is that the surface shall be free from breaks or cracks, and as smooth as possible. It may be of any description of wood, painted or varnished; but before commencing our efforts at transformation, it must be thoroughly cleansed from grease or stickiness, and then rubbed over with sandpaper until all roughness is removed. If there are any small cracks or holes, let them be carefully filled with putty, which may be left to harden for awhile before proceeding further.

Next, paint the table all over with a good coating of black Japan varnish, and as soon as this is thoroughly dry we are ready to trace the pattern upon the top.

This pattern may be either a landscape or a group of flowers, and needs only to be an outline sketch. Perhaps the easiest way of marking the design upon the black surface will be to draw a duplicate upon a sheet of stiff card-board, and then, with a penknife, cut out the shapes of the largest flowers. They will thus form a sort of stencil, and by laying it down in proper position, it will be easy enough to mark around the edges of all the openings.

The handsomest specimens of *papier machie* are ornamented with pearl, and there will be no difficulty in applying it here. The shells of pearl are quite thin, and of different sizes, some being quite small, and others an inch or more in diameter. For flowers the smaller pieces will answer every purpose; but if we have a castle, or sheet of water to be covered, we shall, of course, require the larger ones. The largest flowers in our group, which have just been marked out for us, will be the ones for pearling, and the pieces may be selected for each one, choosing such as are nearly of the right size or shape. Sharp corners may be smoothed off with a file, and made to cover the outlines pretty nearly. If the outline is not quite fitted, it will not matter, as that will be afterwards concealed. Arrange them just as they are intended to lie, and then fix them firmly in place by taking up the pieces one by one, and touching the under side with a little spirit varnish or thin glue; then press them down tight, and they will stick. If there is no pearl to be had, bright tin-foil will answer a very good purpose, and it will even do to use both in the same group, taking the foil for leaves and pearl for flowers. In case this is to be done, the foil will not be applied until a later stage of the work.

Having fixed the pearl, give the whole surface a second and a third coat of black varnish; leave them to dry well, and then remove the same from the pearl by means of a knife, being at the same time extremely careful not to scratch the surrounding edges. If it be not now quite level, it must have another coat or two, repeating the scraping as before. When the surface is perfectly dry and hard, it is to be polished by rubbing well with turpentine and pumice powder, using a roll of woolen rags for a rubber if you have nothing better. This gives a fine polish, which can be improved by a further rubbing with rotten-stone and water, applied with a silk handkerchief. Having thus prepared a very smooth and level surface, the ornamentation may now be begun. Lay down the stencil pattern, placing the pearls in their proper openings, and hold it with the left hand, so that it may not slip. Mark the places where you desire to have the foil, and cut the leaves of proper shapes with a pair of scissors, placing and fixing them by means of a little glue or varnish, as with the pearl. The painting may next be done, either by copying from the original design, or, if the operator be not enough of an artist to attempt this, let the stencil be used, and paint over the openings with transparent colors mixed with varnish. For crimson, use one or more coats of crimson lake until the shade is deep enough. First, however, let the centre and all spaces which the pearl does not quite cover be painted over with zinc-white, and also the outlines of the flowers; this will enable us to give them smooth edges, and will cause them to stand out distinctly upon the black background. When this white body paint is dry the crimson will show beautifully upon it, changing it to a pink, the pearl shining through the transparent lake, which tinges without concealing it. For blue, use Prussian blue; for yellow, yellow lake; and for green, the two last mentioned mixed, adding burnt or raw sienna to shade it or change it to a brownish or reddish tint.

Purple is obtained by mixing the blue and crimson. Apply these colors to the leaves of foil as well as to the flowers, and thus you will have the principal objects of your group complete, except stamens and veins, which may easily be traced with a fine sable brush, using white paints, shaded with brown or green. The little stems and tendrils, as well as clusters or sprays of small flowers, are to be pencilled in to fill up the group, using body colors such as cadmium, vermilion, and chrome yellow, with white and ultramarine. These will give all the tints required for any bouquet, and may be varied to suit the occasion.

If gilding is to be used in addition to the colors, it may be applied either from a gold sancer, or by tracing the lines with a fine brush dipped in gold size, and then laying on gold leaf with a gilder's tip, which is a flat brush of badger's hair made for this purpose. The former will, however, be easier for a beginner, and will answer quite as well. When all this is done it will need a coat of Damar varnish, and after several days drying a polishing with the rotten-stone and water. With these plain directions any article of furniture, the panels of doors, backs of chairs, screens, work-boxes, &c., may be ornamented and finished in close imitation of lacquerware, and to an ingenious person many other uses will suggest themselves besides those named.

ANNA M. HYDE.

A Pretty Table Ornament.—A correspondent of *The Garden* says: "I was much struck lately with the wonderfully beautiful effect produced by simply placing a handful of heads of wheat in a vase of water. Each grain sent out bright green leaflets, and continued to replenish the fading ones for weeks together. Some have doubtless seen this pretty table ornament, but to me it was new, and perhaps would be to many others."

Fire-Proof Dresses.—Either of three substances—phosphate of ammonia, tungstate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia—can be mixed in the starch, and, at the cost of two cents a dress, deaths from burned garments can be rendered impossible. Articles of apparel subjected to those agents can, if they burn at all, only smoulder; and in no case can they blaze up in the sudden and terrible manner in which so many fatal accidents have occurred to the fair wearers of erinoline.

The Belles of Seville.—Seville women justify their reputation for beauty more thoroughly than those of any other Spanish city. Prettiness is a more appropriate term to specify their personal attractions. They resemble each other to a surprising degree, as in all pure races of a marked type. Their eyes fringed with long black lashes, produce an effect of white and black unknown to our colder, less passionate clime. It seems as if the sun had left its reflection in those magnificent orbs, equally noticeable in the face of some two-year-old child and in the gypsy girls of France. The gleaming and glancing and the burning of these eyes has a very expressive word in Spanish called *ojea*, which is full of subtle meaning, although these eye-thrusts, so embarrassing to strangers, have nothing particularly significant. The large, ardent, velvety eyes of a young Sevillean glance upon a dog in the street with the same intensity she would bestow upon some more worthy object. The exquisite smallness of the ladies' feet is too well known to dwell upon; many could be easily held in a child's hand, and the fair Andalusians are justly proud of this quality, and wear shoes accordingly, not differing so very much from the Chinese shoes.

Home Readings.

PEARLS.

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers, who said,
I've a right to my living,
The world owes me bread!
A right? lazy lubber!
A thousand times, No!
'Tis his, and his only,
Who hoes his own row!

—Alice Carey.

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea's wave,
Exclaim'd in fear, "I perish in this grave;"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy, now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had fear'd, to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
Oh, unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

BLESSINGS.

Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye;
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benedictions pure and high.
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won;
Prize them as rich odors, meet
For love to lavish on His sacred feet;
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of light.

LIFE.

Success is like climbing a mountain,
'Tis hard work to reach the tip top;
Who would catch the bright gems of the fountain,
Must watch for the water to drop.

DUTIES.

Say not, then, thou hast no duties;
Friendless outcasts on thee call,
And the sick and the afflicted,
And the children, more than all.
"Oh, my friend, rise up and follow
Where the hand of God shall lead;
He has brought thee through affliction,
But to fit thee for his need.
Strength sublime may rise from weakness,
Groans be turned to songs of praise;
Nor are life's divinest labors
Only told by length of days.

And pious souls there are who view
The world through goggles colored blue;
And others who have never seen,
Except through goggles colored green.

The Habit of Reading.—I have no time to read, is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work and read a lit-

tle, if but a page or paragraph, we shall find our brain quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. Read anything continuously, says Dr. Johnson, and you will be learned. The odd minutes which we were inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.

A Secret.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

Strike the Knot.—"Strike the knot!" said a gentleman one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe, over a log, which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and clipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the axe to his son, saying:

"Always strike the knot!"

That was good advice. It is good for you, my children, as it was for the boy to whom it was first given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face the difficulty? Are you leaving home for the first time to live among strangers? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion-hunter looks in the face of a lion. Never shrink from a painful duty, but step up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot! boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties.

An Astonished Negro.—Not long ago a country store, in close proximity to the city, had one or two boxes of torpedoes, that are about the size of a wren's egg, left over from its holiday stock. In re-arranging the shelves one of the little boxes was opened and all its contents given away, except one single torpedo, which, resembling a "bird's egg" candy, as the colored folks call them, was left on the counter. A wise-looking old negro rode up to the store on a malicious-looking horse about nine o'clock at night. He hitched his "critter," and came into the store to get a dram. While the clerk was pouring this out, old grizzly-head, thinking that where even the smallest things are available, opportunities should not be lost, slid his horny hand over the "bird's egg" candy, and hauled it in. Then he made out like he was putting a chew of tobacco in his mouth. He rolled his apparent

quid with his tongue back to his teeth, and then he must have shut down upon it tight, for the explosion of yells and shrieks, and howls and sulphur smoke commingled that ensued was perfectly awful. The old negro tore out to his nag howling, and under the impression that he had got "conjured," fled as fast as sorry bones could fly.

Various Talents Needed.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds, says Sidney Smith, to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of a subject is for pushing out, by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no converse with him who tastes exquisitely the feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its motion; large and comprehensive views, its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of a man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.

An Æolian Harp.—In the spring and summer season, when the air is pleasant, and windows may be safely opened, the young people will be pleased with the music of an Æolian harp. It can be made by any one as follows: Make of very thin, soft wood, a box 5 inches deep, 7 inches wide, and of the length of your window-sill. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, for bridges. Insert two wooden pins in each end of the box to wind the strings around. Make a sound-hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with small cat-gut, fastening the strings to the wooden pins and carrying over the bridges. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter by a piece of wood glued on the inside. Have three or four strings; tune them in unison and place the box in the window. The air passing the window and past the string will cause them to vibrate and produce soft or forcible sound, according to the force of the wind. If a door is opened, or another window, to cause quite a flow of air, the strength of the music is increased.

How John Chinaman Smoked the Cigar.—A letter tells how a Chinaman learned to smoke a cigar: As the puffs curled out from his lips his face was wreathed in smoke and smiles. He took it out and, in silver accents, said: "Him good." Here a pause and more puffs of smoke. "Him heap good." Another pause and the puffs more rapid. "Him bully heap good." Yet another pause and he put one hand up to the cigar. "Him berry bully heap good." Here both hands went up and the silence was broken by—"Him big berry bully heap good." And then a change came over the spirit of his dream, as his face changed from pie-crust to dust and ashes, and things assumed a tinge no longer celestial but cerulean, until, with a gesture indescribable in its expressiveness, he slowly enunciated: "Him muchee muchee big berry bully heap good, but me no berry well here." Here he took off his cap, assumed an attitude indicative of internal disarrangements, and—let history draw a veil over what followed.

Household Elegancies.

FLOWER AND AQUARIUM STAND WITH LAMBREQUINS.

This stand consists of plaited canes, which are varnished black. The upper part is ornamented with embroidered lambrequins. The embroidery is worked on red cloth. The application for the fish is cut of gray velvet, and edged with gold cord, which is sewed on with black saddler's silk. The remainder of the embroidery is worked partly in satin stitch, partly in half polka stitch and point Russe, with saddler's silk of various colors. The seam made by setting on the lambrequins is covered with red worsted cord. Tassels are fastened between the points of the lambrequins.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Take any old frame—or you can have one made of common wood for a trifle—wind candle-wick around it, fastening with small tacks. Take as much water as will cover the frame when it is laid down flat; dissolve as much alum as the water will take up; immerse the frame until the candle-wick is saturated; remove and dry; it will be crystallized beautifully. Procure small twigs—the rougher and more crooked, the better they will look—and raisin stems, crystallize in the usual way, and when dry fasten to the frame with white glue. Arrange exactly as you would a rustic frame, allowing some of them to droop from the lower edge of the frame like icicles. When complete it will look like snow and ice, and will please almost any one, even if they can have more expensive ones.

The one I saw framed—a steel engraving, representing a skating scene—was made by the pretty brunette mistress of a beautifully furnished room, the walls of which were hung with paper of chocolate color, with narrow alternate stripes of crimson and gold. The snow-white frame was lovely contrasted with the deep, rich hues of the paper against which it hung, and lost nothing of its beauty when compared with the costly frames which were in the same room.

A friend of mine was wishing for something to brighten a certain corner in her sitting-room, which was rather dull looking. The walls were covered with drab-colored paper, with a wide scarlet border. I had some beautiful shells, small and snow-white. I had made a pretty bracket, which I covered with scarlet enamelled paper, upon which I glued the shells, filling the spaces between with "black-eyed susans." The scarlet paper tinted the semi-transparent shells with a rosy glow, and when the bracket was varnished and hung against the drab-colored wall, the effect was beautiful. The dull corner was brightened as if by magic, and when I placed upon the bracket a tiny urn of Parian marble, holding a very small bouquet of autumn leaves, it was really almost "too pretty for anything."

I see by the February number of the CABINET that I would like to have some one try my recipe for

gentys, but the recipe was not given; therefore I will give it now.

GENTYS.

One cup each of molasses, brown sugar, butter or lard, and water; one table-spoon of soda, two of ginger, a little salt. Mix rather soft, roll not very thin, and bake in a very hot oven.

CREAM PIE.

Two cups sweet cream, two-thirds of a cup of pulverized sugar, the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth; any flavoring you like, and bake with an undercrust only. Very nice.

Schaghticoke.

Mrs. A. N. D. S.



FLOWER AND AQUARIUM STAND WITH LAMBREQUINS.

WARDIAN CASES.

A great deal has been said and a great many questions asked in relation to Wardian Cases. I will describe to your many readers one that I have. The table, or stand, is just the height of the window from the floor, say 18 inches. The dirt-box is part of the table; size, 2 feet 11 inches long, 1 foot 5 inches wide, and 6 inches deep, lined with zinc throughout, with drainage in the centre. The glass case is made separate, as follows: Woodwork, 6 inches high, sides and ends; corner

posts 1 inch square and 2 feet high; size of glass sides, 18 x 36 inches; ends, 18 x 24 inches in centre; top glass, 10 x 36 inches, two panes; one side of the top on hinges from the centre, so as to open for the purpose of watering and airing. I prepared the soil as follows: two parts of leaf mold, one part sand, one part garden soil, mixed slightly with charcoal dust; for drainage, one inch charcoal in base of box. I planted as follows: One Calla Lily, one Begonia Rex, one Pilea, one Fern, and three varieties of Lycopodiums, interspersed, and all doing fine. Large numbers of ladies have called to see my case during the past two months, and all have been much elated with its beauty, and spoken in terms of praise.

I have thirty-six house plants besides, all doing fine, and some in full bloom, with several others budding. My pot Calla Lily will be out in a few days, and some of my Fuchsias and Geraniums also. I have also a beautiful variegated foliage plant, called Farfugium Grande, of which I have never seen a description in any catalogue, or your paper either. I think it worthy of notice, and cultivation also, notwithstanding it is a little retired in its habits, and loves a shady locality in the room, and does not seem to appreciate sunshine, yet it is never passed by unnoticed and without compliment by those who may chance to enter the room.

MRS. R. B.

Centreville, Iowa.

FANCY SHADES.

To make one of these pretty ornaments, five things are required—perforated cardboard, fine white tarlatan, narrow ribbon, leaves and ferns. The first thing, therefore, to which we have to attend are the leaves and ferns, which should be mostly small ones. These have to be pressed, and a very good way to do this is to lay them between fine blotting paper, and then put them either in a press or under some heavy weight. Care should be taken to remove them once every day, while the papers are dried over a lamp. This process should be continued until the leaves and ferns are perfectly dry, when the leaves alone should be varnished. These two important parts of the work being finished, cut six pieces of cardboard the shape of that in the picture, and arrange the leaves and the ferns on each piece differently. A bouquet is very pretty for one piece, while on the next an anchor made with ferns would look well, and on a third a short verse, such as "God is love," made of very small ferns or the leaves of ferns is really beautiful; and so on, each piece having a new design. When they are fixed to your taste, fasten them on by fine white thread, then cover the cardboard on both sides by the tarlatan, and bind them with ribbon, which is best to be green.

The only thing which now remains to be accomplished is to oversew the pieces together with silk.

I need scarcely add that the effect it has, when put on a globe, is charming, or that the leaves and ferns show off to an advantage, when over the light. In fact it is an article well worth the trouble, which every person, who makes one, will testify when they see their work in all its grace and beauty completed.

FLORA.

Young People.

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gaily dressed, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred;
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
And learned Old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snow-drop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget me not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

And when they danced the country-
dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it the best,
Cowslip, or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I never saw before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a Butter-cup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by," and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

FUNNY CHILDREN.

An incident which occurred in the dining-room of a leading hotel, is told by an exchange with much gusto. A lady and her little son were seated at the dinner-table, and some things not being entirely satisfactory, the young scion expressed himself to that effect. The mother rose from her chair and said, in an undertone: "Come with me up stairs, and I will attend to your case." The lad understood at once what "attending to his case" meant, but there was an important matter of detail which he was painfully anxious to have more fully explained; so pulling backward on the hand of his mother, he blubbered out in a voice loud enough to be heard over most of the well-furnished room: "Say, mother, are you going to take your hand or your slipper?"

A gentleman who was unusually well pleased with the sermon preached last Sunday afternoon at one of our city churches, remarked at supper that he was carried right to the gates of Heaven by it. His precocious six-year-old son upon hearing him say this, exclaimed, "Why didn't you dodge in father, it's the best chance you'll ever have of getting into Heaven."

Miss K. is a large, fleshy lady, weighing, we will not undertake to say how much. After having called at the parsonage one day, the little son of the minister having occasion to refer to her, but not being able to recall her name, designated her as that "round lady."

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question: "What is holiness?" A pupil in dirty tattered rags jumped up and said: "Plaze your riverence, it is to be elane inside."

Two little girls were comparing progress in a catechism study. "I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

treated his brother unkindly. His mother, taking the case in hand, so represented it to him that he was made to feel that it would be proper for him to make an apology, and the following was agreed upon: "I am sorry for what I did to you, and I ask your pardon." Hastening to have it done, he soon got through with the first part of it, when, his memory failing him, turning to his mother, he earnestly asked, "Mother, what is the rest of it?"

The superintendent asked me to take charge of a Sunday-school class. "You'll find 'em rather a hard lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you'd talk to 'em a little." I told him I would. They were rather a hard-looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as the lessons were over, I said: "Boys, your superintendent tells me you were fishing last Sunday. All but little Johnny, here. 'You didn't go, did you, Johnny?' 'No, sir.' 'That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you,' I continued, 'you will now learn from his own lips word of good counsel which I hope you will profit by.' I lifted him on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn locks. "Now, Johnny, I want you to tell your teacher and these wicked boys, why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was wicked, and you had rather come to Sunday school, wasn't it?" "No, sir; it was eos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

The following little gem will do to print again and again as an example of genuine simplicity, truth and beauty:

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me,"—say it darling,
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.
"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly-head dropped low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
You can say it all, I know.
"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly;
Fainter still, "My soul to keep"—
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.
But the dewy eyes half opened.
When I clasped her to my breast:
And the dear voice softly whispered—
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive the cows home from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane.
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.



A SPRING FROLIC.

Minnie, a little three-year-old in this city, took it into her head that "God likes new prayers." So after repeating "Now I lay me," and "Jesus like a shepherd," the other night, she told her mother she would like to make a "new prayer." Her mother nodded assent, whereupon Minnie gravely proceeded: "O Lord, bless all the Minnies, and all the papas and all the mammas, and all the Unele Arthurs! Jesns, I've been vaccinated, and I guess its going to work!"

Two little boys, sons of a clergyman, had some difficulty, in which the younger was thought to have

Housekeeping.

THE LAUNDRY.

The time is fast approaching when women will be obliged to dispense with the "help" of hired assistants. So many occupations have arisen (with the varied improvements of "the times") by which women and girls may make a livelihood in what they consider a more "genteel" and agreeable way than by serving those they have come to consider their equals, that it has become almost an impossibility to secure even the aid of a competent washing-woman. And in any case, the satisfaction of wearing crisp muslins and immaculate linen, at the cost of some poor servant girl's weary limbs and heated blood, has become so questionable, that to be able to wash and iron our own clothes properly and satisfactorily will be felt a comfort. Having made up one's mind to perform the household labor of the family, I think the second step is to do it with the least possible labor and trouble. A good washing-machine has become as much of a necessity as a thresher or mower; *but see that it is a good one.* Tuesday, not Monday, will be found the very best day for the family wash, simply because the preliminaries cannot be attended to on Sunday evening. On Monday, at any time after the general work is finished, make ready the clothes by sorting into three parcels, putting *fine, medium, and coarse* articles each into separate bags of unbleached cotton. Have ready a washing fluid, of sal soda, one pound; stone lime, one-half pound; water, five quarts; boil a few moments, stirring once or twice, then let it settle, and pour off the clear liquid into a bottle; cork tightly. Lay the bags of clothes in warm water (having rubbed soap on the wristbands, bands, &c.); they may remain there until the following day, when put into a boiler of scalding water a teacupful of the fluid, and boil steadily for one hour; then put into the machine and rub thoroughly, throwing each piece into a tub of warm suds. When one set is in, go over each article, and if any streaks remain, rub on an ordinary washboard; then rinse through two waters, in which is dissolved a little blueing. For each additional boiler of clothes add a half cupful of fluid. Soak the woollen and colored clothes in the water in which the clothes have boiled, doing the woollens first, of course. The fluid will brighten the color of the colored articles. The articles used about starch-making must be delicately clean, then the only art is in dissolving thoroughly until as thick and smooth as cream, when pour on sufficient boiling water, adding to every pint a piece of spermaceti the size of a filbert, or a piece of lard or butter; a little dissolved gum Arabic, one ounce, and a half pint of water, adding a teaspoonful to the starch, gives a fine polish to shirt-bosoms, collars, &c. Muslin dresses should be starched in rice water, made by boiling two tablespoonfuls of rice to a pint of water, and boiling until entirely dissolved; this will stiffen two dresses. When the clothes are perfectly dry, lay all starched articles (excepting shirts and collars) upon a sheet, and sprinkle with a patent sprinkler, or a whisk broom kept for the purpose; cover with another sheet upon the table, and, taking a new broom, pound the clothes for five or ten minutes; then straighten and roll tightly, letting them remain covered in a cool place one hour before ironing. Dip the shirt-bosoms and collars in a little cold starch-water, squeezing very tightly and rubbing well.

THE IRONING.

In ironing, much, indeed everything, depends upon

the manner in which it is done. Good irons are essential, and the light, smooth, nickel-plated ones, now so easily procured for about a dollar or a dollar and a half, are by far the best. If possible, use a gas or kerosene stove, for these tiny comforts can be set on a stool or stand by your side, and save hundreds of steps. Above all, if you value your health and feeling, learn to iron, sitting. Standing is wearing and wearying work. A man may plough all day who will faint if required to *stand* a few hours. Have two "ironing-boards," one about three by four feet, which can be used for skirts, if rested upon two chair backs, or for ordinary articles, upon a table; then another the size of a shirt-bosom; cover both with a piece of old blanket, and then a strong piece of cotton cloth. Always have a strip of white with strings, and tie over while ironing, and which can be then removed, and thus kept clean for a long time. When one can be procured, a board hollowed out in the centre, like a "cutting or lap-board," is very comfortable, as it enables the ironer to sit up close to her work. In warm weather, a small, portable stove and a few irons can be carried to a cool room, when the doors and windows may be opened and the entire ironing completed without over-heating or undue fatigue. Every household should own a set of bags for certain purposes, and one of these is to hold the articles for ironing, viz.: a good holder, made of two thicknesses of flannel, filled with saw-dust, and quilted, or of a few folds of paper covered. Outside covers should always be provided of calico or muslin, with strings, in order to remove or wash them. A stand also, either an oyster can, muffin ring, or one of the iron ones sold in the shops. A piece of soft old towel or other linen, or a small sponge, is always requisite to wipe off starched articles and little specks and spots from various pieces. An old book or pamphlet should always be at hand on which to rub the iron; also, a cloth which has been dipped in melted wax, on which to rub the iron if not perfectly smooth. Linen goods should be ironed on the right side, cotton and embroidery on the wrong. Never use heavy irons for muslins; but iron off rapidly, and finish the gathers, &c., on the right side. Lace curtains must never be ironed, but pinned to a rod on which a strip of cotton is tacked, and a heavy rod, with weights fastened to the ends, pinned to the bottom. Two rods finished with the strips of cotton should be in every family who own lace curtains.

Mo.

AUNT CARRY.

FANCY DISHES FOR PARTIES, FESTIVALS, &c.

A BIRD'S NEST.

Weigh oranges or lemons and fine white sugar pound for pound. Peel the fruit carefully, and shave into long, delicate shreds; boil until tender, changing the water twice (replenishing with hot from the kettle); squeeze the strained juice over the sugar; let this boil until clear; drop in the shreds and boil a half hour; boil the syrup to a jelly; then form into a nest upon a pretty plate or dish. Having removed the inside of a dozen or more eggs by cutting off a section from the small end, fill with blanc mange, made by soaking a half ounce of gelatine in a teacupful of cold water two or three hours; then add sugar, the juice of a lemon, and pour over it half a pint of boiling water; when filled, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and beat well into the gelatine; when quite hard, remove the shells and the eggs will look smooth and beautiful. Fill the nest with them. Colored ones look beautiful, and can be made by adding a little juice from Spinach leaves for the blue green of

robin's eggs, or pink with a little cochineal. Speckled ones are made with chocolate rubbed fine, and made into a paste with a little white of egg, and touching the eggs with a camel's hair brush.

HARLEQUIN JELLY.

Wash a jelly mold with white of an egg; melt a little currant jelly, and pour into it; let it cool; when cold, melt pineapple jelly and pour in, then blackberry or black currant, then cranberry, then green grape jelly, and so on until the mold is filled. Great care must be taken that the jellies are merely melted, as if too warm they will mix, and the whole effect be spoiled. High colored jellies, and the white, clear calves' foot jelly, with white blanc mange, make a beautiful harlequin; but they must be stiff and cold before turning out. Blanc mange made of chocolate and corn starch, with yolks of eggs, and of gelatine, with the whites, also make a beautiful variety. Flavor each one differently, and the combination is delicious.

A BEAUTIFUL CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Take a handsome glass dish, and lay in the bottom a layer of sponge cake dipped in wine and water; then a layer of raspberry, pineapple, or strawberry jelly or jam, then a layer of blanc mange or custard, then cake again, and so on until the bowl is filled. Pour in and over a rich custard made thus: Four yolks of eggs, two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, grated rind of one lemon, a wineglassful of wine beaten into one pint of milk, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root, and scalded; whip cream or the whites of four eggs, and pile on the top. Flavor this with vanilla, or, if it is desired, pink with currant or cranberry jelly.

CHARLOTTE "POLONAISE."

Bake a sponge cake in a drum-shaped pan, which is high and not spreading (a straight tin bucket will answer); cut out the inside, leaving a wall two inches thick. Make four kinds of blanc mange, one of chocolate, one vanilla, one lemon, and one almond. The last three can be made according to the usual receipts of one quart of milk, thickened with four heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch or arrow-root, sweetened with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavored; the oil of bitter almond (one drop), or peach extract, gives the fine almond flavor. Soak the cake cut from the inside in sherry or port wine, put a layer of it in the bottom of the hollow cake, then the layers of blanc mange, sprinkling between each one grated cocoanut and tiny pieces of citron; when the cake is entirely filled, cover the top with whipped cream, and ornament with maccaroons and kisses. Ice the sides, and set in a cold place. The blanc mange must be *cool*, but not set, when put in. This is a most beautiful ornament to a table, and is pretty trimmed with flowers.

CHICKEN SALAD.

Boil one pair of young, tender chickens one hour, or less, if they are very tender; cut into small pieces, but do not chop; as much celery and the white, tender parts of a cabbage as will measure as much as the meat; chop the cabbage. Boil until hard six eggs; chop the whites, and mash the yolks to a pulp, with two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, one teaspoonful of black and a half teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper. Scald a coffeecupful of best cider vinegar, into which stir very gradually a teacupful of fresh, unsalted butter, and the yolks of three beaten eggs; when thick, take immediately from the fire and cool; then stir into the other ingredients, with four tablespoonfuls of good olive oil; mix into the meat several hours before using. If the vinegar is not sour, add a little citric acid.

Mo.

AUNT CARRY.

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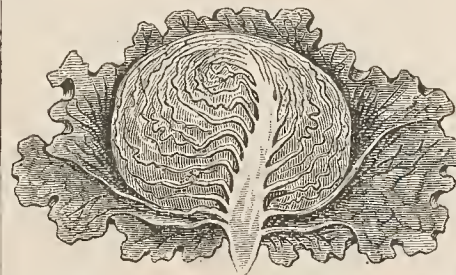
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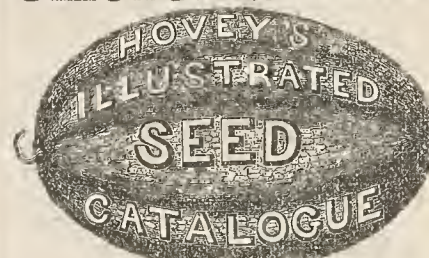
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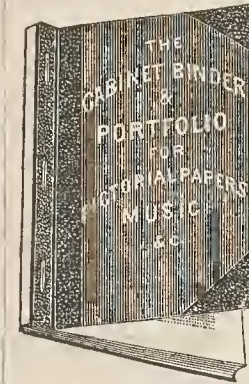
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N. B.—Club Agents, in getting up Clubs for the CABINET, who can procure orders for above Binder from any of the Club, will receive from us commission. Special Terms made known on application.

THE STEP AT THE GATE. Ballad, with Chorus.

Composed by M. F. H. SMITH.

Andante. *p* *Espress.* *Rall.*

1. The shades of eve are fall - ing A-thwart the gar - den wall, The sum - mer winds come whis-p'ring by, And show'rs of rose-leaves
 2. Ba - by sleeps in her cra - dle, Dreaming with all her might, And o - ver both her blossom blue eyes Are drawn their cur - tains
 3. This is our lit - tle king - dom, This cottage with vines o'ergrown; Pa - pa's the king, mam-ma's the queen, And baby's the heir to the

Legato.

fall, As I sit by my cot - tage win - dow, And dream, and lis - ten and wait For the sound of a well-known whistle, And a
 white; But her nap is near - ly o - - ver; She sel - dom sleeps so late; She'll wake in the glow of gladness, When she
 throne; Why lin - gers the king, I won - der? 'Tis growing so ver - y late! Ah, there he comes! wake up, ba - by, For I

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Alto. wel - come step at the gate. I sit at my cot - tage win - dow, And dream, and lis - ten, and
 hears the step at the gate. We hear a step, we hear a step, We hear a step, a
 hear the step at the gate.

Tenor.

Bass. We hear a step, we hear a step, we hear a step, a

p *sempre staccato*

rall.

wait step at the gate; For the sound of a well-known whis - tle, And a wel - come step at the gate.....
 step at the gate; We hear a step, we hear a step, we hear a step, at a step at the gate.

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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SEEDLING VERBENAS.

There is no pursuit in which a person can engage that yields a greater percentage of real, unalloyed pleasure than the culture of flowers. Their companionship naturally leads one to a greater love for Deity. Who so insensible as to overlook the Giver in the beautiful and varied gifts of the floral kingdom?

Jerrold says: "A garden is a beautiful book, written by the finger of God; every leaf a letter. You have only to learn them—and his is a simple mind that cannot, if he will, do that—and join them, and then go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts grow out of the ground and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to be like o'er dutiful children; tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you."

As I write this, a bed of bright-eyed Verbenas rear their cheerful faces up to my window, flinging in with the morning breeze their grateful incense for the little care bestowed upon them. There is no plant which repays one so bountifully for a little culture as does the Verbena. One to realize to the fullest extent pleasure, surprise, and perfect satisfaction, must raise a bed of seedlings. From cuttings we know exactly what colors and shades we shall have; but from seedlings there is a constant feeling of mingled surprise and pleasure, as each morning new and varied hues open upon our vision. Last season, having purchased from a florist three small plants, a white, a dark purple, and a scarlet one, I placed them, the white between the two colors, in a bed made deep and

rich with borrowings from an old Asparagus bed; with attention to watering, spreading out, and pinning down branches, they flourished wonderfully, covering a large space, where they bloomed in the greatest profusion, with slight protection from frost, until a hard freeze in November, eliciting the admiration of all. The seed were allowed to fall, and old plants to remain in the ground until spring, as a protection to the young plants, which come up much earlier if protected. In removing the old roots, which should not be done until the frost is well out of the ground, care

The culture of Verbenas is so simple and easy that a child of seven, with any fondness for scratching in the ground, would be sure to succeed. My bed thus treated, is this morning a perfect miracle of beauty. I have counted no less than *nine* distinct shades, from the most delicate lavender and rose up to the original ones, and many more have not yet bloomed. Had I space, I would tell you of my Balsams, Asters, Salicifolias, Drummondias, &c.; for, having a new place, I have as yet few flowers, but annuals. So soon as I gain sufficient knowledge on the subject, I shall plant me a Rose garden, and I expect to get my information from the CABINET, for I regard it as the most reliable and complete floral guide I have ever seen. And when I do so, let it be remembered that the most choice, the sunniest spot shall be reserved for the dear old-fashioned hundred-leaved Rose. It is very sacred to me for the holy memories that cling around its scented petals. When she, the pure, the beautiful, our young and gentle mother, was laid to rest so many, many years ago, friends placed on her bosom that sweet old Rose, whose delicious odor was more to her than *any* proud and scentless beauty, with hard French name.

MRS. N. E. SAYRE.



AN ENGLISH FLOWER-GARDEN SCENE—BEDS IN THE LAWN.

should be taken to disturb the earth as little as possible, lightly shaking off all that adheres. All that is required after this is to thin out your plants to about twelve inches, gently stirring, occasionally adding a little rich soil, pinning down branches, and, of course, watering of evenings in a dry season.

In the selection of a spot, be sure to get one in the full sunshine; for if your bed is shaded in the least you will have large and thrifty plants without scarcely any bloom.

CALLA LILY.

When the leaves of the Calla begin to look old and dead, take your seissors and trim them off, so as not to alter the form, and they will look well for weeks after. Since I have used sulphate of ammonia pretty freely on my plants, I have not seen a worm of any kind in the soil. It makes the plants look thrifty and nice.

MARY.

Floral Contributions.

FLOWERS EASILY GROWN.

BY MRS. L. M. MCFARLAND.

"I am just as fond of flowers as any other one; but I've no time to work with them. When I get through with my daily house work, I'm too tired to work in the garden. And even if I felt like working outdoors, there is always something to be made or mended for the children." There is many a family in which the lady of the house attends to all household matters, except the laundry work, and spends a part of every day in the flower garden. But this is her recreation. If it is drudging for you to weed and prune, don't add it to your household duties. Seek recreation in some employment that rests you. But you have, what so many ladies who live in rented houses are longing for, a garden of your own. And since you are fond of flowers, let us try to help you to a garden that will give you a succession of bloom for several months, and at the same time require the least possible labor. We will make your garden entirely of hardy perennials. And first, we will set out for early spring blooming, the Japan Quince (*Cydonia Japonica*), whose brilliant scarlet blossoms, in March and April, seem like a glimpse of the tropics. Closely following this, we will have that earliest of the Spireas, the Bridal Wreath, and the well-known Flowering Almond. Then we will plant Lilacs, both purple and white, freighting the air with their generous perfume. The Snowball, laden with foamy blossoms, shall greet you when the Lilacs fade. This shrub will bloom and take care of itself, from one generation to another, and yet it were a pity not to loosen and enrich the soil once a year, and cut out the old wood before it begins to grow in early spring, that you may learn how large the flower balls can grow. The Iris family is well adapted to the garden, and furnishes flowers with little labor. You may have a succession of them for weeks, commencing with the Dwarf Iris (Blue Fly), which will bloom wherever the sun shines, even if choked with grass. Then comes the more stately Flower-de-Luce, white, purple, straw color, brown and yellow, different tints following each other so rapidly, that ere the last flowers of one variety fade, those of another color appear. When the Snowballs begin to fade, you may have the Peonies, pink, white, and red, all gorgeously beautiful in the green which by this time surrounds them. Many of them are fragrant, yet we are not very particular about this quality in Peonies, since they were not made for bouquets, only for out-door ornaments. Both Peonies and Iris ought to have a covering of stable manure about the time the ground freezes at the opening of the winter, partly for protecting the roots from extreme cold, and partly for enriching the soil, to make finer flowers the next year. If you will promise to give all your flowering shrubs and plants one annual dressing of this kind, you may have the beautiful Dicentra among your laborless flowers. With this autumn covering, leaves and sand being sometimes better in its case than manure, varying with the soil in which it is planted. It takes care of itself quite as well as any of the hardy shrubs. There is the Syringa, with its pure white blossoms, sweetly scented like orange flowers. The pink, white and crimson of the Weigelas, gladdening the garden for many weeks. But best of all the Roses! The Roses that our grandmother planted by the way-side school-house, years before we were born, are blooming yet. The old school-house was burned, and a new one has taken its place on the old foundation, and the roses are plucked by

the grandchildren of those for whom they were planted.

How much we enjoy our buggy rides, when the first yellow roses are in bloom! Everybody has yellow roses. The humbler the dwelling, the greater their profusion. They clamor up on the roof of the little brown cottage, and twine about the windows like a wreath of sunshine. You will not see them around the stately pillars of the mansion's portico, but somewhere in the back yard, near the woodshed or stable, you will find a yellow rose-bush laughing in early springtime. Roses long ago demonstrated their ability to take care of themselves. Lilies follow the roses, and some of the old-fashioned varieties, at least, will give you no trouble, as most people think they like to be let alone. Then, for summer and early autumn, you may have that showy blooming shrub, whose ambition is to be a tree, the Althea. Double and single, their hollyhock-like flowers are very ornamental. During the heat of summer, your garden shall be brilliant with perennial Phlox, rich in masses of color, and heavy with perfume. Day after day the little flower-ets drop out, and new ones take their place, or rather a new place, yet still the semi-globular mass remains. A rainy season is a wonderful lengthener of the Phlox-blooming period. Few summer blossoms are more enjoyable than this. For your climbers you may have, in addition to roses, the early-blooming Wisteria, with its clustering purple. Clematis and Jessamine, and sweet Honeysuckle, some of them blooming till frost. The Morning Glory has a happy habit of coming up anywhere, and twining around anything. A little attention in starting the vines in desired directions, will ensure an arbor of beauty every morning, from early summer until severe frosts. The Waxberry is not noticeable for its flowers, but its white berries will please you when summer flowers are gone. Last in the list are the Chrysanthemums, radiant in beauty when other flowers are dead. Prettiest among these, are the Pomponé varieties, though, perhaps a little less hardy than the large flowering ones. Thus, you see you may enjoy a garden of flowers throughout the season, giving them one day's labor in the Fall. Yet they will richly repay more careful cultivation. Many more might be added, yet as one garden cannot contain everything, we confine ourselves to those most common in cultivation.

MY AMARYLLIS.

It was a long time before I knew its name. I thought it a Lily, and searched through the catalogues for a description or woodcut which resembled it, but nothing threw any light on the subject. When I first obtained it, it was a very small bulb, and threw up only one green leaf at a time. This for the first year would turn yellow and wither away while a fresh one would take its place. In this way it kept growing for two years or more. Gradually as it acquired age, its leaves became less tender and more numerous, but as it did not blossom I grew discouraged, and placed it in the garden to live or die as it pleased. A neighbor calling to obtain some cuttings, I gave the bulb to her, telling her what the lady said of whom I had procured it, that it was a beautiful flower, and would blossom when it was two years old, and as it was past that age now, she might by taking care of it make it bloom. She took it, but with very little faith, as the poor bulb which had been out in the hot scorching sun for a month had only one withered green leaf left. Some time after that, chancing to pass a town house where there was a nice collection of plants, I paused to admire them, and among the number was a beautiful plant, just like mine, in full blossom; but what excited my wonder, was that it was growing in a very small

pot which was standing in a vessel of water. I asked the lady who came out the reason of her treatment. She said that she had kept it for a long time without its blossoming, and hearing that she could make it flower by this means, she had tried it and found that it had proved successful. She recommended it very highly to me, and I went home feeling very sorry to think that I had given mine away. I, however, called on the neighbor, to learn what had been its fate. She said she thought it was dead, though it had acted the funniest of anything she ever saw; that when she first got it, she left it on the shelf, having forgotten it; that she had then placed it in a pot containing another plant, and had watered it thoroughly; after a while a spike came up out of the centre of the dry bulb, for all leaves had long since disappeared, with six of the prettiest blossoms she ever saw, fire-red they were, with a little white at the bottom of the petals. It stayed in bloom for a long time, then withered away, and there was nothing left but the old bulb, and she guessed that was dead. I asked her if I might have it; she said yes. I gladly took it back, and kept it soaking wet until four nice green leaves made their appearance. The next spring its six lovely blossoms came forth to repay me for my trouble. Then letting it dry off for a season, though not getting so dry as to lose its leaves, I again commenced watering it, and this year it has had three spikes of flowers instead of one. STELLA.

Abutilons.—Mistake somewhere. "Abutilons will blossom from seed the third year." As I had made up my mind to have a miniature grove of Abutilons, this paragraph did not strike me favorably at all; but obstacles and opposition always have a wonderful effect upon me, consequently in an hour I had a list of seeds made out, and among them was a package of Abutilon, mixed. I planted them in May, and on the 26th of October following, the first bud opened, a fine large blossom. Now, please, which has made the mistake, one of my papers or my plants? MARION.

Climbing Vine.—A constant reader wishes to know what will make the most rapid growth to cover a summer-house? I do not know whether the Tropæolum will succeed in a dry situation; but last summer I had an exotie, which had been kept through the winter, and in May I set it out, by a board fence, just over a drain-pipe. It grew very rapidly, and soon covered the fence, which was about five feet high; and when I measured it in the fall it was twenty-seven feet in length. Late in the summer it began to bloom, and when the frost came was covered with the greatest profusion of crimson and scarlet flowers. T. E. D.

Ice Plant.—I notice some inquiries with regard to Ice Plants. During the summer I had some very handsome plants in my garden. Late in the fall I removed one to the house, where it has been "a thing of beauty" this winter, with its delicate white blossoms and icy foliage. I use common garden soil. I have also a Wax Plant, of a few months' growth, that is covered with flowers. M. P. B.

Bay-Window.—Will "Advance" please give a few particulars respecting the bay-window mentioned in the last March number? I cannot imagine how one could be had for the sum mentioned (\$50), and would very much like to know how it is constructed; whether built with the house or subsequently, and in what part of the country? F. A. A.

African Lily.—Will "M. J. S.," who speaks in the July number of the African Lily as companion for the Calla, please tell us where such a bulb may be got, and if it is a true Lily or an Amaryllis. I never saw one, but think it must be very desirable. F. A. A.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Deutzias.—Having occasion, one day in October, to tie up some plants, I cut some sticks from a *Deutzia Scabra*. Several weeks after I discovered that some of the sticks were growing, but was not surprised at that, for it is common enough to see willow, pear, or grape twigs growing in this way; but there are now on these *Deutzia* twigs strong, healthy-looking flower buds, which give every indication of coming to perfection. So large a proportion of the sticks used are growing, and have buds, all of them, that I have been wondering if we might not force *Deutzia* twigs instead of taking up the plant. It would save a great deal of room. Has any one ever tried it?

Lynn, Mass.

M. P. G.

Plants with Colored Leaves.—Please inform me the best way to obtain a plant of the autumn leaf like the spray described in your premium, "Gems of the Flower Garden," and price, and you will greatly oblige me.

L. M. K.

Answer.—The colored leaves you see in chromo, "Gems of the Flower Garden," are natural. At the left hand the red and yellow-colored leaves are of the *Amaranthus bi-color*. Toward the stem are a few sprays of *Virginia Creeper*. Any florist will supply the plants.

Burr Rose.—"Why does the Burr Rose burst, and are they all imperfect, etc?" G. C."

In an old garden, on the banks of the Brandywine, near Wilmington, Del., I enjoyed the surpassing beauty of this old-fashioned Rose—the *Microphylla*, or Burr Rose. This was almost twenty-five years ago; but if I recollect right, there never was one imperfect Rose or bud on those old bushes, which had grown to the size of small trees. They were pruned closely each spring, cutting out as much old wood as possible. The soil was a clayey loam, enriched with well rotted cow manure, and, as is my custom with all Rose bushes, they were frequently watered with soot-water, and the ground beneath the bushes covered thickly with charcoal, pounded until well crushed, but not pulverized. I think if G. C. will pursue this course the difficulty complained of may be remedied.

AUNT CARRY.

Meal Worms.—In reply to questioner about raising meal worms for mocking birds, I would say that if a stone jar is filled with bran meal, or a similar substance, with pieces of old shoe-leather mixed with it—a dead bird or mouse would also be a welcome addition—and colonized with about two hundred meal worms, which can easily be procured in spring, and the whole set in a warm place, the worms will increase so rapidly that if the colony is given three months to increase in numbers, without disturbance, it will then be ready to give the birds a daily supply. It must also be observed that occasionally a rag, wetted with beer or water, must be laid on the contents of the jar to supply moisture.

CHARLES MANN.

Exchange.—I would like to exchange seeds with some subscriber to the CABINET. I have very fine double *Portulaca* seeds; also, crimson *Coxcombs* and *Globe Amaranth* seeds. My *Portulacas* have been splendid for three or four years. Planted florists' seeds at first, and was told they would soon run out; but it is not so; they never were more double or beautiful than last year. Would like double *Diadem Pinks*, or double *Larkspur*, or really fine *Ipomœa* seeds, or seeds of anything that is pretty in a conservatory. Address Saybrook, Conn.

JENNIE HOFFMAN.

My Conservatory, and How I Came by it.—Last fall the good man of the house foreseeing the consequences of the continued rooting and potting which was going on, and wishing to make sure of the privilege of looking through his windows if he should feel so inclined, proposed building a bit of conservatory or plant-room upon the south side of our sitting-room. You may be sure I made no objection to the plan, but aided and encouraged all in my power. Its completion was delayed somewhat, but finished at last, and plants safely installed in their new winter quarters; and to-day, as I stand in its wide doorway and look upon my floral treasures, am fully convinced that the same amount of money could not have procured as much enjoyment expended in any other way. Happily every member of our little family is of the same opinion.

J. K.

Plant for Winter Blooming.—I send a box containing a flower found in the woods, by a little branch, near my residence. It is quite abundant, choosing places similar to the Fern, and has a sort of tuberous root, sending up several shoots in thrifty plants, with three and four beautiful ultramarine bells at every pair of leaves. It is very lovely, and I have transplanted a good deal of it. Can you tell me what it is? It gives signs of being valuable for winter blooming. I shall try it.

Salisbury, N. C.

Mrs. J. S. McCUBBINS.

Answer.—Fringed Gentian; an extremely beautiful plant.

White Worms.—I have very little room, still manage to find a place for about fifty-five pots of house plants in winter, and have had very good success. My greatest pest is the little white insect in the dirt. Tobacco tea has been recommended; but they seem to flourish on that. Am also troubled with the scale bug (know no other name for them) on Roses. What shall I do for them?

Bridgeport.

Mrs. J. W. JOHNSON.

Answer.—For the white worm or insect in the earth use lime-water, weak at first, growing stronger until they disappear. Scale must be removed by hand. No fumigation or wash will in the least discourage them.

Frames.—Some one was speaking of making frames of brown paper stars. She said she presumed every one was familiar with white star crosses. I admit my ignorance, and would like very much if she, or some one, would tell me, through the CABINET, how they are made, and very much oblige A CABINET LOVER.

Oleander.—What will Mrs. F. Throp do to make her *Oleander* bloom? It is full of buds, but they do not open.

Glass for Examining Flowers.—The best hand-glass (not microscope) for examining flowers is inquired for by a subscriber.

Answer.—A good magnifying glass for examining flowers can be had in the city for about two dollars; they can be obtained from any good optician. We would oblige our subscribers by selecting for them if they will remit to us.

Kate.—Young and healthy roots of English, Irish, and other varieties of Ivy can be obtained from H. A. Dreer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Best Scarlet Geranium.—What is the name of the best double scarlet Geranium? I have ten varieties of the double Geranium, and want the one you mentioned.

DR. JÆGER.

Answer.—Triumph is the best double scarlet Geranium, so called, that we know of; yet its color is nearer crimson than scarlet.

Plant Named.—What is the name of this plant, a specimen of the leaf and flower of which I send you? I never can find any description that corresponds with it.

Wellington, O.

Mrs. SARAH CADY.

Answer.—*Achania Malvaviscens*.

Raising Plants from Seed.—Will you give some information in regard to raising Tea Plants from seed? I have a few seeds which were given me, and as I find they are allied to the *Camellia Japonica* (Window Gardening), and those are a long time germinating, I would like to know if they could not be treated like *Canna* seeds. The shell is like our hazel-nut; indeed, a friend of mine ate one of the seeds thinking it such, but found it rather too bitter to be agreeable.

Mrs. S. WELLINGFORD.

Answer.—Sow the seed in a box or pan, and place where it will have good bottom heat, full as high as a good hot-bed. Do not soak them; they require considerable time to germinate.

Heliotrope.—What is the matter with my *Heliotropes*? The leaves are a yellow green, and before the leaf reaches its perfect size it dries and looks brown. I have looked it over thoroughly, but find neither spiders, aphids, or lice. I have a passion for *Heliotropes*, and am much pained to see their blight.

C. IRENE.

Answer.—The atmosphere of the dwelling is too dry for the *Heliotrope*; it requires a high temperature, plenty of water, large pots, and a moist atmosphere.

Lily.—I have a Lily bulb, a present from a friend. She did not know the name. I will describe it; perhaps you can tell me. It is very smooth and glossy—color, pea-green; does best with half the bulb above the soil in the pot. I would send specimen leaf, but there is only one, eight inches long and very narrow.

Elwood, L. I.

Mrs. DAVID BUFFETT.

Answer.—We cannot name your plant without seeing the flower. It is not, however a Lily, possibly an *Amaryllis*. All Lilies have scaly bulbs, and do not succeed unless covered with two or more inches of earth.

Eucharis.—Can you tell me how to treat the *Eucharis*? I have one, bought last fall, that shows no sign of bloom; does not grow very fast. I have several large *Fuchsias*, that grow well, look healthy, but do not bloom. *Speciosa* and *Carl Halt* are among them. I like the talk about flowers, but do not, as yet, find anything recommended to keep away the black flies. I do not like them, but they will come. I should like to know the name of the handsomest scarlet Geranium you have any knowledge of. I have Lord Derby and Gordon.

E. L. SAWYER.

Answer.—The *Eucharis Amazonica* can only be grown in the hot-house, or what the florist terms the "stove," when the temperature ranges from 70 to 90 degrees. A more difficult plant to grow well, or even to get to flower, however imperfectly, we do not know. Note our remarks about *Fuchsias* above. Fumigating with tobacco, or frequent syringing with soap suds, is the most effectual remedy for removing the black fly (aphids). General Grant is the best scarlet Geranium, for bedding out, or in-door bloom.

Plant Named.—Will you please tell me through the CABINET the name of a plant like enclosed sample. Mine blossoms in February, clusters of small white flowers.

E. L. W.

Answer.—*Enpatorium Mexicanum*.

Stuffing Birds.—Tell me how to stuff birds, &c., by doing so, you would oblige.

S. W. PHIFER.

Answer.—Bird stuffing cannot be told. It must be learned from an expert, like any mechanical business.

Floral Decorations.

EXPERIENCE IN GROWING PLANTS OUT OF DOORS.

I have cultivated flowers for more than twenty years. But for several years past I have sent to the seedsman for seeds, and now I have quite a variety. We have a large yard and it is well filled with flowers. I have a compost heap for my flower garden, composed of manure mixed with road-serapings. My flower-beds are oval, round, heart-shaped half-moon, and one long chain-bed; they are raised a little, with turf around the edge, consequently they require trimming quite often. In spring, as soon as the ground is suitable for working, I spade up my beds, pick out the grass, work the soil till it is fine and mellow, then spread leaf mold and manure over the beds and rake them till the earth is fine and well mixed; then my beds are ready for seed or plants, as the case may be.

For some plants I use much more from my compost heap than for others.

Last spring I made a small pink bed with nearly half the earth from my compost heap; the result was I had very large, beautiful flowers. Pinks need about half manure to grow nice large blossoms. Small beds are prettier when they contain but one variety of plants. I appropriate one large bed to Verbenas; they will do better in poorer soil than Pinks. Pansies require a good supply of manure; Nasturtiums require but little.

I start a large proportion of my seeds in the house in boxes, pots or pans, or any convenient thing. I fill the boxes with rich garden soil and leaf mold, press it down and sow the seeds, always keeping them moist, and sometimes covering them with panes of glass. When the plants get large enough, or there is danger of getting drawn, I prick them out in small pots or other boxes, and when the weather becomes warm and all danger of frost is over, I transplant them into beds, watering them as I set them out, and keeping them covered for a few days until the roots get hold of the fresh soil. The soil in flower-beds should be loosened often and be kept free from weeds.

Several years since I had some *Ricinus Sanguineus*. They grew very large and looked very nice, but the season was not long enough for the seed to mature, so, last year, I sent for more seed, and, remembering the experience of the previous year, planted

one in a box. It did not grow very large and I took it into the house when cold weather came. This time the seeds ripened, and being in a hurry to see if they would come up, I planted one. Surely that one was good, for in a few days it was up; I cared for it through the winter, and early in the spring planted the others; one came up. I transplanted them into the open ground about the last of May. They have grown very large and I think I shall have plenty of seed this year.

Spaffordville, Conn.

MRS. C. J. AGARD.

tion. We recommend the following list for those who have plenty of room, and a selection from the same for those who cannot use the whole:

Adlumia Cirrhosa. A beautiful hardy biennial-climber. Grows well in a shady situation. Always seeds itself.

Alyssum Saxatile. A very showy plant; flowers yellow; early.

Aquilegia, *Columbine*. Of this there are many varieties, all extremely beautiful.

Bellis. Double Daisy.

Bocconia Japonica. Very showy plants, requiring considerable room.

Campanula. In variety. Commonly known as Canterbury Bells.

Chrysanthemum. Indispensable for late flowers. Should be separated and replanted every spring.

Clematis. The most showy hardy climber we have.

Delphiniums. If cut back after flowering they will flower the second time the same season.

Digitalis. (Fox-Glove.)

Forget-me-not. Who can?

Fraxinella. Suitable for mixed borders.

French Honeysuckle.

Hollyhock.

Iberis. Perennial Candy-tuft, fine for rock-work.

Lathyrus. Everlasting Pea.

Lilies. All perfectly hardy and beautiful.

Lychnis. Catchfly; double white, a most desirable plant.

Papaver. Oriental Poppy. A dazzling scarlet flower.

Penstemons. These beautiful plants require slight protection.

Phlox. Florists now offer very many varieties, all of which are desirable.

Peonies. Herbaceous and Tree.

Potentilla.

Aeonite.

Iris. The newly introduced varieties from Japan are invaluable.

Frankia or Day Lily.

Dielytra Spectabilis. Bleeding Heart.

Double Violets. Should be slightly protected with leaves in winter.

Hardy Pink. Many varieties, all beautiful.

Sedums. Suitable for rock-work, edgings, &c.

Hydrangeas. Exceedingly ornamental plants.

Akebia Quinata. A charming climber from Japan, growing twenty feet high, bearing large clusters of chocolate-colored flowers.

Plumbago. A splendid bedding plant.

Lily of the Valley. For all shady situations the best adapted.

Many varieties of hardy bulbs, properly belonging to this class, will be the subject of an article at the time of selecting with a view of planting.



A BEAUTIFUL CONSERVATORY.

HARDY PERENNIALS.

In our last number we put in a plea for Annuals, and intended making it at the same time include Perennials, but were prevented by want of space. All that was said in favor of Annuals can be as justly said in favor of Perennials. With but little care and at a small expense, a collection of hardy plants can be had that will give a succession of bloom from March until January—in this climate. A start in this direction is, of course, more expensive than with Annuals, but the fact of only having to buy once is worthy of considera-

Ornamental Cottages.

A MODERN VILLA.

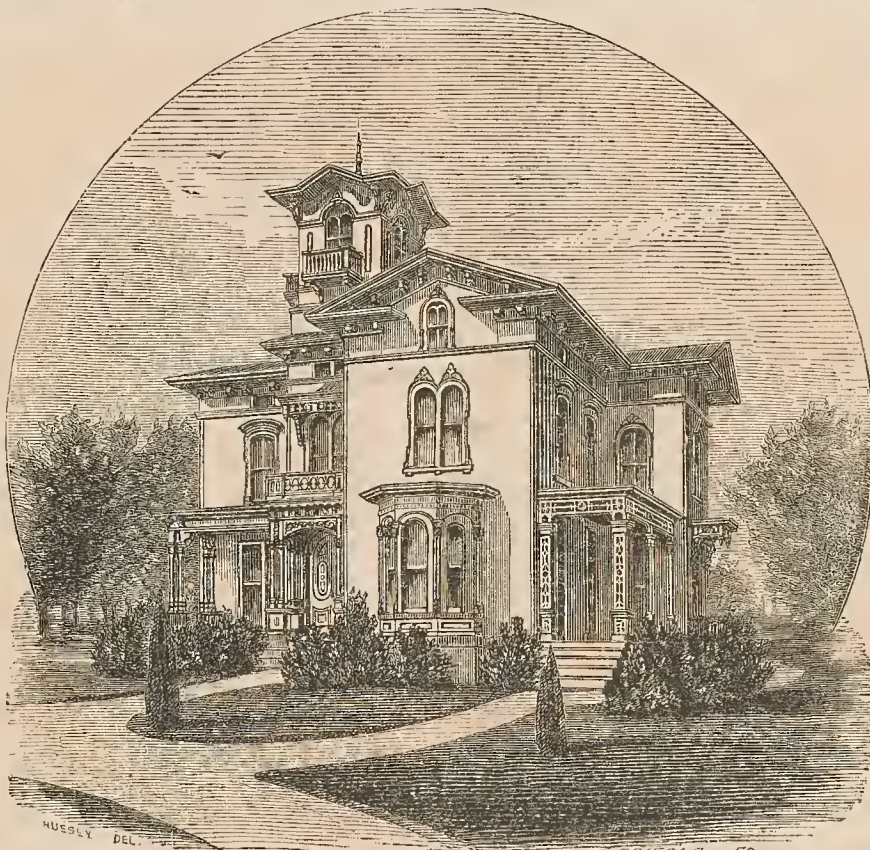
This design is intended to be executed in wood, as stone or brick at the present time are too expensive materials to be considered in the erection of a dwelling of moderate cost. In sections of our country where the materials could be procured at reasonable rates, we should prefer brick or stone for the erection of nearly all classes of buildings. The plans show a convenient arrangement of rooms, giving sufficient accommodation for a family of moderate size. On the first floor, we have a large parlor, a dining-room, and a library of convenient size. Convenient closets are attached to the dining-room, which is separated from the kitchen by three doors, thus cutting off all odors. A central hall gives access to all rooms without passing through others, while the rear hall and staircase will be found a convenience not to be overlooked. The verandas give an air of comfort to this design, adding also an important feature to its exterior effect, and are easily accessible from all the principal rooms. On the second floor are five chambers, supplied with abundant closet-rooms, and conveniently arranged with regard to each other. The small room on this floor is intended to be used as a bathing-room, for which purpose it is conveniently located. A tank in the attic story supplies the bath-room with water, and the plumbing is such as is necessary to supply the bath with hot and cold water.

Several rooms can be finished off in the attic, if more accommodation is desired, and the observatory in the tower may be also used as a sleeping-room in case of emergency. The cellar extends under the whole house, is of seven and one-half feet in depth, divided by partitions into apartments for furnace, coal, vegetables, and milk. A furnace of large size is intended to heat the whole house in cold weather, but there are also grates in parlor, dining-room, and library, to be used on cool days in spring and fall when it is not considered desirable to start the furnace. We advise all who contemplate heating houses by furnaces, to get the largest size, as it is much more convenient and economical in the consumption of fuel than a small one, while the outlay at first is comparatively trifling. The interior of this house is intended to be stained in oak and black walnut, and varnished; the exterior to be painted with three or four shades of drab or gray.

An elevation of three feet above the ground gives an opportunity to light the cellar very thoroughly. If it were considered desirable, the kitchen could be in the basement, thus adding another room to the accommodation of the first floor. We are not in favor of basement kitchens, especially for country-houses, but in some exceptional cases they seem desirable. It sometimes happens that a house is located in such a position that a fine land-

scape view would be cut off from the rear rooms by the kitchen apartments.

The grounds of such a house should be laid out in a neat and tasteful manner. The services of a competent landscape gardener should be secured, at least to plan the planting and laying out of the walks and roads, if the actual superintendence be intrusted to other hands. Very many persons imagine that to beautify a country place, it is only necessary to plant trees and shrubs, and that any one can do this; in

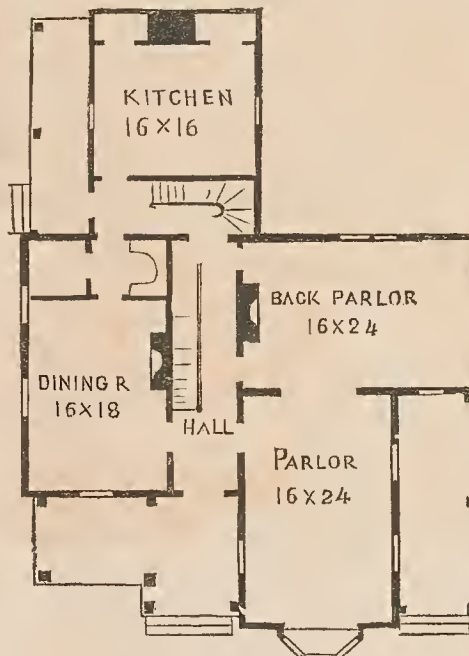


A MODERN VILLA.

consequence we too often see a dozen trees planted where one would be sufficient, and an incongruous mass of shrubs and trees of all heights and habits of foliage, without order or arrangement.



SECOND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.

A PARLOR GREENHOUSE.

Floral embellishment of the parlor may be made very easy if one begins right, and many ladies would doubtless have their parlor windows filled with plants if they could have their beauty without so much "dirt and drudgery"—this last sentence you will please un-

derstand is not original with me, for I cannot look upon any department of plant culture as "drudgery."

Experience is a splendid teacher and *acti labores jucundi* to contemplate. After much study and many experiments I have reached the solution of most of the difficulties attending the "house culture" of plants, and if flower-lovers will try my method, either upon a large or small scale, they will never regret this first expenditure. Get a carpenter or "Pater familias" to make a box as long as your window is wide, at least fifteen inches deep and thirty inches wide; ornament the outside with coues, leather-work, or painting. For my first window garden I had a carpenter make me a box 3½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 12 inches deep. Half of this depth I had lined with zinc to hold water, underneath was a lancet; this box was placed upon legs that lifted the top even with the window-sill, and brass castors were inserted, so that, however heavily laden with plants, it could be easily moved for sweeping purposes—for you know, dear CABINET ladies, there is dirt, and dirt, the soil in the plant is not "matter out of place," but dust and litter on the carpet is certainly anything but ornamental. Above, and resting upon the zinc, I had a thin board, pierced with many auger holes; this board was covered with sheets of moss from the woods, (such as is used to line hanging baskets,) and upon this perforated board the pots were placed. In the centre of the board was a hole sufficiently large to admit the nozzle of a funnel. By pouring boiling hot water through this into the zinc reservoir below every night, or oftener the roots of the plants are warmed, and

the atmosphere around them is kept humid by the slow and almost imperceptible rising of the steam. The benefits arising from the use of hot water are: First, the warmth to the roots, which induces rapid growth; second, the entire extermination of the red spider, which will not live in a moist atmosphere; and third, the prevention of frost, even in extreme cold weather.

My reservoir holds a pail of water; this, when poured in boiling hot, will not become entirely cold for ten or twelve hours, and in a sunny window the plants will need no other warmth except in extreme cold weather. I planted Geranium seed in March in my "Parlor Green-house," and in August following some of them were sixteen inches high, with immense leaves and large trusses of brilliant scarlet flowers—a real green-house could hardly have forced a more rapid growth.

At each end of the box were fastened cast-iron rods, arching above as high as the window-casing, and depending from the centre where they crossed

was a hanging basket filled with Water Ivy, Lycopodium and other trailing plants, a Begonia occupying the centre. Fastened to the rods was "self-constructed" ornamental wire-work, and at each corner of the box I placed a running vine, which covered the trellises to the top of the window.

MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

The Flower Garden.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

When we came to Wheatland, ten years ago, the large yard was barren—a few trees, Balm of Gilead, Cottou Woods, some seraggy wild Plums, two Lilae switches, a patch of Tansy, bunch of Horseradish, a few Currant bushes and Pie-plant, being the sum of its adornment. The few Evergreens had been horned off by the cattle. The neighbors "allowed it was a mighty purty place with so much shrubbery a growin'." It was, comparatively; one farm only, having more. The fences were repaired and the gates kept shut. We planted all we brought with us, shrubs, roots, and bulbs; set out dozens of trees, and now have a beautiful yard, full of fruit and flowers.

I had two long borders, a diamond and rock-bed, but they seemed a mere nothing in this large yard; beside, the love of flowers is like the love of money or greed for land, in one respect, at least; no matter how many you have you always want a few more.

After three years' experience of the climate, I wasn't afraid to try anything. One side of the yard was a large, open space, bare of trees; here I determined to have a flower-garden. There were many objections, of course. Mother said: "You have too much work already; just killing yourself; so much cooking and baking; what do you want with more flowers?" When you come to live on a farm and cook for Minnesota farm and harvest-hands, baking from thirty to forty loaves of bread a week, other food in proportion, you will understand the force of mother's objection. Ugh! it makes me shiver to think of it. Such voracious appetites as people do have in this braeing climate. I am not able to do the subject justice. My brother said: "You will find it a great tax on your time and strength;" but kindly offered to help lay it off. I remembered the flower-garden my sister had at home, when I was a child; took the central design of that for my garden, twenty-five by thirty feet. One of the men scalped off the sod and wheeled it away; then dug up the ground; next wheeled on and spread over the surface twenty or more barrow-loads very rich, light soil. It was then raked thoroughly, until fine and smooth. The beds and walks were marked off (according to my plan), and the ground was ready for the seeds; these I planted in a few days, having arranged the manuer during the winter, the more tender kinds being already up in the hot-bed. I had from Vick twenty choice kinds, and thirty-three (for one dollar) from ———, Flushing, L. I. Nearly every seed came up; the plants flourished, spreading far and wide; we were astonished, not being used to the marvellous growths of this rich soil. The garden was a source of constant delight—so many new flowers. Every morning Bessie and Mary must run out through the wet grass to see if anything new was out, rushing in with, "Oh, aunty, the Datura is out" (Jimson weed, their father called it). No end to the teasing

about that. "Had to send to Vick for a dozen seed when you might have had a pint, by seeding home, if you must go to cultivating Jimsous." He admired them, or why did he take the men out to see them. Or, "there's the biggest Japan Pink, and the Bartonina is blowed out (as Mary Lisabeth says); and the Gypsophila, the dearest, sweetest little thing; tiny, pink stars." "You just must come out, and let the breakfast burr; who cares for the old breakfast; only come, do; won't you, now?" So each morning, for many weeks, these were pleasant surprises. There was not a weed; and, with a push-hoe, I could go over the whole in an hour. Since then, each spring, for seven years, I have manured, spaded, raked, and

a spent hot-bed is excellent; a sprinkle of leached ashes is good; sweepings from the hen-house; liquid manure from the barn-yard (just the thing for the Balsams as they are in bud—then well mulched, and the bloom is superb); soot from the cooking-stove. Whenever I find extra good dirt, some of it goes to the garden, until everything "laughs and grows fat," blooming bouctously. In the fall, the dead stalks are gathered up and wheeled to the barn-yard; biennials and roots covered with coarse straw-litter; bulbs are stowed in the cellar, and I rest from my labors until another spring.

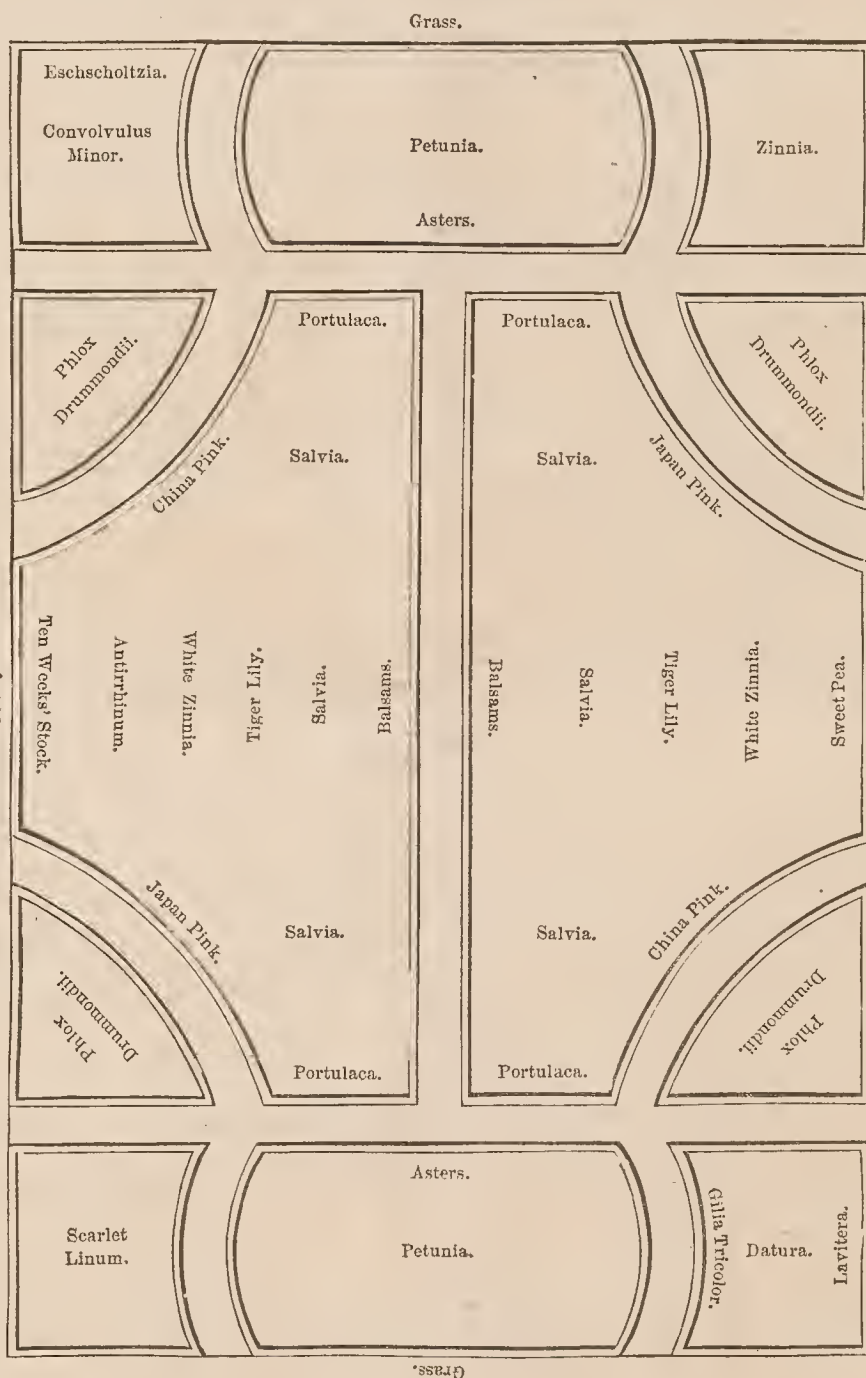
Last year some beds were infested with worms and insects, eating the leaves and roots of some plants. I left all the dead flower stalks until spring; raked the whole garden, burning the trash on the beds; spread and spaded in the ashes; the result—not a bug or worm to be seen, not a plant destroyed. Chickens are excellent scavengers; they have free run of all my flowers; seldom harm anything, but do a world of good, as this ground abounds with bugs and things. Persons say to me, "We have no time to cultivate flowers; don't know a thing about them," when I offer them a few seeds. Try a few hardy kinds at first; suppose your success is not brilliant; try again; in every failure is the germ of success. Experience is a wonderful teacher, or how do you find time to care for all you have to do? Where there is a will, you know, there is always a way. An hour in the morning, after the house is swept and dusted, before you begin to prepare dinner; a half hour when you are waiting for the men to come from the field to dinner (wish there wasn't so much cooking, anyway); another in the evening, and at odd times now and then, produce astonishing results. I cannot conceive of a home without flowers; it is as incomplete as a man without a head, or a woman without a heart. Let us adorn and beautify home with these exquisite gifts of a kind and loving Father.

HORTENSE SHARE.

Coxcombs.—In the February number, 1873, of the CABINET, I noticed that in reply to Miss F. Weed, as to whether Coxcomb could be dried so as to retain color, you stated "not in a satisfactory manner." I had some crimson Coxcomb last year, and just before frost came I cut off a number of heads, dried them in a dark room, and they are as perfect in color as when growing in the

garden. Last year was the first season I tried to raise flowers; I met with a great many failures, and had quite a success with some plants, especially Calina and Pansies. My Cannas were raised from the seed; poured boiling water on them before planting; sprouted in a hot-bed, and though quite late in the season when set out, their growth was luxuriant. My Pansies were also started in a hot-bed; quite late when planted out, but commenced blooming in a short time; bloomed all summer and on into winter; gathered bouquet of them on the 13th of December; the largest blooms I ever saw.

MRS. CARRIE M. KELLY.



hoed it myself; altering the arrangement and grouping of the flowers. Am not troubled with weeds, as none are allowed to seed. It has never had one moment's work from any one else. The only hard part is the spading; that does give an aching back (so does plenty other things not half so pleasant). "Why don't I have some of the men do that?" Dear me! what work these rough Norwegians or Bohemians would make of these small beds; couldn't keep to the pattern, you see. Might as well turn an elephant loose among them; so, per force, must do it myself, or give it up—a thing not to be thought of. I enrich the ground with anything but erude manure. That from

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NEW YORK, APRIL, 1874.

MY WINDOW GARDEN.

First impressions are very strong; and although many years have passed since the time I am about to recall, yet it seems but as yesterday.

I had been sent to the house of a distant neighbor with some message which required me to wait for a while. A daughter of the house invited me to go and see her garden. Probably its whole extent was less than twelve square feet; but such a gorgeous array of Four-o'clocks, Marigolds, Bachelors' Buttons, and Ragged Sailors; and all belonging to a little girl only a year or two older than me. It was splendid. I could hardly wait till I reached home to ask the good father for just such a garden; and shall I ever forget the disappointment when I realized it was too late to have such a beauty for myself that year. But the promise of a nicely prepared bed early the next spring, and seeds to plant, finally consoled me till once more "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." From that year to this I think my plot of ground has never failed me; and one little corner is ever held sacred for the sweet Four-o'clock, which so delighted me that well-remembered summer afternoon. To-day, as I look over my window garden, I find it presents quite a different appearance from my first effort in that kind of gardening. That early collection was composed of four plants—a Rose, a Pinks, a Chrysanthemum, and a Cactus. The last was to bloom—next year. Alas! how long the years were then; and as my knowledge of astronomy was rather crude, I used to fancy, judging from the Cactus, that a year in the tropics was quite a lifetime.

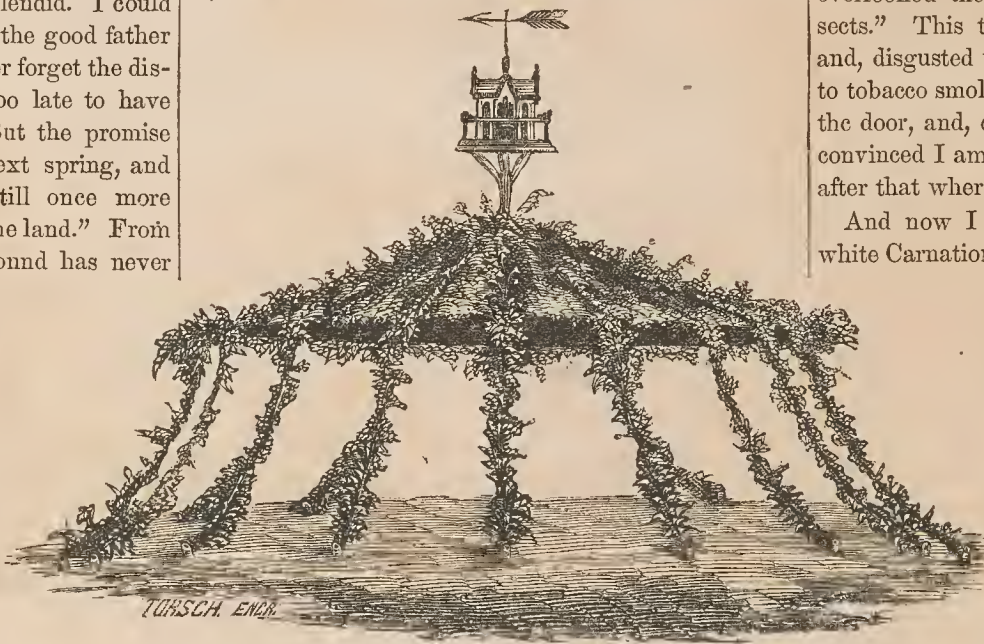
Let me point out to you a few of my pets. First my Calla; a noble plant, full three feet high; one blossom, you perceive, is scarcely unfolded, yet another bud is already peeping forth. Last year it gave me just such a lavish display of bloom; and really the latter

part of the winter the leaves were so large (twelve and fourteen inches long), and the whole plant was so luxuriant, I began to fear my window garden would be all Calla. How do I manage it? I give it a deep layer of new, rich earth in the autumn; keep the saucer nearly full of water, which I pour in on the top every morning, usually as warm as I can bear my finger in. Now and then it gets a drink of a mixture concocted in the hen-house; but water is all it asks, if



ARBOR OVER GATE OR WALK.

it is given a good, rich nest at first. Of course, I wash the leaves now and then, for I have no fancy for harboring insects on those massive beauties. Here you perceive my Bonvardia. It has been my ewe lamb for a long time, as I never have success in raising slips. In the December number of the CABINET I found



AN UMBRACULUM.

directions for propagating it by root cuttings, and next spring I intend to devote a portion of its tendrils to that purpose. This large specimen has been in constant bloom since last July. It rested in a light cellar the previous winter, and the pot was plunged in the border early in June. When it was brought into the house in October, it was first put in a cool room for a few weeks, then placed in the window; not a bud suf-

fered, and new blooms have continued to form ever since. I am fond of stealing from the phosphate barrel, and digging a spoonful or so about the tops of my flower-pots now and then, which may account for the good behavior of Bonvardia. It is very large, I know; but it is four years old, and is in an extra size pot, where I intend it shall remain for twelve months more, at least. My Tree Mignonette I think will never stop blooming; certainly, I hope not. And it is such a sturdy little fellow, asking so few favors, but always so proud of its first pruning, so determined to do its part, and never for a minute be mistaken for its more unfortunate brethren, who have run to slender stems and are hanging languidly over this large pot beyond. This shelf of Geraniums just bursting into bud, will soon, I trust, present quite a different appearance from the green border they now show. I like small pots for the Zonales, for I am quite sure I get better blooms. I always, however, have my centre one large, then with a good growth of wood, I have a fine lot of slips ready to cut off in March. From this "General Grant" I expect great things, judging from the mother plant, of which it was a slip last fall. That was taken from the ground the previous autumn, put in a medium sized pot, and came into bloom in February. It did well until transplanted to the garden in June (I seldom dare to put my plants out till June 1st). Of course, it had some pruning, and dropped most of its leaves; but it burst forth almost instantly, and was in bloom as soon as some of the fresh cuttings. When the heavy frosts of autumn came it was one great scarlet bouquet. And these are my Roses. Ah, me; such trouble as my Roses give. I consider each one of these buds as worth its weight in gold. One day I find them alive with vermin; a bath of soap-suds, and the brightest eyes can't find a single green fly left. Two days more, and behold an army of them. Next a drenching in tobacco water, and the same disappearance takes place, while I look with satisfaction on the little green bodies clinging to the sponge and floating in the basin. Victory this time sure. A few days more and the mother says: "I think you have overlooked these Roses; they seem covered with insects." This time perhaps a pan of coals appears; and, disgusted with defeat, the whole room is given up to tobacco smoke. In the course of a few hours I open the door, and dust-pan in hand, brush up the victims, convinced I am conqueror for two weeks, at least; but after that where do those green flies come from?

And now I will pick you a little bouquet. This white Carnation, and La Purite beside it, with a cluster Rose Geranium leaves, a branch of Sweet Alyssum, and a spray of my favorite Mignonette; this Heliotrope, Bonvardia, a bud each of Safrano and Agrippina, a Lantana and a branch of Begonia.

Before you leave, however, I should like to know the mystery of this Cobea Scandens Variegata. It was crowded almost to death in a large garden basket during the summer, but in November was taken up and potted in this six-inch pot. After a few weeks, as it looked badly, I cut it down three-fourths, to within six inches of the earth. It has pushed out one little branch, which has wound its tendrils round the top of the old stem, and there it rests, or rather fades.

J. VICTOR.

Removal.—Office of LADIES' FLORAL CABINET will be removed, May 1, to 46 Beekman street.

The Household.

THE USES OF RATTAN.

The plant known as the Rattan is a species of Calamus of the Palm family, and is a native of various parts of the East Indies, especially in the forests of Sumatra and Borneo, it is produced in immense quantities. The article known to commerce is the long and slender leaf stalk of the plant which grows to the

and whalebones, and they are manufactured into chair seats, chairs, mats, baskets, sieves, hats, shoes, umbrella frames, and many other articles. The coarse matting used for covering offices, or public halls, is made from this same useful material. Then, when the glossy bark is removed by means of machinery, invented for the purpose, slender round canes are left, which are ready to be manufactured into the neatest kind of trellises, and frame work for verandas, or for house plants. Indeed, so extensive has this branch of the business become, that very large establishments

while with those of Rattan there is no trouble at all. So popular have they become that they are to be had of all large florists; and I am informed that last year a cargo was shipped to South America, as the beginning of a large trade with that quarter of the globe.

But, to return to the history of the Rattan, let me not overlook one of its most common uses, namely the material known to the trade as "Exeelsior," a material very popular with upholsterers, for stuffing mattresses and furniture, and for packing fine goods. This consists simply of the shavings of the Rattan, pro-



INTERIOR OF A GRAND WINTER GARDEN IN ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

height of sixteen or eighteen feet of uniform size. These canes are covered with a hard and glossy bark, that may be split off in thin strips, and used for a great variety of purposes, perhaps there are few articles in the world more capable of being turned to good and useful account than this plant, which is found to be an excellent substitute for many other materials, and is exported to nearly all parts of the globe.

The great strength and flexibility of these long canes, render them available as substitutes for ropes

are occupied in this alone. I am told that a single New England firm make and sell 50,000 a year of these trellises of various sizes and patterns, from eighteen inches, to sixteen feet in height. These being afterwards painted green, are rendered very tasteful and beautiful, and are not liable to rust, as those of iron-wire will always do. Another advantage learned from my own experience with delicate vines, is that with metal frames the summer sun renders the wire very hot, and this scorches the tendrils and kills the plant,

duced by the scraping and smoothing necessary for removing the outer bark, and for reducing the canes to smaller sizes suited to these various manufacturing purposes. Thus, every particle of the plant is of some use, and by the introduction of machinery, the various processes of preparation and manufacture are rendered simple and rapid. Being so light of weight in proportion to its bulk, it is seldom shipped as an entire cargo, but is made part of a miscellaneous one of teas and spices.

A. M. H.

The Ladies' Boudoir.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

"Ah, lack-a-day?" the grandame said,
 "Ah, lack-a-day!"
 The sun shines warm on the roof to-day;
 The snow melts down from the eaves away;
 The grass shoots up through the softening clay.
 My two brave lads in the South are laid,
 Both in the same grave rudely made;
 What matters it whether the country is saved,
 To Mona, my child, and me?
 Who'll till for us the homestead farm,
 Who'll gather the harvest into the barn,
 And drive away with his strong right arm
 Grim want from Mona and me?
 Who'll cut for the fire the hemlock houghs?
 Who'll pitch the hay to the lofty mows?
 Ah, me! and who'll drive home the cows,
 For Mona, my child, and me?"

"Oh! is it well?" the maiden said,
 "Oh! is it well?"
 Did ye not hear the preacher tell,
 How good seems clogged with an evil spell,
 But God in his wisdom worketh well?
 And how if a man be brave and true,
 And cheerfully does what his strength can do,
 The Lord, in his mercy, will guide him through?
 'Tis as true for you and me!
 These hands can spin, if they cannot wield
 The workman's scythe, in the mowing field,
 And the golden crops which the harvest yield
 Shall not ungarnished be.
 True, we may not cut the hemlock houghs,
 Or pitch the hay to the lofty mows,
 But, Grandma, I'll drive home the cows,
 When the sun sets on the lea."

The Summer came. The Spring-time passed
 And the Summer came,
 Down through the freshly scented lane,
 Morning and evening, just the same,
 The brindled cattle went and came;
 Down by the brook, where the lilies blow
 Along by the banks where the mosses grow,
 And the tender grasses, bending low,
 With the sweetest juices fill.
 And farmer Bright saw the little lass,
 Up and down through the meadow pass,
 Ankle-deep in the billowy grass,
 Sun-browned but winsome still;
 And he wondered why he never took
 The path that led by the meadow brook,
 In stead of going so far to look
 For pasturage up the hill.

"Ye stay too long!" The dame complained,
 "Ye stay too long!"
 The eastern sky is flushed with the dawn,
 The morning hirl soars up with a song,
 And the dew is dry on the grassy lawn;
 The unstrained milk is thick with cream,
 The needle rusts in the unsewed seam,
 While you, by the brookside, sit and dream
 Vain dreams that no good can do."
 O'er the face of the maiden a glowing tide
 Flushed till her cheeks were crimson dyed;
 She tried to speak, but her tongue was tied—
 Ah, Mona! She knew 'twas true.
 Still she could not own that 't was very sweet,
 Down where the path and the wavelets meet,
 To tarry awhile with lingering feet,
 Fair reader, nor yet could you.

"If you but knew—" She faltered at last,
 "Oh, if you but knew!"
 Dear Grandmamama, may I tell to you
 The tale that he told, so tenderly true?
 The grandame sharply queried—"Who?"
 "Farmer Bright," said a voice at her side,
 Rich and deep in its manly pride,
 "Unworthy, he sues for a worthy bride,"—
 "And the good dame cleared her brows,—
 "He'll till for you the homestead farm,
 He'll gather the harvest into the barn,
 And drive away with his strong right arm.
 Solemnly too he vows,
 That dame and daughter shall know no care,
 If the maiden will answer his earnest prayer.
 Speak, Mona, beloved one,"—but Mona was—where?
 In the meadow after the cows.
 —John G. Andrews.

HOME ADORNMENTS, OR ECONOMY PUT TO A TEST.

BY ILI NOIS.

Let it be my cheerful endeavor to tell the little corner of the world devoted to the interests of THE FLORAL CABINET, how, with but little money, one can make a plain place of sojourn both pleasant and attractive. It is true, that we would prefer rare pictures, graceful statuettes of gleaming marble, richly carved brackets, pretty stands of flowers, easy chairs and all those accessories so luxurious and appreciable in a beautiful abode. But if money, with its magic power is wanting, must our homes go unrelieved by those adornments that help make them the fairest and dearest spots on earth? It is not absolutely necessary

that we should depend on the taste and skill of others to supply them; but on the contrary, if we accept the simple means at our disposal and take time and patience, wonders may be effected. Now, I shall confine this description to articles made by one whose efforts in that direction were sufficient to put economy to the most severe test.

First, discarded hoops were brought into use. There, don't the noses of some of my readers curl suggestively, and doubtless more than one exclaims: "Will ever old hoops cease being brought forward as useful or ornamental?" It is my humble opinion that they will always be found useful; even if lost to the world for a while, it is probable their skeletons will be found by future antiquarians who will stand over them in awe and contemplation; hold learned discussions and finally—but I am digressing and will not tell what can be done if these erratic thoughts are not subdued.

By the exercise of ingenuity, pretty brackets can be constructed. If there are any rough places on the hoops, make a thick flour starch, rub over, and when dry they will be found perfectly smooth; then paint brown and dust bronze powder over them and the effect will surprise and mislead many as to what they really are. The most appropriate pictures for placing on these brackets are engravings taken out of periodicals. Stitch them on stiff card-board and frame with long yellow straws; let the ends project an inch and a half; cross them with dark colored wheat ears; sew the same on the middle of the spaces at the end and sides, or make card-board frames an inch wide and cover with corn husks, sewn on in little points. The contrast of either is pretty against the dark bracket.

From the same material make three wall baskets of graduated sizes and finish each place of joining with gilt paper. The first basket fill with dried and crystalized grasses, vivid-colored autumn leaves, berries and everlasting flowers. The second reserve as a convenient receptacle for copies of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, and the third and largest hang up with a view to make a display; with it must be combined wooden brackets, made after "Illi Nois" model, and for which a patent is to be obtained.

This bracket is very simple and will therefore meet the requirements of many women unlike "El Mina," not the fortunate possessor of "John" to come with his strength and skill to their assistance. Saw from a smooth board, three-fourths of an inch thick, a piece six or eight inches square, or larger, if desired; bore a gimlet hole in each corner, paint, or if preferred, cover with red or green cloth; cut the border in points and embroider with yellow wool or silk floss, an easy pattern in Point Russe; take two pieces of worsted cord, each thirty-four inches long, put the ends through the holes and tie them on the under side in large knots, then cross them on top and they will hang evenly.

Suspend two of these brackets against the wall and within the wall basket previously mentioned, put on them pots of Ivy, Tradescantia, or any drooping vine or flower that fancy may dictate, and the result will be a fairy-like basket of green. Suspend similar brackets by the windows and if the plants require training make hoop or grape-vine trellises in the shape of crosses, arches, etc.; fasten securely to a slender stake and place firmly in the pot and they will amply repay time and trouble. For a comfortable sewing chair saw a light barrel in proper shape, then stuff the inside with cheap cotton, put a layer of the same around the outside, or better and more convenient to handle, take a worn-out quilt or comfort, and cover smoothly; then cover again with the discarded but pretty "Dolly Varden;" make a side plaiting four inches wide and stitch a narrow red or green oil calico band, about three-fourths of an

inch below the upper edge; surround the front, back and bottom with this band and every joining will be concealed; tuft the back and bottom with pieces of the colored calico, finish with castors, and none will deny the chair a beauty and success far prettier than many sold for fifteen dollars.

The half of a small keg makes a stool, a square box with hinged lid a good place for shoes, and an old, low trunk, covered and bound with the plaiting, is converted into a useful ottoman and made to do double service, as the inside can be used to hold spare bed coverings; an hour glass made to correspond will complete five necessary articles *en suite* that every woman requires in her own room.

Old-fashioned flat frames can be utilized in different ways with but little expenditure. First, cover smoothly with putty, then place corn on very evenly and let dry; out of the putty form pretty designs for the corners, such as scrolls, leaves, etc., etc.; paint and varnish, put in a picture, but leave a margin half an inch for a band of gold paper that width under the glass.

Another frame is covered with leather, relieved with bunches of oak leaves and clusters of acorns. A deep back made for either and covered with a velvet background for a group of "skeleton leaves" made after directions given in THE CABINET, will be appreciated as a beautiful household ornament. As gilt cornice for white curtains is not always to be obtained; a very handsome one can be made from stiff white swiss. Take a piece nine inches wide at each end, fold under an inch and a half and lay in large box plaits, tack to a wooden frame that projects about five inches from the window and that serves to support the curtains. On this plaiting arrange autumn leaves, brown and red berries, in contrast against the misty white, and a very tasteful and inexpensive cornice is the result. A hanging basket of card-board, covered with dried mosses and containing bottles of water holding thrifty sprays of Ivy, add completeness to the window. Rather an unique looking "What-not," and one that does not belie its name, is made out of three-cornered shaped boards, with front slightly rounded. A stiff paste-board band is fitted around the front; this is covered with buttons from an old "charm string." Arrange the light and brilliant colored ones in tasteful groups against the black and dark ones, and by lamp-light the display is both pretty and novel.

A beautiful toilet case is made from a common pine box. First give it three coats of good black paint, then line the inside with pretty chintz, or, if preferred, paint it. Arrange on the outside, in a tasteful manner, small dried leaves of different shapes and colors; those that are deeply serrated are prettiest and most showy. When covered to suit, brush warm glue water over it and let dry, and finish with three coats of copal varnish. The work will be found durable, easily performed, and the material without price and within the reach of all. An old-fashioned octagon table, with broad sides, is easily converted from an unsightly to a handsome piece of furniture by the same means. Some of these suggestions may not be new to all, but as "there is nothing new under the sun," it is not required that all our efforts shine forth with originality; therefore, in conclusion will say that this article was only written to assist sister women who seem to possess a hereditary propensity for "pretty things," but unfortunately have limited means to further their desire, and if in any way it helps them adorn their homes with satisfactory results, one adherent of THE LADIES CABINET will feel amply repaid for having her "say" about economy being put to a test.

Household Art.

HOMES OF TASTE.

SUGGESTIONS TO AMATEURS.

No. 2.

Who does not love to see pretty things about him in the place he calls "home." Walls covered with pictures, shelves filled with books and *bijouterie*, and corners adorned with everything beautiful that comes within his means. True, one can live without them; tables and chairs, beds and dishes, pots and kettles, &c., will enable us to get through life; some will therefore argue the uselessness of anything beyond. But such people will do for companions to the man who "hath no music in his soul;" his life must be all dull prose, without a line of poetry to smooth, and beautify, and adorn. Such cannot appreciate the harmony of colors, or the eternal fitness of things around them, and are therefore, as it were, deprived of one of the most enjoyable and delicate senses of our humanity. I write not for such, because mere utilitarianism will not understand my thoughts, however sensible they may seem to those of different natures.

Let us enter one of these tasteful homes, and see how well furnished and cosy it seems. The people who dwell here are not wealthy; they are mechanics, who toil for daily bread. The carpets are cheap ingrain, the curtains are only muslin, the furniture is of the most economical kind, but there is an air of neatness and taste that makes up for all the rest.

The walls are covered with pictures and fauery work, set in home-made frames of curious designs; there are brackets here and there that were carved at home in leisure hours; these luxurious chairs into which you may sink and rest your weary bones were made of barrels, stuffed, and covered by the mistress herself; these divans, so elegant and comfortable, with pillows at the back all covered alike with pretty furniture chintz, were made of rough packing boxes, and cost but a tenth of what would be given by others for a single article of cabinet made furniture, yet they are even more tasteful, and will last quite as long as Mrs. Golden's costly ones that are always kept covered with the same sort of chintz, because the satin upholstery is too elegant to be exposed. Thus, to outside observers, the two establishments are just alike, for visitors will not know that the one set of covers conceal wealth, and the other poverty; it is good management on the part of the mechanic's wife that has made them equal; and perhaps that, our friend may some day raise herself to the dignity of damask and brocatelle, but will she then feel the same freedom in using her elegant things that she now enjoys, unless alike protected and concealed by the same convenient chintz.

Upon Mrs. Golden's marble mantles there are very costly ornaments, vases of terra cotta or majolica that came from beyond the sea; but our poor friend, rich in ingenuity, has designed and manufactured her own tasteful arrangements, which to any candid observer surpass them in real elegance. A bouquet of wax flowers graces the centre, and vases of antique shape are on the ends of the shelf, itself only a painted wooden one, but made beautiful by the braided and embroidered lambrequin that covered and adorned it.

Let me describe these vases, and then the reader may go away and try her own hand in making their counterparts. Originally, they were but earthenware, smooth but unglazed, and selected on account of their exquisite shape, imitation of Herculean vases. A coat or two of dark green paint completely covered all signs of earthenware, and left the surface smooth and

clear, ready for the ornaments, which were then applied by the process known as *Decalcomanie*. The pictures chosen were birds, flowers and insects, with central Chinese designs, all purchased at one of the artists' material depots, together with the two kinds of varnish required for its application, and two small sable paint brushes. As the ground upon which the pictures were to be transferred was of a dark color, it was necessary to procure those prepared expressly for such grounds, as this is important to be known.

The process is as follows: Cover the picture entirely, (take care not to go beyond the outlines) with a slight coat of the fixing varnish; leave it to dry for a few moments, and then place it where you wish it to adhere, with the sticky surface next the vase. This done, cover the back of the picture with a piece of cloth steeped in water; then by means of a knife or pen holder, rub it all over so as to fix every part of it; then take away the cloth and rinse the paper with a small paint-brush steeped in water; at the end of a few moments the paper will come off, leaving the painting transferred. Of course, care is required at this stage, not to use too much water, or rub too long, or the picture will be spoiled; now place the vase near the stove until it is quite dry, and next day give it a coat of the polishing varnish.

It was by this simple plan that the dark green grounds were ornamented with exquisite designs, and after all was dry and hard, a coating of Damar varnish, applied to the entire surface of the vases, gave them a fine even polish. Even the gilding around the edges was transferred as exactly as if done by the hands of a skilled decorator.

This was the history of my friend's mantel ornaments, and I understand that the elegantly decorated china that graces her table on state occasions was originally plain white inexpensive ware, but by this simple process, it has become elegant indeed. It will bear careful washing, but *not soaking*, and if, by accident, a picture should show symptoms of wearing off, it can be entirely removed by a little turpentine, and replaced by another. Thus, if one should choose, a new set of decorations can be applied every now and then, and the same set renewed and renovated, as long as the dishes themselves will last.

This art may also be applied to the ornamentation of panels for doors and furniture, and many other beautiful objects that will answer well to offer as holiday gifts, and will be admired and prized by all who see them.

It is by some of these ingenious inventions of fertile brains, that persons of small means may beautify their houses, and supply to themselves the lack of wealth, showing that genius and taste may after all compete with gold.

ANNA M. HYDE.

Cottage Hairpin Receiver.—These are both useful and ornamental, and seem to be the latest thing in fancy articles. I will give the description of one both new and pretty. Of stiff brown pasteboard, make a square cottage without a roof, three and a half inches high at the sides, with pointed ends; between these, fasten a small stick with a tack in each end; begin at the bottom of the side, and crochet in common stitch, buff zephyr, a strip as long as the wall is wide and high; then for roof use brown, then buff for other side; crochet the ends, and scollops for cornice; stretch and sew tightly on the frame; cut pasteboard for windows, and with a woolen needlework brown zephyr over and under, in the form of blinds.

Turtle-Shell Card Receiver.—This is very pretty and odd. After the meat is taken out of the shell, boil

it in clear water about an hour, or until the skin will peel off, leaving the shell nice and white. It must not be boiled too much, or it will crack; then scrape out the meat and gluey substance with which it is covered. This must not all be taken off, as it holds the shell together, and when dry does not show. Care must be taken not to break off the rim, and the backbone left in; run a narrow pink ribbon through the holes around the edge, and make a bow at each end; draw wider ribbon or silk of the same color under each side of the backbone, and fasten with a little glue.

Fancy Pin Cushion.—Crochet or make of cloth a little shoe, or what is better, take an infant's slipper with ankle strap, make the body of a fat old woman in sitting posture, as large as will fill the shoe; with a pencil mark a face upon a hickory nut; take a piece of white muslin two inches square, and double three corners; sew tightly around the head and then to the body; make the dress of some bright-colored stuff; stick a row of pins down the front for buttons; put the doll in the shoe, and fasten the ankle strap around the waist; cut two or three capes of different colored cloth, for needles; make swiss or lace cap with full border, and you have the "Old woman who lived in a shoe." She is very comical looking, and will be very suitable for fancy fairs and Christmas trees.

LEZA.

Flower Pot Covers.—A. N. D. S. wishes directions for covers for common flower pots. I give a few that I have found available. With coarse "tidy cotton" crochet or knit a case, more or less ornamental (at discretion), putting a shell or scallop at top and bottom. Form this case to fit the pot, using the ordinary long stitch, and widening from bottom to top. When finished, stiffen thoroughly by soaking in paste, made smooth, and as thick as very stiff flour starch, with as much dissolved white glue as there is of the paste; when well saturated, stretch over the pot to dry; then varnish with shellac, dissolved in alcohol, and when dry, with copal. Another pretty cover is made by cutting a pasteboard in two or more sections, narrow at bottom and widening to the top, to fit the pot; cover the seams, after sewing the parts together, with brown paper pasted on neatly; varnish with shellac and ornament with leaves, made of triangles of stiff brown paper, folded, and laid one over another until the whole is entirely covered; varnish each one with the shellac, and if the paper is not heavy, wet each leaf with stiff glue, and dry; then cut six graduated and scalloped circles, prepared as above with glue and varnish, and form into rosettes, placing a wreath at top and bottom; varnish the whole with copal varnish. A very exquisite cover is made thus; cut cardboard to fit the pot; wet the surface with white glue, and while damp cover thickly with tapioca, sago, and rice; prepare little twigs from pine branches and raisin stems, by dipping them in bright scarlet sealing wax, dissolved or melted very thin; place them artistically on the white surface, and intersperse a few pretty shells among them. The effect is really beautiful; a border of shells top and bottom is an improvement. I make a cheap cover by forming rings to fit top and bottom of pot, with the wires of old hoopskirts, then form from the same a lattice-work, by cutting pieces of the length (slant wise) and crossing the reverse way; form an edge by beuding pieces of any desired length, in shape of the figure 8, and fastening with thread or fine wire; paint the whole a pretty color, and varnish; make chains of strung cloves, or rings of cherry stones, cut and hung in festoons around the top. This is a novel but very beautiful addition.

AUNT CARRY.

Household Elegancies.

FLOWER-POT COVER.

This flower-pot cover consists of three circles of large and small leaves of light gray and green oil-cloth, the under edges of which are fastened together by a hoop, while the upper ones are fastened with an elastic cord. For making the original, which is designed for a flower-pot four inches and a half high and an inch and three-quarters in diameter around the under part, cut patterns of double gray oil-cloth and pasteboard each, polka stitch with green silk twist veins. Next take a covered steel hoop two-fifths of an inch wide and fifteen inches long, fasten the ends together, work a strip of green oil-cloth on the outside of the hoop and fasten on the inside first the eight green and then the eight smaller gray-leaves so that they shall come in alternating positions. Fasten the eight larger gray leaves to the outside of a corresponding ring of gray oil-cloth, and sew this ring to the steel ring with overcast stitches on the under edge, and back stitches on the upper edge. In backstitching, however, the stitches must not come through the outer green leaves. The latter are sewed together by the edge of the button-hole stitch from the ring two-fifths of an inch up. Lastly, work a button-hole-stitch loop in the middle of the inside of each large gray leaf, two inches from the point, and run through these a black silk elastic cord, which is sewed together to a ring four inches and a half in diameter, and which fastens together the inner circle of leaves. The cover may, of course, be made of any size, as both the size of the leaves and their number may be increased.

CRYSTAL BEAD AND NETTED GUIPURE BOUQUET-HOLDER.

Materials: Coarse and fine silver wire, crystal beads.

This bouquet-holder is easily and cheaply made. It is entirely of crystal beads, which are strung on silver wire and finished with pretty netted guipure lace. Fig. 1 shows the holder in use with the lace and bouquet; Fig. 2 shows the simple holder.

Cut, first, of heavy silver wire twelve pieces, each eighteen inches long; lay these together, and five inches from one end pass on a wooden knob which has been wound with

white thread, then wind the wires under the knob fast together with the finer wire. Then wind the wire itself with the smaller crystal beads strung on the fine wire, and fasten the end into the knob, by which means a sort of loop handle is made. On the upper part of the wire make six leaves in the manner shown by Fig. 2, for which the beads on the outer edges are strung on wire, and for the veins on silk. Having strung on each wire the requisite number of the large beads bend the ends into loops three inches long, and twist together the wires between the leaves in the manner



FIG. 1.—CRYSTAL BEAD BOUQUET

shown by the illustration. The end of each wire is fastened down with thread. The veins in the leaves are made with beads strung on silk. Now string the fine beads on fine wire, and weave with this the middle part of the twelve wires in the manner shown by Fig.



FLOWER-POT COVER.

2. In the original this part is about five inches long, and is four inches in circumference around the upper part. For fastening the bouquet in the holder arrange a pin fastened by a bead cord in the manner shown by the illustration.

The foundation for the lace is netted in the round of fine thread over a coarse knitting needle. The width must, of course, correspond to the circumference of the holder, which may be made of any size desired. For a small holder fifty-four stitches would

be sufficient. On this work thirty-five rounds in the round, but in the first round two stitches instead of one must be worked in every ninth stitch. This widening must be repeated in the same position of every round, and by this means the points are formed. Having completed the foundation, stitch it over a piece of oil-cloth of requisite size and shape. The under edges are worked in button-hole stitch with fine thread. The design figures and four-leaved little flowers are worked with enameled cotton; the long leaves are worked with thread in point de reprise. In sewing on gather the upper edge slightly.



FIG. 2.—BEAD

BOUQUET-HOLDER.

Putty Frames.—Take from two to seven pounds of putty, according to the size you wish to have your frame; as much Spanish Brown—or any other shade of paint you may wish to dissolve—as will give right color; work this in your putty until no specks are seen. Then work the putty into whatever design you desire, with your fingers, and lay them on your frame. Grapes, leaves and curls, or tendrils, are used more than any other design. I have seen small cucumbers, small tomatoes, and similar fruit, put on putty frames. The bordering on both sides—next the glass and outer edge—should resemble “bead” work as much as possible, making the putty in shape of coffee on the edge. Another pretty way for coloring a dark, rich color, is to take logwood dye, with a little saleratus dissolved in it, washing the frame after fancy work is made. I have never tried this with putty. Only by practice will this work excel others.—Ann.

Drying Sea Mosses.—Sea mosses can be dried by placing them in a soup plate, or any shallow dish filled with fresh water, and a little bit of alum added to it. Float the moss by placing pieces of white paper under it, and then take a camel's hair brush and arrange the fibrous leaves in a natural manner upon the paper or cardboard. If the moss is very fine, the point of a needle will be useful in preparing it. When the specimens are placed to your mind, raise the paper carefully, so that the moss will not be disturbed, and let it rest in a slanting position, so that the water can run off. When still damp, place an old bit of soft linen over it, and press in blotting paper. Let it remain under heavy pressure until dry. With pink and green sea-woods one can represent lovely moss rosebuds, and also other flowers.

Crystallized Flowers.—Make baskets of any shape with pliable copper wire, wrapping them about with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom Violets, Geranium leaves, Myrtles, Ferns, in fact, anything you like best, save full-blown Roses, and sink them into a solution composed of one pound of alum to a gallon of water. Don't dip the flowers until the solution is cold, as the flowers will retain their natural beauty, and the alum will hold faster than when it is hot. When alum enough has adhered to form a light coloring of crystals, completely enveloping everything, remove the basket very carefully, and let it drip for twelve hours. These baskets are very beautiful ornaments, and long maintain their freshness and fine appearance.

Bleaching Shells.—Fresh-water shells can be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime. Wash the shells very clean; then place them in a dish or jar of the solution. Put them in the sun, and when they are white enough, take them out, wash in pure water, and then rub with a flannel, moistened a very little with olive oil. This will give them a handsome gloss.

Housekeeping.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

MISSOURI CORN-BREAD.

Sift one quart of corn-meal, beat three eggs very light, and stir well into it with one pint of buttermilk, or sour milk, half teaspoonful of salt, and a small teaspoonful of soda; set an iron or tin baking-pan on the stove, into which put a tablespoonful of lard or butter; when melted and the pan hot, toss it around the pan until it has touched all parts; then stir it quickly through the mixture, pour into the pan while it is hot, and bake a half hour in a quick oven.

FINE TEA ROLLS.

One coffee-cupful of raised dough, one coffee-cupful of sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter or good lard, one tablespoonful of white, powdered sugar, flour sufficient to mold (make as soft as possible); knead until smooth and no longer sticky; raise until perfectly light and cracked on the top; work very slightly, and cut into cakes with a small cutter; raise again for an hour or less, and bake only fifteen minutes, with the oven as hot as it can be made.

SPICED BEEF.

Procure about ten pounds of the brisket of beef; cut it into long strips, about three inches thick, and rather narrower than the vessel it is to be boiled in; spread on it one teaspoonful of black pepper, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of mixed spices (finely powdered), viz.: allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and mace; also, a teaspoonful of powdered celery seed; mix all these thoroughly, and spread evenly over the surface of the meat; then, commencing at one end, roll it up very tightly; sew up the ends, and fasten securely in a thick towel. Put it into a boiler of hot water, into which have four onions sliced, two carrots, two turnips, a large bunch of sweet herbs (parsley, thyme, sweet marjoram, and horseradish); boil three hours, then remove. See that the cloth is well secured, and put on a dish, with another on the top; place a heavy weight upon it (of fifty pounds); let it remain twelve hours; then remove from cloth, and slice in very thin slices. This is a very delicious relish for luncheon or tea, and makes fine sandwiches for picnics, travelling lunches, &c.

BATH BUNS (EXTRA).

Rub together, with the hand, one pound of fine flour and a half pound of butter; beat six eggs very light, yolks and whites separate, and add them to the flour, with a teacupful of good home-made yeast; add

a half cupful of warm milk. This is the sponge. Set it in a warm place for three hours; then add a coffee-cupful of powdered sugar; add just sufficient flour to mold easily into buns; butter the baking-tins thoroughly, and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make twenty buns. For those who do not object to it, a wineglassful of rose brandy and sherry wine mixed equally, will be found a great improvement.

SPICE AND CLOVE ORNAMENTS.

To make a clove apple, take a hard, winter apple and stick it as full of cloves as you can. The cloves preserve the apple, and, if not handled too roughly,

with apple jelly, or desiccated cocoanut mixed with white of egg beaten, and then roll.

LEMON PIE WITH TWO CRUSTS.

Two lemons, three eggs, two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour or corn-starch; grate the rind, and squeeze the juice of the lemons.

VERMIN EXTERMINATOR.

Vermin of all kinds infesting closets, beds, sinks, &c., may be exterminated by using strong alum water.

This is a safe and cleanly remedy. For insects troubling plants, I think a weak solution of carbolic acid the very best remedy. It is death to all insect life, I believe. My theory is, that insects should never be seen. When I take my plants to their winter quarters, I begin at once to fight the enemy, and put up my fortifications. Once in two weeks I use a fumigation of tobacco stalks and leaves, and once a week sprinkle with weak carbolic acid in the warm water used for the morning bath. Twice a week I water thoroughly with warm water; each morning I sprinkle and cleanse the leaves. My plants are things of beauty, and a joy forever.

BEDBUGS.

I never but once was troubled with these obnoxious insects; that one time was sufficient for one lifetime. I was so unfortunate as to reside in a house in Chicago that was absolutely infested with bedbugs and roaches. The bugs were in the paper, in the cracks of the floors, in the nail-holes, indeed, were everywhere. But I at once made a whole gallon of poison, using one-fourth of a pound of corrosive sublimate, one ounce of camphor gum, one-half gallon of benzine, one-half gallon of hot water; painted with a sash-brush every crack and crevice,

then all my bedsteads, bureau drawers, &c., and mixed some in the paste used for renewing the paper. In one month every vestige of the vermin had disappeared, and I never was troubled again. Those who will poison their bedsteads, &c., in the month of March, will never be troubled with bedbugs. Always paint all the slat ends and inside parts of a bedstead when first purchased, and prior to putting up, and bugs will never remain in it any length of time. I have been housekeeping twenty-five years and have never (save the one time mentioned) been in the least troubled with these pests of the household. Roaches can never be exterminated if there are hot-water pipes in the building.

AUNT CARRY.



A SPRING WALK.

it will become very hard. This is a curious ornament, and will keep its fragrance a long time.

To make baskets of cloves or spice, soak in spirits of some kind, or hot water, and string on wire; intermingle with beads, and form into the required shape. Hanging-baskets should be made with pendants around the top, and a large tassel attached to the bottom, and can be suspended by cords and tassels made of spice and beads.

ROLL CAKE.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt; bake in a long, flat pan. When done, spread

Home Readings.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

Six in a row on the doorsteps there,
Nice little school-ma'am, prim and fair,
Funniest noses, dimpled chins—
Listen awhile! the school begins.

Class s in 'rithmetic, come this way.
Why were you absent, Mary Day?
Now, Miss Susan, what's twice four?
May be it's 'leven—may be more.

Johnny, don't blow in your brother's ear,
Stop it! or I must interfere!
Say your tables—now begin!
"Trustees" might come dropping in!

What would they ever say to us,
Finding school in such a fuss?
Baby Jennie, how is that?
D O G, dear, don't spell eat!

Terrible boy! your face is red—
Why will you stand upon your head?
Class in spelling, that will do;
Here's certificates for you,

Faces as pure as the morning sun,
Voices that ring with harmless fun;
Sweet is the lesson you impart!
Sweet! and I learn it all by heart.

Six in a row on the doorstep there,
Nice little school-ma'am, prim and fair—
Free of this world and all its pain,
Would I could join your school again!

Female Society.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes the women who are accustomed to and at ease in the society of men superior to their sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of rivalry; and the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The color of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their natures polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it could ever be done by those of men.

How the Boy Arises.—Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper region signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, down the stairs with a promptness that is

commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the parental summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.—*Danbury News.*

Reticent People.—Valuable in society, at home the reticent are so many forms of living death. Eyes they have and see not, ears and hear not, and the faculty of speech seems to have been given them in vain. They go out and they come home, and they tell you nothing of all they have seen. They have heard all sorts of news and seen no end of pleasant things, but they come down to breakfast next morning as mute as fishes, and if you want it, you must dig out your own information bit by bit, by sequential, categorical questioning. Not that they are surly or ill-natured; they are only reticent. They are disastrous enough to those who are associated with them, and make the worst partners in the world in business or marriage; for you never know what is going on, or where you are, and you must be content to walk blindfolded if you walk with them.

Bad for Would-be Sensible Girls.—"Carrie" writes from Brooklyn to say that it is impossible for her to be a sensible girl because the men won't permit her to be so. If upon a moonlight night she wishes to talk about the stars, the male idiots about her compare the stars with her eyes. If she speaks of a rose as possessing a beautiful hue, they say her cheeks rival it. Should she venture to call attention to the melody of the night-bird's song, these moukey-men tell her that her voice is sweeter music. In view of this state of affairs, "Carrie" asks how can she be anything else than a fool.

The Charms of Music.—One of the New York clergymen, who is a fine singer, on a recent visit to a mad-house, approached the cell of a maniac, who rushed for him as far as his chain would allow, shouting, "I'll kill you!" "I'll beat your brains out!" "Clear out!" Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing "Our home in heaven." First, the madman listened, then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain, one arm relaxed, and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled up on his bed of rags as quiet as a child, and when the hymn was ended, he looked up, saying, "More, more." The preacher sang till his strength gave way, and then he left.

Good Sense.—It will preserve us from censoriousness; will lead us to distinguish circumstances; keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to be immovable and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

Judgment.—A man who has good judgment has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times the strength.

To be Pitied.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despised. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone and eats a substance he does not earn.

A man in Fairfield county, Conn., recently lost his wife. The reputation of the man for closeness in money matters was widespread. After her death it was proposed by her friends to remove the body to a neighboring town. He feigned sickness at the removal in order to save car fare to the funeral; but when the body was put in a wagon preparatory to going to the distant station, and it was found necessary to take a rope to secure the coffin, he mustered strength to get to the door to request that they return the rope, "as it was handy to tie up the calf."

A little girl in a New York orphan asylum, who was punished for scratching another little girl's face, by being required to learn a verse from the bible, was allowed to make her own selection, and chose the first verse of Psalm 144: "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

Josh Billings says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

An English Vicar was standing, on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket full of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our best taters—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in your sermon that common taters (commentators) don't agree with you."

They tell about a sleepy and prosy clergyman up country, who prayed one evening that "the inefficient may be made efficient, the intemperate temperate and the industrious dustrions."

A little boy, who had often seen his mother wind the clock, was observed one day solemnly feeling of his right side. At length he said, "Mamma, I des believe my heart is ruined down, I taut feel it swiugin any p'ace."

A boy, six years old, living on Murray Hill, having been much lectured on the babyishness of crying when any calamity happens, cheered the parental heart the other morning by saying: "Harry B. cried nearly all day 'cause his father died; but if you should die, pa, I wouldn't cry a bit."

We met an old negro trudging along with a heavy side of bacon that he had bought, swinging over his shoulder. We observed that he was miserably clad, and we felt sorry for him, for a bitter cold wind was blowing. We remonstrated with him. "Why do you spend your money for meat? You'd better buy a coat?" The old man stopped, looked us full in the face for a moment, and said, in a most solemn tone, "Massa, when I ax my back for credit it gives it; when I speak to dis (laying his hand upon his stomach) it calls for de cash."

A little darkey in Louisville drew \$12,500 in the library concert. He says all he asks for is a pair of boots and a bushel of peanuts.

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself; the man who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well pleased with you.—*La Bruyere.*

If you wish particularly to gain the good graces and affection of certain people, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their dominant weakness—for every one has his own—then do justice to the one and a little more than justice to the other.

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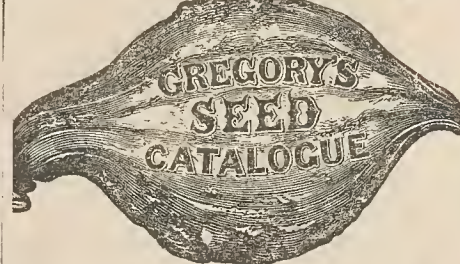
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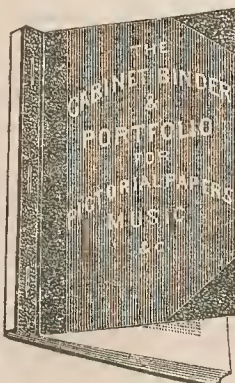
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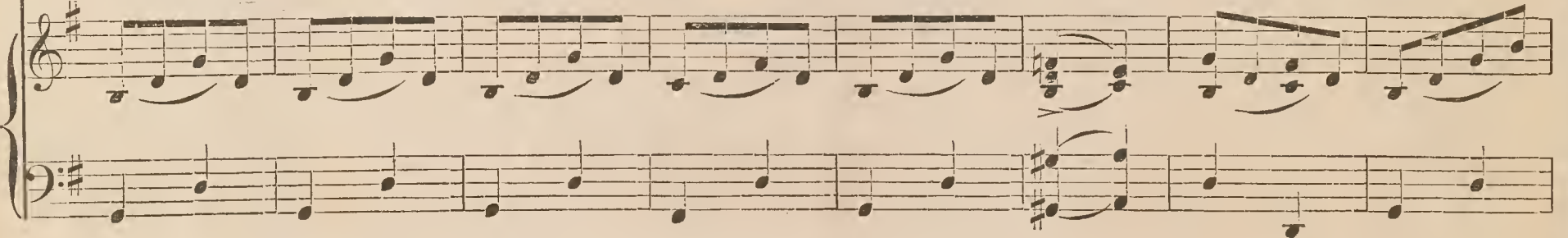


1. Lit-tle feet that pat - ter,
 2. Eyes as bright as ber - ries
 3. Come and kiss your moth - er,

Down the en - try stair,
 On the mountain side,
 When you old - er grow,

Lit-tle hands that scat - ter
 Lips and cheeks like cher-ries,
 Do you think an - oth - er

Ros-es ev-'ry - where;
 Golden hair, blue-eyed,
 Ev-er'll love you so?

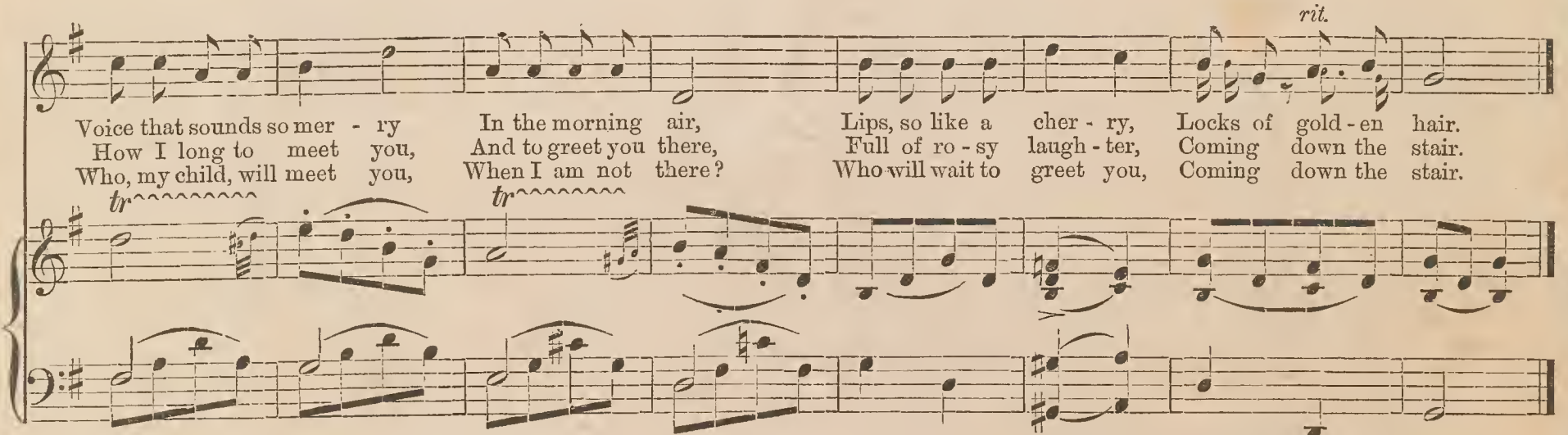


Voice that sounds so mer - ry
 How I long to meet you,
 Who, my child, will meet you,

In the morning air,
 And to greet you there,
 When I am not there?

Lips, so like a cher - ry,
 Full of ro - sy laugh - ter,
 Who will wait to greet you,

Locks of gold - en hair.
 Coming down the stair.
 Coming down the stair.



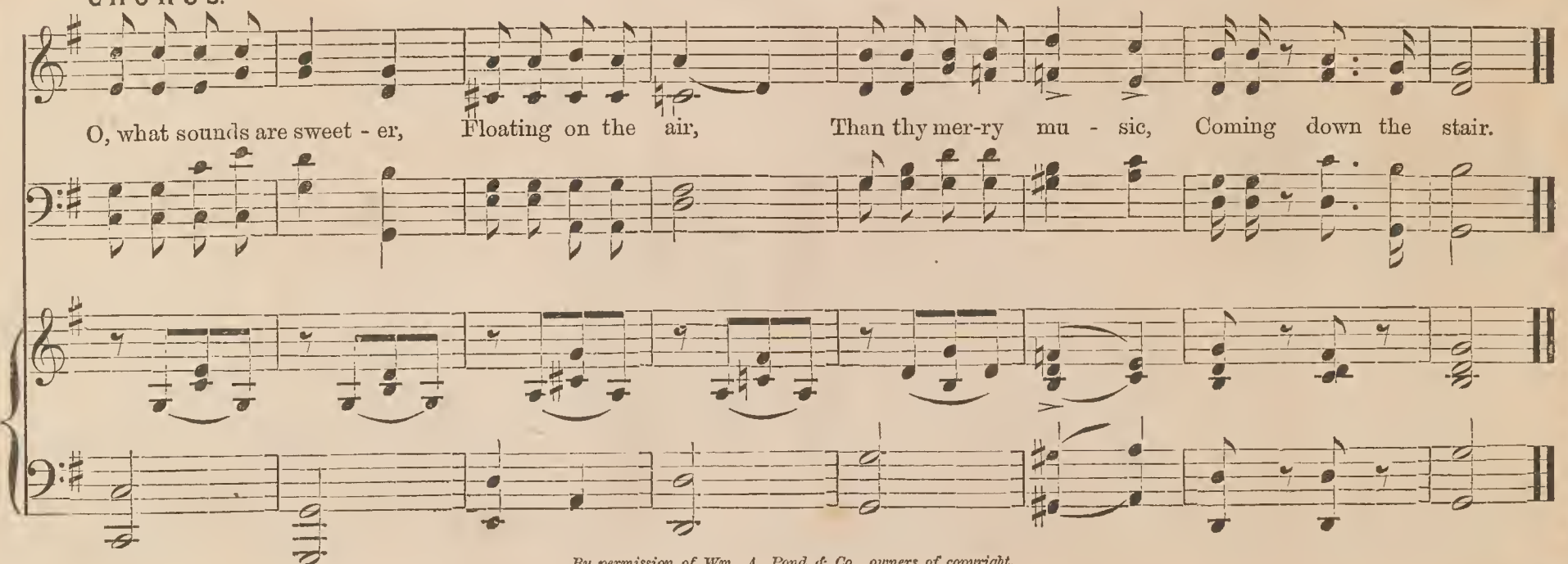
CHORUS.

O, what sounds are sweet - er,

Floating on the air,

Than thy mer-ry mu - sic,

Coming down the stair.



THE LADIES' HOME GAZETTE

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1874.

No. 29.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

MEALY BUGS.

SCENE—A CONSERVATORY.

Spectators ensconced in dark corners of the cobweb galleries, plotting the destruction of some poor fly. Also, parties of aphids are present, more intent upon chewing Geranium leaves than upon witnessing the performances. There may be a toad or two in the pit, but, if so, they were not sufficiently awake to cheer. Pussy stood in the door winking and purring in anticipation of a good fee, in catnip, from a pot in one corner.

The performances commenced with the Mealy Bug March, closing with a tragedy, accompanied with the Dead March in Saul.

The instruments used were a tooth brush and small syringe, winding up with a grand flourish from the watering-pot.

Let me describe, not introduce, to you this same Mealy Bug. It is by no means an ugly looking insect. They remind

me of guinea pigs; oval in form, in color white, a silvery white, with sometimes a buff or a pink tinge, as if the pink were seen through gauze, reminding one of those pretty white shells with pink lining. They are disgusting creatures to kill, and are very troublesome on some plants, particularly on Bouvardias. I have been fighting them on an Ivy Geranium for the past two years. They move so unwillingly it is a mystery to me how they get from one plant to another. The Mealy Bug March is a very slow march. I wish

to put you on your guard against them. I had frequently read of them, but did not make their acquaintance until about three years ago. At that time I received from a greenhouse two plants of *Basella Rubra*, in fine condition, apparently. Not suspecting mischief, and being busy, I merely watered the plants when necessary, for some little time; but alas! one day, on close examination, I found the stems covered with white insects. I find them on the stems of plants, in the axils of the leaves, on the under and sometimes on the upper sides of the leaves. They infest *Bouvardias*, *Coleus*, *Cissus*, *Discolor*, and one of my Ivy

ishing, do not take it for granted that it is going to be free from insects, but examine it daily, and do not complain of the florist who has sold you the plant, for if you cannot keep half a dozen plants free from vermin, how can you expect him to do so with hundreds?

MAY'S MIGNONETTE.

Maple Cottage, N. H.

Keeping Plants.—During the two last winters I have kept the main portion of my floral pets in a pit, raised on the north side, and facing the south. Last season frosty Jack came so close to them as to claim

some of them for his own; but now—the middle of January—they are looking quite pretty. I have there a Scarlet and a Pink *Salvia*, blooming; *Verbenas* and *Geraniums* in bud, *Fuchsias*, *Heliotropes*, *Carnations*, *Petunias*, &c. I have a Scarlet *Geranium*, blooming, which is a seedling about eight months old. I have



ARCHES OVER STREAM NEAR LULL WATER, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Geraniums. I cannot smoke them, and I do not like to use tobacco-soap or water, as, I think, it poisons me; so I persevere in washing and brushing. The best way to do is to "look out for the engine before it comes." Sometimes they are not larger than a small pin head, and sometimes are half as large as a water-bug. Look out for all little white specks on your plants, for they often contain the germ of a troublesome insect.

If a plant from a greenhouse looks fresh and flour-

repeatedly had seedlings of the Fish varieties to bloom the first summer, or autumn, although it is thought by some they will not blossom the first year.

I would like to learn through your columns which of the *Geraniums* are classed "Zonale." Are they the same as the *Pelargoniums*?

N. L. S.

Waterford, Va.

Answer.—*Pelargoniums* are not the same as *Zonale Geraniums*, but different in foliage and flower.

Floral Contributions.

ABOUT ROSES.

The Rose, whose title to the royal family of the flower-garden has never been disputed, stands chief among the beautifiers of home surroundings. Nobody expects to see a garden without Roses. From April till November they exhale sweet incense with the evening dew. It has become fashionable of late years to dig up and throw away all the Rose-bushes which have but one blooming season during the year. We protest against such vandalism, although pleading guilty ourselves. We always manage to leave fifteen or twenty specimen varieties of annual bloomers. Most of these would be special favorites if they could be induced to bloom three or four times during the summer. It has been my ambition for years to get a hybrid perpetual like George IV. The most popular Rose in this vicinity, during the last decade, has been the Giant of Battles. It is a Rose admirably adapted to this climate, enduring our winters as well as the annual bloomers. Blooms early, freely, and frequently during the season; flowers, brilliant crimson, large and very double. A very heroic lady—in flower culture—said to me more than a year ago: "I don't see why everybody makes such a fuss over Giant of Battles. It is a flat Rose; there is nothing about it except its color; and I prefer that," pointing to General Jacquemont, its most successful rival. A few years ago agents came around selling these Roses at a dollar apiece; afterward fifty cents. The neighboring nurserymen bought only a few varieties for propagation; and so in time the same hybrid perpetuals appeared in nearly every garden. Since florists have begun sending us Roses by mail, five and six for a dollar, we are getting a great many new varieties, and everybody expects to have something different from everybody else. Among our old Roses, one which nobody now thinks of buying, is Madame Laffay. And yet, with proper cultivation, it is really a beautiful Rose, especially in October, when the color deepens. We have three bushes of this; and during the five months following May 10th, you may always find either buds or blossoms on one of them. Left to grow in the grass and take care of themselves, they are of little value; but educate them, and they are worthy of a place in any garden. A few years ago we all had the Marshal Niel fever. Many a dollar was paid for a Marshal Niel which died the first winter. I procured mine in May; in the fall it bore two Roses—magnificent buds. Heaped manure around it when the frost came. In the spring it was dead to within an inch or two of the ground. It grew vigorously that summer—five feet or more—and had two little spells of blooming. Never contrived to show more than three buds at one time. It had buds when I covered it for the winter. That fall I bent the stems down as near the ground as I could, and had two or three wheelbarrow loads of manure, sawdust, leaves, &c., thrown over it. This might have preserved it if it had been properly done. I was too much afraid of breaking the canes, and they were not pegged down. In the spring, the stems were green for two or three feet, but all was black nearest the root. It sprouted after awhile, and grew four or five feet, but never budded during its third summer. Before the ground froze, I had a barrel, both ends removed, placed over it. This was filled rather loosely with manure and straw, the canes extending several inches above barrel and all. This last winter was unusually severe. Our common Roses were so badly killed down, that many

of them bloomed seawtily or not all. Peach trees, and many of the early Cherry trees, were killed. Even the wild Blackberries were so nearly destroyed they failed to bear fruit. When barrel and covering were removed, Marshal Niel was pronounced thoroughly dead. After awhile, one slender shoot came up and grew about twelve inches. One luckless day I found it lying low, pulled up from the ground.

The piercing cold, returning at unexpected intervals during the spring, took from me my pet Tea Rose, Bella, and a valued Beugal Rose, Madame Bosanquet. These were small plants, having come to me, with others, by mail, from C. L. Allen's farm, Long Island. Both bloomed finely during summer and autumn. Bella, one of the sweetest white Roses I have known, and Madame Bosanquet, a more delicate edition of our old pet Hermosa; more delicate in color only, as the flowers are quite as large. Around Bella I placed a hoop, representing a bushel measure with the bottom out; filled this with chip dirt nearly to the top of the plant. The visible portions of its stems were black before the mercury reached zero. Madame Bosanquet was similarly protected. Both were killed by the cold after they began leafing out in the spring.

Tea Roses are not adapted for out-door culture in our climate. Hybrid perpetuals are the most satisfactory. The earth must frequently be loosened at their roots, every Rose cut off as soon as the petals are full, weekly waterings of soap-suds given during the summer drouth, manure piled around them at the opening of winter (we have no snow to protect the roots), and all the dead wood cut out, and most of the new growth shortened as soon as they begin to grow in the spring. Under this treatment they give us a five-months' season of pretty constant blooming.

Among hybrid perpetuals, Baron Prevost has the worst reputation of any Rose in this community. It is a superb Rose, and blooms royally in May. But you may consider yourself fortunate if you catch a dozen Roses out, on two separate occasions, during the next four months. It sometimes comes out grandly in October.

A few of the Noisettes, and several of the Bengals and Bourbons, endure the frequent changes from warm to cold, and cold to warm, of our winters. Malmison, in this vicinity the most desired of all the Bourbons, dies with most people. Mine was already dead when it came. In sending for Roses by mail, it is well to order a mixture of ever-blooming Roses with hybrid perpetuals, as these latter will not do themselves justice till three or four years old, and rarely bloom the first summer; while the Bourbons will bud in two or three weeks after being taken from the post-office. Many persons are disappointed because these Roses are so small; but they make up in profusion what they lack in size.

MRS. L. M. MCFARLAND.

Centralia, Ills.

DAHLIAS.

I noticed in the September number of the CABINET Mrs. C. F. G. inquires if Dahlias are grown easily from the seed. Last year a friend gave me some Dahlia seeds in February. I planted them in a box of dirt, just common dirt, from the garden, that I put in the cellar in the fall. After planting the seeds, I set the box in the south window. I gave them no extra bottom heat. In about ten days they began to peep through the ground, and in two weeks they were all up nicely. About the last of March I took them all out of the box, stirred up the dirt, and put them back in the box. This transplanting stops them from growing awhile, and makes them more hardy and stronger. About the middle of May I set them out in the garden, and the

last of June they commenced to bloom, and bloomed until the frost killed them. I do not think the blossoms were so large or so numerous as when grown from the roots, but were much earlier than I ever had them from the roots.

Last spring I sent to Mr. Viek for flower seeds; among them I selected a paper of Datura Wrightii seeds, which I planted with great care, about the middle of April, in a box kept in the house, until time for planting out in the garden. There were four or five nice, thrifty plants. Every day I went to admire and see them grow. When about one foot high, one day while looking at them I thought I had seen something that resembled them. Stooping down to examine more closely, I caught the scent of the plant, upon which I immediately pronounced it to be Jimson. In my great surprise and vexation to think that I had sent clear to Rochester for Jimson seed, I commenced pulling them up, root and branch, and threw them away. My sister seeing me, begged me not to pull them all up; so I let two grow and bloom, and they proved to be a great novelty to all who saw them. The blossoms were very large, pure white, and very fragrant.

Now, I think, like Jennie P. says of Mignonette, if any one wants fragrant flowers, get the Datura Wrightii, and they will have a much prettier and equally fragrant plant than they find in Mignonette. I also raised a Ricinus. It grew eight feet high; it was admired by all who came into the garden.

Mrs. Lizzie Irvin and Mrs. R. W. Wickwire wish to know what will kill white worms in flower-pots. My experience has been to soak tobacco leaves, stems and all, in hot water; when cool, pour on the ground; it will not hurt the plants. I have put it on plants to kill the green lice. Also, a few drops of kerosene on the ground will kill them.

I should like to know what has become of El Mina. I hope she has not left us. I thought she was going to tell us how her pets get along that she put their feet in warm water and wrapped in flannel. H. S. P.

FINE GROWTH OF GERANIUMS.

Last spring I put down a number of Geranium cuttings. Of course, some of them died; but others have grown up superbly, and knowing you would be gratified to hear of my success, and also hoping to encourage others who may contemplate keeping a few plants around them, I write to inform you of it.

There is one Zonale in my little collection, of which I am very proud. I am not sure whether it is a Fire-fly or Coleshill; but it is a beautiful scarlet. It is not yet a year old. As well as I remember, it was sent to me some time during April, sixty miles through the mail. It has now eighteen branches, one measuring twenty-eight inches, others twenty-three and twenty-four, and ten and twelve, &c., and is, I believe, the finest growth I have ever seen in that length of time. It was planted immediately in rich soil, close to the side of the jar, where it still stands, never having been transplanted. If it had been kept in a green-house or a pit, it would, doubtless, have grown all the winter; but for the last three months it has been in a cellar, too cold and dark for it to grow much, and watered just enough to keep it alive. It has, however, retained many of its leaves; and since its removal to my room, where there is light and warmth, it looks green and fresh, and is putting forth new shoots rapidly. I have others of very fair growth, but none so vigorous as this. Will some of your readers tell me if they have ever grown more than twenty-eight inches in eleven months?

AMATEUR.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Zinnias.—There is probably no flower in cultivation so universally admired as the double Zinnias. They are annuals, continuing in bloom from May until destroyed by frost. They are of almost every color. As to the size of them, they are as large as Dahlias, and give better satisfaction than the Dahlia does of a dry season. Indeed, there is no flower I know of that will adapt itself so well to the season. They will bloom in any situation and any season. If those who detest flowers because they think it requires so much labor to grow them would kill out the weeds that grow in their dooryards and plant a few seeds of the Zinnia where the tallest and strongest grew, they would soon learn to love them. I never yet saw any one who disliked flowers that did not grow an abundance of weeds. The Zinnia will grow wherever a burdock or ragweed will, and is far prettier. I know our little ones always prefer the former. The Zinnia was formerly called Youth and Old Age, from the persistency of the blossoms remaining in perfection for so long. I have seen them so large and double and as pretty in six weeks after they came to perfection as in six days, some of them as perfect little pyramids of leaves, while others are as flat as if they had been patted down on top. All are beautiful and lovely gems.

MRS. M. R. C.

Pansies.—I want to tell the friends of the CABINET about my Pansies. They have been the attraction in my flower-garden since early in the summer, and still continue to feast the hungry eye of the flower-lover on a profusion of buds and an occasional flower. They were planted on the north side of a spreading apple tree where, during the hot dry months of summer, no sunshine fell until about four o'clock in the afternoon. And the tree that protected them from the scorching rays of the summer sun is also their protection from the frosts of winter. The leaves have covered them up except the tips, which are constantly full of buds and occasionally a flower, although we have had several hard frosts. I have laid old peasticks on the leaves to prevent their being blown away.

Mulching.—I wish your correspondents would give more of their experience in mulching. I have tried it some, but I think I have done as much harm as good by it. My Pansies, Verbenas and Phlox Drummondii were benefited, while my double Portulaca, Amaranthus Salicifolius and Abronia Umbellata were completely ruined, rotting off wherever the mulch touched them.

ELIZABETH ALDRIDGE.

Double Fuchsia.—Mrs. F. C. T. wants a double Fuchsia, but gives her address Montana Territory. If she will write and tell me if that is her post office, I will send her one. I don't want to start the little thing on its lonely way without knowing it will go to the right place and then meet a friend who will take good care of it.

MRS. H. A. HORTON.

Hersey, Osceola Co., Mich.

Answer to Enigma.—My answer to the enigma in the February number of the CABINET, is: "THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET AND PICTORIAL HOME COMPANION."

A SUBSCRIBER.

Is it a Wardian?—I want some one to tell a poor little girl if her's is a Wardian Case. In our parlor there was a large glass globe, some two or three feet high, which had long been an "eye-sore" to me on account of its empty appearance. I determined to fill it with something. I had on my thinking cap several days, when one evening I espied my brother in the

wagon bound for the woods. With neither hat or bonnet I ran to overtake him (you must know I am a country girl), and while he was cutting wood I rambled about feasting on nature's beauties. In a low bottom I discovered numerous plants, mosses, etc., which I began collecting, when presto! I had nothing to take them home in. I am one who generally overcomes difficulties, so without second thought I removed my calico overskirt, and brought them safely home. Now the next thing was what to plant them in. This difficulty was surmounted with a soup plate. Don't laugh. This is a quarter of an inch smaller than the globe. I heaped the dirt several inches higher than the plate, planted my treasures, and placed the globe over them. The next morning the globe was covered on the inside with dew. I removed it, and replaced it in half an hour, and each day since then (24th October) it has been in the same condition. How must I treat it? Is there any danger of its freezing in a room where water does? and will it injure the globe? I read in some paper that a flourishing case would have several large drops on the upper glass every morning. Mine has never had them; but is mine a Wardian?

The November CABINET came to me fraught with purest joy and interest. I have read Mrs. H. A. Horton's contribution several times, and fully endorse every word she says. In regard to exchanging plants, I think that one of the pleasantest ideas in the CABINET; but, alas for me! I have nothing but a few common, old fashioned plants. I am of the class that can't afford buying.

Louisburg, N. C.

LOU FOSTER.

Answer.—Yes; your's is a Wardian Case in principle. To be perfect, your plate should be large enough for the globe to stand on, and shut up the plants tight in their own atmosphere. The dew on the glass does no harm—do not remove it. The Wardian Case should not stand where anything freezes. If you have no better place, put it over night in a closet and wrap newspapers, or some cloth cover, around it. Keep it in a warm room during the day.

My Mound.—I collected into a large pile, of several feet in bulk, sod from new broken prairie; on this, during the winter, threw the slops from the chamber; in the spring forked over with a liberal supply of well-rotted manure. I then built it up in the form of raised circles. The first circle a foot in width; planted two Verbenas, mixed colors. I cannot tell their beauty; their long arms reaching out into the grass, covered with bloom. The next circle, double Portulaca; I never knew such growth. Above that, a circle of Pansies. In the centre of the top circle a Ricinus, of spreading habit.

DAISY DELIGHT.

Roses.—"H. B. L.," of South Carolina, thinks the soil does not agree with the Roses Mycophylla and Lamarque, or Magnolia. All that I have seen in Delaware act in this manner. The last mentioned Rose is not as bad as the former, though it breaks loose from the calyx, but clings to it in the centre until the Rose fades. The buds are so compact and full they do not expand properly. The leaves of this Rose are dark, rich, and glossy. I wish some one from Delaware would give the cause, or, better still, a remedy. Can any one tell me how to make the Parlor Ivy bloom? I have cultivated it five years, and have never seen it in blossom. A neighbor that procured slips from me in the summer, has plants in bud, and others have them in bloom. They say the flower looks very much like Flora's Paint-brush (Cacalia), only grows more in clusters. The answer of the Floral Enigma in the February number I saw at a

glance. The first six flowers I found out—they are as follows: Mollis, Acacia, Imperialis, Pentstemon, Dahlia, and Holbein. The others, I think, must have some figure wrong. The one before the last I thought must be Clothilde Rolaua, a cherry Rose; but it, according to the figures, did not spell right. The others also were Spanish to me.

Delmar, Del.

GEORGIA C.

Amaranthus.—"E. F.," in the March number of the CABINET, wants to know why Amaranthus Salicifolius did so poorly. The answer to that question, I take it, is contained in the question itself, "It was sowed early;" probably too early by a month. If started in a rich, light soil that will not cake, kept moist, and in a temperature of about 70 degrees in the daytime, there will be found no difficulty in raising it. I believe it to be a true hot-house plant, and it must have hot-house treatment. How much sun it will bear I have not yet discovered; but it will bear a great deal. Mine gets the sun from 2 P. M. till sunset, and has not yet been injured.

Bucks County, Pa.

C. W. T.

Marmareta.—I would like much to learn, through the CABINET, something of this plant. I have searched in vain for its treatment in our works upon flowers. The shape of leaves something like Oleander.

MRS. G. W. P.

Ornamental Gourds.—As those who wisely "take time by the forelock" are now making out their seed lists, I would beg to put in a word in favor of a class of vines not as universally cultivated as they certainly would be were their value known. I allude to the Cucurbita, which, with their sisters, the Cucumis and Ornamental Gourds, produce a most interesting and useful class of vines, remarkable at once for luxuriance and beauty of foliage and rapidity of growth, combined with flowers and fruit the most curious and truly elegant, many kinds appearing as if painted with the brush of an artist, so fine are the delicate pencilings and rare, exquisite colors; others deep in color and gigantic in size. Whether festooning the arches of an arbor, covering some unsightly wall or building, or trailing from the roof of dwelling or porch, they will ever be the admiration of all beholders. The Cucumis that are most beautiful are the C. Anquira, with its twin gourds, the odd teasel-like C. dispaccus, the serpent cucumber C. Flexuosus, the bright scarlet C. Medullefernes, the lovely C. Melo Chito, the gay C. perennis, with its pretty fruit and ornamental foliage, and the berry-like C. Grossulasia. Of the Cucurbita, C. Argyrosperma, C. digitata, C. leucantha longissima, and C. lagenaria gigantea, all possess charming foliage, and fruit most exquisitely marbled and colored. The last named, called the Sngar Trough Gourd, produces fruit so immense that a single Gourd will hold several gallons. Of the Ornamental Gourds there are a large number of kinds, and our best seedsmen offer seed from over fifty varieties, of which one of them thus speaks in his catalogue: "All of this class are highly interesting, combining as they do, foliage the most ornamental with fruit of the most singular description, both as regards shape and markings," &c. Gourd Anguira is a beautiful and showy creeper, the useful G. Bottle, G. Apple-Striped, which is one of the most ornamental, G. Egg-Shaped, G. Hercules Club, G. New Miniature, G. Orange, G. Pear-Shaped, G. Flat Corsican, G. Bishop's Head, G. Lemon, and many more. They are not only exceedingly beautiful, but very useful as well; and the most elegant and artistic hanging-baskets and vases I ever saw were made of them. Shall I tell you how, in another article? [Yes.—ED.]

AUNT CARRY.

Floral Decorations.

RUSTIC VASES.

Some of your readers may like to know how to make pretty rustic vases for their yards, with materials at hand. Let me tell them. Take a peach-basket, the usual kind will do if lined with straw wrapping paper to prevent the earth from washing through. There is a kind more closely woven, with a board on the bottom, which may be used without lining. I put a little powdered charcoal with the earth I put in the basket, as, I think, it keeps it from souring and moulding.

For the vase, cut a circular board the size of the top of the basket; fasten into the board a branch of tree, or a sapling with the bark on, strong enough to support it, and long enough to set firmly into the ground, and leave the board about two feet above. Now, take a barrel hoop and fasten it a little larger than the top of the basket, and by two strips tack it just the height of the basket, above the board. Now, fasten from hoop to board, in any way your fancy may dictate, twigs or hazel brush to make it rustic; line with moss; crowd the green through the spaces between the twigs and set your basket into it.

If prettily planted, with a tall plant in the centre, three or four smaller and variegated leaf Geraniums, with Coliseum, Ivy, and Lobelia around the edge, one will soon be quite satisfied with their labor. The Lobelia and Ivy, if raised from seed, must be sown where they are to grow, as it is difficult to transplant, though both will root easily by cuttings placed in water.

A crotched stick, with twigs woven around, and moss put in to make a nest for a flower-pot, will not dry so rapidly, and, with vines at the edge, is very pretty. I have found that lining the crocks with last year's leaves kept the roots from being injured in pots that I kept on the railing of a south porch. The leaves do not dry readily when next the earth, and the roots cannot touch the sides of the crock, if care is taken in lining.

I have lived several years in Iowa, and know the disappointment of a flower-bed in a hot, dry time, with a scarcity of water which you at the east know nothing about. These vases and crocks can be kept beautiful with less labor and less water than a bed containing the same number of plants.

For fertilizer I have used, one part cow manure, one part horse manure, and one of pounded charcoal, to prevent the disagreeable odor, kept in some old pail, and once a week used about the color of weak tea.

A FRIEND.

BORDERS FOR FLOWER BEDS.

In answer to the invitation to furnish a good and pretty border for beds, I will state what I have done in this way. Hazel brush being plenty hereabout, take sticks of uniform lengths and, bending them into arches, place each one to overlap its neighbor one



FLOWERING SHRUB, EXOCHORDIA GRANDIFLORA.

half; that is, having fixed one arch, commencing at the left, put the next one with the left arm to the centre of the first, and so on; then give a coat of wash as follows: Good unslaked lime, half bushel; slake with boiling water, the vessel being covered; strain through a fine sieve, and add one peck salt, dissolved

water, five gallons; stir well and let stand a few days. Coloring matter of any shade may be added, dissolved in whiskey. Spanish brown makes a red pink; potters' clay and Spanish brown gives a reddish stone color; yellow ochre, a yellow; chrome, bright canary color; blue vitrol gives a lovely blue—each shade made more or less dark by the quantity. Put on with a paint brush. Another pretty edge is made by boring auger holes in heavy but narrow boards, such as the studding to which laths are nailed in plastering; put these holes about half a yard apart, and drive sticks of desired height into them; on these nail laths, and then ornament with mossy sticks from the wood-pile or forest, in same manner as rustic baskets, and you have a very ornamental miniature rustic fence.

CARROL.

THE EXOCHORDIA GRANDIFLORA.

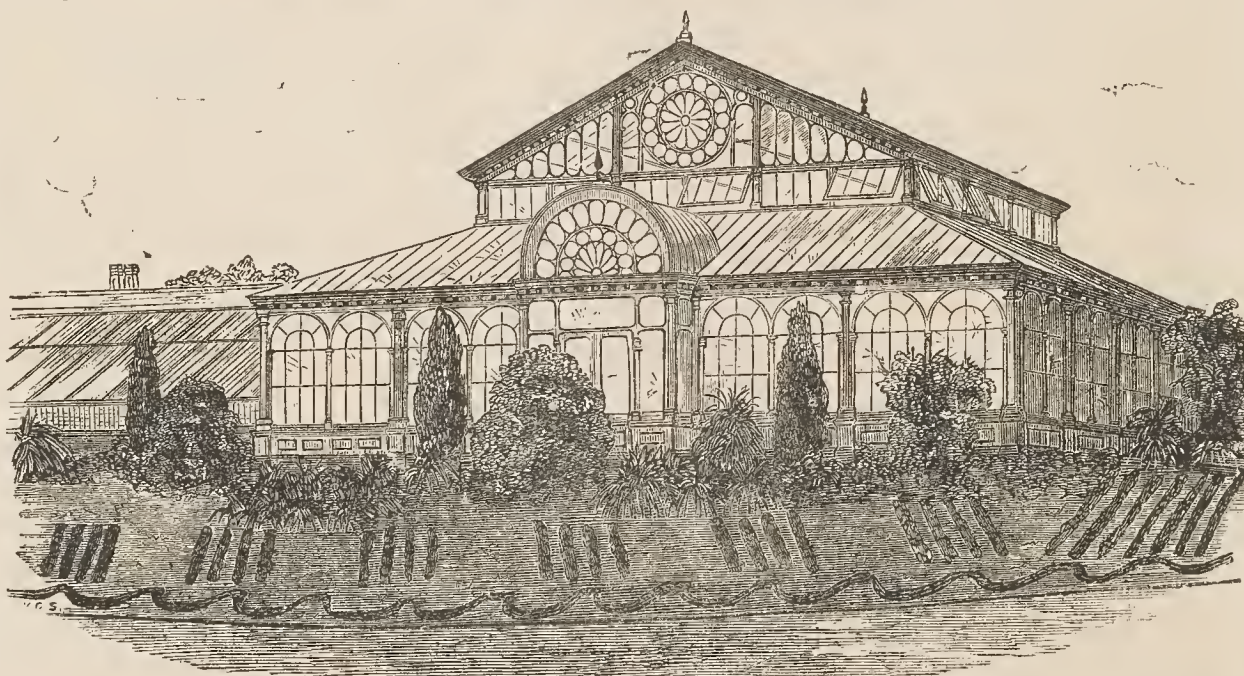
This pretty shrub is still but little known in this country, only one or two nurseries keeping it as a specialty. It reaches the height of about six feet, and has a peculiarly graceful habit; when covered in spring with its large, pure white flowers, it is described as an object of deserved admiration. It is also hardy and well adapted to this climate. It was introduced into England by Robert Fortune, about fifteen years since, from China, and at first was supposed by English botanists to be a remarkable species of the Spiræa, but afterwards it exhibited marked characteristics, which entitled it to a separate name; hence christened *Exochordia grandiflora*.

The engraving is taken from a shrub now eight years old, in the possession of Andrew S. Fuller, Woodside, near New York. It was described recently in the *Rural New Yorker* as being difficult to propagate by the ordinary method, yet layers will strike root the second, if not the first season, after being buried. Plants have also been grown from green wood cuttings taken from plants grown under glass; this will probably be the only rapid and successful method of multiplying it. This difficulty in propagation has prevented it from becoming as popular as it should be.

Rustic Baskets.—I will tell you how I made my rustic baskets to grow my out-door basket plants in. I procured some grapevine and some small sticks, that would bend easily. I made four, just as any one would make a common basket, using the grapevines for filling. When finished I placed them on wooden pedestals. Have

quite a variety of plants in each of them. We have also an oval basket, made of sticks driven into the ground, with grapevine filling. The grapevine should be about half an inch in diameter.

MRS. C. J. AGARD.



AN ENGLISH GREENHOUSE AND FLOWER GARDEN.

in water; rice, three pounds, boiled to a paste, and stirred in boiling hot, when of consistence of thin starch; Spanish whiting, half pound; white, or nice bright common glue, one pound, dissolved; add hot

Plans for Gardens.

THE GARDEN OF "OUR COUNTRY COTTAGE."

I hold, that with the blood of the "grand old Gard'ner," there has been transmitted to each descendant a faint memory of that garden, "eastward in Eden." Hence every man's longing for at least a small plot of ground wherein to plant his fruit trees or flowering shrubs. One of these amateur gardeners, within the last ten years, has converted a three acre "common" into a bit of living beauty that I will endeavor to draw a pen picture of, for the benefit of others, who like our amateur are, perhaps, not able to employ a landscape gardener to lay out the walks in studied curves, or to arrange in geometrical figures the beds for their loved flowers, but themselves must spade, rake, plant and roll the garden, which in the passing years will pay so large an interest, not in dollars and cents, but in real pleasure, for the labor expended.

In our garden, the cottage is placed a little to the left of the centre, and is in itself an ornament, with its rustic porches, climbing Roses and Wistarias hung in their season with great clusters of blossoms, purple and white. The principal gate is on the north, and as it swings open, shows within a gravelled carriage road, bordered by closely cut grass; further on, a group of half-grown forest trees, intercepting the view with their varying shades of green, turns the drive aside towards the left, where it passes under the shadows of scattered oak, elm and maple, and emerging from these for a short distance is bordered by a narrow hedge-row of Spirea, already full of feathery flowers, while here and there a bush with pink tufts holds its way. On the right of this, lies the broad grass-plot, with beds of daintiest flowers—the central one a belt of Verbenas around a vase of Clematis. How it overflows with the white blossoms! a cup of foam falling on the gay carpet at its base! The road winds by this and in front of the cottage veranda, then passes around the house towards the west, and after a few yards more of lawn and low shrubbery, is hidden in an avenue of evergreens, beyond which it divides, one leading to the carriage-house, whose doors open into the yard, the other doubling back upon itself in a graceful curve, re-enters the avenue. The evergreens were intended partly to break the force of heavy winds; they are composed of Scotch Pine, Norway Spruce and Red Cedar; they were planted about ten years ago—in two rows—the evergreens nine feet distant; they now measure in height from twelve to fifteen feet, and the branches interlace, forming a thick wall on each side of the drive; in winter, when the snow lies thick on the green boughs, it is a sight well worth a long walk to see, and in summer an added beauty is given by the number of native Ferns that thrive in the nooks and among the masses of Violets which cluster about the tree roots and push their way to the edges of the drive. West of this the ground has been terraced, and this is ornamented with a large circular bed; in its centre grows a Canna, and ranged around it in good order numbers of Geraniums, Feverfews, Heliotropes, Lantanas, Salvias, scarlet, blue and white, with several varieties of Coleus, and the whole surrounded with a band of the so called "Dusty Miller," edged with Drummond Phlox.

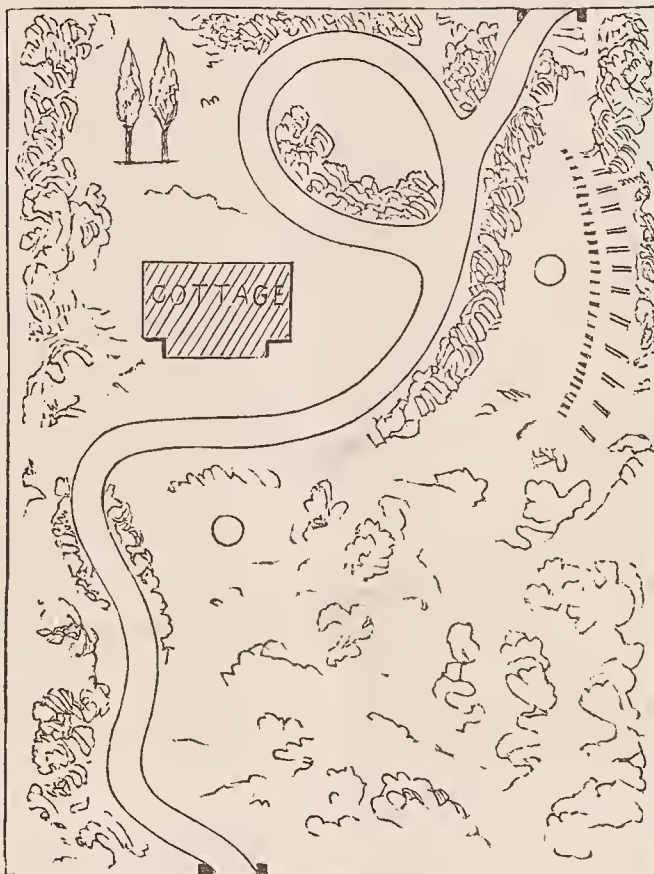
Aside from the intrinsic beauty of our garden, it has two recommendations, the perfect order in which it is

kept and the modicum of daily labor required to keep it so. The wonder is that our neighbor farmers can look upon this spot of beauty and not imitate the example.

ANNE HASLETT.

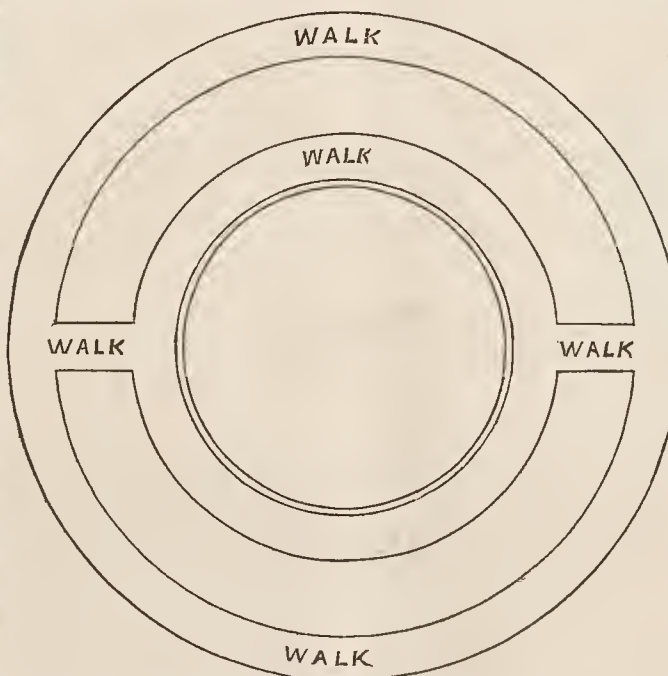
HOUSE PLANTS.

Roses and Geraniums are my especial pets, though there are many others in my collection, and I delight in hanging baskets, with vines running up and down



PLAN OF GROUNDS.—"OUR COUNTRY COTTAGE."

and twining about in all sorts of graceful and fantastic forms. Some of them are now five and six feet long, the Cobaea Scandens perhaps twenty, though they were not started early and will have a long time to grow yet, and besides I was absent several weeks, leaving them to the kindly influences of sun and dew



and what chance watering they might receive. It is a great mistake about flowers being so expensive and so much trouble; to be sure you can make them so, but one can have very beautiful ones, with but little of either. I only use four agents in my window-garden (though it is not a window, but a veranda in summer

and a light cellar in winter); these are clean sand, well rotted manure from the cow-yard, garden mould and plenty of water; these, properly proportioned, will form the sinew of roots and the perfume and beauty of flowers, and any one can procure them without cost and with very little trouble—yes, I forgot the sunshine, but it is not expensive where I live. For the Zonales, the Peppermint and the Oak-leaved varieties, mix them in equal quantities, even allowing the manure to predominate. But for the Rose-scented varieties, the Apple, Lemon, Shrubland Pet, etc., a lighter soil is best. Every evening give them a thorough sprinkling with water that has stood some time in the sun, and in the afternoon, or any time during the day if they seem to be drooping, pour plenty of water around the roots, but do not wet the leaves while the sun is shining full upon them. At least once a day clip off the dead leaves and turn the pots around—make them grow by smiling upon them and touching them with loving fingers. Then if there is a worm in the bud, any caterpillar or moth fretting the leaves or ruthlessly destroying the branches, you will discover it. If there should be worms in the pots, a few wood ashes sprinkled over the surface and gently worked in is the best remedy I have tried. Then have some thin pieces of wood, about a half inch wide—have plenty of them scattered about ready to your hand whenever you have a leisure moment—and every ten days or two weeks gently turn the soil over and hill it up to the roots. Give them plenty of sunshine, and when it rains set them all out in the yard so they can have the full benefit of the shower.

That is about all I do to mine, except to love them almost as if they were sentient beings. I have now about thirty seedling Geraniums, besides others of older growth, raised from cuttings planted at first in the pots and the soil in which they were to remain, and I have never seen such splendid, compact trusses as they have borne this summer. They are so little trouble and afford so much pleasure I cannot understand why every lady does not surround her home with them.

L. J. R.

Watering Plants.—When the weather is hot and dry, I draw water from the well in the morning, let it warm in the sun through the day, and towards night I water my plants. I was obliged to water them nearly every day last summer for more than a month. I should have had no flowers if I had not.

Petunias.—I wish I could convey to you some idea of the beauty of my Petunia bed. I planted the seed (new German Hybrid) in the house the first week of March. Pricked them out in pots and baskets, and transplanted them into beds about the middle of May, setting them from twelve to eighteen inches apart. They grew finely, and soon the bed was completely covered with the many-shaded, colored, variegated, mottled and finely pencilled flowers. I think they are the most beautiful I ever saw; every day there are flowers with new markings. My Verbena bed is also very beautiful—it is filled with the largest and finest plants I have ever seen. Friends who come to see my flowers say, "How nice your flowers look; I never saw so many outside of a greenhouse."

Virginia Creeper.—I find Virginia Creeper good for covering old walls, fences, etc., that are less pleasing to the eye than the mass of green foliage, which turns to crimson on the approach of frost.

MRS. CHASTINA J. AGARD.

Staffordville, Conn.

The Flower Garden.

A GOOD FLOWER GARDEN.

This spring I took a new plot of ground to beautify, where our old house formerly stood. It produced nothing but weeds, and a large hole (where the old cellar was located) occupied nearly half the space. Husband was so busy, that to call in his assistance was wholly out of the question; but I coaxed him to fill up the cellar and level it down, which he did, and sagely remarking that "I would not make many flowers grow there," he left it to my tender mercies. But I was very sanguine of success, and without any further preparation laid out my beds and set my plants. The soil was naturally sandy, but had a good preparation of the heavy sub-soil mixed with it, making it heavier and less liable to dry out. It was not manured or enriched in any way, but was as it came from the hand of Mother Nature; for the space for the old house was cleared from the original forest.

I arranged my bed as follows: On the south side of my plot a wide bed was set with Zinnias, in two rows, about twenty inches apart each way, the front row set in the open space between the others; back of these a row of Ricinus were planted. The west side was planted with a Sweet Pea hedge, and a row of Four-o'clocks and French Marigolds. On the east side a bed of Roses were already growing; and the north border was set with Gladiolus, Candytuft, and a row of Truffauts Pæony-flowered Asters. For a centre piece I planted a large bed of Dahlias, flanked on either side by a long, narrow bed of Verbenas and Petunias respectively. Between and around these were walks, and the beds were scarcely raised above their level.

I raise nearly all of my plants in a cold frame, as they are more sure to grow than when planted in the open ground. I begin about the 10th of April; put in fresh soil, and lay on the sashes; in two or three days the soil is warm enough to sow seeds, and after that it requires no more care, only to water every morning and give air sunny days. When the plants are about two inches or less in height, I transplant to the open ground. Water the soil thoroughly in the frames, and take the plants up carefully, with as much soil adhering to the roots as possible. Dig holes to set them in larger than is needed for the plant; then taking the plant in the left hand, hold it with the roots suspended in the hole; fill the hole half full of water, and sift in dry earth with the right hand till the hole is nearly full; then press the soil down firmly about the plant, and level off the ground with dry earth, and the operation is finished.

I put a stone each side of a plant, and lay a Burdock leaf over the whole, to shade from the sun; the stone keeps the leaf up from the plant when it withers, and saves the plant from drooping. Uncover every evening and cover again in the morning, for two or three days, until the plant is established, and you will scarcely ever lose a plant. Most florists advise transplanting in dull, showery weather, and I suppose it is best; but we had none when I transplanted, and I concluded not to wait. The weeds came up plentifully in a few days after the flowers were set; but a thorough hoeing and weeding then, and once since, discouraged them, so that it has been an easy matter to keep the beds clean. I had a headless barrel set up on an inclined board, and filled with manure from the cow-shed and hennery, and by pouring water in at the top it leaches through into an old pail. A little of this each week is given to a plant as a tonic; and Monday all the dirty suds is thrown around the roots of the

flowers. So much for labor expended; now for the result. The Zinnias have grown so that the space between them is full of their interlacing branches, and these are crowned with large double flowers of several colors. The Four-o'clocks and Marigolds are like flowering shrubs, they have grown so large, and so many flowers I never saw before, while the Verbenas and Petunias are the pride of my garden, the buds being one mass of gorgeous bloom. Now the Gladioli, Asters, and Dahlias are all coming into bloom, and are very fine. One Aster has eighty-one perfect buds on it; perhaps this is nothing unusual with your flower lovers, but it certainly is with me.

I presume some will say they have no time to raise flowers, and no cold frame to grow seeds in. To such my article is addressed; for I am a hard-working farmer's wife, and still find time to cultivate a few flowers, and feel well repaid for my trouble in the unceasing fund of pleasure they yield. A cold frame is easily made by taking an old box, if you cannot get a frame, nailed together, and take out a cellar window, if you cannot get a glazed sash any other way.

One word here about my rustic flower-basket design, taken from the December number of the CABINET. It is set on the lawn, and is planted with Morning Glories, Portulacas, Petunias, and Verbenas. It is lovely, and a very conspicuous object.

FLOWERS IN PINELAND.

Last summer I paid a visit to a friend who lives in the midst of the pine woods. All around, as far as the eye could reach, nothing but pine trees was to be seen. Many are the paths and roads winding in and around them, and many beautiful specimens of flowers are there to be found, for the woods abound in plants, which, if cultivated, would make a fine show in any garden. Their colors are so brilliant, and many of them, when grown *en masse*, cannot be rivaled by the most regal beauties of the conservatory. I was shown some Geraniums, which I have never seen excelled for rapid growth or healthy looks. Every fall they are cut down as low as two inches, so that not a leaf is left. They are then placed in winter-quarters (when the family move to the plantation), in a room fronting the south, and all the heat they receive is from the rays of the sun, no artificial warmth being required. Soon they begin to put out their tiny leaflets, and by the time spring comes round, they are vigorous and strong, full of buds and blossoms, and ready to repay you for all your kind care. The trusses of the double Geraniums are enormous, rivaling the Hydrangea, and sometimes the plants are covered with these large clusters, presenting a handsome appearance. It may be considered an exaggeration, but some of the leaves are as large as the sycamore leaf. I have now one in my possession which measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches across, and 23 inches in circumference, and I was told that that was *small*. It must be owing to change of air (for they travel twice a year), and also to the rich soil fresh from the woods and pastures, which amateurs residing in cities cannot procure, for no special care is otherwise expended on them. By midsummer these plants have attained a height of from three to four feet. My experience proves that greasy water in which the breakfast things have been washed, makes a very good liquid manure; I have used it every morning, slightly warm, and the plants seem to like it. Sometimes the roots of the plants will rot; they become soft and black, and as you press them water of a dark color will run out. In such cases, to save the specimen, I have frequently cut off the healthy parts and set them out as

cuttings, and in nearly every case been successful. On examining the roots, I have discovered minute worms at work; they are so small as to escape observation, and you would take them for young roots just forming, until they begin to show signs of life. Whenever your plants look dropsy, you may be pretty sure these little pests are doing mischief. Last winter, which was very severe with us, I put all my plants in an unoccupied room, and whenever the weather admitted of it, I opened the doors and windows and gave them light and air. When it was extremely cold I took the precaution of covering them with newspaper, pinning it carefully around and over the plants, and by so doing managed to save nearly all. The room was kept closed until the weather moderated. Many florists persist in saying that the Apple Geranium can only be raised from seed. This is a great mistake. It can be propagated from cuttings as well as any other Geranium, and it is just as healthy as those grown from seed. Let those who doubt try the experiment for themselves. I have had more than one plant, and fine specimens too, raised from cuttings. My plan for getting rid of the red spider is simply to wash the leaves with a soft rag and pure cold water. Of course the application must be repeated as often as necessary; it will only cost a little time and trouble.

FLORENCE MAY.

A Plant Case.—The FLORAL CABINET is a most welcome visitor in our home, and hardly a day passes in which we do not consult "Window Gardening." For months it has been a constant source of profit and delight to the good wife and myself. I write surrounded by a collection of as thrifty, shapely plants as can be found in many a mile's ride, and much of our success we attribute to information derived from your book. We are new beginners in this line, having commenced only a year since, and therefore have been in constant need of just such instruction as you have afforded us. It seemed very strange that so easy and comparatively inexpensive a method of adorning our homes should be so generally neglected. Could such a publication as the CABINET be generally introduced into our homes it would go far to create an interest in floriculture. I propose to use what influence I have to induce some of my friends to take it the coming year. My special object in writing at this time is to describe an article that I have found admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed. Certain kinds of seeds I found a difficulty in starting; either they would not germinate at all, or be so slow about it as to tax my patience sorely. Hot-bed I could not well have, and so set my wits to work to devise something to take its place. There were objections in my case to the forcing stands recommended in floral publications, and so I invented one of my own. I send you with this an outline of it, though, as you will see, I am but an indifferent draughtsman. It is simply a case containing a pan for hot water and a seed-box. It is represented with the doors open. Mine is of the following dimensions: height and width, each two feet; depth, one foot; the pan for water four and a half inches deep; seed-box three inches deep. The lower half is built as represented in order to furnish a solid rest for the pan of water. Mine I built myself, of chestnut, finished in oil and varnish, so that it is quite a handsome piece of furniture. The top is hinged so that it can be lifted at any time. A common kerosene lamp supplies all the heat necessary. It works admirably, and has this in addition to recommend it, any one at all accustomed to the use of tools can build it, and a few shillings will buy the pan.

H. O. WALKER.

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For Spring of 1874.

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Washington City, D. C.

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The American Home Book of In-Door Games and Recreations.—Containing Amusements for Girls, Boys and Little Children, Musical Games, Forfeits, Games of Memory, Natural Magic, Solitaire Games, Holiday Games, House and Home Amusements, &c. 380 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50 (Premium F, P, or T).

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The Art of Dressing Well. By Miss S. A. Frost.—This book is designed to offer such suggestions as will be valuable to those just entering society; to brides, for whose guidance a complete trousseau is described; to persons in mourning; indeed, to every individual who pays attention to the important objects of economy, style, and propriety of costume. Price, 50 Cents (Premium D, L, R).

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100 choice mixed Gladiolus, \$3.00.
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DOUBLE PETUNIA,

"Mrs. Taylor."

This is a new seedling Petunia of last season, raised by an Amateur, and pronounced by all who saw it the most showy double Petunia ever produced.

The color is a brilliant MAUVE and white, beautifully marked and distinct. It is very double, and when fully out forms almost a perfect half sphere.

It is a strong, vigorous grower, and came "true" the entire season.

For bedding out, or for the house or conservatory, nothing can be more showy or beautiful.

Fine, Strong Plants, \$1 each.

Plants ready 1st of April.

E. W. CLARKE,
311 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.



NEW YORK, MAY, 1874.

FERNERIES, HANGING-BASKETS AND WINDOW ORNAMENTS.

Mr. Williams has given us a very charming book on "Window Gardening," which will be found very valuable, even by those unfortunate beings to whom plants and flowers are a necessity, but whose moderate means prevent the possession of many of the beautiful things therein described. That window-boxes, vases, and baskets can be made of very simple materials I know, for have I not made them myself? A semi-invalid, living in a country town which does not boast a solitary greenhouse, my cosy little house is always fragrant and bright with lovely flowers, trailing vines, and graceful ferns. The woods are my great treasure-house, and many dainty bits of summer loveliness retain their brightness and develop new graces day by day. Vases and pots of ferns and mosses, on lichen-covered brackets, keep fresh and green; and Squirrel-cups (*Hepatica triloba*) have been blooming in them for weeks, while the blue-green, tender leaves of the Columbine and tiny vines are starting through the moss. Ferneries made of willow baskets of pretty shape, lined with oiled silk, to keep in the moisture, are then filled with ferns, taken up with their own soil, and covered with bell-glasses of various shapes and sizes. I gathered fourteen varieties of ferns in one small piece of woods, with a ledge of limestone rock running through it, and all have done well under glass, throwing up their delicate fronds, and especially the lovely Maiden-hair. *Mitchella* vines grow in the

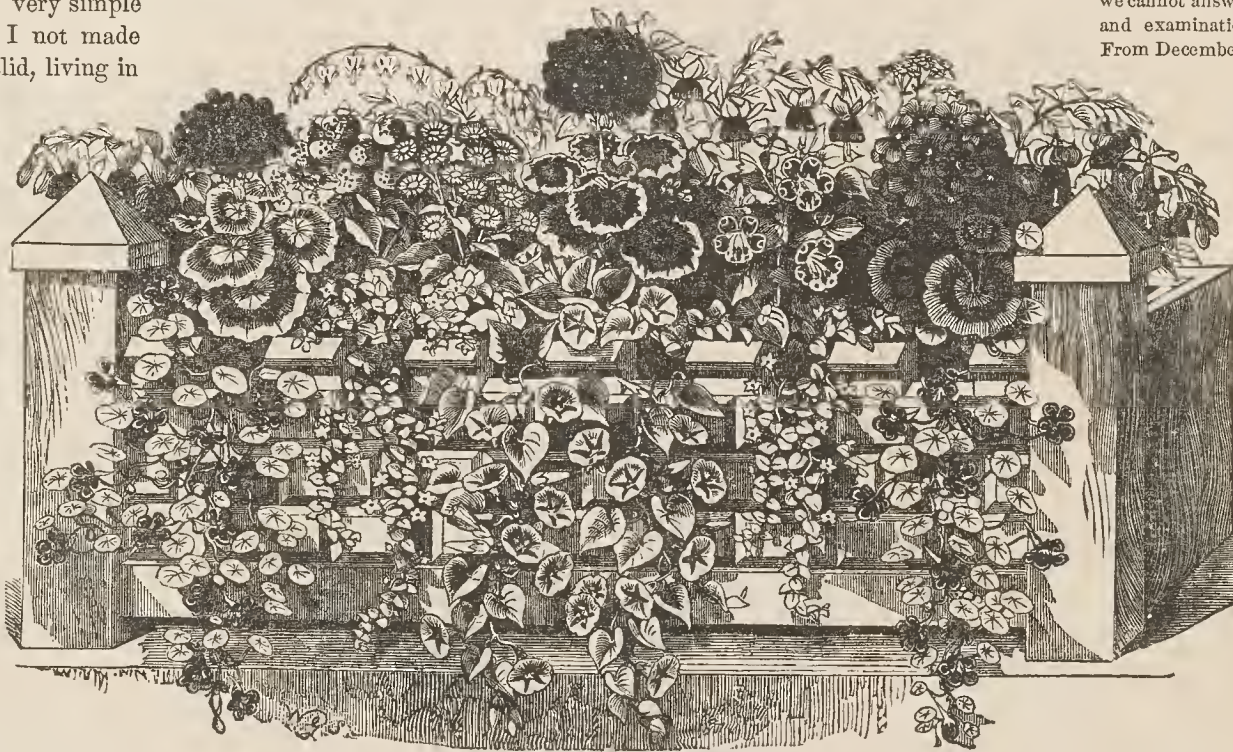
moss, and the red berries are as bright as when I placed them there in September last.

Ox-muzzles make very effective hanging-baskets, lined with moss. I have one that is as pretty as any of the pictures in Mr. Williams' book. It was filled two years ago with the large pink *Oxalis* and vines of *Maurandia*, and has only had fresh dirt on top. The *Oxalis* has grown through the moss on the bottom and sides, and the original basket is entirely covered with its tri-lobed leaves of light green, while the vines have covered the wires by which it is suspended. A rustic basket, with Irish Ivy twining through the brown roots, is also very beautiful; and a cocoanut-shell full of the exquisite little *Linaria cymbalaria* (*Kenilworth Ivy*) is the prettiest trailing vine we have.

A home-made vase is a charming ornament in our window. A small box for lower base, a smaller plank for second, an urn off the top of an old stove on that, support a round butter-bowl, all painted white and sanded with marble dust while wet.

There is also a window-box fitted in an eastern window, supported on brackets of bronzed iron, the outside covered with lichens, put on with glue. A *Dracæna* keeps throwing up its crimson-striped leaves in the centre. *Begonias*, *Heliotrope*, Mrs. Pollock *Geranium*, *Hyacinths*, *Crocuses*, *Oxalis*, *Nierembergia*, and Ferns (exotic), to fill up with mossy green *Lycopodium*, creeping between them all.

Near this, on a small round table, is my latest experiment in growing *Hyacinths* and *Crocuses*. Some of Bliss's best bulbs were placed in a box of loose soil, covered with dried moss, and set in the cellar the first of November to root. Late in December I brought them out, placed them in a high glass dish, leaving the soil which elung to the roots, put bits of moss to fill all vacant space, with green moss in which small ferns were growing over the top. It is simply perfect,



BALCONY GARDEN.

no other bulbs, either in soil or water, doing as well as these. Large spikes, well thrown up, with bells as large as single *Tuberoses*, red and white, pink and purple, and delicate rose, with the lovely *Crocus* Cups and all their delicate colors between.

PANSIE, in *The Independent*.

Cypress.—The Cypress is a very desirable vine; mine is full of buds and ready to bloom the second

time—the result of pinching off the seed-pods of the first bloom. The Madeira, with its beautiful leaves, is now in full bloom, which is very neat, white and sweet-scented. The roots were started in April in the house. The *Maurandia Barelayana* is a beautiful climber, has a fine shaped leaf, a buff colored bloom, and an abundance of fruit, turning an orange yellow when ripe. As handsome as any to me are the *Convolvulus Major*, with their friendly looking flowers of many different shades. Also, the Balloon vine is beautiful and interesting. The three last named vines are very easy of cultivation. The most delicate and lovely of all, the *Smilax*, is doing finely for me out doors, in a shaded situation. Seeds started in the house last of March; *Ricinus* over twelve feet in height first September.

Miss J. A. M.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Contributions.—Short notes, hints on flowers, or household topics, are always welcome. Thanks for past favors from correspondents. We hope to have more, in time to come. Be short. We cannot use any article over three to five note pages long.

Questions.—These are answered in order as received; often we have several hundred. Nevertheless, don't stop. We are always glad to have them come. Gossip brightens the pleasure of editorial life.

Correction.—An advertisement in April number, of Samuel Gieves, Paterson, N. J., should have read, "Price lists free on application." Some very desirable novelties are offered by him.

Good Night and Good Morning.—The first edition of these chromos was exhausted early in February. The second edition was not mounted and ready till April 1. When received, all orders were filled at once. This explanation will satisfy all who, in their impatience, could not understand why they did not come at the same time as the "Gem." We now have abundance on hand, and can supply without delay.

Missing Copies.—We will always cheerfully supply any missing copy, which a subscriber has paid for and is entitled to.

Early Mailing.—Having now completed posting and examining our books, and made our mailing list accurate, the CABINET will be hereafter mailed before the first of each month, in time to reach every subscriber the first week, and often the first day of the month.

Answers to Letters.—Every letter directed to us receives careful attention, and is never put away unlooked at. Sometimes we cannot answer it immediately, because of search and examination which often takes much time. From December 15 to March 15, an overwhelming

amount of correspondence was poured upon us, as large as for a whole year previous, and every one was exhausted with the ceaseless work. Nevertheless, by this time, every letter has been attended to, examined, compared; missing papers, chromos, and books sent off. Patrons must have some charity.

Missing Money.—An unusual amount of letters with money orders was lost the past winter. When complaints come, we have to wait till our books are fully posted to see if money was received. If not, then the letter must be sent to the post-office department for their search and examination. The duplicate money order must be obtained, and until then we could not send any paper. But, hereafter, to any subscriber who sends a post-office money order, we will send missing copies at once, and wait for the post-office department to issue a duplicate.

Chromo "Gem."—A small bundle of two hundred wrappers for February CABINET and Gem was misplaced by our janitor when fixing the office, and was not discovered till third week of March. This will explain cause of non-receipt, by some, of their paper and chromo before. Delay is to be regretted, and will not occur again.

New Offices.—Readers will bear in mind this issue finds us in new offices, 46 Beekman street, near William street. We occupy two entire floors, handsomely fitted up, and visitors will find it a very cheerful place for business. With abundance of room, and more conveniences, our large and prosperous business can be despatched more promptly than ever.

Home Life.

MY STUDY, AND MY WIFE'S CONSERVATORY.

My wife just said, "Why don't you send a description of our room to THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET?" I said, "Yes."

I wish you could look in to-day upon its many beauties. Without it is now the second day of March's worst mood; snow and wind fearful, but within it is tropical. For comfort and enjoyment in connection with our plants, as there is no regular conservatory in the parsonage, I occupy the front room in winter. There are three windows, two southward, and one east.

My study-table faces one of the south, and I will let you see that first. From the top hangs a basket full of Oxalis, with hundreds of pink flowers. At the bottom is a shelf, on the right of which stands a large Echeveria elegans that, with its long, graceful stems and numberless little star-like beauties, reclines against the overhanging basket, and drops over a Dracaena terminalis, directly in the centre. On the left hand is a weeping-willow-like Abutilon Mesopotamica, with its peculiar pendant bloom of red, yellow, and brown. In front of these stands a row of Cinerarias, a combination of indescribable beauty. The flowers are purple of all shades, magenta and red, while some are purple or other colors, with white zones about the stamens. In all, we have over thirty of these plants. In the same group is one Blush Tea Rose, in bloom.

Window number two has in the centre, overhead, a basket of the large Oxalis, that, with its rich colored bloom, is a feast to the eyes. Directly under this is a large Calla, that, with its grand, white, soft and large

flowers, is a delicate symbol of purity. On the right is a Begonia, that, with lanceolate, green and satiny leaf, is always pleasant to look upon. On the left is an Hibiscus, with huge red flowers; also a White Lily Longiflorum, just coming into flower. In front are several Geraniums, such as Maid of Kent, and Lady Cullum, the latter being a perfect beauty, with its many colored foliage.

beauty. There is no plant that so richly pays the home grower as Chinese Primrose. The bloom smiles upon the loving one that cares for it nine months of the year. The upper shelf is filled with a mixed variety of foliage and other plants. One rare fellow must by no means be forgotten. It is the Eucharis Amazonica. This, with the rich green foliage, has been an object of care and wonder for several years.

Now it promises to repay all, as it is sending up two flower stalks to confirm our hopes.

In another room, away from heat, we have a number of Hyacinths in fragrant and unsurpassed bloom. Do you see all this, and don't you admire such objects in the cheerless winter?

We often wonder why so many have naked homes, when one may gather these delights about them. These are not the outcome of wealth in any sense, but of taste and hard work.

Mrs. B. is the artist, while I assist in the manual labor. There is no hired help about the house. The family are educated to appreciate beauty and industry.

G. W. BARNES.

Coloring Moss.—We have here, in Georgia, several varieties of indigenous Moss, which would work up beautifully with the Everlasting Flowers in making wreaths, crosses, &c., if it did not fade so much in drying, turning almost white sometimes. Will not some one tell me how to dye them different shades of green, brown, &c. I would also like to know how to color

the White Everlastings blue, yellow, carnine, &c. I have a quantity of bulbs of the Double Tuberose, some Dahlia tubers, and Madeira Vine, which I would be glad to exchange with some one for Oxalis Rosea, O. Versicolor or Smilax. Any private letters on the subject of exchange will be received and answered with pleasure.

MISS ESTELLE FUCHET.

Talbotton, Talbot County, Ga.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day

Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;

Monday's child is fair of face,

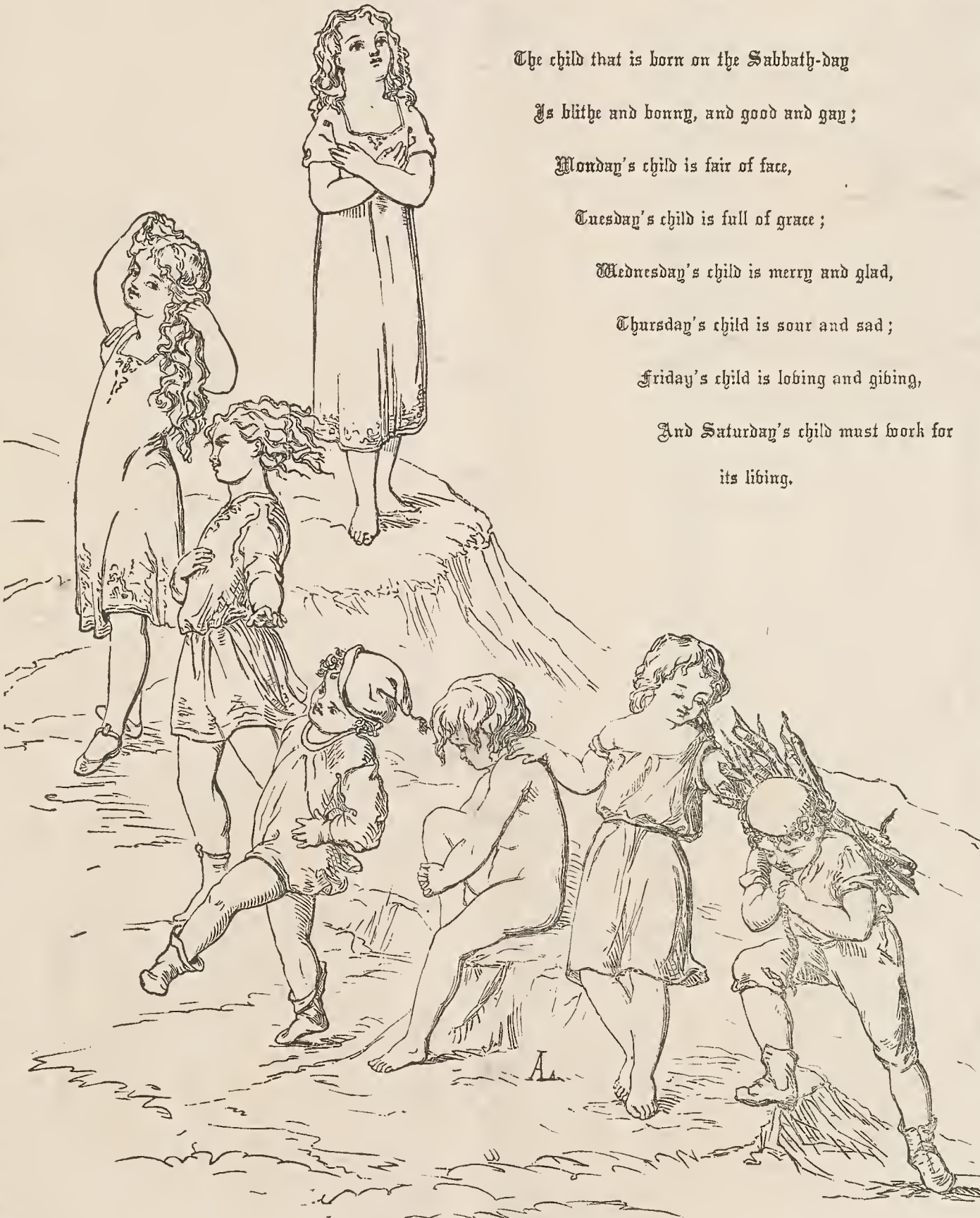
Tuesday's child is full of grace;

Wednesday's child is merry and glad,

Thursday's child is sour and sad;

Friday's child is loving and giving,

And Saturday's child must work for
its living.



THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The east window has two shelves, being occupied mainly by smaller plants. At the left is a new variety of Calla, the Richardia, which has just awoke from its winter sleep and, with the delicate white marking upon its leaves, gratifies us all.

This shelf is filled with Primrose; Sinensis, white; rich velvety Cormin, spotted white; Rose, and Fern leaf, Rose color. These all are objects of rarest

The Ladies Boudoir.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY EVA GLEN.

In the flowery meadow,
Down upon her knees,
Searching mid the clover-blossoms
Swaying in the breeze—
Flitting here and flitting there,
Followed close by Rover,
Seeking—seeking everywhere
For a four-leaved clover.

Nod the daisies in the grass—
The buttercups are smiling,
Sings the brooklet merrily,
The summer day beguiling;
Waiting at the trysting tree
For her tardy lover—
Searching, as the moments flee,
For a four-leaved clover.

Growing anxious in the search—
Ruby lips quiver—
While the blue eyes wander off
Across the sparkling river;
Sinks the sun behind the trees,
Still there comes no lover,
When suddenly the maiden sees
A four-leaved clover.

Smiles chase away the tear-drops
Gath'ring like the dew,
As she murmurs—"Now I know
That my beloved is true;"
The song-birds twittering in the trees
Repeat the sweet words over,
And whispers every passing breeze—
"I've found a four-leaved clover."

Hears she suddenly his step
On the grass behind her,
Feels the touch of his dear hands
O'er her eyes to blind her;
One arm elaps her slender form,
The other fondles Rover,
As he whispers—"Darling, trust
The message of the clover."

MY LADY'S CHOICE.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

There be laurels in the garden set,
And glowing roses—Love's own messengers—
And passion-flowers, and dainty mignonette,
The shyest darling summer doth call hers.
But my lady would have none of these;
She bade me bring her only heart's-ease.

So in the garden, when the days were bright
With every gracious charm that Nature knows
I gathered heart's-ease for my love's delight,
And in her gentle bosom now it blows.
No other flower doth my lady please;
She will have none but little heart's-ease.

—Harper's Mag.

ADORNING A LADY'S ROOM.

A lady of true refinement, while gathering around her the many little requisites of her daily pursuits and pleasures, ever seeks to unite utility with beauty, and gives to them something of her own pleasing brightness. Her room is the sanetum free from all disturbance and annoyance, and it is here the real tenor of her life may be read by the articles which form the companions of her busy as well as leisure moments. They acquire something of her own identity, and in every feature is, recognizably, an index to her character. But as her surroundings partake of the nature of the individual, so *vice versa* will her tastes be influenced by objects of constant association. Give them then an air of tasty elegance, and its tendency will be sooner perceived as conducive to greater refinement. Let not the walls be garnished with gaudy hangings, but give to them a pleasant and subdued tint to relieve the broken surface of gayer ornaments. Paper of pale lavender or faintest blue is beautiful, and when relieved with leaves in gilt or silver, gives

to the room a quiet cheerfulness which will heighten the effect of every other feature. Curtains of snowy whiteness may be brightened by cornices of pink cambric, gathered or draped at the top, and loosely caught at the sides with bows of pink. The furniture must be in keeping with the rest, whether expensive or not; the design should suit the summer brightness of the room. Cabinet sets of polished oak would suit our room quite nicely, though one of more fastidious taste might prefer walnut. Carpets of white straw matting should hush the noisy footstep and give the air of completion which no room may possess without it. And now for the lady's ingenuity in devising the many little fancy articles so necessary to her beauty-loving taste. Each article of the toilet and wash-stand must have for its especial use a mat to preserve the smooth surface of marble slabs. The worsted and crocheted needle is brought into requisition, and lo! what forms of beauty her fancy has taken. Wash-bowl, pitcher and mug are each fitted with a mat of pretty device in white, or of colors that may be laundered without injury; white pique bordered with braiding and seoloped edges, and crocheted centres with plain or fancy edges, are among the many designs of this work. A pretty and effective means of keeping the tooth and nail-brush nicely dry, is to use a small bracket with holes in the shelf for the insertion of handles. To make them ornamental, tack at the edge a border of worked canvas with fringe of crystal beads. Brackets for this especial purpose may be bought of tin, with ineisious at the edge for the attachment of ornamental work. For the toilet, bright colored zephyrs may be used without danger of impairing their beauty. For mat borders, nothing exceeds in beauty the crimped zephyrs representing moss, with roses and fruit in crocheted interspersed. Here the taste may indulge in every bearing of form and color without losing anything of its beauty, as the designs in this work are innumerable. Pin-cushions, too, of white net, traced in patterns of colored zephyrs, watch-eases of velvet embroidered with chenille, and jewel-stands of silver cardboard made in basket form and lined with silk, are each indispensable to a well finished toilet stand. The work-basket is a perfect treasure of fancy cushions, emery and needle-book, and must occupy a conspicuous position. Lace tidies in white should decorate the rocking and easy-chairs, while a low, comfortable ottoman may occupy some corner of its own for especial uses. Straw baskets for flowers should grace the table and brighten by contact the long-used volumes robbed of pristine beauty. Suspended baskets filled with grasses are graceful ornaments, and among the feathery beauty place flowers of brilliant hues. Pictures, most certainly, should adorn our walls and be a resting place for heart and mind in many a weary hour. Faces of dear ones should greet us morn and eve with many a glad smile, and surrounded with scenes such as childhood loved, be a picture from memory engraven upon our present lives.

L. W. B.

HOME COMFORTS AND TASTE.

Although I cannot hope to say anything new on the subject of house decoration, yet I offer a few suggestions that may prove acceptable to young housekeepers; more especially those whose income is numbered by hundreds instead of thousands.

Should you be one of the fortunate few who possess that *something* which Yankees call "faculty," which means brains to invent and ability to execute; brings order out of confusion, and uses gold as a servant, a means to a desired end; neither accepting an article

because it represents so much of the coveted dross, nor rejecting it because so little; he may call himself blessed among men, whose home is your abiding place.

Every room in your dwelling should be in itself a picture. The bare walls and uncovered floors are the canvas, waiting for the artist-hand of the mistress to be converted into a place of beauty. The walls are the background, the perspective, so to speak, of your picture; here must be no obtrusive form or glowing color, but soft, neutral tints, shades of grey, buff or lavender, or whatever may be the prevailing color of your room.

There are many things, very desirable in themselves, that may be so placed, or rather displaced, in a room, as to be entirely inharmonious with the surroundings, and mar the whole. For instance, a full-length marble in the room I shall describe to you, would dwarf its simple appointments, giving it a meagre and unfinished look, whereas a pretty statuette, or a bracket, would only add another charm.

And now let me introduce you to the sitting-room of my friend, Mrs. M. (she is no myth). We enter by this veranda, looking to the south, placed here more especially for the view we get of that bit of blue water and the dark pines beyond; step over the threshold without fear; how home-like and cheerful; every article fitted to its place; orderly without stiffness or precision, yet the upholsterer has done very little here; that pretty spread which covers the round work-table, the border is composed of various pieces of different colored cashmere, each braided in medallions, neatly joined together, the seams covered with gold-colored cord; the centre is a single piece, braided in the same pattern; on the table is an oval basket, lined with little pockets and cushions of pale green silk; on each pocket is wrought a tiny star in gold color; beside the basket is a white porcelain vase, filled with mignonette and a few blossoms of the sweet-pea. Then there are one or two magazines, nothing more. Stop, here is a book open; look at the title-page—"Ruskin;" that is well. On the opposite side, away from the light, ehintz-covered, cool and inviting, is the lounge. Trust me, it is not a delusion and a snare, like the things we get at the shop, tempting the uninitiated with their pillow-like plumpness and easy curves. Alas, for the weary mortal who seeks thereon repose; he arises from that couch a sadder man, and a wiser by far, in the structural anatomy of both lounge and loungers. "Let us return to our mutton," as the French express it, which is our lounge (it is well to be accurate in translation). Your John can make one if he is a genius; if not, you must inveigle one of the aforesaid clever people into your domicile, and, presto, you shall have a couch that shall leave you nothing to wish for. Here by the window is an arm-chair, covered with the same bright ehintz; white muslin curtains, thrown tent-fashion over a pretty silver arrow, fall cloud-like to the floor; up among the folds sings a canary, in his little gothic dwelling; from a rustic bracket, formed of grapevine, lichen and moss, a single vine of maurandia is climbing up, and wandering at will over the sheer white muslin, dropping here and there in long loops and swinging tendrils, in forms more daintily graceful than the most elaborate embroidery. Here at your feet is a hassock, circular in form, covered with silken patchwork; so common an article needs no description; one of these in hexagon form, wrought in some tasteful design in applique, is really elegant.

I have not space to finish the picture in detail, but will come again another day, should this be acceptable, and give you the dining-room or kitchen. LELIA.

Home Pets.

OUR PETS.

As I am very fond of pets, and have had some experience in the keeping and raising of Canaries, I will endeavor to lay down some simple rules by which the fair readers of your interesting paper may be enabled to have the pleasure which I enjoy.

In the first place, I would advise that the desired stock birds should be selected from the German fanciers who come over from "Fatherland" every autumn. Be particular in looking out for young, sprightly ones, with keenly shaped bodies and clean legs, that is, free from scales, which indicate age. See that the plumage is smooth, as birds, when their feathers are ruffled, are not in good health. I usually place a clear, deep yellow with a lizard or variegated green, or brown, together, for breeding, as they produce a pleasing variety—spangled and spotted—which is more interesting to the owner than having all of one color. A bird with a deep crest can also be paired with one without, which adds to the beauty of the young stock; but remember, only one must be crested, or their offspring may be bald, or otherwise deformed. Cleanliness is of much importance, for health as well as pleasure. The best birds will soon pine and die if neglected either in food or cage.

My stock birds are kept in a painted wooden cage, well sanded, with clean (seaside) washed gravel sprinkled on the surface. The floor is drawn out, and baths placed for their washing, on good, bright days in summer and warm ones in winter. One not accustomed to their fondness for bathing, will be amused to see them splashing and sprinkling all around with the sparkling drops of water as they flutter in the China bath-tub, and enjoy themselves as much as my lady readers who luxuriate in the sea at Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, and other places of resort at the North, or among the rolling waves of Edisto Bay, Sullivan's Island, or old Bay Point, at the sunny south. I have just witnessed the enjoyment of my pets taking their morning bath, nine Canaries and a brilliant Nonpareil being confined in one cage, where the pure, deep yellow, and bright, variegated lizards, form a beautiful contrast.

I have found the best variety of mixed seed for their daily food is canary, rape, and English mangel. In purchasing, always procure from a reliable seedsman, who will sell it fresh and bright. If musty and dusty, it is very injurious. A piece of cuttle fish bone should always be hung in the cage for the birds to peck at, as it is to them what lime is among poultry. Let the fountains be kept pure for water as well as seed, and give the former at least three times daily in summer.

When moulting, which is exchanging their old feathers for the new plumage, give a pinch of saffron flowers daily in their water for drinking, and when bathing. Never place the cage at this time in a draught. Should any of the birds seem to lose their appetite, place a rusty nail in the water, which strengthens them. I find, in our Southern climate, the 14th of February quite early enough to place the birds in brooding cages. One of my hens commenced laying last November, and, as an experiment, I allowed her to set both in that month and December and January; but the few which were hatched died from cold soon after leaving the nest, and quite covered with feathers. This hen has laid twenty-five eggs since November, 1872, and has raised many beautiful birds, having set seven times since November. But I do not

recommend this frequent brooding. I think three nests quite sufficient for a season, and after this number would advise a separation until after the season has passed. The situation of the brooding cage is a very important item. The German books tell us "the eggs will not hatch unless the rays of the sun shine upon the nest;" but in our climate this is not necessary. My last Canary set in a south entry, where the sun's rays never reached the cage, hatched and raised five fine birds, that being the number of eggs laid June, 1873. I omitted to mention giving a small quantity of green food daily to the birds; sweet apple in winter, also young salad, radish leaves, &c.; in summer, chickweed and purslane; but a variety of fruit I find unwholesome. When the birds are placed in the brooding cages (February 14th) I give, in addition to the seed, the yolk of the egg, boiled hard, and chopped fine, and mixed with stale bread grated, with some fine white sugar added to the latter. Give (when the bird is making her nest) a small quantity, daily, of moist white sugar, which is very beneficial when brooding. Let your nests (I prefer baskets to boxes) be securely fixed, and lined with soft grass and horse's hair, well washed and pulled out; add scraps of crewel from your knitting baskets, ladies, of whatever color you desire, and the industrious little worker will soon interweave, with her busy bill, these materials into such a beautiful structure, that none but He who "marks the sparrow's fall" could give the power to this tiny bird to make it thus. When the young are hatched, sprinkle the food, egg and bread, with a little seed, and never allow their food to remain long enough to become sour.

You will find among birds, as well as human beings, some parents very cross, cruel, and unkind to their offspring. Should your birds pluck the feathers from their young to make their own nests (for a second brood) more comfortable and warm, I would advise a cage with wired partition to be used, as they can feed the former brood between the wires, while making another nest, without molesting the older birds.

AMARINTEA.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Turdus polyglottus of Linnæus—the Mocking-Bird of the southern States. Musicians have combined their sweetest and wildest chords in imitation of the Mocking-Bird's carol; poets have drawn their word-pictures of eulogy in behalf of the feathered mimic; still the favorite song-bird warbles his love song from the topmost bough of the venerable live-oak, or lower down amid the branches of the fragrant shrubbery which surround the homestead, his melody song entrances the listener with admiration. The Mocking-Bird begins to sing in the early spring months, and warbles away the tedious hours of his mate's incubation and maternity. A pair usually rear two sets of birdlings, one in May, the other in July. In the moonlight of a summer's night birdie turns nightingale. A serenade to his love in the bower, trilling the sweetest notes for a time, then the plaintive air of the night hawk, "Whip-poor-vill's viddor," "Pee-sweep," repeating each; again changing into a more cheerful mood, the warble of the wren and other gayer songsters are all imitated, often suggesting that it is only a shadow from the sad to the humorous; his mate quiet and attentive, no doubt charmed with the pleasing variety of the music. The care and anxiety manifested by a pair of birds for the family in the nest is at once pleasing and instructive. By nature a nervous, noisy character, easily excited by any

unusual sound or scene, the bright colors of a flower brought near the cage will render a caged bird frantic. The frantic bird in the cage is easily quieted by whistling or singing to him; music is a soother of trouble to the frightened bird—assures him of protection. Always on the alert for any little attention that may be shown, they soon become docile and manifest many interesting traits. The young bird, when about four months old, begins to tune his throat, and in a whisper the sweet refrain is gone over and over, gradually growing louder, so that in a few weeks birdie shows himself no mean artist; the natural musical notes which he is now able to sing will enable him, in another season, to imitate all the feathered choristers in the grove. The cage bird will learn to warble an air that is oft repeated in his hearing, but is seldom the mimic that the free bird is of other birds' notes. The birds moult in August and September, at which time they never sing; but after they have donned their new suit of feathers, they sing until cold weather comes and scatters the woodland foliage down upon the brown earth. The bird is an early riser; his song is heard heralding the approach of Aurora before the grey dawn has first lined the east. Nor does he weary, for at high noon, when nature seems lulled into repose, the insects hushed, the powerful sunbeams pouring down the heat of the summer solstice, still birdie, as if in derision, mimics and often deceives the feathered tribe in the supposed call of their mates. Cold is the heart that would not be touched by the plaintive cry of the bereft birds as they quickly get the alarm that their nest has been plundered. The beautiful kite-hawk has not soared in vain; peering down into the shrubbery, the Mocking-Bird's nest has been observed from aloft, and with one swoop the birdlings are clutched in her talons and born away to the kite's nest on the distant pine tree. The pilfering chicken snake has perhaps helped himself to the dainty morsel; it is his nature so to do. Whisper it softly, grimalkin, the household pet, sleek washed favorite, breakfasted upon the surplus chicken bone and sweet milk, has slept quietly all the long day upon the crown of his head on the soft grass sod, took umbrage at birdie for trying to drive him further away from her home in the myrtle, complacently washes his face as if nothing had transpired, is ready to sleep again after the luxurious repast. The birds in the yard are quite domesticated, lifting a grub if thrown to them, following the gardener in his avocation to lift any insect that may have been exposed. Besides being a musician, a pair will often dance upon the garden walk for a time with grace, or upon a gutter, alternating from side to side, then rising and flying away to the grove.

The free bird feeds upon almost every variety of insects—moths, grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, grubs, beetles and spiders. They catch small lizards and hang them upon the thorus of the plumb tree, for what purpose I am not able to say. In winter I have known them to feed upon the carcass of other birds and animals when insects were scarce. They eat fruit, figs, peaches, grapes and various kinds of berries. They seldom, if at all, eat seed of any kind. So varied is their food that it would seem an easy matter to afford the caged bird suitable variety. Yet those who give birdie a taste of everything are sure, in the end, to find a bird on the bottom of the cage. A paste of equal parts hard boiled yolk of egg and Irish potato, made fresh each day, is the proper food; a cup of pure water, and some coarse sand now and then; a small quantity of meat shred up fine, that has been cooked without salt, may be safely given, or a taste of fruit.

MRS. S. E. BYERS.

Clear Creek Station, Texas.

Household Elegancies.

BEAD-WORK.

Among the many varieties of fancy-work which prove such valuable means for decorating home, we may safely say bead-work is among the most beautiful, and its uses are manifold.

We have before us as we write a pair of watch-cases, cut from cardboard, covered with scarlet merino, each case embroidered at the heel and toe with small white crystal beads, the whole forming a lovely pair of tiny slippers. Another pair, which adorned our last Christmas tree, were of anchor shape, the cardboard covered with maroon velvet, the beads put on in one large star surrounded by groups of small ones. To be placed on the toilet-table beneath these, are glove, collar, cuff and handkerchief boxes, matching in color and design the cases, and may be made of any pretty shape.

For small pictures, frames of cardboard, covered with any pretty material, and ornamented with a wreath of ivy or other leaves in bead-work, are pretty.

Either large or small crystal beads, strung upon fine wire, make beautiful hanging baskets, to be filled with ferns, leaves, moss or flowers. Wall baskets, letter, music, paper or writing portfolios, and many other useful articles, may be made with little trouble by using one's own taste in this direction. Nature's leaves and flowers are the best designs for putting the beads on.

M. H. F. R.

GERMAN WOOL-WORK.

Perhaps the readers of the CABINET do not all know that Germantown wool can be used in many ways instead of zephyr, and is much cheaper. It comes in various colors, and the variegated or shaded colors work up beautifully. Chair cushions can be knitted in strips, just as our grandmothers knit garters, that is by putting the yarn over the needle twice, then next time across, knitting one stitch and dropping one. Sew or crochet together. To make hanging pine-cushions, knit a strip three inches wide with a different color in the centre; then draw both edges with threads around a flat ball made of muslin, and stuffed. Fasten a tuft of yarn in each side where the cover is drawn together, and suspend with cords.

The children will appreciate the pretty balls with crocheted covers in bright colors. Beautiful tidies can be made of shaded green wool, and shaded pink or buff. Crochet wheels of the green, quite open, with scallops around the edge. Leave a circular space in

the centre for the rose, which is crocheted of the pink and then fastened in. Make seven of these; the one for the centre a little larger than the others. This tidy looks best on haircloth furniture. Most ladies know of the tidies of cotton yarn, made on a frame. These are prettier made of wool. Make a square frame of wood, and drive small nails an inch apart, leaving them so the yarn can be wound upon them, from side to side and then across. Then tie securely where it crosses. Cut part of the yarn near where it is tied and it will form little balls; to make them of different color, wind one-half of the color you want the balls.

LEZA.



BASKET OF SHELL FLOWERS.

Bronze Vase.—Perhaps some of your readers would like to have a pretty bronze vase in which to arrange their autumn leaves. I made one two years ago which has been much admired. The materials are one crook-neck squash, a small pine block, one nail, a bottle of bronzine, such as is used for dressing over bronze shoes. Take a squash of suitable size and shape, after they have got hard in the fall, and saw off the large end, leaving the bottom in the shape of a cornucopia or horn of plenty. Then lay it in a dry place until the interior, consisting of seeds and their husky envelop, will easily pull out. This is better than to endeavor to cut them out at first as it

leaves the inside perfectly smooth. Take smooth pine board, an inch thick and long enough to project a very little beyond the squash when placed upon it so as to be level at the top; then,

just where it touches the board, carefully pierce the shell with a large darning-needle or some similar instrument, and having also partly bored a hole in the wood so as not to split it, insert your nail of sufficient length to hold it fast. I then melted a little wax and poured it into mine so as to make it tight around the nail, as a little sand in the vase helps keep the dry leaf stems in position. Then with the brush which comes with the bronzine apply a coat, and after awhile another if needed; and you can hardly tell the article

from real bronze without taking it in your hand. The contrast between the vase and the bright hues of the leaves is charming. Mine is four and a half inches high above the board, which is three and a half inches long and two and three-quarters inches wide; but the dimensions would vary with the size and shape of the squash. I hope some one will try this. MRS. G. H. A.

Flower-Pot Covers.—A pretty cover is made by cutting a pasteboard in two or more sections, narrow at bottom and widening to the top, to fit the pot. Cover the seams (after sewing the parts together) with brown paper pasted on neatly. Varnish with shellac varnish, and ornament with leaves made of triangles of stiff brown paper, folded and laid one over another until the whole is entirely covered; varnish each one with the shellac (and if the paper is not heavy, wet each leaf with stiff glue, and dry); then cut six graduated and scalloped circles, prepared as above (with glue and varnish), and form into rosettes, placing a wreath at top and bottom; varnish the whole with copal varnish. A very exquisite cover is made thus: Cut cardboard to fit the pot; wet the surface with white glue, and while damp cover thickly with tapioca, sago and rice. Prepare little twigs from pine branches and raisin stems by dipping them in bright scarlet sealing wax, dissolved or melted very thin. Place them artistically on the white surface, and intersperse a few pretty shells among them. The effect is really beautiful. A border

of shells, top and bottom, is an improvement. I make a cheap cover by forming rings to fit top and bottom of the pot, with the wires of old hoop-skirts; then form, from the same, a lattice-work by cutting pieces of the length (slantwise) and crossing the reverse way; form an edge by bending pieces, of any desired length, in shape of the figure eight, and fastening with thread or fine wire. Paint the whole a pretty color and varnish. Make chains of strung cloves, or rings of cherry-stones cut and hung in festoons around the top. This is a novel but very beautiful addition. AUNT CARRY.

Basket of Shell Flowers.—The basket illustrated



SMALL FERNERY.

on this page is composed of shells colored and grouped together to form imitations of perfect flowers. On the left hand is seen the blossoms of the Passion Flower and Lilies of the Valley;

on the right, a Dablia, a small Ranunculus, and part of a Rose. In the centre is a Damask Rose; on the reverse side is a Yellow Rose, a large Ranunculus, China Aster, Crocuses, Snowdrops; while interspersed here and there are Rosebuds, Cineraria, Geraniums, Camellias, Fuchsias, all with buds and leaves. The shells are natural, as found along the sea-coast, and set in with a cement made of gum tragacanth, mixed with a little alum, plaster of Paris, and sugar of lead.

Hireside Readings.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch,
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away;
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters const nly:
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest hath flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!—*Aldine.*

LITTLE BOY BOBBY.

It is not wise to do or say anything to a child under an injunction not to tell. Here is a story in point, which was reported to Dr. Robert Chambers from the ladies at Fingask, Perthshire, Scotland:

"A highland family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and effort to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner; but either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery.

But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and a pair of buff-colored trousers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a little while he carried out these instructions, till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a short lull in the general conversation, Bobby quietly said:

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup, I'll tell *yon!*"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand.

Soup being removed, and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.



OUR PICTURE-BOOK.

"Mamma, I want some sea-fish," (a rarity in the Highlands).

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much."

"Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, I'll tell *yon!*"

tion of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion.

The father was irritated at the incident.

"Bobby you must be quiet, you can have no wine!"

"Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind—I'll tell *yon!*"

"You rascal, you shall have no wine!"

"You had *better* do it," answered Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come, now, mind I'll tell *yon!* Once, twice—"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once—twice—will you do it? Once—twice—thrice! *My trousers were made out of mother's old window-shades!*"

Stiff English party dissolves in unconstrained merriment.

A young lady in Lancaster has the initials Y. M. C. A. engraved on one corner of her visiting cards, which she hands to certain gentleman visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean, "You May Come Again."

Beautiful Sentiment.—"I confess," says Hilliard, "that increasing years bring with them an increased respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true celestial grace does not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with the poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which 'die and make no signs;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the triumph."

Social Whimsicalities.—Ranney was a student who unfortunately could not pronounce the letter R, but used the letter W. Going down town one day, he was witness to a fracas of some sort. Rushing to the society of his college mates, he exclaimed, in tones of great excitement, "Boys, there's a *wiot* down town!" "A what?" "Why, a *wow!*" "A what?" "Why, a *wumpus*; can't you understand?"

During a recent freshet in Connecticut an editor telegraphed another at the scene of action: "Send me full particulars of the flood." The answer came: "You will find them in Genesis."



LITTLE BUTTERCUPS.

"Oh, Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him some fish.

A little further on, Bobby observing his papa and the guests taking wine, broke in once more:

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!"

By this time, as might well be supposed, the atten-

The following anecdote was told by a preacher, for a fact: A preacher was praying, and in his prayer he said: "I pray the Lord to *curtail* the power of the devil." Just then an old darkey in the congregation cried: "Yes! Amen! Bress God! Cut him tail right smack, smooove off."

Housekeeping.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Every lady thinks she can keep house; but how few do it with economy. With a long purse and plenty of servants at your command, it is easy enough; but when the cents have to be counted, and you are reduced to the necessity of keeping but one servant, and sometimes none at all, it becomes then a burden instead of a pleasure.

In the first place, to be a good housekeeper you must have the taste for it, and be willing to accommodate yourself to circumstances, to put up with discomforts, and make sacrifices for others, which the sterner sex little dream of. It costs a little self-denial to lay aside an interesting book or a dainty piece of work to go and see what Bridget wants, or to rectify Sallie's blunders. Housekeeping is a trial of temper, for however expert the mistress of the establishment herself may be, she will soon find that servants are not all willing to conform to rules; and unless she practically superintends the ways of her household, and systematically arranges things, she will never succeed.

In keeping house the first thing necessary is *system*. Have a set time for everything. Let your servants know that such things are to be done at such hours, and in such a way, and if they neglect to do them according to orders, let them understand that it is your wish that it should be so done, and they will, in time, if they are at all desirous of pleasing, fall into your ways.

Have everything that is needed for the table ready before meal-time. Let the table-cloth be always neat and clean; nothing contributes more to the enjoyment of the meal than having everything around you nice and fresh looking. A dinner well served promotes good humor. Do not trust the washing up of your cups and saucers, glassware, &c., entirely to your servants. It is not beneath the dignity of the lady of the house to do such things herself. She will, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that they are clean. It is best to have your silver washed in the house; many a piece has found its way out of the yard by being carried into the kitchen, for servants are apt to be careless and leave things lying about. Every lady should have the control of her kitchen. By this I do not mean to approve of the plan adopted by some, of going there at all times and making excuses for poking into every hole and corner; but let it be understood by those you hire that it is your privilege to go into your kitchen whenever you choose to do so, and that you expect to find things clean and in order. Your stove or range should be polished at least once a week; and charge the servants not to pour cold water on it for the purpose of extinguishing the fire, for it will crack and ruin your stove. Coke, which can be purchased at the gas-works, makes an excellent article of fuel, particularly for summer use, for it catches up quickly, burns well, and dies out very fast when no longer needed, and, above all, is so much cheaper than hard coal. It can be mixed with the latter, and makes a very nice fire. It burns better when beaten up, with a little water poured on it.

Make your own purchases; you should know your wants better than your servants do, who, besides, are so liable to be imposed upon. You will find it to your advantage to deal at one place as far as you can do so; and be assured that the best is the cheapest in the end, particularly in the article of food. Provide enough for your family; but beware of setting out to make a show. Live within your means; it is the

safest plan, and see that nothing is wasted. Never buy what you do not want, even if it is cheap; it may prove very dear. Keep a strict account of all expenditures, and allow yourself a certain amount a month, and try and keep within that limit. It may seem hard at first, but, by degrees, when you ascertain exactly what your daily wants are, it will be easy enough. Never run into debt; "it is the first step that costs;" when once you commence, it will be hard to stop, and it is a practice that has ruined many. I consider it wrong even to run up a bill if it can possibly be avoided. Sometimes we are so situated that it cannot be helped; but let such cases be the exception, not the rule. You will feel happier in knowing that you will not be annoyed with bills and no money to meet them.

Where there are little children, mischief is very often made by servants. Teach both children and dependents that they must be kind and considerate to each other. A little child is not always responsible for its actions; but servants are apt to take advantage of them to vent their ill-humor. Let it be the rule of the household to be kind and forbearing in little things. Never reprove before strangers, however aggravating the offense may be; that should always be privately administered. The head of the house, he who provides the means for its support, should uphold the lady in her efforts to maintain a proper discipline. It should be his duty to correct as well as to praise; but men are very glad to leave such unpleasant things to their wives or mothers, never thinking how disagreeable it may be to sensitive natures to expose themselves to the insolence of hired servants, who, in many cases, never fail to take advantage of the opportunity to heap on them the most insulting epithets.

Your home surroundings may be plain, but if blessed with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, your lot will indeed have fallen in pleasant places.

FLORENCE MAY.

HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE.

A single drop of the susquidide chloride of iron, put on a corn between the toes, once a day, with a camel's hair brush, will effect a marvellous cure.

Ten grains of oxalic acid, in half a pint of water, will remove all ink and fruit stains. Wet the article in hot water, and apply it to the top of the bottle, so that the liquid will reach it, then rinse it well.

Dry paint is removed by dipping a swab with a handle in a strong solution of oxalic acid. It softens it at once.

Common ley of wood-ashes will soften hard putty in a few minutes.

Keep some strong spirits of hartshorn in a ground glass-stopped bottle. A teaspoonful in a tablespoonful of water will clean combs and brushes, and restore colors injured by acids. A weaker solution, applied to ill-smelling feet and arm-pits, removes the odor, and removes the grease spots from carpets and clothing. A weak solution in water makes a good wash for the hair, and stimulates its growth when impaired by fever, and cleanses the scalp effectually. A weak solution, scattered over the leaves of plants, from a soft, fine, limber brush, gives new life to plants. Even if a little is sprinkled over the earth at their roots, their growth is invigorated.

Borax, half a teaspoonful in half a teacup of water, makes the mildest and most efficient hair and scalp cleaner in the world. Rub it into the hair and scalp with the balls of the fingers, head held over a wash-basin, eyes shut, until the entire scalp is in a foam, then rinse with warm water.

If a door does not shut without a "slam," put a

The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from a book or paper or engraving.

Drop of sweet oil on the catch, or on the hinge, if it creaks. Soap will do, but not so well.

If there is rust on your flat-iron, or other roughness, put some fine salt on a board, rub it rapidly while warm until it moves smoothly.

If rats are about, scatter powdered glass about their holes, or powdered copperas, or fill up the crevices with hard soap, or smear their holes with soft tar, or dip the rat in a cup of tar and let it go, and it will tar-plaster every hole in the house.

If you wish to make a nail drive easily and last long without rusting, dip it in melted grease first. This is excellent for fencing and other exposed work.

If you want a new shoe to fit as easily as an old one, put on two pairs of stockings before your measure is taken.

Floor-Cleaning.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and so thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

To Preserve Clothes-Pins.—An exchange says: "They should be boiled a few moments and quickly dried, once or twice a month, when they become more flexible and durable. Clothes-lines will last longer and keep in better order for wash-day service if occasionally treated in the same way."

To Improve Starch.—To each bowl of starch add one teaspoonful of Epsom salts, and dissolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this will be stiffer, and will be rendered to a certain degree fire-proof.

Rusks.—Five pounds flour, half pound butter, twelve ounces sugar, nine eggs, one pint milk, yeast enough to make it light.

Mrs. Brown's Muffins.—Five eggs, one quart of milk, flour to make a stiff batter, and one cup of yeast.

Coffee Cakes.—Take some soft-boiled rice, add twice as much flour as rice, a handful of Indian meal, a little yeast; mix over night and bake in the morning.

Muffins.—One egg, one heaped tablespoonful sugar, three cups flour, half cup milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda.

Graham Rolls.—A little more than one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, small piece of butter; (of course, if you can have a little cream with your milk, it is better than any shortening,) a small half cup of sugar, a little salt. Stir in some graham meal, then a handful of fine flour, then thicken with graham till pretty stiff. Have the roll pans hot and a good oven. One egg improves, but it is good enough without.

Graham Raised Bread.—Prepare at night a little sponge, using perhaps a pint of lukewarm mixing, half new milk if you have it, and two-thirds of a cup of nice, sweet yeast. Make this batter but a little thicker than for fritters. In the morning, or when perfectly light, add half a pint of sweet milk or warm water, half a cup of molasses, a little shortening, if you have used water to mix with, but not otherwise; a little soda if the yeast is sweet, not over a quarter of a teaspoonful; stir stiff with graham meal and pour into baking tins. Bake slowly and thoroughly. Of course, these receipts suppose the use of best quality meal, made from white wheat.

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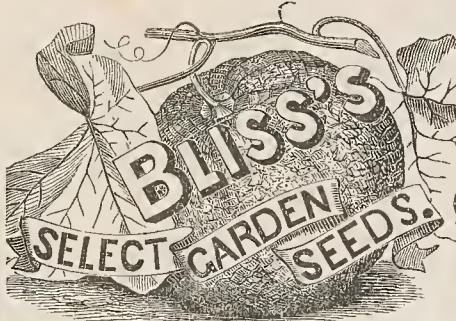


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THE GOOD-BYE AT THE DOOR.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Of all the mem'ries of the past, That come like sum-mer dreams, Whose rain-bow hues still round us
2. But time and place have quite es-tranged Each ear-ly friend we knew; How few re-main, how ma-ny

cast, changed, Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams, . . . The dear-est, sweetest that can be, . . . Of days gone long be-
Of those, of those we deem'd so true . . . Those hap-py hours a-gain to me, . . . But mem'-ry can re-

-fore, store, Are those that oft recall to me . . . The "good bye," the "good bye" at the door; Are those that bring to mind to
The ling'ring thought will ever be . . . The "good bye," the "good bye" at the door; And life's last moments seem to

me . . . The "good bye," the "good bye" at the door.
be . . . The "good bye," the "good bye" at the door.

ritard. *a f tempo.* *Ped.* *dim.* *p* *ff*

THE LADIES' National Calendar

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1874.

No. 30.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

OUT-DOOR GARDENING.

This article is written for the encouragement of those who have a love for flowers with but little experience in the cultivation of them. Do not attempt the work without good tools. I head my list of tools with a spading fork, which I am proud to say a woman can use to advantage; a hoe, rake, trowel, and last of all, what I have heard called a Dutch hoe, for cleaning the walks. I always try to furnish my plants with good living. A pile is started in the spring which grows a stately mound during the year, at the end of which time it is ready for use. Not a day passes without its receiving some offering—dead leaves, weeds, turf, anything and everything gathered through the day by the faithful gardener. When ready for use the soft black mould would delight one who understood its value. When mixed with the soil from last year's hot-bed what plants could fail to thrive upon such dainty fare?

The great defect in many gardens is the narrow walks, giving them the look of a room in which there is too much furniture. No walks should be less than three feet six inches in width. For bordering I prefer Oxalis. The variety I use has a leaf beautifully marked with a dark centre, the flower a deep rose color. It blossoms until killed by hard frosts. The increase is so great that the bulbs from one bed will border the whole garden another year. Not having a very large garden I depend upon annuals, bulbs, and house plants for filling the beds. Japan Lilies are indispensable in any garden, and I find them successfully cultivated by following the directions given in the flower



GARDEN DECORATION—STATUE AMONG ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

catalogue of B. K. Bliss & Sons. As far as possible I save my own seeds. It is some trouble, but it counts several dollars every year. I can grow much finer Verbenas from seeds than from any plants I can buy. Always buy the best seeds, and only save from very perfect plants. Do not crowd your beds with too many plants. When transplanting one can hardly realize the change a few weeks will make, and it is such a temptation when we have rather too many to want them in somewhere. After having given two

dozen seedlings the same care it may seem heartless to select twelve and throw out the others, but it must be done, so shut your eyes and away with them.

For a long time I feared to transplant in dry weather. It seemed very much like bringing up a large family by hand. With many misgivings a bed of Phlox was filled, and the little plants kept covered through a week of blasting winds and glaring sunshine, it proved a success, and one bed after another was transplanted until the work was done.

All of my house plants go in the garden in the summer, where they grow and bloom most satisfactorily. Fuchsias have a bed by themselves, where the sun leaves them an hour or more before noon. They are trained to frames made from willow cuttings, grow very large and blossom through all the season.

As far as possible avoid watering the flowers. If you keep the soil mellow so that it will absorb the dew and other moisture you will find far less use for a watering pot. "The dryer the season the more I cultivate my corn," said a successful farmer. The same rule for a flower garden; you cannot cultivate too much. S. E. JONES.

Floral Contributions.

HINTS ON OUT-DOOR FLOWER CULTURE.

The out-door culture of flowers has been much written upon; yet in our experience there are many things that will bear repeating. First of all do not sow your seeds too early. The ground must be well prepared, and the sun will help you, if only it is well spaded and turned, so that his rays may strike it. The wind and the rain, in short all nature will help if we only reach out our hand to accept. When the ground is dry, and well worked over and mellow, then make the beds, but do not sow the seeds unless the season is well advanced and the ground is warm. But our beds are made, and the little plants that have slept so quietly, folded in their brown wrappings all winter under the snow, begin to start. The ground that was devoted to our Verbenas last year is the spot that we watch with the most interest. We can none of us now do without our beds of those bright, varied, free, hardy bloomers. Yet it is comparatively but a short time since they were first introduced. Our great reliance is upon our seedling Verbenas. The hot-house plants cannot compare with them in size and vigor and wealth of bloom the greater part of the season, and the interest with which we watch the first buds, until the full flower, and our delight if it is "a beauty," we would not part with for any boughten certainty. Many object to Verbenas from the seed because they flower so late. The method we adopt is this: We do not send to some lone island on some foreign shore for guano, but send for that which is much better—the contents of our own corn supported hen roost. Then after it is well dried in the sun and pulverized, mix with equal parts of wood ashes and gypsum. Transplant as soon as large enough each little plant, then as soon as it gets well started again take of the above mixture a large tablespoonful and scratch it lightly into the soil around the root of each plant. The vigor of the plant, and the number of flowers, will soon repay you. We use the same for our house plants, and for all others that we wish to hasten or increase the bloom.

There is a custom much followed of raising beds and mounds for flowers high above the level. This is really an injury to plants, and requires the greatest care to prevent them being dwarfed for want of the proper moisture. Flowers are very much like our children; they thrive well under intelligent, sensible treatment, and for love they return loveliness.

There are so many points of interest connected with the culture of flowers that volumes might be written yet the subject not be exhausted. Yet how often do we hear men, and sometimes a woman, say when called upon to admire a garden of flowers, the result of a long summer's labor, "time thrown away. How much better so many hills of potatoes would have been; and if you did not want them give them to the poor." Let us look at these people who say such good, sensible, sounding things. We are not talking vaguely; we do know what we say, and feel it deeply too. There are two classes of them. The first and lower are those who were born with a love of beauty, and with leisure to cultivate it, but they prefer the ecstatic bliss of indolence, and with folded hands advise "feeding the poor." But mark; the poor are never fed from their waste places, and we do feel constrained to cry out, "Oh, ye hypocrites." The second and higher class are they who have really no love for the beautiful, but whose most intense enjoyment lays in the region below the head, and usually covered by

a vest sometimes homespun, but oftener fine linen. Such we pity.

Flowers! God-given, Heaven-sent Flowers! Him we worship through them. His love, His perfection, His loveliness, we adore in these His fair and perfect work. If but one Morning Glory is twined over a lowly door we may look with certainty for some of the fair virtues within, and as a rule the true earnest lover of flowers is the true earnest worker in the "Garden of the Lord."

I cannot lay aside my pen without giving my tribute of praise to this dear little CABINET. Gotten up with taste it is an ornament that we are happy to see upon our table, and happy to have our large family of daughters read its chaste and useful pages.

R. H. SMITH.

LATE FLOWERS.

"The summer I loved has flown,
The lily has left its stalk,
And the roses are dead, both white and red,
That grew by the garden walk."

I wish some one would tell me of three or four choice monthly late-blooming Roses. Late in November I plucked a full-blown Giant of Battle Rose; large buds were clustered beside it, but these did not develop; the cold proved too severe for them. I remember it was snowing. I had been out gathering, as I thought then, the last bouquets of Chrysanthemums and Pansy before the Rose, hesitating to pull it, for it was "The Last Rose of Summer." Its crimson velvety petals were studded with the crystal flakes of the falling snow. I snatched it jealously then, fearing that blighting, mischief-making Frost King would get it before me. The Changing (a light pink, but rather single Rose), and a small, flowered pink monthly bloomed late with me. The Honeysuckles are good, late flowers. Jack Frost always catches them, but they do not seem to mind his cruel caresses. Sedums I like very much; a variety with light green leaf and lighter sage with dense heads of pretty pink flowers, is a favorite. I must not forget the Chrysanthemums. I really do not think we give this plant the attention and care it merits; there are so many varieties that their name is legion; what beautiful bouquets they make, long after all the rest are gone, and yet we seldom see a well-reared-for, nicely trained bush. They are generally straggling and sprawling over the ground. I have small white ones that look like Daisies, they are so perfect and finely quilled; others are as pure as the snow and are of a drooping habit. I have a small yellow kind that this fall I had such quantities of I repeatedly made fun of them, saying I must dig them up and throw them away (my neighbors have plenty). I abandoned this idea at Christmas, when I found them still bright and cheerful, when the others had succumbed to the cold. A pretty ornamental bush through the winter is the Red Wax bush; its sprays are densely crowded with purplish crimson berries, are useful to use with dried grasses for vases. Of the late blooming plants, I like the Salvias and the Tritoma Uvaria. The latter is splendid against a dark-green background, and I would suggest the name of Flame Flower, or Lily, or Torch Flower instead of Red-hot Poker be given it; it does look like a flame at a distance. I had sweet Alyssum and scarlet Verbenas out in December. Crepis blooms late and is real pretty. I think some persons do not like them on account of their Dandelion appearance, but I like that early golden spring flower, and I like Crepis. The centre of one yellow variety is a deep maroon edged with yellow, and, on the whole, they are an interesting genus of plants.

GEORGIA C.

DOOR-YARD.

You admire the beautiful well-kept yards as you pass through the city, but it never enters your head, that you farmers can better afford nice yards than your city brothers. Because you have the implements, skill and strength to work with. If you need a gravel walk, and of course you do, or your old weedy one remodeled, you don't have to hire a man to dump you down a few loads, at his leisure, at a price bigger than the pile of gravel. You can do it yourself this fall while you are not busy and the roads are dry, and it will be a grand beginning toward mending your ways. This winter, make some trellises. No matter if you are not much of a carpenter, they will look "splendid" when they are painted and have vines on them, and will make your wife's heart sing for joy. Besides they will be a lasting monument of your skill and fine taste for the next four or five years. Then, "when the springtime comes," take a whole day, haul sod and rich earth for beds, help your wife set out shrubbery and fix up your yard generally. You will surprise your folks, and you will be more surprised yourself to see what an improvement you have made. And when everybody says, "Why, Smith, what a fine place you have here, there will be no prouder man on the face of the earth."

AUNT TANSY.

Fuchsias.—I have several Fuchsias, and would like to know, if I have a Speciosa, by what peculiarity can I tell it, and how can I know a Begonia Rex?

S. C. H.

Answer.—Send for an illustrated catalogue to any respectable florist; it will give you the desired information.

Caeti.—Can you tell me the best way to raise Cactus from seed. Does it take them long to vegetate? I have some fancy Geraniums that do not grow to suit me. They are "Crystal Palace Gem," "Mountain of Snow," and "Beauty of Caulderdale." One of each is potted in good rich soil, and they grow very well, and flower some, but the leaves do not show the marking they are said to possess. I thought the sun was too hot for them, and moved them into the shade, but without effecting any change. What shall I do with them? What is the botanic name of Wandering Jew?

DICK HOPSON.

Sherman, Texas.

Answer.—Caeti from seed will bloom in two or three years; they start readily. As we have very often stated, the fancy Geraniums will not do well in the open air. Tradescantia is the plant most generally called Wandering Jew, although the name is given to several other plants.

Crocus.—Will some one please give directions for planting and making the Crocus bloom in winter in terra cotta hedge-hogs and porcupines? Have tried repeatedly, but they, after starting fair, dwindle away and have no flowers. Do they require much water, and should it be poured over the top of the bulbs? Ought the earth to be sandy or rich? Are they better kept in the dark, like Hyacinths, for the first two weeks? And very much oblige

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Growing Crocus in "hedge-hogs" will almost always prove a failure. By getting good sound bulbs in September, carefully filling with good light soil, you will occasionally get a few flowers. When they need water immerse in a tub until the whole is thoroughly wet through. Getting flowers from "porcupines" is the most unsatisfactory way we have ever tried.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Pets.—In looking over my much loved CABINET, I saw your inquiry for "El Mina," although I am not she. I can answer your question in regard to pets having their feet washed. In answer, I would say, that they get along beautifully, and can hardly live without washing their feet. I have a little pet canary, that I have had for nearly nine years. About six years ago I accidentally broke off, entirely, his under bill, so I have had him to feed almost hourly ever since. I feed him with egg, cracker, hemp seed, and everything green, and lastly, I keep a piece of salt pork tied in his cage, as I do also in my other birds' cages, of which I have four, and find by experience that it does them real good; makes them sing, oils their lungs, keeps them from being husky, and is a good thing for them. I can name several persons whose birds have been bereft of feathers and song, until they have used the salt pork. I am very, very fond of all kinds of pets, and take care of them because I do love them. I have often had six sick birds sent to me to doctor at a time, and have cured them all. My little pet, without a bill, I wash his feet once or twice a month because he has corns, white, hard corns, so I soak them in tepid water, hold him in my hand very carefully, my thumb over his wings, and rub castile soap on his feet till they will pinch off with the finger nail, and then I make a bed of soft linen, and let him stand on it till he comes off himself, and he is as happy as any human being could be under the same circumstances.

MRS. SEABURY, New Haven.

To H. S. P., subscriber of the FLORAL CABINET.

Window Gardening.—I can boast of no more knowledge of plants than the keeping and taking care of seven Geraniums, one Rose, one Jessamine, three Fuchsias, three Ivies, one Bouvardia, one pot Oxalis, Oleander and Madeira Vine. Now my plants have had various treatment; one morning they were showered, set in the sun and potted; another, were found dry, wilted, and uncared for. Now doubtless some may exclaim, "what a shame;" yes, but it has been so, and I write this to those that are similarly neglectful, and to show how a little pains make the difference. An acquaintance living near, has a beautiful show of plants the year round, and when they are in full bloom, making her room a little bower of beauty. I felt like tossing mine out of the window; but "have a little patience;" I don't do it, for then indeed would my "noble Benedick" have the start of me, I "knew it would be so." No; instead, I adopt new resolutions; look at my plants, they fairly shout.

"Choked and drowned;" never mind, poor pets, brighten up, for instead of going into a decline you are going to undergo a new treatment, and that is regularity. This was only a few weeks ago, but "presto change," what a transformation; it seems they are trying to repay double-fold, then they are beginning to bloom; already my Calla (of which I neglected to mention) has two fine buds, Geraniums, scarlet and pink budded. Oxalis in bloom, and this, remember, is the change in a short time; also Madeira Vine, a beauty, running over picture frames, coming to the window, and running so determined to twine itself around my Oleander, that it forces me to say nothing could be prettier.

My Flower Garden.—My flower-beds are laid out in the shape of a Maltese cross, and for a small yard looks quite pretty, but my flowers are beautiful, of

course, Asters, Phlox, Balsams, Stock, Coxcombs, Zinnias; and this year Vick sent me a few new varieties, all of which will require early starting; and last, but far from least are the Verbenas, start those in heat; also, if you wish thrifty plants, one paper of seed sown by yourself will give better satisfaction than the cuttings bought of the florists, only give them sun, that is, a sunny situation, they will bloom much more abundantly; plants grown in masses give more pleasure than to scatter them here and there; as I do not possess a hot-bed, I prepare one in the house by taking a box, filling with sand, and plunging small jars filled with seed in that, watering with warm water and keep in the sun. Balsams, do any of the readers prune? After transplanting, and they begin to throw out side shoots pinch off all except the centre shoots which will cause one straight stalk covered with flowers, prune to one, two or three branches just as you like, the former mode will bear closer transplanting; now to add, that those beautiful roses well showered with hellebore after a rain will bid defiance to the slug, will be all this time.

ROSE.

Boxwood, N. Y.

Cottages.—I am charmed with the design in your January number of the CABINET, and intend to build one like it. But there are some features I don't understand, and I am puzzled as to the height of the rooms from floor to ceiling; whether the rooms on the upper floor are not concave on account of the roof, and if they would be best ceiled or plastered? Our southern architects never make use of the space above where the rafters join the plates; hence my ignorance.

Answer: The side walls are but half the height of the room; then the ceiling slopes upward in same direction with roof, until it is about eight feet perpendicular height from floor, when it squares off to opposite side. A concave ceiling could not well be made with this design.

Various Queries.—The LADIES' CABINET has surpassed our most sanguine expectations; the correspondence alone is worth the price of the paper. Will some one tell me how to make Geraniums bloom in winter, also why will Heliotropes die during the winter months when we want their bloom most? What treatment is required for a Jasmine Grandiflorum?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Large Rose Bush.—I see in the March number a notice of "The Largest Rose Bush in America," which calls to mind a paragraph in a California paper which was sent me by my brother, the owner of the bush herein described.

"This bush is in the grounds of Jackson Lewis, of San Jose; is thirty inches in circumference at the base; at four feet from the base is a fork of nine branches, each measuring over fifteen inches in circumference, and the whole covers a space of one thousand square feet.

"This is a Lamarque. There was also a Chromatella Rose measuring twelve to fifteen inches girth and covering five hundred feet, rich in its gorgeous blooms."

M. J. S.

Amaranthus.—In the March No. of the CABINET wants to know why Amaranthus Salicifolius did so poorly. The answer to that question, I take it, is contained in the question itself, "It was sowed early," probably too early by a month. If started in a rich light soil that will not cake, kept moist, and in a temperature of about 70° in the day time, there will be found no difficulty in raising it. I believe it to be a true hot-house plant, and it must have hot-house treatment. How much sun it will bear I have not yet

discovered, but it will bear a great deal. Mine gets the sun from 2 p. m. till sunset, and has not yet been injured.

C. W. T.

Bucks Co., Pa.

Blue Verbena.—Pardon what may seem to you an impertinent question. Is there a Blue Verbena? All the florists advertise them, I know, but to my certain knowledge they do not all furnish them to their customers. For three years I have tried to get one, and as my last purchase opened its first bud today, disclosing a beautiful pink instead of the blue as it was represented to be, I gave up, and doubt the existence of a Blue Verbena! I have bought seed (said to be blue) from the prominent seed houses of St. Louis, New York and Rochester, that produce all other shades but blue; even seed from Boston, where all things are supposed not only to be perfect, but to be blue by nature, fail to reflect the cerulean hue of the sky when planted on these southwestern prairies. To make things sure, I ordered from Peter Henderson a dollar's worth of his best Blue Verbenas. In due time I received them, and they all grew, but the nearest to blue among them was a pale violet color, and some of them were nearly scarlet. The nearest I have ever seen to a Blue Verbena is the wild ones on the prairie, they being a bluish purple.

I want to say a word in favor of two plants, not generally cultivated, but which should be in every collection. First, Puhouaria Virginica, a native of the middle states, blooming very early in the spring, producing large clusters of handsome light blue flowers. And, second, the Commelyna. This last grows wild here in several varieties, ranging from violet and blue to white. Manure them with lime, and the flowers are of the loveliest shade of blue imaginable; remove the lime from them, or plant them in soil in which there is no lime, and they become nearly white.

Sherman, Texas.

DICK HOPSON.

Answer.—We have seen Blue Verbenas so often, that we did not suppose there was any difficulty in obtaining them. We have seen them on Peter Henderson's, also Mr. C. L. Allen's grounds.

English Ivy.—In your very instructive work on window gardening, while speaking of the English Ivy, you say, that two feet per year is a good growth for that plant. That may do very well for the eastern states, but ambitious California does better by her plants than that. In November last I set out in a pot a slip of the common English Ivy, and since that time it has grown by actual measurement a little over five feet. It is trained over a picture in my office, and its beauty and luxuriant growth is remarked by all who see it.

Sacramento, Cal.

F. H. HUBBARD, M.D.

Mexican Tiger Lily.—Can some of your readers tell me why the Mexican Tiger Lily will not bloom? I have had it for three years, and no blossoms yet.

Grass Valley, Cal.

ANNA BURR.

Answer.—The Mexican Tiger Lily (Tigridia) is a free flowering plant, requiring only a light soil and plenty of water. Cannot say why yours failed if the bulbs were good.

Articles Wanted.—The Editor will be pleased to have any one write notes or short articles on any of the following topics: Laying out flower gardens; best plants for window gardening; plants of ornamental foliage; experience with special fertilizers; success in killing bugs, worms, or curing sickly plants; experience with new flower seeds; the Odier Pansy; ornamental grasses. Write freely on any topic. If you have anything useful to say, any good ideas to help other flower-growers, send them along.

Floral Decorations.

WINDOW GARDENING.

With the first number of the CABINET, December, 1871, I determined to enlarge my stock of plants and try to have as beautiful ones as Daisy Eyebright and others who are successful growers. I bought a double Chinese Primrose (white), and a single White Pink, and crimson one—I read “that shade is essential to their well-being”; and again, “Primroses will do well at a north window.” Having faith most implicit, I placed mine at a north window and kept them there through the whole winter. Not a flower or new leaf did I have all that time, and I was in a rage with Mr. Saunders, of Chicago, for sending me poor masenline flowers, or rather plants. They certainly were the most distressed looking specimens—a group that looked like as though they belonged to the invalid corps. They survived, however, till spring; then, true to my teaching, I separated the roots, repotted, and put in a cool moist place under a painted glass frame, to make them believe they were at the Adirondaeks or some other delightful summer resort. They either did not have any imagination, or my “retreat” was not perfect, for they grew more and more unhappy, grew green and yellow with jealousy because their sister plants were having such a good time in the sun; they got such fashionable wasp-like waists that they swayed around fearfully. At last one disappeared most mysteriously. I could not even find a root to tell what once had been. Shortly after, the other three departed this life, and not one remained to tell the tale of my barbarous treatment; but I could not give up those beautiful flowers in that way. Last fall I got four more and put them in an east widow. They did better, but the flowers were smaller than was pretty. At length, the first of January, I, in great wrath, determined to kill or cure, so moved them all to a south window, in the full blaze of the sun from eleven A. M. till five P. M. I could fairly hear their gleeful chatter, as they luxuriated in the warm life-giving rays. Each plant sent up their long spikes of lovely flowers, and I was not without a Primrose flower till June. I cut off all the buds to let them rest. They now stand with my other plants on a piazza that has an eastern and southern exposure. They are all large, fine, strong plants, and I hold that sun from December to June is most needful to the life of Chinese Primroses. I also find that they do not like to be showered over head; it decays the leaves, they are so thick. I also tried hard to make Mrs. Pollock and United Italy grow at an east window. No use; the thing cannot be done in Michigan, any way. They both utterly refused to put on their fine clothes and colors for so short a call as the morning sun gave them. When I gave them the sun all day their colors were gorgeous. I do not think the Tricolors are any more difficult than the Zonale, but both must have sunlight or they will not reward one. They evidently think one good turn deserves another. If plants are showered once each

week they will not have a bng. I had one hundred plants last winter; had them in the front parlor, threw open the outside blinds, removed the lace curtains. All my friends exclaimed, “The idea of making a



RUSTIC BIRD HOUSE.

green-house out of the front parlor! You will ruin your carpet,” &c. All of which I did not mind, and did not spoil my carpet either. I put the plants into an old tub in order to shower them. I had a charming window garden, and what I have done all other

have them flower in the winter. I have one that I consider infallible: Two or three days before taking up a plant, cut around the roots with a sharp knife from three to six inches from the main stalk; then be sure to let it rest in the ground at least two days. One can then take up any plant without the least fear of disturbing it. Last fall I cut into the ground the roots of a grand Glorie de Nancy. In August it was five feet in height and splendidly proportioned; had forty bunches of flowers and thirty-five bunches of unopened buds on it at the time it was taken up. It did not lose a leaf, not a flower faded, not a bud blasted, and it was in flower all winter; of course not such quantities, but some all the time. I put it into the ground last May; it has been a perfect wonder all the year. I cut it a few days ago, and will take it in this winter. It does not seem to require rest. I think it pays most decidedly to keep up Geraniums during the winter months. If slips of the Scarlet Tropeolum are rooted in July they will flower splendidly all winter. Mine had between forty and fifty flowers all the time from November to July. My window, with its mass of Tropeolums and Mandarinas, purple and white, was a thing of rarity to the outsiders, and a joy to those inside. I find that to nip out the tops of my Bouvardias every few weeks during the summer is an advantage; the plants grow stronger and better and the flowers are larger. I sowed some of Mr. Vick's double Balsam seed a year ago this month, and potted when large enough into six-inch pots; they flowered finely till Christmas; at the same time I sowed seed of the Stock Gilly; they grew seventeen inches high. I watered with manure water. Such numerous flowers and wonderful growth was the wonder of all who saw them. Each plant was an immense bouquet of delightful fragrance. Try it all ye flower lovers, and you will be delighted I know with your success. In July I give my Fuchsias a final potting; give them very nice rich earth and water liberally. They will flower without much sun, though I think they do better if given the morning sun. Cinerarias are lovely, and if a few seedlings are obtained now they will be most useful spring flowering plants; treat as you do Geraniums. Dear CABINET, I hope by all this lengthy chat to induce some distressed sister to put her Mrs. Pollock and Primroses in the sunlight.

A. S. DARRAH.



TERRACE STEPS.

girls can do. I have not even a conservatory or a bay window; have to keep up the fire my own self. Once a week I used ammonia water. I have never seen a receipt for taking up bedding-out plants to

improve every year. All those who take it here like it very much indeed.

ANNA BUBB.

Answer.—We cannot name plants from the leaf only. The flower is from the Canna Indica.

Ornamental Cottages.

A HILL SIDE COTTAGE.

This cottage was designed for a situation where the ground descends very rapidly away from the line of the front, and this peculiarity was taken advantage of to get a kitchen and servant's rooms below the main story—though entirely out of ground on one side, and the greater part of another side, making them quite as dry and pleasant as the upper story.

The basement is arranged as follows: Under the veranda is an area, the floor of which is two feet above the ground and paved with brick. This area is neatly latticed up so that the whole space is quite private, and forms a pleasant working place in the summer time. The kitchen opening from it is 13x14 feet, and adjoining it is a large pantry, containing a dumb waiter rising to another pantry in the floor above, besides a stairway up, and sundry shelves and cupboards. There is a hall opening into a servant's room, 8x14, and into two good cellars, both of which have floors laid on chestnut beams bedded in grout, as in fact have all the other basement rooms.

The cellar is 8½ feet high in the clear, and the walls are of stone, with the exception of those fronts which are exposed—they being of brick and painted.

The principal story has an entrance hall 10 feet square, and a stairs and hall of the same dimensions, separated from each other by a screen made of chestnut. The stairs are 3½ feet wide, and under them is a closet for coats. The pantry is 10 feet square also, and is fitted up with cupboards, and has a butler's pantry, sink for washing dishes in, supplied with hot and cold water from the range. The parlor and dining room are both of the same size, 15x16 feet. The first has a large French window through which one can pass to the yard, and the dining room has a similar window opening out upon a large balcony. Both rooms connect with a veranda 9 feet wide. This story is 10½ feet high.

In the second story, a small hall-way or passage at the head of the stairs opens into three chambers, two of which are 13 feet square, and the third about 6½ feet square. This story is 10 feet high in the middle of the room, falling away to 3 feet at the extreme eaves, where they are furred out to make the finished height 6 feet in the lowest part. The spaces furred off may serve for closets.

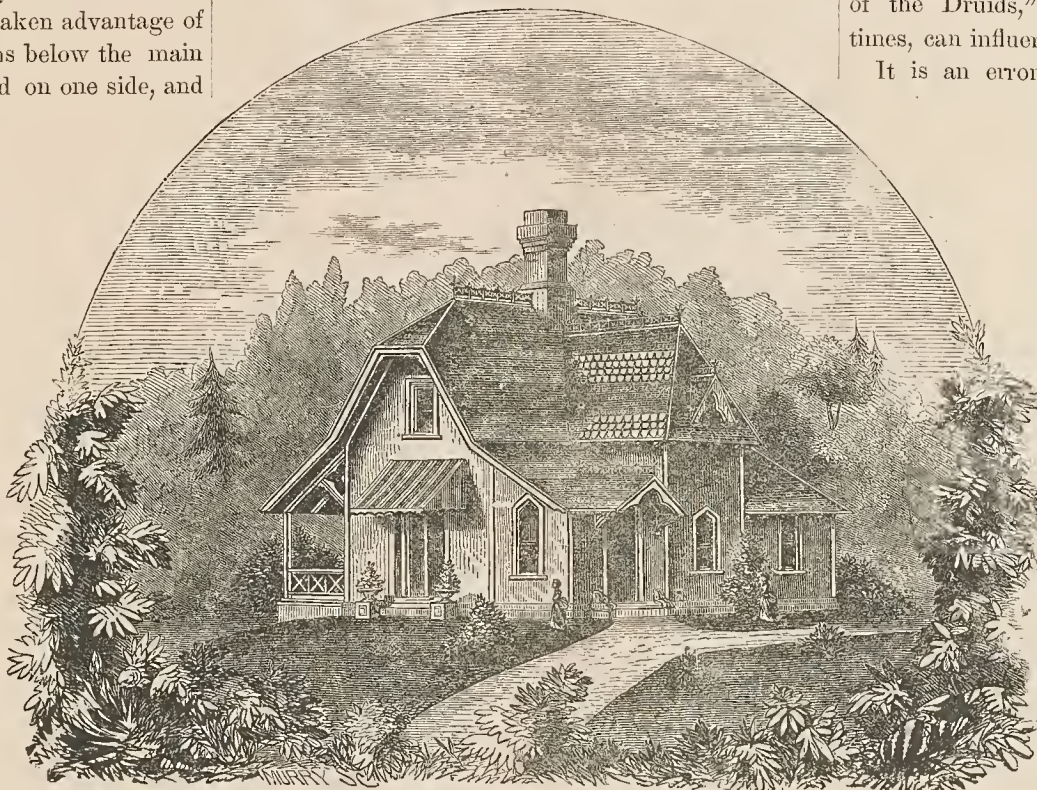
This cottage was designed to be a frame cottage, boarded and clapboarded, and also filled in with brick for greater protection against cold. The interior finish, of pine stained, or of chestnut oiled; and the floors of all the first story of Southern pine, laid with a border of black walnut all around, 12 inches wide. The floors of the second story of narrow pine plank. The estimated cost given in Downing's new edition of cottage residences is \$3,200.

Slugs.—What will destroy slugs on plants? They breed rapidly on the Abutilon.

Answer.—Try tobacco soap.

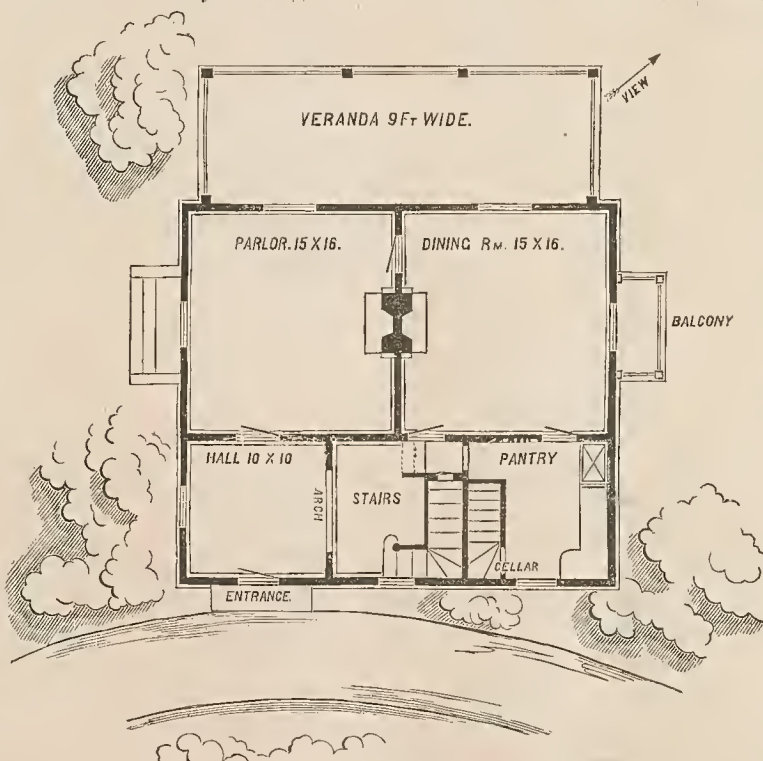
HOLIDAY DECORATION.

Of all holidays of the year, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years should be observed with due holiday spirit and decoration; it is the time for festivity and rejoicing, and all should be bright and cheerful. This is a pretty custom and one I hope will never die,



A SIDE HILL COTTAGE.

this decoration of "nave and chancel," of "pillar and arch;" but not only should we decorate the church; every home (ever so humble) can have its branch of holly or wreath of cedar hung above the door and window; how pretty, the ashen colored branches, sharp glossy green leaves, and bright crimson berries of the holly look against the white wall. This is the



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

season for holly, spruce, and running vines to be in their beauty and prime; they all retain their freshness much longer if gathered thus late in the season. The ancients held the mistletoe in great reverence. This, with the exception of the laurel, dominated over all other greens on festal occasions; "golden bough of Virgil" it was called. I wonder if it was as difficult to obtain as ours; it certainly must have grown into

miniature trees or the word "bough" would not be applied to it. A word about this same parasite plant, after saying that "vows of tender significance" can be uttered under the holly as well as mistletoe; besides we do not live in a superstitious era, nor do we believe that the wishes made under the "sacred plant of the Druids," who haunted the oaks in ye olden times, can influence our future destiny.

It is an erroneous idea that mistletoe grows only on old, dead branches of trees. I have seen it growing on swamp maples strong and thrifty in large quantities, and on other trees equally as healthy; the plant is more interesting than pretty; the leaves are rather thick and have a tough appearance, but when broken are quite brittle. The branches or little limbs are gnarled and crooked, the berries grow in clusters, have a very yellow look, and when mashed are like jelly, sticky and gelatinous. The berries are said to be carried by the birds or blown by the wind into crevices and cracks of other trees; here they find nourishment, take root and grow. Notwithstanding, to the contrary, I have seen it growing out of smooth wood.

What lovely plants the Lycopodiums are; the common names applied to them are Christmas green and club mosses; the running pine is called "Robin-run-away," the other, ground pine. What a pleasure it is, and how eagerly we search for them, turning up dead leaves, brown pine needles, and all the fallen debris of last year's growth, and at last hail its appearance with a shout of joy. The running pine is beautiful to twine around picture frames; the other will make very pretty wreaths, taking pasteboard for a foundation, sewing the green on it, and above this tacking tiny branches of the black elder, the scarlet berries contrasting fine against the feathery green pine. While we are out we must not forget to get a few branches of the laurel of descanted glory, and a few sprays of mitchella repens, with its round ovate leaf, bright scarlet berries and charming wild-wood freshness; pressed or dried autumn leaves should now be brought forward, tacked on bonnet wire, made into wreaths, etc. CHRISTABEL.

Conservatory.—In FLORAL CABINET for April J. K. speaks of her conservatory leading out of her sitting-room, and how very successful it has been this winter. She does not say how it has been heated. Will she tell us more about it—how it was heated, and by what means the sitting-room is warmed? My plant room has been a failure this winter. M. P. G. speaks of Deutzia twigs blooming. I have never heard of Deutzia being forced in this way, but in Paris quite a trade is carried on by forcing White Lilac twigs in this way.

A. S. C. A.

Bugs on Asters.—Will some kind friend of the flower garden inform me through our ever welcome CABINET how to prevent the voracious black bugs from so effectually and hopelessly destroying the Aster bloom? Don't answer by saying kill them, for their name is legion.

GEMINE.

Stories.

AUNT MILLIE'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY M. E. G. L.

She was sitting, dear Aunt Millie, in her cosy parlor. It was not grand or elegant, but it was very neat and tasteful. In the centre of the room stood a small round table covered with a crimson and black spread, on which lay two or three books, the last *Evangelist*, the CABINET, and the morning papers. A vase of bright autumn flowers stood in the centre and a pretty work-box at one side. The one window fronting the street was shaded by white muslin curtains, looped back with narrow crimson ribbons. A lounge, Uncle John's easy chair, and Aunt Millie's low rocker, were covered with a thick worsted stuff of the same warm color. The carpet was of a dark brown ground, with a running vine of green leaves and crimson buds peeping out here and there, and two or three footstools were covered with the same material. A bay window on the south side was partly filled with rare house plants, in the nicest order, but only so as partially to intercept the rays of the morning sun which danced on the carpet as the clear invigorating breeze found its way through the open easement. A little fire burned in an open grate opposite. A "what-not," the lower shelves filled with choice books, the upper ones with knick-knacks, many of them very precious for their associations, stood in one corner. A pretty cottage organ and four light cane-seat chairs completed the furniture.

The walls were covered with light paper, of a neutral tint, with bordering to match the carpet. The wood-work was stained to represent curl maple, and varnished. The ceiling was white and smooth as art could make it. Two beautiful landscapes in oil, a fine chromo, and several family likenesses, adorned the walls.

The room, together with Aunt Millie in her neat morning dress and spotless collar, with her gray hair combed smoothly back, as she sat sewing in her rocker, by the table, made a very attractive picture. She might have been sixty years of age. There were lines of care and suffering on the thoughtful, earnest face, but they were softened by a settled expression of peace, and the smile with which she rose to welcome her niece, was a very sweet one.

"Oh! Aunt Millie, I'm clear discouraged, and, as usual, I've come to you. If you can't help me, I do believe I'll give up in despair."

The speaker was a lady of perhaps thirty years. She was a decided brunette, with a round merry-looking face, on which the doleful expression was evidently not at home. She was somewhat carelessly attired, and her hair and the little *et cetera* of dress showed a lack of that perfect neatness always so fresh and winning in woman.

"And what can I do for you? If I have any magical charm or common sense prescription that will chase the gloom from your face, I shall be most glad to use it; but, if I am to prescribe for your disease, you must frankly state the symptoms."

"Well, Auntie, if you would go over to our house, you would see for yourself the symptoms. I do want to make a pleasant, attractive home for my husband and children, but it's no use trying. Annette seems willing enough, but she don't know how, and, to be honest, I don't think I know how myself. Things get into a terrible snarl. The pantry is so dirty and disorderly that I can't bear to go into it, and the worst

of it is, I can't help, every time I look about me, seeing also, just as plainly as I see my own surroundings, your clean, orderly and beautiful home.

"If I say to myself, 'No wonder. She has no children to litter, and only three in the family,' there looms up a picture of the long ago, when you lived in that small, inconvenient house in the country, with four little children, and kept no servant. To be sure everything wasn't quite as nice as it is here, but it was always neat and homelike. I remember I used to think it a great treat to go to Aunt Millie's. The kitchen with its white floor, bright stone, white-washed walls, and clean windows over which climbed the morning-glories, seemed the pleasantest room in the world to me. The nice fresh biscuit and golden butter were so good.

"Oh, dear! Auntie, do tell me how you managed. I've wanted to ask you before, but I was too proud. However, this morning, when Henry left our untidy breakfast table, scarce eating a mouthful, I grew desperate and resolved to swallow my pride, if you would be so kind as to help me institute a thorough reform."

"Well, my dear, I will first tell you how I managed, and then, if you would like to try it, we will consider the ways and means.

"In the first place, I remembered how comfortable the days used to be in my early home, when work of several kinds was crowded into one day, and this led me to plan a division of labors.

"Monday, of course, was washing day. My white clothes having been 'put to soak' Saturday night and everything picked up, I rose half an hour earlier than usual that I might have my clothes on boiling before breakfast. Then we had none of the helps that almost every one uses now, but our washings were not as large. Breakfast was a simple affair, but as carefully prepared as usual. A little extra cleaning of steps and out-of-door places was done washing days, but, usually, everything was finished before our dinner at a quarter past twelve.

"Tuesday forenoon I baked bread and ironed my colored and flannel clothes. Wednesday forenoon I churned and finished ironing. Thursday I cleaned my silver and tin, and swept and dusted, thoroughly, my whole house, cleaning the paint about door knobs, and wiping windows, *et cetera*, on alternate weeks. Friday I baked pies and cake for a week's use, or, rather, pies for two or three dinners.

"I always liked to have a pie for dinner washing-days, unless I had fruit for dessert. As a general thing, however, if we had not fresh fruit, I prepared, and do still, some kind of pudding for dessert; as more healthful, and if not as elaborate, prepared with less trouble.

"Saturday I churned, baked bread, and set my house in order for the Sabbath, always providing for that day something a little extra, so that, though we had a nice dinner, it should take little time for preparation. Thus my housework rarely extended into the afternoons, though in the fall, when fruit was to be put up for winter, it sometimes did. I was so fortunate as to learn early that system and attention to little things in housekeeping are better than hard work; that it is much easier to keep things in order than to have 'clearing up days.'

"At the right hand of the broad shelf in my pantry, where I did all my mixing, was a row of narrow shelves, on which I kept in boxes, spices, soda, sugar, and everything of that kind needed for cooking. These were labelled, and after being used the boxes were carefully wiped and set back in their proper places. I always kept a kettle of warm water on the stove fore-

noons, and dirty dishes were never allowed to stand long. I think few know how much easier house-keeping is made by keeping all articles of use clean and in their places."

"But would you always make your plans work? Didn't unexpected company interfere?"

"Sometimes, yes; but I learned to carry them out as a general thing. Reasonable guests are always satisfied with such attentions as can be given without interfering with the comfort and order of the family."

"It seems easy to hear you talk, but I don't know how to begin."

"Well, my dear, Uncle John is going to the city in the morning. Eva can take her dinner to school, and I will shut up the house and come over and help you set things in order. Then you will find it easier to begin your system."

"Oh! you dear Aunt Millie, I can't tell you how much lighter my heart is. I am going to try in earnest to be a good housekeeper."

American Pitcher Plant.—Please tell me through the CABINET what kind of plant is the American Pitcher Plant? E. T. RUFFNER.

Answer.—*Sarracenia Drummondii*; a curious and interesting plant found in swampy places, from New York to Florida; it will grow in a mixture of sphagnum and sand if kept in a close, moist place.

Rhododendrons.—Where can we get those ever-green Rhododendrons spoken of in the CABINET, and what is the price of them? PHEBE C. Z. ASHEY.

Answer.—Samuel Parsons & Son, of Flushing, N. Y., are the largest dealers in this country. Price from one to three dollars each.

Prairie Rose.—Can the wild Prairie Rose be made double by cultivation; if so, how to go to work? Or tell me of some book on the subject.

R. W. GILLETTE.

Answer.—No. New varieties of Roses are produced from seeds.

Tulips.—Please inform me if there is anything we can grow to hide the ungainliness of Tulips after they blossom. L. M. MILLS.

Answer.—Could not give the name of the plant from flower sent. Take up your Tulips two weeks after blooming, heel them in in some shady situation until they dry off, then fill their place with bedding plants or annuals from the hot-bed.

Tradescantia.—I sent for several plants this year, and among them were a Lantana and Tradescantia; the last named I made a frame-work of sticks for it to climb up; it grows very fast; it does not show any signs of blossoming as yet. Will you please tell me what is the meaning of Zonale Geranium? Can you tell me where I can get a florist's syringe and the price of it? Mother tells me I take too much care of them, and still I cannot get rid of the spider. I give them a good washing often with clear water. I have tried tobacco water. I have tried soapsuds, and lime water and ashes; nothing drives them away. T. F.

Answer.—Tradescantia rarely flowers; when it does it is not much; it is grown for foliage only. Zonale Geraniums are those with a zone or ring in the leaf, of different color or colors. Garden syringes can be obtained from any seedsman, price one to ten dollars. Put your plants in a small room and fumigate with tobacco.

To Illi-Nois.—Will Illi-Nois please inform us through the CABINET where we can get the bronze powder for dusting on paint in baskets and brackets. I would like to know the direction for making skeleton leaves. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1874.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, so numerous and tasteful, have been confessedly, the most attractive part of its contents. It may be safely said, no journal of its kind has ever presented so many really elegant engravings, and with such uniform good taste. This number is believed to be the very best in this respect ever issued, and every flower lover may for a time believe he is in the midst of a floral paradise, so many are the pretty designs and fancies given.

On the first page is a design of rare beauty representing a statue of an angel resting upon a globe, and holding in the right hand a rural wreath; this figure is surrounded by plants of a large growth and very ornamental character. The large leaves with pendant tips at base of globe are from the *Latania Borbonica*, a plant of noble habit and tropical appearance. The broad leaves of the *Banana* peep out from behind the statue, and the drooping lance-shaped leaves of other palms and gigantic ferns appear in the back-ground. Such a decoration placed in the centre of a lovely lawn, containing a group of rare plants selected from the best treasures of the green-house, make a picture of unexampled grace.

Upon page 84 is introduced a pretty little bird house—one of those homes for birds which every cottager should possess—almost any one can make it.

The only materials necessary are:

1. A staunch cedar post with bark untouched, top sawed off square.
2. A little box, with pointed roof in imitation of the gable of a house; here and there may be added bark and acorns over the entrance hole. Make a rustic eave or shelter.
3. Under the base of the house fasten three or four rustic supports.
4. At base, plant some rapid-growing vines, such as *Roses*, *Cypress Vine*, *Morning Glory*, *Honeysuckle*, *Trumpet Creeper*, etc. The height should be about four feet.

The illustration on same page of terrace steps is in its style, a model of garden decoration. The terrace steps are very commonly used on sloping ground, and usually are constructed of stone. In this case the design admits of wood, hemlock being the best. Each step consists of half a log, about ten or twelve inches in diameter, laid with the flat side up, and each step supported near the ends by a piece of two by four inch joist, laid flat, and the steps notched out for it on the under side, as shown by the sectional drawing. The steps should extend into the earth three or four feet, and should be nailed fast to the steps on which they rest. The railing is made of hemlock branches, with the bark left on, the bottom and top posts about four inches in diameter and four feet high; the intermediate posts about three inches in diameter, and two feet six inches high. The steps can be made the same width at the top and bottom, as shown, or wider at the bottom. The width should be regulated by the number of steps, the greater the number of steps, the greater the width, and *vice versa*. For eight or ten steps they should be about five feet wide.



LARGE FERN CASE.

The following epigram was made when Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle was one day appointed to preach before the House of Peers:

"Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach."

THE MYRTLE.

[Tender as this flower looks, in countries where it grows wild it is sometimes found blooming among rocks; and its delicate beauty, when contrasted with the ruggedness of its abode, seems to acquire an additional charm.]

Yes, take thy station here,
Thou flower so pale and fair,
That I from thee may sweetest lessons borrow;
For thou hast that to tell,
Methinks, which suits thee well—
The lingering hours of languishment and sorrow.

The cleft rock is thy home;
Yet sweetly dost thou bloom
E'en while the threatening winds are round thee swelling,
And where's the pampered flower
Can richer fragrance shower
Than thou, fair blossom, from thy torn-wrought dwelling?

Say, then, though pale decay
Wear youth and health away,
Shall sighs alone this troubled breast be heaving?
Oh, no! I'll bless the chain
Which to this couch of pain
Has bound me long; for 'tis of Mercy's weaving.

What though I tread no more
The temple's hallowed floor,
Whence to our God the full-voiced hymn ascendeth?
Yet may this chamber be
A blessed sanctuary,
Where to my whispered praise His ear He bendeth.

But chiefly, gentle flower,
Remind me, in the hour
When 'gainst the Tempter's might my soul engages,
A rock is cleft for me
More sure than shelters thee,
Where I may safely hide—"the Rock of Ages."

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Six Months Subscriptions.—On page 95 see our new terms for six months. They are wonderfully cheap, and will attract special attention. Our chromos so attractive can now be obtained for a very small sum—and when added to the other attractions of THE FLORAL CABINET, they are worth having. Will readers please show these reduced terms to their friends and induce subscriptions or new clubs.

Clubs for Six months.—Clubs may be raised for FLORAL CABINET for six months, July to December, 1874.

Single copies, 65c., including chromo Gems.

Five copies, \$3 00 " " " "

Ten copies, \$6 00 " " " "

Extra copy free to agent.

A Poetical Tribute.—The poets at last have begun to spread the name and fame of THE FLORAL CABINET and sing its praises. We were agreeably surprised the past month to find this little verse in the *Lady Elgin*:

"And, dainty FLORAL CABINET,
If Madam Fashion had
One half the taste and sense you teach
She wouldn't be so bad."

How we Blush.—A personal letter from one of the editors, says that THE FLORAL CABINET is the most eagerly looked for and heartily welcomed of any journal that reaches the sanctum of the *Lady Elgin*.

Premiums.—There are still many who sent us clubs of subscribers, and who did not claim premiums. We are ready at any time to forward them. Don't leave choice to us, but say whether you prefer seeds, plants, bulbs, books, games, chromos, engravings, etc.

Compliment to Our Chromo—"Gems of The Flower Garden." The following letter explains itself:

"We are taking the *Aldine*, with chromos for the third year, but the chromo "Gems" you sent us is more beautiful than any one of them."

MR. JAS. N. BAEBER.

Beware of a swindler by the name of J. C. Staples, who is operating in various portions of New York State, in soliciting subscriptions for THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. He has no authority from us, and if any hear of him please notify nearest Constable or Sheriff and have him arrested.

Back numbers can always be supplied from January, the pages are electrotyped and can be reprinted if demand is sufficient.

Household Art.

EVERY LADY HER OWN PERFUMER.

This may at first thought appear too great a work to attempt, yet, I think so many of the fair readers of THE FLORAL CABINET are so true lovers of nature that they can but rejoice at any recourse she may yield for man's pleasure or happiness. One may enjoy, to the full, all the pleasure of seeing the beautiful blossoms unfolding and ripening, giving out their sweetest odors, then entrap these very odors and make them one's own.

Reading the detail of the following process it may look tedious or troublesome; but I think, if tried, will prove more simple and available than at first appears. At the season when the flowers are in bloom, obtain a pound of fine lard, melt and strain it through a close hair sieve. Allow the liquid, as fast as it falls from the sieve, to drop into cold spring

water; this operation granulates and washes the blood and membrane from it. In order to start with a perfectly inodorous grease, the melting and granulation process may be repeated three or four times, using a pinch of salt and a pinch of alum in each water. It

Now put the clarified fat into the glue pot, or other convenient vessel for keeping it warm, and place it in such a position near the fire of the greenhouse, or elsewhere, that will keep it warm enough to be liquid; into the fat throw as many flowers as you can, and

then let them remain for 24 hours. At this time strain the fat from the spent flowers and add fresh ones; repeat this operation for a week; we expect at the last straining, the fat will have become highly perfumed, and when cold, may be justly termed "pomade a la Heliotrope." To turn this pomade into an extract fit for the handkerchief, all that has to be done is to cut the perfumed fat into small pieces, drop it into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover it with highly rectified spirits, in which it must remain for a week. When strained off, the process will be complet-



A LABOR OF LOVE.

is then to be washed five or six times in plain water; finally, remelt the fat and cast it into a pan to free it from adhering water.

ed. In this manner every flower of the garden may be turned into a genuine extract and perfume which money cannot buy.

BEPPY STOUT.

Evenings at Home.

BEST.

BY ROSE TERRY.

"Love is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!"
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin;
So close she clung and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Just after welcoming the December number of the CABINET an unusual sound was heard in our house—"Snow, snow;" all eyes were directed to the window, and sure enough there was a snow storm. One member of the family ran to secure some; returning found it like many of our bright anticipations, fled, or rather changed; the beautiful crystal could not bear the warm greeting. At the same time I was eating figs gathered from the tree the day before. In less than an hour the same member who tried to gather the snow came rushing in with eyes extended, "Did you feel that?" The house was still vibrating. We had an earthquake. The doors and windows shook well, and a rocking-chair swayed as though in possession of some determined spirit. My first thought was, "I am glad it is not a tornado." Our earthquakes are such small things beside those terrible storms of wind, that we think little of them. The earthquake did not make the commotion the snow did, as it was not such a novelty. We had seen this only twice in twelve years, except in the distance, and we had frequent shakes during that time. The snow continued less than ten minutes, and settled down into a real winter rain. We had arranged a rockery, and I was wishing for rain to settle the stones and soil. I have very few plants for it, as the frost is early and late here. Could you suggest some plants that would bear the frost?

I read in the CABINET about taking the Four-o'clock and keeping it in the cellar. I was surprised, as I had only known it as an annual. Last spring, as we were preparing our new garden, some Four-o'clock came up. I supposed it was from seed dropped the previous year, but when digging down we found roots more than fifteen inches around. This was new to me.

California is a wonderful country for health, fruit, flowers, and vegetables. I suppose you often hear big stories about California. Well, you may believe all you hear. I thought so when I looked at a beat weighing 82 pounds and a pumpkin 196, and the owner did not think them worth taking to the fair as he knew there would be some larger.

I would like to know how to grow a small red bean called Black-eyed Susan; does it grow in this country? I am under the impression it is from some of the islands. I have soaked it in warm, hot, and cold water, kept it in moist earth, but nothing will induce it to sprout.

My dining-room looks quite cheerful this winter; there are two sunny windows, and I have Oxalis, Begonia, Violet, Narcissus, and Mignonette in bloom.

They are pretty and fragrant. The vines are German Ivy, Ivy Geranium, Thunbergia, Maurandia, Morning Glory, and Passion Vine, beside a number of trailing plants. A dwarf Calla is very beautiful for a window. I have one that bloomed last spring, and the flower was not much larger than a Morning Glory. This, in contrast with the large one, was quite unique.

MRS. EDWARDS.

Courting.—"Courting is about half nature and half science," says Josh Billings. "The nature in it is simple energy. You must begin slow, and bye and bye it will be best to agitate things. Wimmen never surrender, nor are they ever exactly won, but rather captured. They 'fight it out on this line.' There are wimmen who are as easy to court as lint. 'Luv at first sight' is like eating honey. It duz seem as though you could never get enuff of it. This kind of luv is apt to make blunders, and is hard to back out of as well, but there ain't any such thing az pure mathematicks in courting. If it is all nature, it is too innocent for earth, and if it is all science, it is too much of a job. Perhaps the best way to court is to begin without much of any plan where you are going to fetch up, and let the thing kind of worry along kareless, like throwing stones into a mill-pond. You will find one thing strictly true—the more advice you undertake to follow, the less amount of good courting you will do."

Imagination.—If one would become a better parent or child, a more faithful friend, a more loyal citizen, it is because his imagination pictures a more perfect fulfilment of those relations. We all have our ideas of justice, integrity, purity, benevolence, and we cannot estimate their value to us. We may and do fall far short of them in actual life, but we can never go beyond them, for every new ascent in virtue shows fresh heights to be gained. If, then, imagination is so potent a faculty, involving such weighty results, we may well inquire how best to cultivate it, how to guide and train it, so as to insure its best development. Young persons often cheat themselves by the pleasant delusion that they are improving their imagination by reading extensively works of fiction. While this may render easy the passive conception of scenes presented through language, it will not strengthen, but rather paralyze, the higher power of creative imagination, by condemning it to inaction.

A Room Fit for a Queen.—A single Petunia in a hanging basket suspended in the front of the window; some of the long stems falling over the sides, and some tied up straight, but all covered with purple and white variegated blossoms. A Maderia vine covering nearly all the wall on one side, but festooned over the door, and an English Ivy on the other side. In one corner a "Wandering Jew," and in the other, hanging pots of cocoa-nut shell or goblet tops suspended in crocheted work of bright worsted—the whole costing less than fifty cents. Such was the make-up in the decorative line of a ladies' sitting-room as recently described by the editor of the *Maine Farmer*.

A French Bedroom.—Now go to the bedroom, and from the door absorb it with your eyes, for never have you seen a picture more complete. The walls, the hangings, and the seats, are all in pale-blue satin (she is fair), edged sparingly with velvet of the same shade, and embroidered daintily with moss-rose buds, swathed in still paler yellow leaves. But this description, though exact, gives no idea of the effect produced by that wondrous tissue, of the incredible effect of delicacy and thorough feminine elegance

which it sheds around. The room is filled with vague, floating grace; its very detail is combined to aid and sustain the almost fairy aspect it presents. The bed is shrouded in thickly-wadded satin curtains, inside which hang others made of muslin so vaporously filmy that its folds seem almost mist; the coverlet, which hides the lace-trimmed sheets and pillows, is in blue satin, lined with eider down, and covered with the same veil of floating white, hanging down in a deep flounce over the woodwork of the bed. The toilet-table is the same—a nestling maze of transparency and lace, with blue beneath, and knots and streamers of mingled satin and velvet round. On the chimney-piece stand a clock and candle-sticks of Sevres china. The piano is in pale *bois de rose* (not rosewood, which is a very different substance), inlaid with plates of painted Sevres to match. At night light comes from above, where hangs a lamp, of Sevres again.—*French Home Life*.

Story of a Yankee Cook Girl.—In Cincinnati they tell a little story about Mrs. Chief Justice Waite. A short time ago, before Gen. Grant had broached Mr. Waite's name to the Senate—though Gen. Hillyer says Mr. Waite was always Gen. Grant's first choice—but before any thing was thought of the matter by the Waites, Mrs. Waite wrote an article on cookery for the Cincinnati *Gazette*. The article was signed "Yankee Cook Girl." It was full of sound suggestions on the cookery question, and replete with good advice to housekeepers. The article from the "Yankee Cook Girl" arrested so much attention that finally a rich old widower in Cincinnati wrote to Sam Reed, the editor, that he would be glad to give the "Yankee Cook Girl" a situation—not as a servant, but she might preside over his household. In fact, he offered her marriage. Mr. Reed had to answer in a paragraph that the "Yankee Cook Girl" was not in the market, she having got a situation in a neighboring city. The people of Cincinnati don't know even now that the "Yankee Cook Girl" was Mrs. Waite, the sensible and practical wife of the new Chief Justice, and that her new situation is to be the highest in the land—chief mistress in Uncle Sam's household of law and justice.

Matrimonial Market.—It is a custom at a Galway fair for all the marriageable girls to assemble and to tempt all wanting wives, by their captivating charms, to be made more happy for life. Says an American gentleman of the highest character, who was an eye witness, and invited by a nobleman to go and see these girls: "At 12 o'clock precisely we went as directed, to a part of the ground higher than the rest of the field, where we found from sixty to one hundred young women, well dressed, with good looks and good manners, and presenting a spectacle quite worthy any civil or modest man's feelings. They were the marriageable girls of the country, who had come to show themselves on the occasion, to the young men who wanted wives; and this was the plain and simple custom of the fair. I can plainly say that I saw in the custom no great impropriety—it certainly did not imply that, though they were ready to be had, any body could have them. It was not a Circassian slave market, where the richest purchaser could make his selection. They were, in no sense of the term, on sale, nor did they abandon their right of choice; but that which is done constantly in more refined society, under various covers and pretenses—at theatres, at balls and public exhibitions—I will say nothing about the churches—was done by these humble and unpretending people in this straightforward manner."

The Ladies' Work Basket.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

I propose to use a broken plaster image, a glass jar cover, and a broken whip glass, so as to make them all ornamental instead of being a lot of rubbish, as they are now. In the first place I will describe the materials a little more explicitly so all may understand. The image was made to represent a fruit boy; it is about a foot high, and had a basket on his head containing fruit, but this got broken off and left the figure entire with one hand uplifted, as if the basket were there and he was supporting it. The glass cover is about six inches in diameter, with a rim round it three-fourths of an inch high, and has a knob on the top. The whip glass is a common glass, such as may be seen any day in the stores, and will hold about as much as a two-inch pot.

Now for the composition of the wonderful object. Plaster images, as every one knows, are hollow; well this one is no exception to the rule, and I found that the knob of the cover would go inside his head, but first I poured some liquid plaster in the place where his brains ought to have been, but was filling it about half full when I inserted the knob on top of the cover, which filled it up so that the cover rested securely, and it looks as though it grew there, and in the centre of this I propose to insert the whip glass on a stem, so that the bottom of it will be on a level with the top of the rim of the cover.

Now for the beauty part, for as it stands it is not very ornamental. The lower dish, or the old cover, I propose to fill with earth and plant it with *Colliseum Ivy*; the centre I am not decided about, but have thought about putting in some white-leaved plant, and also about filling it with a little earth and putting in water for a *Calla*. I have seen somewhere in the CABINET that small dwarf *Callas*, about six inches tall, grew by the roads in Ohio. If I could get one of them I think it would look pretty. Can any of your readers help me to one?

Now if any of you have these three things—the image, the cover, and the whip glass, they may imitate my flower boy and welcome, as there is no patent on it, and no place for any, except perhaps the filling the head with plaster; that might be done with some human beings to their great advantage, if not to other people. If it takes well I will tell you about my hanging basket before long.

A MAN.

THE FASHIONS.

FOULARD "SEA-SIDE" SUITS. "BORDS-DE-MER."

In Paris, a novel style of sea-side suits is in rapid course of preparation. It is of foulard, made in an entirely new style.

A dress of lemon-color, pink, blue, lavender, green—of a very delicate shade—grey, *ecru*, "mode," or light *fenille-morte* brown, has an almost flat skirt, with a high waist. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and have two Marie Antoinette flounces, arranged in small, compact plaits. The skirt has merely a similar flounce, eight inches wide on the front breadth, twelve in the side breadth, and eighteen at the back breadth. Over this is a white foulard skirt, with a *white* figure—either a flower, a medallion, or a spray, or, in some of the most elegant, a stripe, *also white*—and it has a very deep trimming all around the lower edge, of English embroidery of extremely delicate and elegant design, being wrought in white silk, and finished with a handsome white silk fringe. The costume is

finished by *bretelles* of similar foulard, entirely covered with English embroidery. The *bretelles* cross in front. The model dress—issued by a prominent house—is blue and white—that is to say, a blueskirt, waist, and sleeves, and white overskirt and *bretelles*, forming sashes behind, and with the elaborate and elegant back draping on the hip that foulard so happily lends itself to.—*Lady's Journal*.

TRAVELLING SUITS.

It is rarely that travelling suits—which, in America, have scarcely the importance attained in Europe—have displayed the elegance of the foreign dresses of this description. London makers have particularly distinguished themselves by some happy hits; but it remained for the Parisian *artistes* to inaugurate the peculiarly novel and striking, indeed the *artistically* combined, effects that will soon delight the eye, and of which some specimens are even now on private view.

Who but a French *modiste* could get out that happy blending of the gender masculine and the gender feminine evinced in the piquancy of the vests and *jabots*, the little *abbe* cloaks jauntily worn on one shoulder or hanging, like the old style *petits-collets* of the Regency, about the neck in a supremely careless if supremely 'graceful style? Who else could have issued the mousquetaire frock-coat, with its skirts and its *revers*? And who could harmonize the quaint medieval *fraise* so that it might blend without too startling an effect upon common sense accessories? Notice, too, that all these dresses are *short*. You will never find a French or English woman, when travelling, dragging after her a dress that trails even a *single inch*; but it would not surprise the writer, who has seen such things before, to see again, in America, demi-trains on the cars or boats during the travelling season.—*Lady's Journal*.

Novel Hanging-Basket.—To make a "horn or plenty" hanging-basket, procure a large horn; the horns of Texas cattle are curiosities to most people, and can be found at the slaughter-house. Scrape smooth with glass, make a hole in the little end with a small gimblet, put in pieces of charcoal, and fill up with earth. Put in plenty of vines, attach a small brass chain, which will cost about ten cents a yard, to each end, and suspend like a powder horn. Fancy hanging baskets can be made by scraping the horns and gluing the shavings, which will be white and crimped, on the horns very thickly, or tie them on with white thread. Fill with Everlasting or artificial flowers.

HAZEL.

Hanging-Basket.—Tear into strips three-fourths of an inch wide, old, coarse but white cotton cloth. Ravel from each edge until there is but three threads left in the centre of the strip. Now fasten one end to something, or somebody, if there is an agreeable person near, and twist. It will make chenille cord—not silk worth twenty-five cents a yard, but you can make twenty-five yards for about one cent. After you have "lots" ready, make a hoop of the usual commodity—a piece of hoop skirt wire. Let it be eight inches in diameter, and cover with cotton. Fasten the chenille around it in many over-lapping festoons. Have some pieces cross from side to side, and fasten a long full tassel from them. Put on long pieces to hang it by. Put two in a place in eight places. Suspend another large tassel midway between the basket and where the cords meet at the top. If you like, put cunning little knots of colored satin ribbon where the cords join the basket. These baskets are easily and cheaply made, and are charming.

Cleaning Black Silk.—The following excellent mode of cleaning black silk is recommended by *Harper's Bazar*: Rub each breadth carefully with a woolen cloth to get the dust from the surface, then sponge it all off with water in which one or two black kid gloves have been boiled, a quart of water for a pair of gloves; iron while wet with extremely hot irons on the wrong side. For colored silks, boil gloves of the same color; for this purpose it is well to save old kid gloves of all colors. Another mode tried with great success, is the same process of rubbing off the dirt with a woolen rag; then mix an equal quantity of strong tea and vinegar with which the silk is washed by rubbing it with a piece of flannel. It must be made very wet; smooth the silk carefully, folding it, and in about fifteen minutes iron it on the wrong side with very hot irons. This applies only to black silk, black ribbon, cravats, but might be injurious to color.

Toilet Mats.—A way for making very pretty toilet mats is to take corset laces. Commence by sewing round and round until about an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, then sew a round of loops made in the shape of the figure eight, three more plain rows, and finish with a row of single loops; run a narrow red ribbon through the first row of holes. Another way to make a whole set for the toilet table, viz.: pin cushion, brush, glass and bottle mats. With white Java canvass, work a vine pattern with two shades of red zephyr on each piece; fringe the edges of the canvass. Ornament your homely clay flower-pots with any fancy design in putty; paint to suit, varnish, and you have a "thing of beauty" for ever. I have tried it and can recommend it to others. Would some of your lady friends tell me how to make a pretty cornucopia?

AMELIA.

A Beautiful Transparency.—Take two panes of glass; cover one pane with shire Swiss muslin; lay your muslin on the table, the pane of glass on it; draw the edges of the muslin over and secure it by drawing stitches from side to side, seeing that the threads of the muslin run straight. Arrange your ferns and leaves in the design you wish—a wreath, cross or bouquet, with the under side of the leaf on the muslin. After they are arranged, confine them by just a touch of mucilage or gum tragacanth, to the under side of the leaf; carefully moisten the edge of the muslin with the mucilage and let it dry on the glass; lay the second pane of glass on, and bind the two panes together by gumming on a strip of linen or strong muslin. Now trim off the edges of the Swiss, and cover the binding with ribbon. Make a loop by passing the ribbon the second time over the top, leaving it long enough to hang by; fasten the ribbon by sewing the corners. Some flowers retain their color well after pressing, especially the Pansy and little yellow Buttercup, and work in well. Also the Lycopodiums after being pressed, are very desirable in arranging your transparency. I have a cross arranged in this way of small maple leaves and Ferns and Lycopodium, which has hung in a sunny window for three years, and is pretty yet. Covering the inside panes of glass with Swiss muslin, after arranging your window with ferns and leaves, as directed in the March number, softens the light and adds much to its beauty.

Flower Pot Cover.—Take colored glazed paper, lay in folds about three-fourths of an inch wide, folding back and forth, scallop the top edge with a pinking iron, or cut in scallops or points; have the paper an inch or more deeper than the pot, and full enough to set in flutes around the pot; draw the two edges together with pins or a few stitches; this makes a pretty flower pot cover, and quite inexpensive.

M.

Household Elegancies.

A GYPSY FERN CASE.

The Fern Case illustrated on this page is a perfect gem for any parlor table. It is triangular at the base, and consists of three bars crossed at the top. A basket is suspended from the centre of the case, and the base is decorated with shells, acorns, or cork. The best method of making such a case as this is to have the base first made of wood, and then have it lined inside with zinc. The sides should hold glass neatly fitted into the bars, thus enclosing the plants from the outer air. The height should be about three feet, and width of base two feet on each side. Any florist can supply ferns for such a structure; choose only the smaller growing sorts, and avoid those which branch widely. No household elegance is more desirable than a tasteful fernery well taken care of.

PRETTY ORNAMENT FOR THE SITTING ROOM.

A correspondent of the *Journal of the Farm* relates how she constructed some simple, yet very pleasing ornaments, out of the simplest materials. "I took a common glass tumbler, and covered it with moss, leaving it uncovered at each end, and fastened it in its place by a piece of sewing cotton tied around it at both ends. The moss covered the threads and it did not mar its beauty in the least. I next got a saucer and covered it with dried moss, glued on. In this I set the tumbler, and filling it and the remaining space in the saucer with loose earth from the woods, I planted the former with a variety of ferns, and the latter, with wood violets. On the edge of the glass I planted some ivy, and some of the nameless little evergreen vine, which bears red (scarlet) berries, and whose dark, glossy, ivy-like foliage, trailing over the fresh blue and white of the violets, had a beautiful effect.

"My next plan was to fill a rather deep plate with some of the nameless, but beautiful, silvery and light green, and delicate pink mosses, which are met with in profusion in all the swamps and marshes. This can be kept fresh and beautiful as long as you do not neglect to water it profusely once a day. It must, of course, be placed in the shade or the moss will blanch and die.

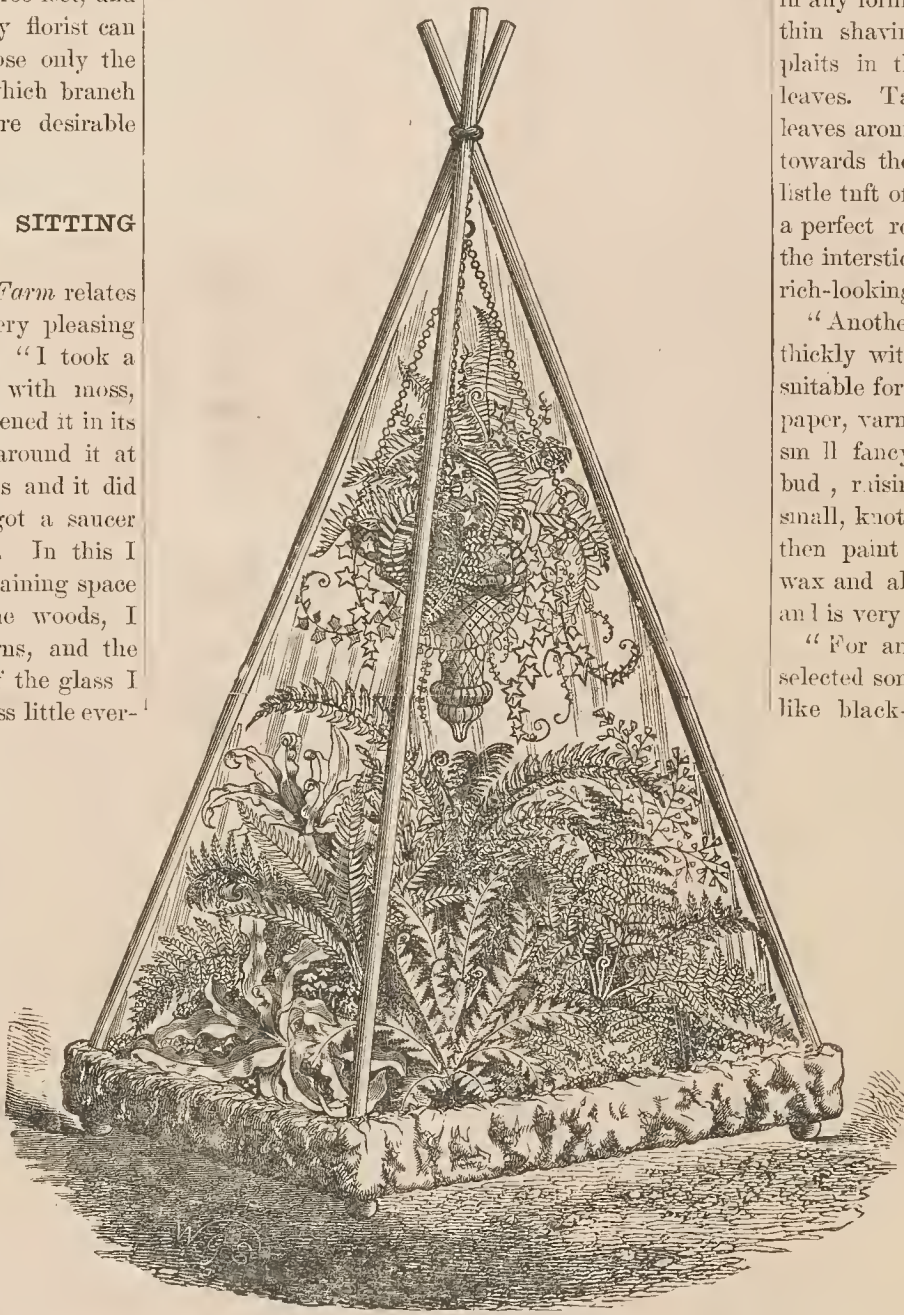
"In the centre of this I placed a clump of large azure violets, whose beautiful foliage I esteem an ornament within itself; adding some curious lichens and pretty fungous growths from the barks of forest trees, and a few cones, shells, and pebbles, my ornament was complete.

"The construction of these and other things of a like nature, would be a pleasant diversion for many a careworn housewife, together with a walk to the woods for the purpose of collecting the materials. They will remain fresh and bright a long while, and as a 'thing of beauty is a joy forever,' they will be a 'lingering pleasure and delight,' reminding all who see them of the rare green woods."

HOW TO MAKE AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

The æolian harp produces a very pleasing, melodious sound, especially in the open air, and is not difficult to construct. A long narrow box, the length of a window, or the portion in which it is to be placed,

is the first requisite; it must be made of thin deal, four inches deep, and five in width. At the extremities of the top glue two pieces of oak about half an inch high, and one-quarter of an inch thick, for bridges, to which the strings are to be fixed; within the box, at each end, glue two pieces of beech wood, about an inch square, and the width of the box. Into one of the bridges fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings; into the other bridge fasten the same number of small brass pins; and to those pins fix one end of the strings, made of small catgut, and twist the other end of the string round the pegs; then tune them in unison. Place over the top of the string a



A GYPSY FERN CASE.

thin board, supported by four pegs, and about three inches from the sounding-board, to procure a free passage for the wind. The harp should be exposed to the wind at a partly open window; to increase the draught of air, the door, or an opposite window in the room, should be open. The strings in a current of air sound in unison, and with the increasing or decreasing force of the current, the melody changes into pleasing, soft, low sounds and diatonic scales, which unite and occasionally form very delightful musical tones. If the harp can be placed in a suitable position, so as to receive sufficient draught of air, in a grotto, or romantically situated arbor, or hidden in some shady nook near a waterfall, the effect of its sweet sounds is very charming.

RUSTIC FRAMES.

Consin Emma writes the *Rural New Yorker* how she constructed some very pretty and tasteful rustic frames, which will suit those who have but little means to purchase the more costly.

"One, which I have just completed, is made in the following way: Take a piece of black-walnut and and plane off some smooth shavings, of medium thickness. Take a strip one-fourth of an inch in width and with a pair of small scissors divide it into sections half an inch in length. Round off one end of these pieces, and, having the foundation of your frame ready, fasten them on securely with glue, either in straight rows or in any form you desire. For the corners take some thin shavings, cut the pieces wider, lay two little plait in the straight end, to make them resemble leaves. Take a small, round bit of cloth, sew the leaves around it, making narrower ones as you work towards the center, where you may finish off with a little tuft of very thin, fine shavings. Here you have a perfect rose, which fasten on the corner, filling up the interstices. This, when varnished, makes a really rich-looking frame.

"Another way is to cover the surface of your frame thickly with cherry buds. This way is particularly suitable for oval frames, and looks well against light paper, varnish giving them a very dark color. For a small fancy box nothing can be prettier than these buds, raising the middle of the cover slightly with small, knotty twigs, with the buds thickly filled in; then paint the whole with a mixture of red sealing wax and alcohol. This has the appearance of coral, and is very beautiful.

"For another frame I went to a pile of lath and selected some dark strips which, when planed, looked like black-walnut. Measuring off the size of my glass, I allowed the ends to extend an inch and a half each way, then hollowed them out, leaving the corners rather pointed. Having prepared the groove and fastened the frame together, I next visited the grapevine and cut off a quantity of its stiff, curling tendrils. These were glued through the center of the frame in the form of a vine; then I finished it off with acorns of different sizes, grouping them thickly at the corners and taking care to fasten them very close to the vine.

"An oval cone-frame, ornamented with a similar vine, is much admired.

"Always make the foundation of frames of wood, as pasteboard is certain to warp; and be careful to varnish properly, if you wish your work to look nicely. If any one has invented any new thing I should be pleased to hear about it."

How to Get a Tight Ring off a Finger.—

Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly around the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

Fireside Readings.

THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all, both kith and kin,
It reached a dreadful pitch:
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
And we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.
And so you see, by Fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John was christened "me,"
While I was christened "him."

This fatal likeness ever dogged
Our footsteps when at school;
For I was always getting flogged
Since John turned out a fool.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on;
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother "John."

Failures in Business.—

The man who has never failed in business cannot possibly know whether he is honest or not; he cannot possibly know whether he has any "grit" in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, and then rises, who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder, and grocer; but as often as he failed he "tried and tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone; then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the boys in the time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the New York Tribune, and made it worth a million of dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.

The founder of the New York Herald kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

An Unfortunate Old Lady.—An old lady as far down the decline of life as 79, like people generally about her age, was constantly worrying about something or other. She lost her spectacles on one occasion. These were replaced by a new pair, out of which one of the glasses soon followed the former missing pair. While the latter were being repaired the other pair was found. Finally both pair came home, and her indulgent son on the same day presented her with a pair of gold bows. On receiving the whole three pairs of specs in good order, the old lady in a subdued voice exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh "Oh dear, what have I got to worry about now?"

The Glass of Wine.—Charles XII. king of Sweden, when still a young man, on one occasion took more wine than he ought, and when in this state, forgot

the respect due to the queen, his mother. The queen retired immediately to her own apartments, refusing to see any one.

The motive of the queen's withdrawal could not be concealed from the king, and he immediately began to reflect upon what had happened the previous day. At the same time he resolved to make all possible amends for the past. He ordered his servants to bring him a glass of wine, and taking it in his hand, went directly to the queen's apartments, saying, "My mother! I have only just learnt the manner in which I forgot myself in your presence; I come to beseech your forgiveness. To prove my steadfast resolution not to err again in such a manner, I drink this glass of wine to your health, swearing it shall be the last."

The king kept his word.

The Strange Guest.—The gifted Sargent S. Prentiss once gave a sumptuous dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger

beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said,

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, and said that his attachment was reciprocated.

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting."

"Mrs. P——, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting."

"The justice! why, I prefer the parson."

A clergyman being annoyed by some of his audience leaving the church while he was speaking, took for his text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After a few sentences, he said: "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

Young men who sit up late on Saturday night

playing cards, and who go to church the next morning with a "full deck" in their pockets, should be careful about their being so bestowed as not to fall out. When Bob Howe went to the Baptist meeting in Circleville, and took his seat with his sweetheart in the front pew in the gallery, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and drawing it from his breast pocket, drew with it the entire pack of "Cohen's best linen," which flew about below. The good minister "saw" it, and knowing whereof he spoke, simply observed, "Young man, your psalm book has been poorly bound!" That seemed to be the prevalent opinion.

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there, he won't stay long, I was thinking."

Some of the "poor white" families of the Southwest become exceedingly toughened by their life-long exposures and hardships. A lady, travelling among them, took shelter in a hut during a rain storm, and one of the barefooted daughters of the family coming in, who had been hunting for the cows, stood on the hearth to dry her clothes, to whom her mother said: "Sal, there's a live coal under your foot." The girl, whose soles were as hard as horn, merely turned her head and drawled out, "Which foot, mammy?"

Little girl—"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people." Mamma—"Why not my child?" Little girl—"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."



WAITING FOR PAPA.

entered the room in a mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the strange guest began boasting of how much he had drank during the day—a cocktail here, a smasher there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on, apparently without end. At length Prentiss said:

"Sir, do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "and I don't see that it has anything to do with what we are talking about."

"It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much—much every way. I have firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life, sir, you will become a corner groggery."

A young bachelor, who had been appointed sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a

Housekeeping.

Wine Whey.—Boil a pint of milk, and put to it a glass of white wine; set it over the fire till the curd has settled, when strain it and sweeten to your taste.

A Useful Soap.—The following is commended by those who have tried it for scrubbing and cleaning painted floors, washing dishes, and other household purposes: Take two pounds of white olive soap and shave it in thin slices; add two ounces of borax and two quarts of cold water; stir all together in a stone or earthen jar, and let it set upon the back of the stove until the mass be dissolved. A very little heat is required, as the liquid need not simmer. When thoroughly mixed and cooled, it becomes of the consistency of a thick jelly, and a piece the size of a cubic inch will make a lather for a gallon of water.

Superlative Mince Pies.—Rub with salt and mixed spices a fat bullock's tongue; let it lie three days, and parboil, mince and scrape it. Mince separately three pounds of Zante currants, picked, plumped and dried; a dozen of lemon pippin apples, pared and cored, and one pound of blanched almonds, with a few bitter ones. Mix the mince and add half a pound of candied citron and orange peel minced, and an ounce of the best cinnamon and cloves, with the juice and the grated rind of three or four lemons, one half ounce of salt, the same quantity of allspice, and one quarter of a pound of fine sugar pounded. Moisten with one quart of fresh sweet cider, boiled with a pint of golden syrup and a pint of orange-flower water.

Excellent Whitewash.—There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best: Sixteen pounds of Paris white, half a pound of white transparent glue, prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated—without scorching—until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred into this with hot water, to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to walls; the preparation is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zine white," a far more expensive article.

To Remove India Ink Marks.—Rub well with a salve or pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid. Sometimes these marks may be obliterated by blistering the skin and keeping the blister open for a little while. When the new skin grows the marks will have disappeared.

Erasive Soap.—Here is an excellent recipe for making genuine erasive soap that will remove grease and stains from clothing: Two pounds of good Castile soap, half a pound of carbonate of potash, dissolved in half a pint of hot water. Cut the soap with the potash until it is thick enough to mould in cakes; also add alcohol, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce, hartshorn, half an ounce; color with half an ounce of pulverized chareoal.

Sugar for Preserving.—Good brown sugar is the sweetest, especially much sweeter than the so-called granulated white sugar, which contains much water of crystallization, often a certain amount of free moisture of brown sugar is due to syrup or molasses more than water does. The finely powdered white sugar made from loaf sugar, is much sweeter than the granulated white sugar, and goes almost as far in sweetening as the brown qualities do. Loaf sugar is the best.

To get clear of Rats.—If you want a rat remedy, take copperas—the quantity to depend upon the number of buildings or places infested—pulverize it very fine, and be sure and sprinkle some in all their holes, in the corn crib, under all the buildings, in a word, wherever they may congregate, and in a few days all the rats will be gone. This is very simple and easily tried, and has proved completely successful several times at different places. No rat seen three days after a thorough application.

To Clean Floor Oil-Cloths.—Soap should not be used in cleaning oil-cloths. To half a pail of hot, soft water, add half a cup of washing fluid, or a piece of sal-soda half the size of an egg; with a scrubbing-brush or broom rub hard, putting on only sufficient water so that it will not run off; wipe dry with a soft cloth; it will look as bright and shining as when new. This is a good way to clean common paint, as it easily removes smoke, grease, or dust, and does not destroy the gloss or varnish. It is also useful in washing windows.

Moth Preventative.—The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing is a favorite in some families: Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle, and shake before using. The clothes or furs are to be wrapped in linen, and rumpled up pieces of blotting paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strong. This requires renewing about once a year.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Mix a dessertspoonful of fine oatmeal or patent groats with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and boil for ten minutes, stirring frequently. For a richer gruel, boil two tablespoonfuls of groats in a quart of water for an hour. Strain through a sieve; stir in a piece of butter large as a walnut, and some sugar, nutmeg or ginger.

Baltimore Corn Bread.—One quart of milk, one pint of Indian meal, three eggs, half a cup of butter. Boil one pint of the milk, and with it scald the meal and butter, cool off with some of the cold milk. Beat up the eggs with the remainder, add a pinch of salt and mix it gradually. Put the batter half an inch thick in square tins, and bake three quarters of an hour.

Charleston Pudding.—Four cups of flour, sifted, with one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar; beat six eggs with three cups of sugar, one cup of butter and one of cream in them, and gently stir in the flour.

Milk Stains.—Milk stains on serge dresses may be removed by steeping the part in warm water.

Cream Pie.—One and a half cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salcratus. Cream for inside, one pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, a little butter and salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour (or corn starch). Flavor with lemon. (Make two pies). Stir into the milk while boiling till sufficiently thick.

Waffles.—One quart of flour, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, and a little salt. Bake in waffle irons. Sour cream and less butter improves them.

Grape Jam.—Boil the grapes in just water enough to make them tender, strain them through a colander, then in one pound of pulp put one pound of sugar; boil this half an hour; the common wild grape makes a nice jam.

Lemon Jelly.—Two cups of sugar; yolks of three eggs; juice of two lemons. Cook till thickened by setting in boiling water, then add the well-beaten whites of three eggs; spread between the layers of the cake, and trim off the rough edges.

Dandruff.—Some one asks, what will remove and prevent dandruff from coming in a lady's head? Take a little borax added to a pint of rain water, and wash the head occasionally with it. Add a little borax or cooking soda to rain water when you wash hair brushes. It cleanses them nicely.

Paragraphs Worth Remembering.—Beuzine and common clay will clean marble.

Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Lemon juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

A dose of castor oil will aid you in removing pimples.

Lemon juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

Spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

Lunar caustic, carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

Powdered vitre is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag moistened with glycerine.

To obviate offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

Pickled Onions.—Peel off the outer skin of small onions, boil them until clear or half cooked, in salt water, and throw them while smoking hot into a jar of cold vinegar, spiced.

Borax for Colds.—A writer in the *Medical Record* cites a number of cases in which borax has proved a most effective remedy in certain forms of colds. He states that, in sudden hoarseness or loss of voice in public speakers or singers, from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be obtained by slowly dissolving and partially swallowing a lump of borax the size of a garden pea, or about three or four grains held in the mouth for ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat, probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as wetting brings back the missing notes to a flute when it is too dry.

Simple Corn-meal Pudding.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk the yolks of two eggs, three heaping spoonfuls of meal and half a cup of sugar, well beaten together. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly; remove from the fire, and add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a pudding dish, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream and sugar.

Filling Cracks.—For filling cracks in wooden furniture, try the following cement: Moisten a piece of recently burnt lime with enough water to make it fall into powder; mix one part of the slaked lime with two parts of rye flour, and a sufficient quantity of boiled linseed oil to form a thick plastic mass.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Scald one quart of milk, pour it on five large spoonfuls of meal, add one cup of molasses, and pour it into your pudding dish, in which you have melted a piece of butter the size of an egg. This makes a nice pudding, free from whey. If the whey is preferred, add, as soon as it begins to bake, a cupful of cold milk.

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Words by GEO. COOPER.

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Music by H. MILLARD.

Moderato con espress.

1. It was in the gol - den sum - mer, And we met be - neath the trees; There were
 2. Oh, the boughs with ru - bies la - den, They were far be - yond her reach, But I
 3. Now the scent - ed breez - es whisper'd All the se - crets that were told, And the

fond and lov - ing glan - ces; There was laughter on the breeze. In the green and wa - vy or - chard, Ro - sy hands met mine a - gain, While we
 helped her, and she thank'd me, Sweet and bird - like was her speech. Lit - tle hands, so fair and dim - pled, In my own would oft re - main, And I
 bird - ies saw some - bo - dy Some one's waist in joy en - fold! Ere the ro - sy sun - set fa - ded O - ver hill, and vale, and plain, Lov - ing

lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, While we
 long'd to lin - ger ev - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, And I
 lips were pick - ing cherries, Picking cherries, p. cking cherries down the lane; Down the lane, Down the lane, Down the lane, Lov - ing

CHORUS.

lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.
 long'd to lin - ger ev - er Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.
 lips were pick - ing cherries, Picking cherries, picking cherries down the lane.

How I bless the hap - py mo - ments!

How I long for them a - gain. When we lin - ger'd there to - geth - er Pick - ing cher - ries, pick - ing cher - ries down the lane.

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BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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PRICE 12 CENTS.

PINKS.

It has always perplexed us to account for the name of this family of plants. It seems a misnomer to call them by the distinctive name of a color, especially as they are so diversified in shade. It is without doubt a mistake to mention a white Pink, but we are obliged to, or not speak of it at all. But they are so bright and endowed with so many winning charms that we will not quarrel with their name if it is inappropriate. After all, "What is in a name." They smell very sweet with their present appellation; they would be just as fragrant with any other.

The old-fashioned mottled and fringed Pink, Pink (there you see how awkward that is,) that always figured in our grandmother's gardens, are still standing in more modern ones, and are worth cultivating, for they are always clothed with abundant blossoms. The single white and red Pinks are very scented, and have

not been altogether displaced by the imported beauties from China and Japan. What is commonly called Perpetual Pink is very richly shaded, from a soft scarlet to a deep maroon, and is very velvety in appearance, and of itself brightens up a plot of flowering plants. This species is perpetuated by division of the roots.

The Carnation recommends itself to all flower lovers by its spicy odor and full blossoms; the clove-scented

are always favorites; they are easily raised from seed or cuttings, and if started in early summer from slips will bloom in our window gardens in winter.

The seeds of the Diadem Pink, which were given last year as a premium with the FLORAL CABINET, in the results justified their selection for that purpose. We planted ours in June in only moderately good soil, but they came up in good order and grew thriftily. In August and September they were covered with buds and blossoms of diversified colors, all very beautiful,

mer. Toward spring they seemed to grow tired of doing and being well, and "broke out" with a very measles of red spiders, which first flushed and then bleached their foliage, and blighted every bud. Showering or red pepper had little effect in dispersing them, but as soon as the weather permitted I set them on a piazza, where they had plenty of air and sunlight.

As they are hardy and able to bear it, I made all haste to get them in the ground, and now they adorn my garden borders and are in bud.

They bear a name appertaining to royalty, and they well deserve it—they are Flora's "Diadem."

"Ho! every one that thirsteth" for plants to cultivate, secure Pinks of every grade and every color; they are good looking, have good habits and good old-time associations. Not one of them is insignificant, and many are brilliantly beautiful.

VIOLET VANE



IRON FLOWER BOX FOR THE WINDOW, PIAZZA OR GARDEN.

and admired by every one; every separate cluster bearing dazzling flowers, each differently shaded. Late in September I transplanted them in three bunches to flower-pots, giving them a good rich soil from the woods (collected from around old stumps), and when it became cold transported them to my sitting-room, where they continued to bloom all winter, furnishing fully as large flowers and just as many of them as when they had the sunshine and rains of sum-

To Destroy Worms in Pots.—Among your many correspondents I noticed some who wished to know how to destroy worms in pots. The most successful plan that I have found is to remove the plant, wash its roots in warm water, let it remain in water till the pot is refilled with earth well heated, so as to kill all the worms or eggs that may be laid within the soil; wash the pot in water warm enough to kill all that may adhere to it.

MRS. R. F. PHILLIPS.

Floral Contributions.

SMALL BULBS, ETC.

In your October number I saw a communication from Mrs. M. L. F. It treated of small bulbs and Amaryllis; which being my specialties I felt like addressing her, and other flower-lovers on their behalf; knowing what lovely acquaintanceship they have missed. Through failures we may, by learning the cause of them, work our way to success. I give an instance. I bought the *Nerine undulata*, and finding it would not bloom after the first season, tried different earths, different exposures, and for two years put it out in the ground, and finally gave it up in despair. Happening on an article which said it required complete rest from February or March to August, I tried the plan, and now have a bulb in bloom with eleven flowers on the stem. The flower is of a rosy lilac pink, and shaped like a miniature lily, with narrow fluted petals. It is not at all showy, and would reward only those who are partial to small and delicate flowers.

I have had two bulbs called *Crinum Americanum*, one bearing white flowers having in the centre a delicate cup from a half to three-fourths of an inch in length, out of which spring four or five narrow petals three to four inches in length. This is a hot or greenhouse plant. It grows very large, the flowers resembling the *Pancratiums*. The leaves are broad and long, and of a bright vivid green, and set close to the stem, something like those of the corn.

The other has leaves set in a similar manner, but are broader and of a light yellowish green tint. A stem of several inches in height is formed before the leaves emerge from it. The flower of this is also white, but is almost cup-shaped, and, perhaps, three inches deep. They are shaded to the centre with an exquisite green, and are fragrant. It is very handsome, but is (I have found after many trials) not a *Crinum* but an *Ismene*. It can be kept dry like a *Gladiolus* in winter, or may be cultivated in pots, of which, in time, it will require a very large size, with rich earth. It blooms in summer. Toward fall it takes its regular rest, and dies down to the ground. I knew one lady who kept it out all winter, but it afterward perished. Treated as a *Gladiolus* it does well in the garden.

The *Zephyranthus* of which Mrs. M. M. F. writes are the *Zephyranthus*, one variety coming from Virginia being the *Atenasco*, or Fairy Lily. This is perfectly hardy. The white one I have had has a narrow dark green fleshy leaf. It bears a lovely white flower with a yellow centre. It is smaller than the pink variety and not so much like a Lily. It is an evergreen and does not bear dying off. We have not tried to winter it out of doors. It does better in pots than in the garden. One pot-full has bloomed for two months in succession. The pink variety blooms in summer, some ladies I have known keep them dry in winter, then in the spring border their beds with them. I know of only one lady who has had them to bloom in winter. She said she did this by pinching off the ends of the leaves, as it is very common for the *Amaryllis* to lose a leaf or two before blooming, perhaps this treatment answered instead. We have had an eight inch pot of the pink ones to produce fifty flowers during the summer. They were left undisturbed for two years previous. They require a great deal of water when growing and rich loose earth, in order to drain the roots well. There is a yellow variety that I have seen in bloom, it resembles the white one in the shape of the blossom. The pink

variety has long narrow leaves which much resemble those of the *Nerine undulata*.

The *Ixias* and *Sparaxis*, also *Tritomas* have proved worth the pains I have bestowed upon them. They should be planted in August or September and kept in a coolish place as long as possible. If too warm the red spider attacks them, and they refuse to bloom; the *Sparaxis* the same. The *Tritoma* is not quite so sensitive to heat. They like plenty of light. The following mixture suits them: Three parts loam, two of leaf mold, one of sand and one of manure; use the finest sand to be had, sea sand is the best, as the coarse sands sink to the bottom of the pot and form a solid mass too hard for the roots to penetrate. We start the *Ixias* etc., while the weather out of doors is warm enough to produce growth, as they are not enfeebled by the sun's heat. They like moisture but not overwatering. I have bloomed the orange, scarlet and lilac and white (*Isqualeda*) *Ixias* and all with good sized flowers and all pretty.

The *Sparaxis tricolor* and *versicolor*, are exceedingly brilliant, and surprise those unacquainted with their beauty. The *Tritoma* we had was orange-color, bearing flowers nearly twice the size of the *Ixias*, when well cultivated.

The *Oxalis* should be started in August, in the shade. Any one having the beautiful fall blooming *Oxalis Bovii* cannot fail of pleasure in it; but strong grower as it is, even it will not reward neglectful or unskilful hands. It should be kept moist till the leaves start and then watered freely till it is time for it to dry off, which is about April or a little earlier. A pot of six or eight bulbs will produce a dozen stems or more of pink flowers, as large as a medium-sized geranium blossom. One gentleman told me he had bloomed these in his garden. The *Oxalis floribunda alba* and *floribunda rosea* are tuberous rooted, and should be broken apart when needing division. They will bloom part of the winter, and all the summer if kept in partial shade and freely watered. When resting they appear as if dead. I have heard of a little rosy one, which bore three hundred blossoms at a time, in one pot, but never knew its name. The lady who had it was a skilful amateur. She told me that she drained all her flower pots with charcoal, and thought it purified the earth. We have used the dust of charcoal mixed with the soil with excellent effect. We have found also that it deepened the scarlet of the *Amaryllis Johnsonie*. The *Oxalis versicolor* is a little beauty, resembling a miniature Morning Glory in shape, with delicate fringed-looking foliage.

The yellow *Oxalis* is spring-blooming and fragrant. It should also be potted in August. It requires plenty of light and heat to bloom it well. It is charming when well cultivated. When growing, keep it moist.

I could give further experience with *Amaryllis longifolia* (or *Crinum Capense* which I think is nearer the true name,) also *Valotta purpurea*, *Crinum amabile*, etc., but fear I have exceeded my limits as correspondent.

ANNA GRISCOM.

Reading, Pa.

(Your articles are always welcome. Write about the *Valotta*. ED.)

MY EXPERIENCE WITH HOUSE PLANTS.

Year after year I have been unsuccessful with house plants. But one day receiving from a friend a home-made rustic window box, large and deep enough to hold a number of pots and plants, thought I would try again and plant my pots in the box. I partly filled my box with pieces of broken crockery, coal, cinders

and sand, sufficient to make it smooth and firm enough to rest my pots on. After all my pots were arranged I filled up between with good garden soil, covered the pots with the same so they could not be seen, making it smooth and nice; planting in the soil between the pots Sweet Alyssum, variegated Myrtle, Petunias, etc., at each corner, German Ivy, which I trained around the box and up the sides and over the windows, hanging in festoons, a thing of beauty all winter. This box was placed in front of a sunny window, and once a week I gave the plants a good showering, using a small watering pot holding about a quart, with this I could give them a good washing off without soiling my carpet; a newspaper laid on the floor in front of the box catching all the drops of water; occasionally while damp, dusting lightly with white hellebore, and not an insect was to be seen. Did my flowers bloom all winter? Yes, they were a mass of flowers all winter, and the leaves were almost as handsome as the flowers, so velvety and green, the marking of the *Zonales* so distinct and bright. Oh, they were so beautiful, so much admired, and I so vain, (pardonable vanity I hope,) and proud; for had I not succeeded after so many failures, successful just through perseverance and a determination to succeed. Early in the spring soon after house cleaning commenced, my box was moved to the front piazza, many of the plants continuing to bloom. It was not only useful but a very beautiful ornament. Late in May I removed them (my house plants) to the border, and replanted my box with such as would live and flourish in partial shade. One pot of Cactus (a very large plant) I placed in the centre of the box and two small ones at each end; the leaves of this plant are very ornamental, and hang very graceful over the sides of the box.

My Fuchsias, the tall growing varieties, were planted for a background, I also had several variegated leaved Geraniums, and other plants of variegated foliage. The German Ivy hung in festoons around the sides, and trailed and twined around the legs. I had some doubts about my Cacti blooming, supposing it would require more sun, but it never did so well before; it soon began to show buds, and the flowers were as large as a coffee cup, and of a brilliant scarlet, they were magnificent, and so many of them continuing to bloom two or three months, and to grow all summer. This box of plants is not only ornamental, but is a constant source of pleasure, a delight all the year and to be appreciated must be seen. But your problem is not solved. I know it, I said I had never been able to solve it, for I have not only seen plants flourishing and blooming on stands and tables before an east window, but know they will, and do bloom, having only the light and sun from a west window. I know also that some ladies (charge number two) have no better success than I had, and to such especially I would say, try my plan of planting house plants in a box. It will not require mechanical genius nor much help from John to make one, any old box will do if it be large and strong enough; nail on four sticks of wood for legs, and your box is made; ornament with moss that grows on old wood and fences, there are several kinds, they should all be used, the square, ovals and circles, of one or two kinds, and fill in with the others; stick on with glue or paste, the legs also should be covered with moss; it is quickly done, and requires but little taste or ingenuity. If the saw must be used, be sure and call on 'John;' don't spoil a new dress, nor bruise your fingers; learn wisdom from the experience of others if you can; better so than buying it too dear.

FLORA.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Wax Plant.—I am perfectly delighted with the CABINET and the "Gossip with Correspondents" is my especial study. I would like very much to know how to treat my Wax Plant. I raised it from a leaf about four years ago, and it only has twenty leaves, and has never bloomed. It grows very slowly, and if the end of a branch gets knocked off, will not put out anywhere near that place again. It is the strangest vine I ever saw, and I would like to know how I should treat it to make it sensible. What time of the year is supposed to be the season of rest for the Cacti?

ALLIE.

Answer.—The Wax Plant (*Hoya Carnosa*) requires very simple treatment: it grows best in an equal mixture of good loam, leaf mold and sand. Re-pot yours, shaking off all the old soil from the roots; put in a five-inch pot, and water liberally when it commences growth, which is generally about the first of January; they require age before blooming. Let Cacti dry off in summer, and continue dry until they commence growth.

Wax Plant.—Can you tell me through the next paper how to make the real Wax Plant (*Hoya Carnosa*) bloom, and at what season? It is a vine with large thick leaves. The main branch measures three yards and another two yards. I have had it three years.

Mrs. KATE R. HOLWAY.

Answer.—See answer above.

Chinese Primrose.—Can you tell me how many years Chinese Primroses live? If so, please let me know in Answers to Correspondents.

M. E. M.

Answer.—Many are perennials, others biennial; the double white are of the former.

Drying Flowers.—Being a constant and attentive reader of the CABINET, you could not think me unjust in asking a favor of you also. Would you be so kind as to give me a receipt for drying flowers so that they will retain the most of their natural color and form. You would greatly oblige a reader of the FLORAL CABINET by complying with my request.

BARRE, Mass.

CASSIE UNDERWOOD.

Answer.—The best way we know of drying flowers—and have been quite successful with many kinds—is to take fine silver sand, if from the sea it must be thoroughly washed to free it from salt, then bake until there is not the slightest degree of moisture left; take a wooden box of any convenient size, not over four inches deep, bore three or four half inch holes in the bottom, over the holes paste a stiff paper to keep the sand from running out; then put in one inch of sand, on that place carefully a layer of flowers, then cover again to the same depth with sand and another layer of flowers, alternating until the box is full; place the box in a warm, dry situation, leave for a week; then carefully cut through the papers on the bottom so that the sand may slowly run out without injuring the flowers. Many kinds of single flowers can be thus dried and made very useful for winter bouquets.

Hardy Plants.—What perfectly hardy plants are most suitable for a cemetery?

Mrs. A. M. GRAVES.

Answer.—White Day Lily, *Astilbe Japonica*, *Anthericum* (St. Bernard Lily), Double White Narcissus, Lily of the Valley, *Clematis erecta*, *Campanula persicifolia alba* and *Lilium candidum*. These are all hardy herbaceous plants, and free flowering. If south of New York, White Chrysanthemum should be used for late flowering.

Eucharis Amazonica.—Allow me here to ask a question of some importance to me. For two years I have had a strong plant of *Eucharis Amazonica*, and thus far it refuses to give forth any blossoms. Can you, or any of your numerous contributors, tell me the treatment needed to make them bloom? Should the bulb be placed under the earth or above it? What will destroy angle worms in the earth of a garden? Ours is becoming filled with them, causing a hard, sour soil, nearly destroying vegetation.

Answer.—The *Eucharis Amazonica* requires a stove house, with a temperature of at least 80°. It will not succeed at all in an ordinary greenhouse. For angle worms, just before a rain, scatter over the ground air-slacked lime until the surface is quite white.

Date Palm.—Can any one tell me how to raise a Date Palm from the seed? I planted two of the seeds one year ago this Spring in a small bucket, in a sunny situation, and kept the earth moist. During the Summer one of the seeds rotted, the other one we left out doors all winter. This Spring, after the frost came out, we dug it up, and apparently it was as sound as ever. I planted it in a stove room, and it has not sprouted yet.

E. L. H.

Answer.—Seeds of Palm will only germinate with strong bottom heat, and it requires a long time even with the advantage of a stove house to start them.

Caper Tree.—Can any of the lady readers of the CABINET tell of a plant that was a very common house plant about thirty years ago, known as Caper Tree, and where the seed is to be had?

Mrs. THOMAS E. HAYMOND.

Answer.—The Caper tree (*Cappons*), is not much grown as an ornamental plant, but is commonly grown for the pods that are used for pickles. The seed can be obtained from most seedsmen.

Peonies.—Will you please tell me in the flower gossip of your next paper how to make Peonies bloom? I have one that has been in the ground three years and has never had a blossom on it.

L. H. L.

Answer.—Age and a sunny situation.

Bouvardias.—Will you please inform me through the columns of your estimable paper, how to treat the Bouvardias and *Clerodendron*, what kind of earth to use, and treatment in other respects? I have them in one-third sand, one-third rotten cow manure and one-third garden soil, and treat them as I do my other house plants, but they do not do well. At times they are luxuriant, and then again the leaves curl up and drop off. Can you tell me the cause of this? My Bouvardia has one bunch of flowers on it now, and would bloom profusely but for this. I love flowers dearly and hitherto have been very successful in cultivating them, but those above-mentioned baffle me, and as they are very beautiful I am anxious to cultivate them, and will be greatly obliged to you if you will give the desired information in your next issue.

W. CLINTON BYERS.

Answer.—The Bouvardia is cultivated as follows: Early in January take the roots from old plants, cut in pieces one inch long, put in boxes or pots filled with one-third mold and two-thirds sand, cover half inch deep; when an inch high pot off in two-inch pots of good rich mold, place in a warm moist situation, about the middle of May plant out in the border. When six inches high cut back to two inches, and grow on until the middle of September, then take up and put in a six-inch pot filled with soil composed of equal parts of loam, manure and sand, grow in a warm light situa-

tion, they will come into flower about the first of January, after which cut back, and they will make new growth and come into flower in early spring.

The *Clerodendron* is a rapid growing greenhouse plant, wants a light rich soil and much pot room, after a period of growth it will show signs of rest which should be given it, say for two months, then commence watering, and cut back to one-half of the new growth. It will flower two or three times in a year.

Seeds, Vitality.—Did M. Menkins ever see "Breck's New Book of Flowers," the latest edition, he would find an answer to his question there. He says cucumbers, squash and melons are good for ten years, but for some reasons might not be, as drying by the fire or getting damp. He says onion seed is worthless after the second year, but has known it to vegetate when eight years old, being perfectly dry and corked up in a bottle. And he had cucumber seed eighteen years old that vegetated freely. It was tied up in a bag and kept in a tight bin in a garret. Flower seed, like vegetable, vary in the length of time they may be relied upon as good. Balsams, six or eight years; Larkspur, Pinks and Aster, only two years; Hollyhock, five years; Gillyflower about the same length of time, and it is said the older the better, if it will vegetate, as it will produce more double flowers. I think myself it should be kept in the pods.

A. D. H.

Reviving Drooping Plants.—Procure from any druggist Sulphate of Ammonia, and dissolve it in pure water at the rate of one spoonful to the pail. Water the plants once a day, and they will grow green and dark and fresh again. If this mixture is too strong, use but half at first, and then increase as they can stand it. Fine flour of bone, or bone meal, is splendid, also; dust a little, say a teaspoonful, over the soil in each pot before watering. Apply but once a month. Many plants will droop for want of root room. Keep transferring your plants into large pots; or, what is better still, into a large box, where they can grow in all directions; a large plant can not grow in a small pot. A big Fuchsia, two to three feet high, needs a box fully a foot square and nine inches deep to itself. Then it will develop, bud and blossom most beautifully.

Double White Feverfew.—I would like to state my experience with double White Feverfew, as it may save some other flower-lovers some trouble. Three years ago last fall I had several fine roots, the centres of two of which had changed to a straw color. Wishing to preserve one of each color through the winter, I took them up, but soon found that one of the pots was too small for the root, and set it back again in the garden, although it had withered some. I then covered it with dried leaves, and also all the others which I had not taken up. The next spring found them all living, and I have treated them in the same way every winter since. The second summer I found a plant which had grown from a seed produced from one of the old plants, which bloomed the same summer. I purchased a dozen Tulips of Vick last fall, and also some of the finest Hyacinths I ever saw. I planted them beneath our front windows, with a dozen or two which I have had three or four years, covering them slightly, to which covering was afterwards added some hay. On removing it this spring, I found that the rats had destroyed more than three-fourths of my bulbs, and the ground beneath the bed was thoroughly burrowed. We pressed the earth down and filled the holes, but they open them faster than we can fill them, and I wish to know if we can poison the earth without killing the roots.

M. B.

Floral Decorations.

A PRETTY WINDOW GARDEN.

The beautiful sketch on this page, of a Window Garden, or rather a miniature Greenhouse, is taken from a sketch made by Briggs Bros., of Rochester, of a little glass structure attached to the sitting-room of the Rev. Mr. Thorborne, Spencerport, N. Y. All the heat needed to warm it is obtained from the sitting-room by leaving the door open between the two places, almost all the conveniences seen for holding the plants are very cheap. The wooden stands can be made by any carpenter, the wire stands are not costly and can be obtained from any city florist (the price ranges from five to ten dollars,) the wire hanging baskets are not expensive, and anybody can gather the moss necessary to fill the pots or pans. All the plants seen in this engraving are put in pots. We think they do very much better if a long pan was constructed for each stand, and in this with plenty of earth, the plants were placed, they are far more healthy and vigorous because of greater freedom and room for the roots, and still need less water. Pots are great evaporators of moisture. In selecting plants for such a little in-door garden the advice given by Briggs Bros., is very suitable.

Those known as leaf or foliage plants should occupy their share of the space, as they always look well. The *Dracæna*, with its highly colored leaves, several varieties of the flowering and leaf *Begonias*, the variegated *Agapanthus*, *Camelias*, *Azaleas*, *Tree Ives*, *Ferns*, *Aucubas*, *Euonymus*, *Orange* and *Lemon trees* are all suitable for this purpose, and will succeed nicely. A few double Chinese *Primroses*, *Bouvardias*, *Carnations*, *Geraniums*—both flowering and sweet scented—*Hyacinths*, *Tulips*, *Crocus*, *Snowdrops*, etc., will all be desirable, and will contribute, by their presence, to a full, satisfactory and pleasing appearance. Climbers may consist of *Tropæolum*, *Maurandya*, *Madeira Vine*, *Smilax*, and the *Climbing or English Ivy*. A hanging basket or two, well filled with drooping plants, will be effective and will add a finished and fine appearance to the whole. All the plants should be looked over carefully every day, to see they do not suffer from the want of water, to prevent their leaves turning yellow, and to insure a healthy growth.

Artemisia argentea.—I enclose a leaf of a plant which I have, but do not know its name, and have never seen but the one plant from which I got mine. It is a beautiful willowy plant; it has never bloomed; looks like a miniature tree; seems difficult to propagate. Can you tell me what it is?

Answer.—*Artemisia argentea*.

BASKET PLANTS.

But of all the pleasing ways for growing plants the hanging basket is most attractive. There is something about their graceful beauty that wins the love of all. Elaborate baskets may be purchased, or simple ones may be made at home that will be quite as pleasing. Some of the most beautiful ones we have ever seen were knots of wood from decayed forest trees. Many of these are of curious shape, much like ocean shells. With varnish applied, and slender chains or bright cords attached, they are ready for use. Others may be constructed of grape vines or branches of fruit and forest trees. In this way not only the flowers, but the receptacles in which they

If these are too many in a home where work must lead and pleasure follow, two or three varieties in a single basket, or a little hanging garden will become a thing of beauty, and give more pleasure than many a costly thing might do.

Any of these vines are exceedingly desirable for the lawn, for trellises or over rock work, or in rustic vases or lawn baskets. These may be made of branches of trees interwoven with grape vines, bound with moss, then filled with earth, and are exceedingly appropriate for a country garden where all these materials are just at hand. In these may be grown several varieties. The *Dracæna* is very showy in the centre of large vases or lawn baskets. Around this set *Verbenas* with here and there a bright *Pansy*, and about the edge set trailing plants. If you wish vines for baskets with handles, *Maurandya* is excellent. One such basket will do more for its possessor if well cared for, than a whole garden of neglected flowers, and these are as easily grown as the common kind.

A very attractive basket may also be made of wire, lined with moss, filled with *Ferns*, wild *Plantain* and *Lycopodium* from the forest. These will grow all summer with a very little care, in any shady corner of your rooms, and send up long, graceful, drooping fronds much larger than those first planted. In such a basket place a bunch of *Pansies* or *Forget-me-nots*, and you have one of the loveliest ornaments imaginable.—*From an Address by Mrs. D. Huntley.*

CALLA LILIES IN CALIFORNIA.

The *Calla Lily*, which is cultivated with such care and pains "in the States," and is so highly prized on account of its pure white flowers, is one of the wonders of California yards and gardens. It is common to see from twenty to thirty immense flowers on a single plant. Such masses of flowers, each as large as a common cream pitcher, are continually wondered at and admired. A story is told of a lady down East who started to visit her daughter, who had moved to California. She wanted to bring her something from home so she potted a little, sickly *Calla* and brought it all the

long three thousand miles with as much care and trouble as if it had been a child. When she reached her daughter's home, there stood in her yard scores of such *Callas* as she never saw before, or even imagined. They seemed, compared with hers in the pot, like white-robed angels beside some poor struggling saint on earth. She sat down with a sigh, the worthless thing she had brought so far, and said: "Well, next time I take so much trouble to take anything to anybody, I will try to find out beforehand whether it is what they want or what they haven't got already."

Name.—I desire the name of a plant in my possession, the leaf and flower of which I send you. M. E. C.

Answer.—*Solanum Mexicana*.



A PRETTY WINDOW GARDEN.

grow will become the admiration of all your city friends.

For basket plants the graceful *Smilax* is first of the list. Its dainty glossy leaves will add a charm to everything it touches. Next, the *English Ivy* has the richest foliage, and if you can wait for its tardy growth you will have an elegant vine, but we like the *German Ivy* best. It will do such wonderful things in the way of adorning windows and pictures, and do them so quickly. The *Keulworth Ivy* is the best trailing plant we have ever grown, and unsurpassed for a centre basket. *Moneywort* is also a good trailer, but is prettiest among other plants. All these are of easy culture, and if given much water, morning and evening, will delight you with their constant growth.

Floral Decorations.

ORNAMENTAL GOURDS.

"Aunt Carry" has promised to tell us something in the next CABINET about making hanging baskets and other ornaments out of them, for which information I, for one, will be very thankful, as I've tried to raise them; also, ornamental fruit, such as lemons, oranges, pears and egg-shaped fruit, and failed. Attributed the failure to our hot sun and dry summers. I know that even the common gourd, holding as much as three gallons, (used by the colored people for carrying water to the fields), when of a pretty shape, makes a lovely hanging basket, being light enough to be handled by a delicate woman or child. I wish that the contributors to the CABINET who live so far north could see my Cape Jessamine and Evening Primrose. The first is covered with blooms, and four of the trees, from eighteen to twenty feet high, shade completely my back piazza. The latter, after sunset, comes out in the twilight like great lemon-colored lamps, trying to brighten and light up that usually weary and lonesome hour. The blooms are as large as the largest Hibiscus, were planted last May, year ago, were transplanted, grew and spread until the winter set in, then continued green and luxuriant without protection until this spring; they have sprung up four and five feet high, bearing the loveliest of flowers. I wish every reader of the CABINET would procure some of the seed—*Eriogonum*, or Evening Primrose—and they would never regret it. They have an enemy, though, that I must not forget to mention. I called them mealy bugs, but my husband pronounced them cotton lice—the same which sometimes take to the young cotton. I tried several remedies without effect, when I discovered a number of ants upon the leaves. He said, "now your plants are safe, for the ants destroy the lice." So I was relieved, as the leaves soon began a better growth, and the ants were the victors. I think we very often destroy the black ant when it is working for us and saving us the trouble of remedies. Can Aunt Carry, or any of the readers of the CABINET, tell me why my Mignonette is without fragrance? And is it probable that my white Verbena, which is in a lawn vase, surrounded on the bed beneath by red and pink Petunias, can be colored from the latter? The blooms have an occasional stripe or tinge of pink. It is some distance from any other Verbena, as I'm anxious to keep it to its original whiteness. If any of the subscribers of the CABINET will do so, I would be glad to give them Tuberose bulbs for Tulip bulbs. Can any of them tell me if they have one, or know where I can get a buff or yellow Verbena? I add my petition to that of others for a picture of our Editor as a premium.

B. L., South Carolina.

Pot Culture.—My experience with Double Geraniums and Pelargoniums teaches me that they bloom in greater perfection left in pots rather than set out in the ground.

MRS. R. J. ARNOLD.

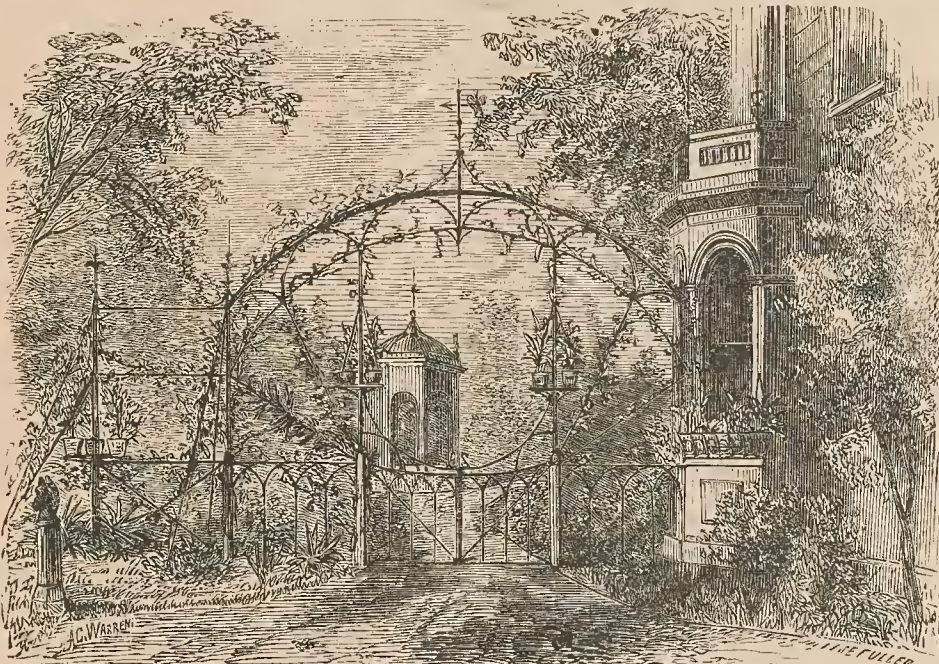
THE GLADIOLUS.

No flower adds more to the beauty of the garden lawn or yard than the Gladiolus. The superb combination of the richest colors, the stately grace and free flowering, make it deservedly popular with florists



A GARDEN VASE.

and amateurs everywhere. No one need be deterred from cultivating it for fear of failure, as it is not shy of blooming like the *Amaryllis*, but rewards the commonest culture with such fine spikes of bloom, and it is such an aristocratic looking flower, you marvel at your own success. However, like most flowers, it



ORNAMENTED GATE AND TRELLIS FOR CLIMBING VINES.

loves good culture, giving longer spikes and larger blooms.

I had four bulbs planted in very rich, sandy soil. They threw up long spikes, four, five and six feet high, having four hundred and twenty perfect flowers, and continued blooming six weeks. I commenced with a half dozen bulbs obtained of Vick, and was so pleased

with their easy culture the spring following, I sent to C. L. Allen for another half dozen, receiving, to my surprise, one dozen.

I cut out a large bed in the grass, dug it deeply, added two barrow loads rich leaf mold, one and a half of thoroughly decayed manure, and one of lake sand; re-dug, raked fine and smooth, and May 5th, planted fifty-two bulbs, covering them fully four inches. Everything requires deeper planting in Minnesota than elsewhere on account of the high, persistent winds; they blow nearly all the time, morning, noon and night, and when that is not enough, just whirl round in the middle. To-day you would think all the windows were strung with something more than æolian harps, bass viols and the like.

I know a gentleman who says "he is very thankful when he is not blown out of his boots!" No pestilent vapors or miasma can lurk in this pure, ambient air. Nevertheless, a calm day is something to enjoy, and another blessing to be thankful for.

The growth was marvelous, the bloom magnificent—I must be allowed these adjectives. Doubt if any florist ever had larger flowers; anyway, shall allow myself the benefit of the doubt. Only four of the bulbs were of the same kind, the rest of every conceivable shade and color, from clear, brilliant carmine, creamy white with faint rose hearts, rich velvety pinks, white, purple striped and blotched, gay Dolly Vardens, nankeen, clear, cool-looking Quakers, rosy salmon, to maroons and crimsons, almost black in their glossy, velvety lustre. But why particularize. Just imagine a dozen rainbows tangled, interlaced, flashing, sparkling in the sunshine, and you have something like it.

Once in July and again in August I mulched the ground with cut grass, and just as they were coming into bloom gave them two copious waterings during a rather dry time. Before they commenced blooming I staked and tied them securely, and then—well, just let the winds blow away. Although the bulbs were all planted at the same time, they did not all bloom at once; there was a constant succession until late in September. As soon as done blooming, I cut off the flower stems, to hasten the ripening of the bulbs. Ten days after the first frost (Sept. 27th), took up one hundred and twenty-seven bulbs. After drying in a sunny upper room, cut off the stalks to within an inch of the bulb, labelled them carefully, wrapped them in paper, and putting them in a large earthen jar (leaving it uncovered), kept them all winter in a dry, frost-proof cellar. They neither shriveled or moulded, but came out this spring as plump as when put away.

HORTENSE SHARE.

Best Twelve Pillar Roses.—As frequent inquiry is made for the names of the best twelve pillar roses (perpetual bloomers), an experienced green-house plant and rose culturist gives the following list: Running Hermosa, pink; Gloria de Rosamond, scarlet; Fellenberg, rosy red; Joan of Arc, white; Md'le Aristides, pale yellow; Phaloe, buff pink; Superba, pale pink; Solfaterre, yellow; Triumph de la Duchere, pink; Washington, white; Celina Forester, yellow; White Microphylla.

Floral Enjoyments.

A FLOWER STORY.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Two young girls sat alone under the Clematis, one was a blue-eyed lass with a mass of sunny ringlets falling around her mild sweet face, which, when the sun shone on them, seemed transformed into an aureole of glory. This was Minnie May. The other was a brunette with sparkling black eyes, and of straight black hair. Her rosy cheeks were dimpled with a bright smile which her restless vivacious nature seemed to call there. She was quick and impetuous in mind, mood and manner. That was Ethel Vane.

"And now, Ethel dear," said Minnie, "we are quite alone, I want you to tell me why you dislike my betrothed."

"Oh, Minnie, I don't dislike Harry Martin, I only think him effeminate, I like noble men."

"So do I," said Minnie, "and Harry is noble. He is no book hero I know, but he is an every day one. Why do you think he is effeminate?"

"Why Minnie, he works his mother's flowers, makes bouquets and really he loves flowers better than any one I ever saw."

"And for that reason you term him effeminate. Oh, Ethel! it is only another proof of his nobility."

"Very noble indeed to pull up weeds and grass, and scratch in the dirt, ain't it?"

"It's like you to try to make it ridiculous, but the nobility is in the heart," said Minnie. "it makes us nobler to love the beautiful; and don't you know it pleases God to see us love and cultivate these beauties he has placed here for our enjoyment? I am glad Harry loves them, it will double my pleasure if he can but see them as I do, and 'twill be sweet if he loves them with me."

"It does well enough," said Ethel, "for women to talk about flowers, I love them, I love to work with and cultivate them and I love to talk about them, but I do not love to see men bothering with such little things."

"Yes," said Minnie, "and 'little things on little wings bear little souls to Heaven.'"

"Flowers were only put here for the enjoyment of the weaker sex," said Ethel.

"I'd like to know on what you base that theory," said Minnie, smiling. "No, it does my heart good to know that I will be mated with a lover of the beautiful. Think of the many pleasant hours we will pass in our garden. It is to be a perfect paradise; we have drawn off the plans and some of the beds are to be beautiful. Harry will get me a collection of roots this fall, then in the spring I will sow my annuals. Come to see me next summer and I will show you the effect of the love of flowers on man. A woman stands a poor chance—no matter how well she loves flowers—if her husband cares naught for them, either to enjoy or cultivate them, who will make her walks, her beds, her frames, etc. To be sure, if she is able she can hire it done, but they are not so nice as if her husband had made them."

"George and I will have flowers too," said Ethel, "but I don't intend he shall work them, with the assistance of a little hired help, I can have them without his pottering with them. He thinks its all nonsense any way. He thinks a saucer of strawberries or ice cream is much more beautiful than the costliest bouquet that can be made."

"Harry's taste and mine," said Minnie, "are the same; ours will be a perfect union of thought, taste and feelings, and when you see the lovely home we

will have, you will wish George had this 'effeminate,' trait as you term it which Harry has."

The two girls were eventually married. Minnie May to Harry Martin, and Ethel Vane to George Harwood. They went to housekeeping many miles distant from each other, and for three years did not meet. At the expiration of that time, Minnie with her little boy paid Ethel a visit. The first day was passed in a talk of old times, the next day Minnie asked Ethel to show her her flowers. Ethel led the way into the yard, Minnie looked at the broken bushes, the tangled vines, the honeysuckle frames laying flat on the ground, the weak looking geraniums and heliotropes, and thought of her own flourishing plants at home which Harry was to take care of during her absence.

"Now, let us look at your garden," said Minnie.

"I have no garden, I wanted one badly but could hire no one to do my work."

Harry came for his wife at last, and the next year Ethel returned Minnie's visit. It was toward the close of June when she made her visit, and when she first looked into Minnie's yard, carpeted with the most velvety of green grass, her heart ached as she thought of what she had left behind. The honeysuckle frames were white and erect, each bush seemed strong and firm and was covered with the loveliest roses, and here and there she saw floating in the breeze various kinds of hanging baskets of Ivy, Smilax, Wandering Jew, etc. The house was white, and the portico being covered with green vines gave it a still fresher look, altogether Ethel thought it the sweetest home she ever saw. When she entered the house she still saw beauty in the tastefully arranged cut flowers placed through the house in various ways.

Minnie welcomed her old friend heartily, and Harry soon proposed, (as he always did to Minnie's visitors) to take her into Minnie's garden. They walked in and Ethel's eyes danced with delight as she gazed upon the lovely little spot. Every bed was viewed and names of the various flowers given. Ethel admired them all and a little sigh escaped her, for she had no such spot of beauty at her home. When she went home she told George of Minnie's garden and begged that she might have one of her own.

"All right little wife," he said, "I'll see if I can't find some one to make it for you, you know I have no taste for such things." It is needless to state that Ethel never had a garden. Minnie enjoys hers, for her husband loves her flowers and helps her to care for them, but Ethel only sighs and wishes.

Many a woman is bereft of this one pleasure because her husband considers such things nonsense. I wish there were many more such men as Harry Martin, I wish every woman had these little beauties growing around her. They gladden many a sorrowful heart; they are the silver linings to many clouds; they enter every scene in life and shed their sweetness over us; they are the cheapest luxury we can have; they make our homes beautiful and ourselves happy. People are always happier where flowers grow.

"Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth,
Bright missals from angelic throng,
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft."

Oleanders.—If Mrs. Thorpe will wash her Oleander, every leaf both sides, and scrape off the scales with her thumb nail (if there are any on it), I think she will find it will start the buds. I have known it to do so in less than a week.

PREPARING A WINDOW GARDEN.

The first thing to be done is to procure a box of fine earth, sifted from the heap where the garden-mold, sweepings from the chicken-yard, bits of sod and dead leaves have been mellowing in the sun all summer, this with a box of sand I have placed near the saucers of cuttings which I keep going from the first of August till the weather is too cool for the plants to remain out and then I usually keep one in the window ready to receive slips from bouquets, or trimmings from plants that require to be cut back. In this way you can increase your stock of house plants very much. But to return to the garden; where you have a greenhouse or even a lawn devoted to flowers, your gardener raises and pots all that are worth saving—old and young. This is not the case with me, my space is limited, I have two or three windows with flower-stands in front of them, and in them I must have blooming plants, not old ones; these I send to the cellar. Rose-slips planted last fall or winter and set out in the spring, I find have grown nicely and are in good order for potting. Young Geraniums, Begonias, Rose Geraniums cut back, and young Petunias are sure to bloom if managed carefully. I put them in pots that hold the roots firmly, without giving them much surplus room, water them well and set them in the shade for several days. After all though, the slips are my main dependence for bloom, of these you can have a great variety. Cuttings of Geranium, Abutilon, Begonia, Petunia and Coleus root readily. Roses, Verbenas, Hibiscus, Mahonia and others of a kindred nature take a little longer to start, but so do some of our dearest friends; and we do not love them any the less for their want of punctuality, while the roots of these cuttings are short I put them in small pots, always placing a pebble or piece of earthen-ware over the opening in the pot to insure drainage. If they are kept in the shade under a tree with low branches for a week or ten days it will give them a good start, and a slight frost will not reach them. I generally try to get a few seeds of winter-blooming flowers started in August, sowing them in boxes: cigar boxes do very well, and a pane of glass will cover them, when the second leaves appear I pot them. Primulas, Mimulus and Petunias are very satisfactory grown in this way, and early in the spring will bloom if gently forced through the winter months by frequent watering with weak guano water, or warm water with a few drops of ammonia in it. I must, before closing, make mention of the bulbs, for they give but little trouble and a great deal of pleasure. Hyacinths of the best named sorts, Lilies, Crocuses and the little Duc-Van-Thol Tulips are indispensable. I prefer single Hyacinths for blooming in the house, and one of the handsomest I ever saw was a "Camper," tall, light-blue. I always try to have one of them in my collection. They do better with me in pots than glasses, and can afterwards be planted in the garden. Crocuses are very pretty planted in a long, narrow box, such as umbrellas and parasols come packed in; after the buds have made their appearance put them across the front of the window, and use them as a bordering for other flowers. These boxes will hold from one to two dozen. I plant all my bulbs late in September or early in October, and let them stay out of doors for four or five weeks then bring them gradually into light and heat.

E. L. S.

Squills.—I should think Mrs. David Buffett's green bulb she speaks of must be what we call Squills about here. I have one; it has not bloomed, but I have seen one many years ago that did; it had a spike of fine white flowers; it is nothing like a lily.



NEW YORK, JULY, 1874.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

An abundance of floral decorations are given this month; so many, in fact, as to bewilder and yet delight the heart and taste of all flower-lovers.

Upon the first page is a beautiful design of an Iron Flower Box, about one foot wide and three feet long, standing about one foot from the floor, and suitable for the house, the conservatory, the piazza or the lawn. Experienced flower-growers have found that where plants are grown in long boxes, they are much more successful than when put in single pots. And this design is so handsome it will suit all who can afford to possess it. It is of a very ornamental pattern, with bronzed surface, costs about \$30, and can be used out-doors or in-doors, at convenience. It is made only by the J. L. Mott Iron Works, of this city.

Upon page 101 is a beautiful design of a Vase, containing a very pretty plant, grown by Robert Buist, of Philadelphia, Pa., the *Latania Borbonica*. This is a very handsome greenhouse plant, and a charming object on any lawn. As a plant for the vase it is effective when young, and the branches do not extend too far; but with age it looks better when transplanted to a permanent flower-bed in the lawn.

On the same page is a pretty picture drawn by our artist representing a bay-window and ornamental gate, covered with climbing vines. It is a happy fancy, and our readers may sometime find it worth copying.

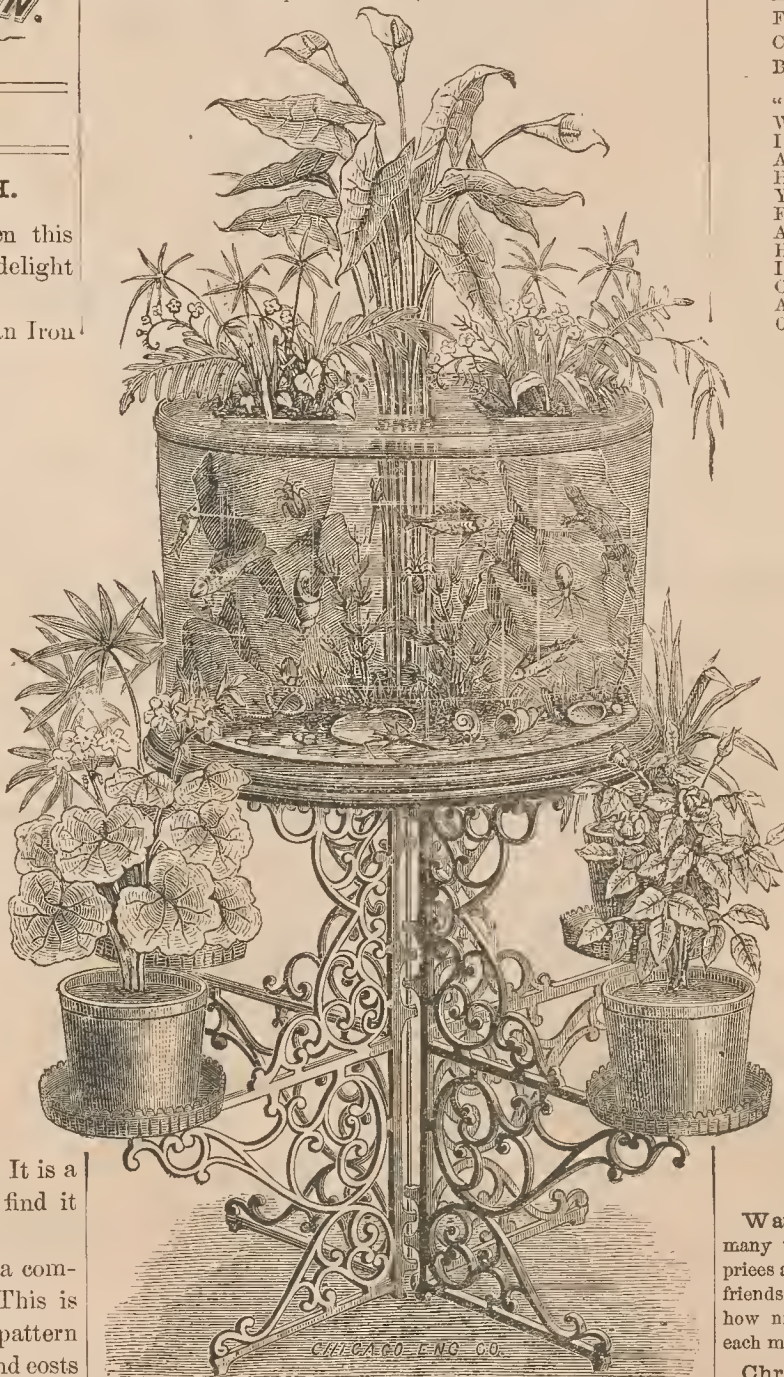
Upon page 104 is a beautiful illustration of a combined Parlor Aquarium and Flower Stand. This is made of iron, constructed of a very ornamental pattern by the Kenosha Hardware Co., of Wisconsin, and costs about \$15. The globe is additional in price. We know of nothing so really convenient and cheap as this, suitable for the same purposes. Even wire stands are fully as costly, and perhaps more so.

Upon page 105 is another design for combined

Window Aquarium and Fountain. This is also constructed by the J. L. Mott Iron Works, of this city, and so made as to be very easily adjusted in any house where there are water-pipes and any head of water. It is somewhat costly, being nearly \$60; yet we know of no parlor fountain which is really good, and cheaper, that would be satisfactory. We have received a greater number of inquiries on parlor fountains than any other subject ever illustrated, and still we have never been able to answer the question definitely till we saw this design, which seems to be a very pretty model.

Upon page 108 are several designs of Dried and Preserved Grasses, Flowers, &c., and in other pages of this number, or previous numbers of THE FLORAL CABINET, can be found full directions for preparing them. Upon page 109 is the picture of a little English girl going on her Errand of Love, with father's old shoes, to carry them to him at his work.

A Floral Wonder.—One of the most beautiful specimens of floral workmanship was a ship of flowers presented to a bride who sailed from New York last week in one of the Cunard steamers. It was four feet high. The masts were gaily decked out with silk flags, and the sails were of white satin. The smoke-stack was of red pasteboard (in exact imitation of the



FLOWER AND AQUARIUM STAND.

Cunard steamers), and on deck were chairs and benches of evergreen. Above all, on a spiral, was a live dove. The cost of this floral ship was \$500.

PHANTOM FLOWERS.

ENTWINED AROUND A CROSS.

They are spirits of flowers that blossomed and died
Long since in the gardens, its beauty and pride;
Yet they rise from corruption in robes new and bright,
As visions like phantoms all spotless and white.

Gay bodies we know have gone down to decay,
With the winter's first breath they have withered away;
But a change has come o'er them, and dream-like and fair,
The features that marked them they once again wear.

The same wondrous tissue, the outline and grace
Of each leaflet and blossom we trace,
True types of ourselves, whose bodies shall rise
From the Grave of Corruption, the heirs of the skies.

Dear sign of our hope of salvation—the key—
The purest of offerings thy chaplet shall be,
Of blossoms unfading from heaven's bowers,
We twine round the cross phantom leaflets and flowers.

—Selected.

YOU HAVEN'T PUT ANY ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

With sable draped banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gate of the dead.
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.
Ended at last is the labor of love,
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move,
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief.
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child,
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild,

"Oh, sir! he was good, and they said he died brave,
Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you;
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say, did you not?
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
And thought him too lowly your off'rings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood
In rich crimson streams from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in the front of the fight,
And died shouting 'Onward! for God and the right!'
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side—
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! counter-march!" cried the chief:
"This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden; while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way it is; here, sir, right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lovely green mound,
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir. I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Nellie to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true—
And they will both bless you, I know, when I tell
How you folded your arms round their dear little Nell.
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed her to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call you to come,
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

C. E. L. HOLMES.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Clubs for 6 Months.—Upon Page 111 is announcement of terms of subscription for 6 months. They are only for July to December, 1874. We cannot commence 6 months subscriptions at any other time.

1 copy, 65c, including chromo Gems.

5 copies, \$3.00, " " " "

10 copies, \$6.00, " " " "

For club of 5, extra copy of chromo free, or paper for 25c.

For club of 10 extra copy of chromo and paper free.

Wanted—Many Thousand More.—Yes, we ought to have many thousand more subscribers before the end of the year. Our prices are gradually being reduced to enable our friends to get their friends to take it. Give us a good push the next six months, and see how nicely we can repay you with a prettier paper and pictures each month.

Chromos.—We have plenty of Chromos, and would like to dispose of many before the Chromo of 1875 is ready. We will sell, separate from subscriptions, the set of Good Night and Good Morning, and Gems of the Flower Garden, for 50 cents.

Back Numbers.—We have on hand a surplus quantity of some back numbers, which we will dispose of for 15 cents for three numbers or 25 cents for 5 numbers. The choice must be left to us.

Gossip from Correspondents.

MAY-DAY IN CENTRAL IOWA.

May 1st—I've been a-Maying to-day, and have plucked my first wild flower—that is, the first in its native haunts. The dear little Hepaticas in my garden bloomed two weeks ago; and so, no doubt, did their kindred in a sheltered dell two miles away. But we have had a flurry of snow since then, and cold winds and rains. April repented, however, at last, and prepared a warm welcome for May and to-day I took a woodland path, saying to myself, "I know a bank where the wild flowers grow."

But I found no flowers when I reached my bank, where, some years, I have found them in the first week of April. I went on, and searched vainly for some distance; but at length, in a cosy, sunny little nook, there they were. Snow-white Blood-root blossoms, pink tinted Dicentras, with their graceful, feathery leaves, and delicate little purple Anemones, fit harbingers of Flora's lovely train. Half a mile further I would have found Spring Beauties, but had not time to-day.

How like magic seems the coming of these little early flowers. With the first warm breath of Spring they are ready to come forth, so delicate, yet so hardy and brave; lovely and beautiful, but frail and perishable. I was reminded to-day of the influence of imagination on our sensations and emotions. Last autumn, when I trod these forest aisles, the roar of the wind in the tree-tops sounded like a dirge to the departed summer. Those trees are bare and leafless yet; but the elm buds are swelling, the green grass springing. There is hope in the air, and to-day the voice of the wind sounded only a breezy, rollicking welcome to spring.

Every one has heard of the beautiful "prairie garden" of the West. They are gay and beautiful beyond all praise at some seasons, but I think the choicest floral treasures of Iowa are found in the depths of her forests.

In another week, if it continues warm, I shall look in the deepest woods for the pretty little early Orchis, with large deep-green leaves, like Lily-of-the-Valley, and twisted spike of delicate flowers, purple and white. In more open places there will be wealth of Violets, yellow and blue, and the white Erythronium, or Adder-tongue, a little smaller than the yellow, tinged a little with purple, and fragrant as the Tuberose. With these, also, will come a trio of blue flowers—the pretty early Phlox, the prettier Polemonium, with graceful fern-like leaves, and, most beautiful of all, the Mertensia, or Virginian Lungwort. This is a beautiful plant, with large, smooth leaves, and a graceful, slender stem, bearing aloft a cluster of delicate bells of the most heavenly blue.

The graceful Columbine belongs to May and, with the strawberries, will come the wild roses, and the

beautiful cousin of the Orchis, the Ladies' Slipper. These are found, usually, among the bushes that skirt the woods. In June, too, comes the pretty little wild Lily-of-the-Valley, and in July the white

search, for few of its kindred can out-rival it, with its stately stem, dark, glossy leaves, and its crown of nodding flowers, rich orange red, spotted with velvety brown.

But I haven't mentioned one of our shrubs and climbers. The white Thorn, and white Cornel, or Dog-wood, are most beautiful in flower and foliage. The Wahoo Shrub, or Burning Bush, is an elegant shrub, with shining dark green leaves, and a wealth of scarlet and crimson berries. Among our beautiful climbers, are Honeysuckles, Bittersweet, Virgin's Bower, with its beautiful clusters of white flowers and curious long-tailed seeds, and a species of Sarsaparilla, with smooth, glossy, ivy-shaped leaves, which covers old stumps and trees with its luxuriant growth.

Yes, there is wealth of beauty in our Western wilds, but in this region "the march of civilization," that is, the tramp of constantly increasing herds of cattle and swine, is fast exterminating some of the most beautiful species. Within my own observation some have almost disappeared from localities where they were once abundant, and, unless preserved in gardens, I fear they will soon be almost extinct.

Mrs. F. E. Briggs.



A WINDOW FOUNTAIN AND AQUARIUM.

Campion, with delicately fringed petals. Time and space would fail me to describe all our wild-wood beauties; but I must mention one more; the "Turks'-cap Lily," well named "The Superb." It is not common, but well repays a long and diligent

Beautiful Flowers Easily Cultivated.—The following flowers are specially recommended by the *American Rural Home* as very pretty and easily grown by any grower:

Coreopsis tennifolia. Yellow flowers are no great favorites of mine, still a clump of this plant is admissible and desirable, even for its very fine, pretty leaves, if one does not fancy its small, yellow blossoms.

Dicentra spectabilis. This is, without doubt, the most beautiful herbaceous plant in cultivation. Its rosy colored flowers are produced in long graceful racemes and in great profusion. The roots are large and fleshy and somewhat tuberous, and will grow in any rich soil.

Funkia alba odora (White Day Lily). A very old plant, but nevertheless always desirable. Its long, pure white, fragrant flowers are not excelled even by the latest novelties among Japanese lilies.

Lychnis Flos-cuculi, or Cuckoo Lychnis; also sometimes called Double Ragged Robin, a beautiful old plant that does not appear to go out of fashion.

Papaver orientale. This magnificent species of poppy is a native of China. The flowers are six to eight inches in diameter, brilliant orange scarlet with a dark spot at the base of each petal. The roots are large, fleshy, and increase in size from year to year, forming large clumps.

HEEDLESS PEOPLE—AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. GEORGE E. LEE.

Tact they lack, and lack of tact,
A dozen charms may counteract:
Conscious of this failing, I
Tactless people ne'er decry.

The Ladies' Boudoir.

[For the FLORAL CABINET.]
THREE OFFERINGS.

BY N. F. WILLIAMS.

Willie, my first love, Willie,
Gave me a rose-bud sweet;
I wore the bud in my braided hair,
But its bloom was short and fleet;
I hid it away in my bosom,
Withered and wan, but sweet;
And all the long, bright Summer
My heart beneath it beat.

Willie, my boy love, Willie,
Gave me three daisies white.
When we sailed together adown the stream,
In the hush of the moon-lit night;
I looked them up in a casket
While they were fresh and white,
And after their leaves were faded
I kept them out of sight.

Willie, my old love, Willie,
Gave me some flowers to-day;
Purple blossoms with hearts of gold,
And a single scarlet spray;
His blue-black eyes were smiling,
And I thought of a by-gone day;—
But when he had passed and left me,
I threw the flowers away!

DREAMING AND WORKING.

"It is better to sit down dreaming
Of things that would make life sweet,
Than follow a mocking phantom,
And find in the end defeat.
Better to dream forever,
Though dreams are but dreams at best,
Than to wreck a life for a shadow—
Better to dream and rest."

But better than idle dreaming.
Is work for the true, and right;
Better than rest in torpor,
Is mettle, and nerve, and might.
Better than dull inaction,
And waiting for things to be,
Is hearty and brave endeavor
Till worthy reward you see!

But what if you work forever,
Till time for the work is done,
And never attain your hoping,
Or find your reward begun?
He wins who has honest courage
To fight to the battle's close,
For, dying in truest service,
The truest reward he knows!

There may be a time for dreaming,—
There's always a time for work!
And that which awaits his doing,
No man of us all should shrink.
For better than dreamful fancies,
Are purposes true and grand,
And best of all, noble Manhood
Abides in the willing hand!

ECONOMY IN FURNISHING OUR HOUSES.

I wonder if our city friends are aware with how little expense a room can be furnished, and made to look cozy and cheerful, with only the outlay of a few dollars, instead of a hundred. I have in mind a beautiful home of wealth and refinement, whose owner could lavish any amount of expenditure in the furnishing if he chose, and yet, the simplicity of adorning is its greatest charm. Tasteful, and even elegant, articles of furniture of home manufacture adorn nearly all the rooms, and their perfume are not of greenbacks: but of loving hands and hearts, who still have the means left to cheer and help the more unfortunate in life. The ample rooms are made for use, and their open doors, and inviting aspect have a most soothing and happy influence upon all who enter. It is indeed a home of culture and happiness, where hearts are not

haunted by unpaid bills: but the sweetest of christian charity and benevolence are experienced in its broadest and most loving aspect. Woman's tact had much to do in planning and furnishing this pleasant home. The skill of the daughters was called into requisition, and many were the beautiful designs and graceful ornaments that matured under their guiding hands.

The cozy easy chairs and comfortable sofas did not once lead you to suspect they were of home origin, but mother and daughter could have told you of shapeless barrels and boxes, thus deftly transformed into useful articles of furniture, with their tasty covering of some pretty material. The ottomans and chairs are also neatly covered with the same, with sly places hidden away in some of them for deposits of various kinds. Brackets adorn the wall, of numerous devices, some of moss, others of wood with tasteful decorations, but all designed and made by the inmates of the family. Pictures too, lend their charm, many of them drawn by the artistic fingers of the home circle, thus possessing a deep value, as heart treasures of the loved ones entwined in affection's wreath around the hearthstone. A rustic table for plants, made from curious pieces of wood, and tastefully put together, stands in the recess of the window, filled with bright and beautiful flowers which are a world of beauty in themselves, and a graceful and pretty adornment for any home. A multitude of flowers vie in excelling each other in this miniature garden, and in sending forth their fragrance to bless and gratify the senses.

The ingenuity of the daughters left nothing untried in the shape of furniture; pretty and useful articles were seen in every nook and corner, the result of their own handiwork. They felt a sweeter joy in their home productions than they would in the most costly furniture, for they could enjoy it all. No rooms were kept closely shut up and veiled from human view, but the blessed sun and bracing air had free access, causing the inmates to rejoice in health and happiness. The very atmosphere of the house seemed to be pervaded with blessings for all who dwelt beneath its roof. A most hospitable and genial family, they did not loose caste, by following their own convictions of duty, and eschewing the costly goddess of fashion, but were ever surrounded by true and admiring friends. Now I ask were they not far happier in their surroundings than the man who spends a fortune in adorning his home with much that is useless, and has nothing left to enjoy. How often are hundreds of dollars thrown away in this manner, spent sometimes upon one article, which at best is but an ornament, and of no particular use. Is it wise to spend so much on our homes, when there are so many channels of benevolence needing our aid? In these days of woman's privileges, would it not be well for her to take the lead in reform in this matter, and set the example of simplicity and economy in these things? There is a wide field for action, for women to expand her capabilities in efforts surely in the range of woman's domain. Who will step forth independently for the right, and convert abodes too splendid for daily use into homes that can be enjoyed without fear of ruining the carpet, or some like catastrophe, a loving place where we can gather the children about us, and make them happy, not with gold and silver, but teaching them to live for higher objects, so that they will be able to meet manfully the vicissitudes of life, as they go forth to its duties, clad in the armor of home affections which will cause them to ever look back with love and reverence for the "home sweet home," of their early days. Let us make our homes attractive and even elegant, by the many devices of which a true woman is capable, adopt-

ing a simpler style of expenditure, which will bring less care, and leave more time for nobler pursuits. Much time, that now hangs heavy on the hauds of many, might be devoted to useful employments in this sphere, and weary heads and aching hearts would disappear as if by magic. I trust the day is not far distant when we shall see a revolution in this matter, and instead of thousands spent for show, mankind will learn lessons of wisdom, and judge things by their true value. And so use the treasures of earth as to fit them by and by for a home in the "house not made with hands," in the heavenly mansion above.

M. P. B.

THE GIRLS OF NEW ORLEANS.

A correspondent of a Western paper, who went to see the *Mardi Gras* festivities at New Orleans, evidently saw more than that—having had an eye on the girls all the time. He says:

"New Orleans belles, by the way, would have been fit welcomers of the ancient Minnesong. I have heard much of their beauty, but never studied it with occasion until now. It is up to its fame. These women of the Southern metropolis are the most superb looking in America. They are brunettes, the most and best of them, with an elegance of carriage and figure, a contour of feature and a pose of manner that are matchless. They say that the peasantry in certain districts of Spain carry yet in their faces the grandeur of the faded Castilian noblesse. These New Orleans beauties, lifted tenderly down a dozen generations of close blood, are more queenly than the portraits of their French mothers, that have hung for centuries in their parlors. Some of them are like chiseled penciled figures out of marble, with the soft dash of Guido's brush or Petrarch's song in their faces, and the ripe Southern blood flushing up to their temples, under the pure surface of their veins. The exquisiteness of their style takes your breath with an exclamation of admiration, and a sigh of relief as you pass. Their native city and state are the horizon of society and of the world to these superb creatures; they are reared under the solemn shadow of Catholicism; they are local in their attachments as Venitians; their culture is narrow, but they gather in their loins the gait of empresses, and in their eyes that glance filled with the wisdom, the cunning, the refinement, the magic of womanhood. The Boston beauty offends you with her look of intellectual pertness; New York puts on the face of her charming favorite, the stamp of her eager extravagance; in the West we have not settled our features yet, and feminine comeliness is without a type. The New Orleans belle stands alone as far from the placid demeanor of the "Future City" as from the "lilies and langours" of the South, and offers the eye the satisfying compliment of taste. There is but one drawback. Her manners impose. You must see her in position. The lifting of an eyelid or the glitter of her teeth may be disenchantment."

A Pretty Dress.—A Washington correspondent gives a pretty description of the dress worn at Miss Stewart's wedding by Miss Daisy, the beautiful daughter of the late Lieutenant Derby ("John Phoenix.") The underskirt was white silk. Falling over it in studied carelessness were puffs and folds of tulle spangled with daisies. Long wreaths of them fell like a sash down to the very hem of the train, and a garland of them, a veritable daisy chain, hung around her neck, and a little loose cluster ornamented her pretty, graceful head.

Household Art.

Pressing Flowers, Ferns and Grasses.—At this season of the year, we frequently desire to preserve the beautiful flowers which bloom everywhere about us, whether in field or garden. The process is an exceedingly simple one, and does not require a hand-press wherewith to accomplish the desired end; but a pair of flat irons, a large chair, or even a leg of a couch can be made to do duty for it. A number of sheets of buff manilla, or common brown paper are, however, essential.

Take care to gather the specimens on a fine day, and either just after the dew has dried away, or just before it falls. If gathered at noonday, the flowers will not keep their colors as well; and if plucked in field or meadow, it is well to place them in a tin box in order to retain their freshness.

A good specimen of plant should show every part; its root and stem leaves, its flower part, open and in bud, and, if possible, its seed and seed vessels in their various stages.

When the specimens are gathered, take up each one singly, and lay it smoothly between two sheets of the paper, and place them inside the leaves of a large book; do the same with another, and so on until the book is full. Now tie a strong string tightly around it, and place under flat-irons, or some heavy weight. Let the plants stand for twenty-four hours, and then change the paper to dry them still more. Do this for three or four days, and you will find that they retain their color perfectly, and are then ready to put away. If the plants have thick or woody stems, it is best to cut away the under part of them before pressing. Stone crops and heaths should be dipped into boiling water for three or four minutes, and then dried off before pressing—for if this is not done, the succulent stems will continue to grow even after being pressed in the paper, and spoil their appearance. Berries can be dried by being hung up in the air or sun for a few days. Ferns can be pressed in the same way as other plants; but if the fronds should shrivel up before they can be placed between the papers to dry, they can be put under water for an hour or so, and this will expand them again. As soon as they are free from moisture, however, take care of them.

The grasses of the fields and meadows, if gathered in their first bloom, tied up in bundles, and hung up in bunches in a dark closet to dry, heads downward, will retain their natural color, and make a lovely addition to your winter bouquets. Indeed, I think no summer vase or bouquet complete without their airy, fairy grace, and daily gather them to adorn our surroundings.

When the ferns and flowers are well pressed, you can make them into lovely transparencies by pasting them with starch upon coarse cape lace, covering them with another piece of lace, and then putting them between tiny frames of cardboard; binding the edges with green ribbon, you can suspend them from your windows. Lamp shades can also be made in the same manner, and bouquets can be formed upon paper and framed under glass, which will closely resemble water-colored paintings.—*Co. Gent.*

Drying Flowers.—Some one of your correspondents inquires as to the best method of drying flowers. I was in Kentucky last summer, and had some roses and specimens of ferns I wished to preserve. I dried them in sand—dry and sifted. The ferns I laid flat in the box. The roses I stood upright, and sifted the

sand between the petals, taking care not to spread them too much. They dried well, and look better than any dried flowers I have seen.

Springfield, Illinois.

Mrs. J. O. SLOAN.

Gold Spangles.—The following is a simple method of making gold spangles of great brilliancy and beauty: Take a glass bottle, and brush it over with water, in which a little isinglass has been dissolved by boiling; gild this, while still wet, with goldleaf, and burnish by rubbing it with a little cotton wool. Over the gold lay a coat of copal varnish (in which two or three drops of oil have been mixed, to prevent it drying too quickly,) and place the bottle in a cool cellar for two days. The varnish and gold may then be chipped off with a knife, and will form small glittering flakes, which may be used for a variety of purposes.

Cleaning Jewels.—The best way of cleaning precious stones, especially when set, is to employ a composition of two parts bone ashes, or rotten stone, very finely powdered with one of sulphur. The powders are to be mixed thoroughly, and a little put on a piece of leather, with which the surface of the gem is to be rubbed, and the stone is then to be brushed with a stiff hair brush. This friction with the leather and hair brush is to be repeated frequently, until the gem has gained the requisite degree of polish. It is then to be cleaned with a piece of leather or soft cloth.

Bleaching Shells.—Fresh-water shells can be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime. Wash the shells very clean; then place them in a dish or jar of the solution. Put them in the sun, and when they are white enough, take them out, wash in pure water, and then rub with a flannel, moistened a very little with olive oil. This will give them a handsome gloss.

Drying Sea Mosses.—Sea mosses can be dried by placing them in a soup plate or any shallow dish filled with fresh water, and a little bit of alum added to it. Float the moss by placing pieces of white paper under it, and then take a camel's hair brush, and arrange the fibrous leaves in a natural manner upon the paper or card board. If the moss is very fine, the point of a needle will be useful in preparing it. When the specimens are placed to your mind, raise the paper carefully so that the moss will not be disturbed, and let it rest in a slanting position, so that the water can run off. When still damp, place an old bit of soft linen over it, and press in blotting paper. Let it remain under heavy pressure until dry. With pink and green sea-weeds one can represent lovely moss rosebuds, and also other flowers.

Birds.—A case of beautiful birds, some fifty kinds, is another ornament which would be pretty in any home, and add much to its interest. To make this, first prepare your birds according to directions in Taxidermy. At the bottom of your case place a quantity of dried grass in a natural position, being dyed in green aniline and fastened with a common glue. In the centre, where the birds are attached upon it with wire, place the limb or branch of tree in an upright position, having it first nicely varnished and also the feet and backs of the birds. A little taste should be displayed in the arrangement of these birds. For instance, the larger ones near the bottom and central branches, always placing the swimmers—*natatores*—and waders—*grallatores*—at the bottom on the grass, and the tiny ones scattered about on the outer and upper twigs as space and taste may dictate. A hawk or owl, though large, perched upon the topmost and central bough, looking down upon the others, has a pleasing effect.—*Hope Evermore.*

Discolored Silks.—To restore to silk the color that had been removed by acid. Apply to the place a little hartshorn or sal-volatile.

Washing Prints.—Wash prints in flour starch without soap; rinse in cold water and dry in the shade. It will not injure the brightest colors. Try the experiment.

Fastening Shells.—The easiest way to fasten shells or anything else on frames or boxes is to take whiting, linseed oil and dry chrome green, and make a putty of a color to suit; pound it with a hammer until there are no streaks of green or white in it; have it just thick enough so it will not run; then spread it smoothly over one side of the frame a little less than one-eighth of an inch thick; put on the things and then spread putty on another side. When the frame is dry, varnish it, and when it is thoroughly dry it will be as solid as any one could desire.

An Elder Cross.—I have a cross about ten inches in length made of the pith of elder, sewed on black velvet. Three pieces for the main cross pieces; at the corner a bow made of the elder, and fastened by pins, the heads add to its appearance; cut the elder into about quarter of an inch or smaller pieces and fasten on with pins to the main part, as fancy dictates. Behind a frame hung on the wall, it makes a very pretty ornament. We obtained the elder pith by making a rod of wood and pushing the elder through. I would like to know how to make the elder more pliable. A hairpin cushion is indispensable to the toilet. Mine is knit of red and white Germantown wool, with a collar box to hold the combings, the knit cover drawn over it, tied with a string and tassels loose enough to slip up, a border two inches wide resting on the table for a watch-holder.

Dyeing Dresses.—Directions to dye a blue delaine dress brown or dark green. The domestic dyes, sold by druggists and grocers, may answer the purpose. Yet I would not like to attempt to dye anything that was of value in my eyes. An experienced dyer can make old things look "amaist as weel's the new," but raw hands usually make a failure.

New Process for Cleaning Pictures.—It is well known that it is very difficult to remove the old varnish from pictures without injuring the delicate lines beneath. The new system consists in simply spreading a coating of copaiba balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it, face downward, over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol, at an altitude of about three feet. The vapors of the liquid impart to the copaiba a degree of semi-fluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil-painting. After the picture has been hung up for two or three days, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh.

Skeleton Leaves.—Take three ounces of carbonate of soda, one and a half of quick lime previously slaked, and one quart of water. Boil ten minutes, and draw off the clear solution. Return this to the fire, with the leaves, and boil briskly one hour, or till the epidermis and parenchyma separate easily. This can be done by rubbing between the fingers, in clear water. A slower process is to keep the leaves in water until all except the fibre decays. To bleach the leaves, mix a drachm of chlorate of lime with a pint of water and a little acetic acid. Steep the leaves in this about ten minutes, simmer, and place in books to press. Leaves with strong fibre, as the pear and ivy, are best. Ferns, striped grasses, and some rose leaves, do nicely.

Household Elegancies.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

Exceedingly beautiful ornaments are made from skeletonizing leaves. To those of our lady readers who are not already proficient in the art, the following directions, from the *Gardener's Magazine*, may prove of value:

Select the finest and most perfect specimens, and soak them in a large deep vessel of rain water; place it in a sunny spot or other warm situation, and shake it occasionally, but not sufficiently to stir up the contents, as that might injure the fibres of the leaves. As the water evaporates, fill up with fresh water again, without changing that which remains. Be careful of using any chemical in order to assist decomposition, as you will thereby run great risk of injuring the delicate skeleton, which, of course, you are anxious to keep quite perfect. But if you are impatient of waiting, a few drops of muriatic acid would hasten the destruction of the soft parts. The most usual plan, however, is to soak the leaves in rain water only, until the skin which envelops the fibre is quite soft and loose, so that it can be easily removed. The best plan for accomplishing this is to lay each one separately in a plate of water, and carefully remove the soft parts with a needle, or gently rubbing with the finger and thumb. Of course, great care must be taken not to break the skeleton: but with a little practice you will be able to do it easily. As soon as the water thickens, so that you cannot well see what you are about, change it, or you will spoil your work. In some cases a piece of soft flannel may be used with advantage; but the final clearing of pulp from the fibres must be performed with a camel hair brush. The time required for steeping them depends upon a variety of circumstances, such as the kind of leaf, its age, the time of year, the temperature of the weather etc. The leaves of the

to use your own judgment, and discover the time each kind of leaf requires for yourself by examining them occasionally. Of course it will require some patience and perseverance before "first-rate" skeletons can be

entirely its own; so that the difference in the fibrous network, and the variety and elegance of outline observable in the different subjects give to the pursuit a great charm. The appearance of the skeleton is greatly improved by bleaching, which is accomplished by plunging in spring water in which there has been dissolved some chloride of lime. Two tablespoonfuls of liquid chloride to a pint of water will suffice. In some cases the skeletons will become white in a few minutes, but leaves of stronger fibre will take a much longer time. When well bleached, dry them carefully on blotting paper, and then arrange them tastefully in a vase, and cover the whole with a glass shade, when you will possess a very elegant ornament for your drawing-room or boudoir. A shorter method has

been devised for preparing skeleton leaves, which occupies but a few minutes, but is perhaps applicable only to those of the toughest fibre, as the process is somewhat rough. It consists in drying the leaves between sheets of blotting paper, in a botanical press or under a weight; when quite dry, place the leaf to be operated upon a soft pad and beat it with a brush until the pulp is entirely separated from the fibre. Some very good skeletons have been obtained in this manner. A cushion and a clothes brush will be sufficient for the first experiment, when, if the plan is approved, you can easily devise means for carrying it out properly.

Plan for a Rustic Flower Stand.—Take an old-fashioned light-stand, and paint it green. Bore half a dozen holes in the top, and set a pan in the drawer to catch the drainage. Get the largest cheese box you can find, and bore holes through the bottom to correspond with those in the stand. Then saw a barrel in two, and place the upper half within the box. Put in a layer of coarse gravel; and fill up with loam prepared in the usual manner for plants. Take a small cask and knock the bottom from it, and press down in the barrel until it is of the right depth to look



BOUQUET OF DRIED FLOWERS.

obtained but the task is not so difficult but that any one gifted with ordinary patience and medium talent may be able to produce very creditable specimens. The vessel containing the water may be pretty well filled with specimens, as they will not injure each other unless shaken too rudely, but perhaps rather assist in the process of decomposition. It is not advisable to use any but full grown leaves, as the delicate fibres of young ones are likely to decompose with the pulp. The best time for selecting them is, therefore, about July or August, when they are quite mature, but still vigorous. Great care must be taken to choose only the most perfect, for it is obvious that if any portion of the fibres are injured before you macerate them, it will be impossible to obtain a perfect specimen. Hold your leaf, then, up to the light, and if you can see a crack, or any small spots of decay, throw it away, or your time and labor will be wasted; for when once the skeleton is broken or otherwise injured, all attempts to repair it will prove unavailing. Those leaves which have the toughest fibres are, of course, the best adapted for the purpose, and consequently the soft leaves of rapid-growing plants are useless. Those best adapted for the purpose, and which can be obtained by everybody are the leaves of ivy, holly, magnolia, rose, pear, sycamore, willow, oak, hawthorn, poplar, orange and lemon, the petals of hydrangea, and fruit, of the apple, thorn and winter cherry. Each kind of leaf has a peculiarity of structure and a beauty



BOUQUET OF DRIED GRASSES.



FERN CASE.

ivy and holly require soaking for three or four months, while those of the pear, apple and poplar will be ready in as many weeks, so that it will be necessary for you

well, then fill it up. Now take the old skeleton wire and roll together the same as for wall-baskets. Make the frames a few inches larger round than each box, and one inch higher—the lower one must have a bottom. Paint them and fill in with gray field moss.

Hireside Readings,

A CHILD'S LOVE.

BY ANNA HAYES.

(Suggested by the engraving on page 96, of the Floral Cabinet, 1873.)

Down on the floor lie doll, book and ball,
Eager eyes beaming—smiles come and go.
Miniature woman, does it recall
Scenes that have passed in the long ago?
Hidden away with the precious sheet,
Safe and free from prying eyes,
Greedily reading the words so sweet—
Ah, how sad when our child love dies.

Young Ladies' Conversation.—This story is told: Two young ladies, whose conversation was heard in a Boston picture-dealer's store, as they stood before a piece of marble, (a statue of Psyche): First young lady (referring to the label on pedestal): "This is a statue of Psish." Second young lady (embarrassed between a desire of correcting her friend's pronunciation and a fear of hurting her feelings, very mildly): "I think people usually call it Sykee." First young lady (with no intention of being put down, defiantly): "Well, some folks call it Sykee, and some call it Psish. I like Psish best."

Children.—A lady mentioned by an exchange is mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, not long since, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen for a few minutes, the little girl said, "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

An Ashantee Bull.—The most curious relic brought home by the troops from Ashantee is said to be a Cape Coast bull, a perfect kitten of the species. He is described as not so tall as an umbrella; and, judging from his build and activity, might be as safely trusted to perambulate the fragile groves of a crockery warehouse as the most docile dog. He was allowed to be loose on the deck, and is the pet and plaything of the crew, who tease him until he runs at and butts them as the goat does. Twelve of these animals were shipped as fresh food on the voyage, and some idea may be formed of this representative of Liliputian "live beef" when it is stated that of the eleven that were killed not one exceeded 47 pounds in weight as a dressed carcass.

A Chicago pork packer, whose pew rent was raised to \$25, exclaimed, "Great Cæsar! here's a nice state of affairs—the Gospel going up and pork going down. What's to become of us?"

The average Burlington (Ia.) saloon-keeper must be bad, indeed. A learned divine in that city recently

addressed one of them as follows: "Wretched man! If the bed of that river was bank-high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down from the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet."

Curious Idea of a Wife.—A wag said: "I loved my wife at first. For the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up; ever since I have been sorry I didn't."

A Prayer for Mrs. Van Cott.—The Springfield *Republican* tells the following tale: The evangelist, Mrs. Van Cott—even evangelists must have bonnets,

The next night, during a thunder-shower, he attempted it again, and just as he was on the point of getting away with his fowl, the lightning struck near by and the noise nearly frightened the poor fellow to death. Dropping the goose, he started away, muttering, "'Peers to me der am a mighty lot of fuss made 'bout a common goose."

While a couple of women were discussing, the other day, the merits of a certain physician, one of them asked the other what kind of a doctor it was. "Sure, I dunno," was the reply, "but I think it's an alpaca doctor they call him."

An auctioneer in Burlington, Vt., got a bid of only thirty-seven and a half cents for a family Bible. "What is the trouble with this town?" said he. A wag responded, "'Squire, don't you know that this city has just gone democratic?"

What it Costs to Keep a Canary.—Somebody, who had kept a canary for twenty years, figures up what the little birdie had cost him during that time, and finds it amounts to the following respectable sum: Canary seed, 180 pints, at 15 cts. per pint, \$27.40; crackers, 86 doz., at 6 cts. per doz., \$5.16; euttle fish, 20, at 3 cts. each, 60 cts.; baked potatoes, 11 lbs., 12 cts.; figs, 2 lbs., at 20 cts. per lb., 40 cts.; lump sugar, 1½ lbs., at 12 cts. per lb., 18 cts.; sweet apples, ½ peck, 12 cts; total, \$33.98. Water for drink and ablution, 458 gallons, free. Time spent in care, preparing food and cleaning cage, I have put down at ten minutes each day, which I think a low estimate, and amounts in twenty years to 73,000 minutes, or 1,216 hours, equal to 121 days and six hours. Any adult's time ought to be worth, in New England, one dollar per day, which will give \$121.50; added to the cost of living makes a total of \$155.48, heaving in the green grass, clover tops, plantain stalks, buckwheat, suet, fresh meat, boiled eggs, &c., an average of but \$7.75 per year.



AN ERRAND OF LOVE.

you know—wrote from New Orleans to Mrs. Hull, of this city, recently, for a Spring bonnet which was to catch her at Chicago on the way across the continent, ("trim it with lace; no flowers or feathers," she said;) and then told this amusing incident of a prayer offered in her behalf by a colored brother in one of her ardent meetings: "Oh Lord! Send dy angel to pin de wings on Sister Bancott's heels, dat she may fly troo de world preachin' de eberlastin' gospel!" And one added, "Lord! give wings on her shoulders, too, or the preaching will not have effect, for she'll fly upside down!"

A Darkey was once attempting to steal a goose, but a dog raised an objection, and Sambo retired.

I know a man who wouldn't shave on Sunday, but would black his boots. Then I knew some who would shave on Sunday, but wouldn't black their boots. And I know of others who wouldn't do either on Sunday, but would shave their neighbors awfully on Monday. When I went to school I boarded with Dr. Langbein, and he was a good man; for an icicle can be good. I could hook it down his back stairs, go off hunting, return and recite my lesson from a slip in my hat. Now, the bread that was left over at the communion service in church was sent over for Dr. Langbein's table, and while I could deceive him, as I have told you, I couldn't eat a morsel of that bread.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Housekeeping.

Ginger Cake.—I send you a receipt for ginger cake which I know to be excellent: One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two cups of buttermilk, three cups of molasses, seven spoonfuls of ginger, one spoonful of soda. Mix soft. LIBBIE.

Cockroaches.—I noticed in the April number a very good recipe for bed-bugs, and the lady concludes with: "Roaches can never be exterminated from a building where there are hot water pipes." Please publish for her benefit and the rest of your readers, my experience. I recently moved into a house that has hot water pipes. It was infested with those nasty red roaches; so much so as to render the kitchen closets useless. I procured ten cents worth of pulverised borax. First, having the closets thoroughly cleansed, I sprinkled the borax where they mostly frequented. In one week's time they were entirely gone. I never see one now. This receipt came from a baker, who told me they could not go on with their business from those nasty pests. He rid the place entirely by the same process. Mrs. G.

Bread.—I would like some lady to tell me through the CABINET how to make nice bread, the texture of which will be like baker's bread. I am a farmer's daughter and can make nice sweet bread, but father says it is not spongy. EMILY BEALS.

Lemon Sponge Cake.—Whites of ten eggs, one grated lemon, one and one-quarter cup of flour, one and one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Lemon Pudding.—To a pint of new boiled milk, add two spoonfuls of flour, and boil until smooth, then stir in a quarter of a pound of butter, and four well-beaten eggs, add the peel of a lemon, shred very fine and sweeten to your taste, line a dish with very light puff paste, pour in the mixture and bake half an hour.

Excellent Remedy for Burns.—Two tablespoonfuls lard and one of soot rubbed together is an excellent ointment for burns.

Indian Bread.—This receipt was received from a lady friend in South Carolina. I have eaten of the bread, and unhesitatingly pronounce it the very *ne plus ultra* of Indian bread: Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk and one pint of fine Indian meal; melt one tablespoonful of butter and add to the mixture; dissolve one tablespoonful of soda or saleratus, etc., in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture the last thing; beat very hard and bake in a pan in a quick oven.

To Clean Zinc.—Dip a cloth in soft soap and rub it all over the zinc, after letting it remain on a few minutes, wash off and the zinc looks fresh and clean.

Bean Soup.—Bean soup is a dish that many children would relish, if properly made. It requires about half a pint of cooked beans for a quart of soup. Mash and boil until well diffused in the water, and then run through a colander to take out the skins. Thicken with about one gill of wheat meal, and add a sprig of thyme if desired. Boil five minutes and salt to the taste. The wheat meal makes it much richer than a thickening of fine flour.

Cracked Hands.—Linsed oil for cracked hands is far better than any sticking salve. Apply the oil as often as convenient; it will make the hands white and as soft as silk; it is good for farmer girls to use, to remove tan and callouses and keep their hands white and soft while "helping Ma every day," out doors and in, sleeves up or down.

Plum Pudding.—Beat four eggs. Stir in them half a pound of flour and half a pint of new milk; and half a pound of beef suet chopped fine, half a pound of stoned raisins well floured and a few currants, with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil this pudding four hours briskly, and serve with wine sauce.

Tooth-Ache Cure.—All who suffer from tooth-ache or neuralgic affections arising from teeth in any state of decay, may experience relief instantaneous and permanent, by saturating a small bit of clean cotton or wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and applying it immediately to the affected tooth. The pleasing contrast instantaneously produces in some cases a fit of laughter, although a moment before extreme suffering and anguish prevailed.

How to Remove Grease Spots.—Mix calcined magnesia or carbonate of magnesia with water to a paste, and place it on the spot with a brush. Let it dry in a warm place, and remove the dried mass carefully with a knife and clean brush. If necessary, repeat the operation till the spot disappears. The use of Benzole-magnesia is still more active. Take fresh calcined magnesia, free from moisture, and add pure benzole, so that it is just moist—not sufficiently wet to flow like a thin paste, but a rather granular mass, which by pressure shows some liquid benzole. Keep it in a wide-mouthed bottle ready for use. This is first rubbed over the oil spot, which, when fresh, will at once disappear; if old, a new quantity is pressed upon the spot, and left to dry till the benzole evaporates, when the magnesia is cleared away as above. Fabrics which can bear moisture may then be cleaned with water; delicate material, like silk, is cleaned with alcohol or ether.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

To Curl Hair.—Take two ounces of borax, one drachm powdered gum senegal, one quart hot water, (not boiling); mix, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add two ounces of spirits of wine strongly impregnated with camphor; on retiring to rest wet the hair with the above mixtures and roll it in papers as usual; leave them till morning, when untwist and form into ringlets. So the *Drug Circular* says.

Soft Gingerbread.—Six cups of flour, two cups of sugar, two cups of milk, two cups of butter, two cups of molasses, four eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Melt the butter and molasses together, mix in the sugar, ginger, milk and eggs in the above order, and stir in the flour; and lastly the baking powder. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk if sour.

Lemon Jelly.—Two cups of sugar, yolks of three eggs, juice of two lemons. Cook till thickened by setting in boiling water, then add the well-beaten whites of three eggs; spread between the layers of the cake, and trim off the rough edges.

Furniture Oil.—Mix half a pint of olive oil with one pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your oiled furniture with a piece of dry cotton wool. Polish with a soft, dry flannel.

Bruises On Furniture.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak in warm water and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot, flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red-hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

Icing.—Into the white of an egg, beaten till very light, stir six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and spread over the cake while warm.

Cleaning Silver by the use of soap destroys the lustre of the ware, and makes it look like pewter. Soap should never be used on silver. The best method of cleaning it is to rub it hard with soft leather, using a little whiting.

Lie Down and Rest.—Dr. Hall says the best medicine in the world, more efficient than all the potions of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, to "keep up" as long as they can move a foot or wiggle a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensables to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all birds and beasts to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

Maryland Bread Pudding.—The following communication has been sent us, in answer to the request of "Three People" in our columns for a recipe of the kind: "Take about eight slices of stale light bread, put it in a pan, and pour over it sufficient cold water to cover it; when quite soft, pour the water off and squeeze the bread quite dry, first removing the brown crust; then take one quart of sweet milk and add it gradually to the bread, stirring it well, that no lumps remain; add one teaspoonful of salt; then take six eggs, beat them up light, and stir them in the mixture last; pour it into a well buttered pan, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven. Make a rich sauce of butter, sugar and cream, flavored with nutmeg. This is an excellent recipe."

Food for Canaries.—I have kept birds a good many years, and never lost a bird or had one show the least symptom of sickness. I keep canary seed, rape seed, and a dish of soaked or pounded cracker by them all the time, and I give them a piece of apple, and orange, and figs whenever I have them, and a piece of sponge cake and boiled egg, and occasionally a very few hemp seed and flax seed. In the summer I give them all the chickweed, plantain seed, different kinds of grass seed, and mustard seed that they will eat, and they are very fond of lettuce leaves and dandelion leaves when they first come up in the spring, and in the winter I always give them cabbage. I suppose some would think if they should give them all those kinds that they would kill their birds sure, but it don't kill mine, and I never want to see healthier birds. I don't know but that it is a good plan to put a rusty nail in their drinking cup, I never tried it; I give them fresh water twice a day, and always keep the floor of the cage covered with sand. It is a hard life for them at best, and I want to do all I can for their comfort, and I hope that some that have kept their birds on seed and water will try my way.—*Ex.*

Sauce for Graham Pudding.—One-half cup of sugar, one egg beat up together; one pint milk, nutmeg.

To Mend and Clean Kid Gloves.—Turn them on the wrong side and sew them over and over in the ordinary way. They will last longer and look better if mended on the wrong side. Turn them back again, and go over them with a clean towel dipped in skim milk, wearing them during the process and until they are quite dry.

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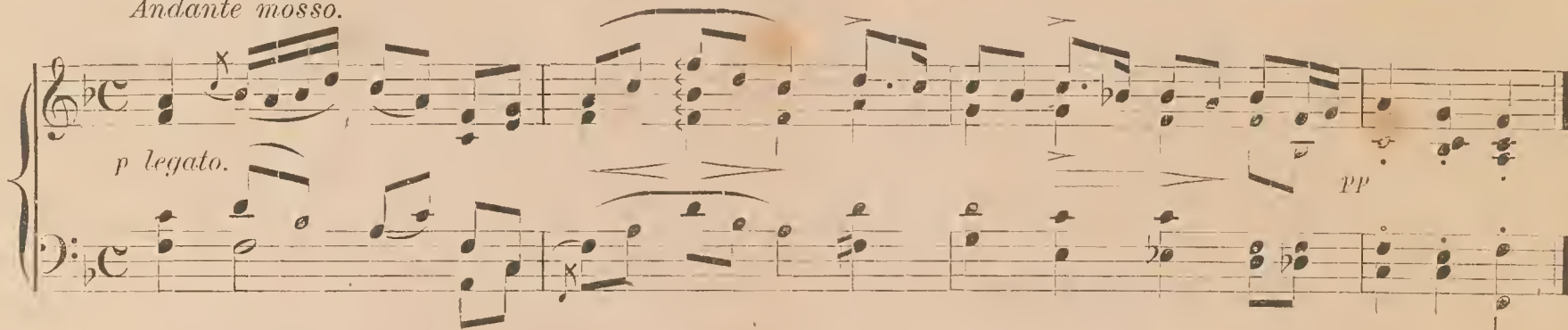
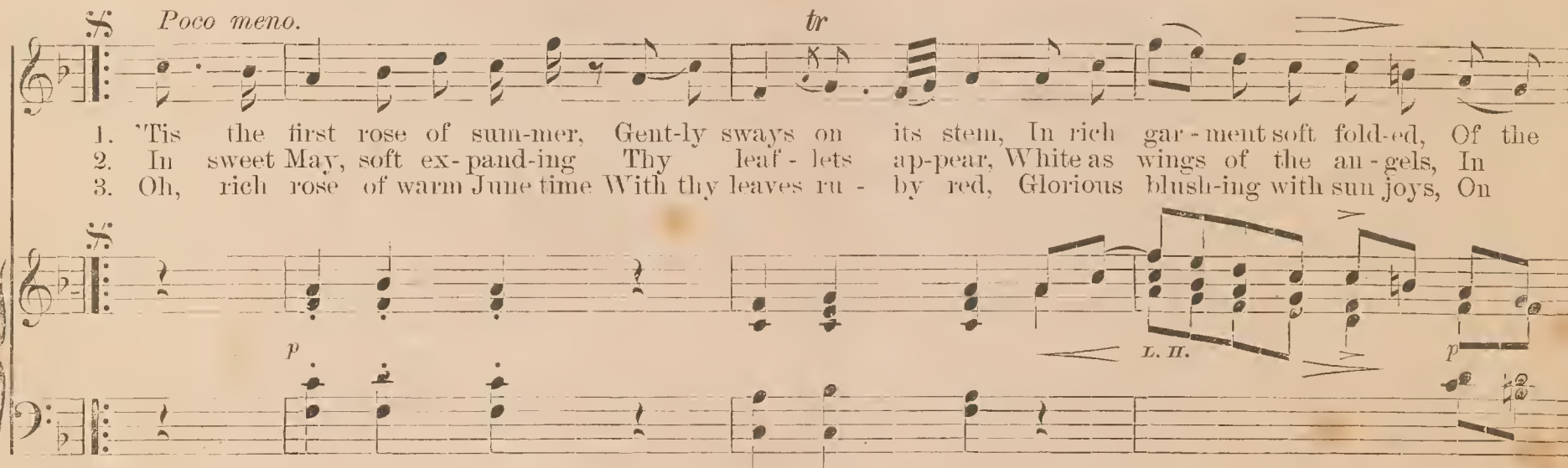
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NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1874.

No. 32.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

ENGLISH IVIES.

I wish you could see my English Ivies; but as it is impossible for you all to see them, I will try to describe them to you. There are two of them—one four and the other five years old. They have been repotted but once since I first had them, and they are now in lava pots, which are about seven inches across the top and nearly as deep. They stand on brackets

at each side of the bay window in our sitting-room, about half way up the sides. Three branches are festooned across the bay window overhead, being fastened to the ceiling by two hooks, then passed around over the bay window, then each way from it entirely around the room, which is 16 feet long and 12 feet wide, besides the bay window. Across one side of the room, excepting over the window, there

are six branches, in other places three and four branches, and now and then a space where there are only two. These branches seem to come in just the right places—on one side to be trained around the mirror, and on others to pass around picture frames; and the beauty of it is, the leaves are very regular, perfect, and near together.

Now, if you would like to know what these Ivies

live on, it is as follows: For food they have vegetable mold, sand, and charcoal dust; for drink—quite warm, soft water, and sometimes the water that fresh meat or fish has been washed in. I find by counting there are thirteen branches, whose aggregate length is nearly 300 feet. There is one branch that I know has grown seventeen feet in the past two years. A short time since a lady asked me if I did not pull the ends to make them grow. I think that the soil I give them

mantle excepting that occupied by a picture, and in winter there are two tables standing in the bay window covered with plants.

R. F. F.

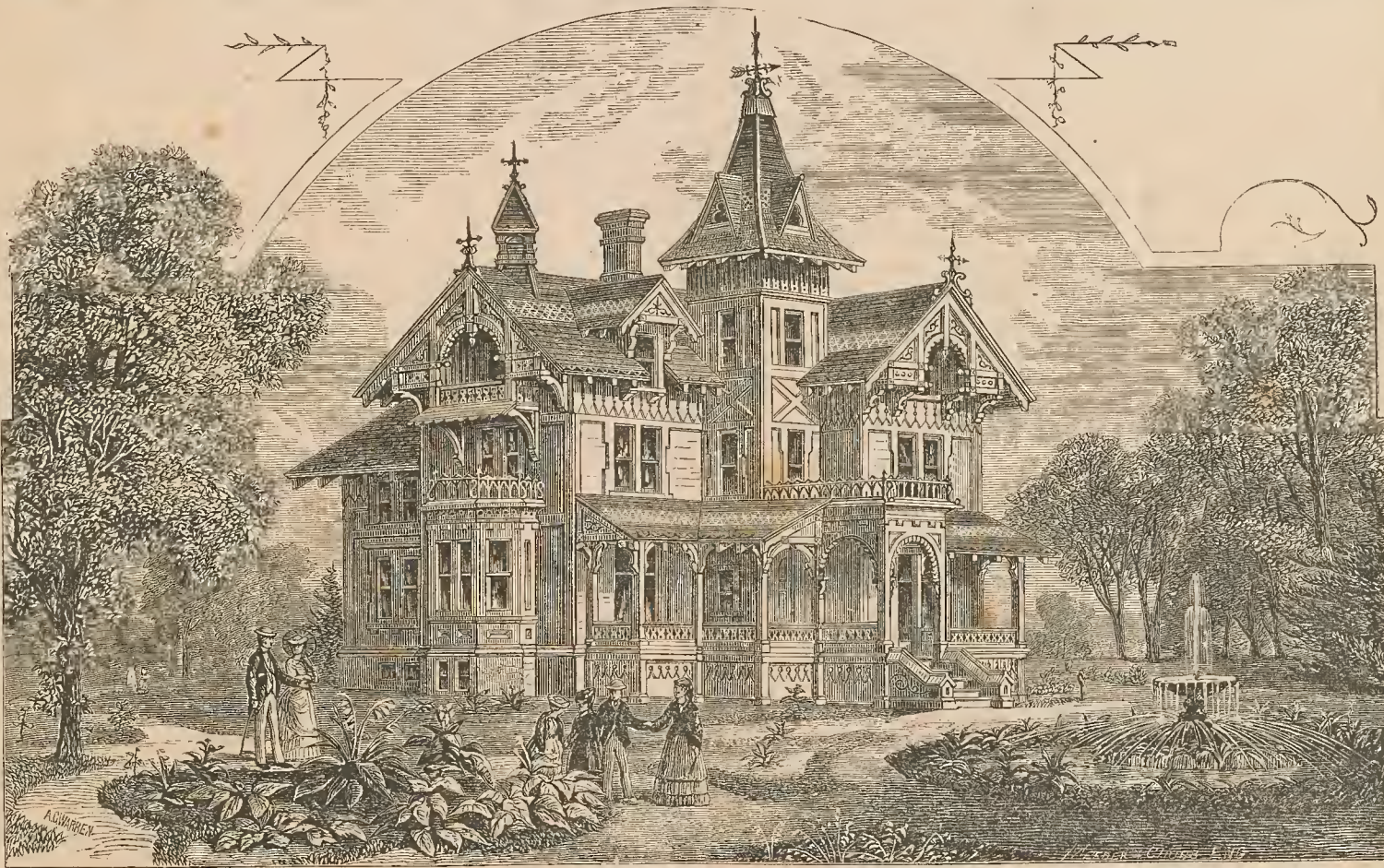
Red Spider.—Last winter two frames became infested with red spider, introduced with new plants recently purchased. I took out the pots, sprinkled the plants copiously with water, strewed lime all over

the frames that were simply alive with spiders, returned the pots, and the pest was subdued.

S. E. B.

Cactus Cuttings.—To grow Cactus cuttings successfully, lay the cutting on the soil or stand it up; give it no water; in a short time it will have taken root, and can then be planted in a pot of pulverized brick, charcoal, sand and compost.

FLORA Z.



A BEAUTIFUL VILLA, DESIGNED FOR RESIDENCE OF HENRY T. WILLIAMS. SEE PAGE 117.

is exactly suited to their wants. Then I wash the leaves about once a month in winter, but not so often in summer. This is done with a sponge and warm water; a step-ladder enables me to reach them easily. Besides the Ivy I have four shell hanging baskets, in which grow fine vines, trailing plants, &c.; these hang in the bay window. On each end of the mantle is a Madeira vine, which covers the space over the

Exchange.—Will some lover of Flora, in far-off Washington or Oregon, be kind enough to exchange some autumn leaves—leaves of the Oregon Grape, etc., Maple, some of the fine mosses of that section, also fruited specimens of Ferns, for Bulbs, White Lillium Candidum, Tuberose, Polyanthus Narcissus, Caladium Esculentum, Spanish Moss, or other plants we cultivate? Clear Creek Station, Texas. MISS S. E. BYERS.

Floral Contributions.

OUT-DOOR GARDENING.

I have cultivated flowers since I was a child, and yet I find I learn something new every day, either by practical experience, from papers, or some of the many excellent books on floriculture now in circulation.

It is not really necessary to devote an acre of ground to flowers to cultivate them successfully; the space I have to grow flowers in is about the size of two bed quilts, and yet I manage to grow all the choicest flowers now in cultivation.

As every season has its particular duties, and there is a time for everything, I will commence with the spring work. As the seasons are so short in this latitude, it is necessary to sow some seed in-doors to transplant as soon as the frosty nights are over, which is usually about the 10th of May; have ready some good fresh soil in pans, jars, or shallow boxes; stir the soil until it is very fine; smooth off the top, scatter the seeds over not too thick; just stir the surface of the earth gently, or scatter some of the soil evenly over the seeds. Care should be taken not to cover fine seed too deep; some plant flower seed as they would a hill of potatoes, and then find fault with the seedsman if they do not come up. After sowing, water them with a fine rose sprinkler, with tepid water; place them in a warm room in a sunny window; if the room is heated by a stove, keep water on it, as a dry heat will cause the tender plants to wither. Tuberoses, which I consider indispensable, should now be potted; pot some for early blooming in February, and so on, a few each month, until it is time to plant for late blooming in the open ground; and now comes the time when all the preparatory work is done; as soon as the snow is gone, and the sun and the south winds have warmed the earth, it is time to uncover the Crocus and Snowdrops, and to rake the dead leaves out of the Violets, and spade or plow the garden a little later; take the covering off the Hyacinths, Tulips, and Narcissus, they will not bear the cold as well as Crocus and Snowdrop. About this time bring out of the cellar Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Lilies, and Chrysanthemums that will not endure the severity of our northern winters without protection; prepare your beds for sowing annuals, and for transplanting all those previously started either in hot-beds or by stove heat. I do not think Verbenas do as well grown in the same bed year after year. I think it is better to remove the old soil a few inches in depth, and put on fresh, they are not so much troubled with rust and green fly treated in this way. I have my Dahlia bulbs started in a box of earth ready to plant out. About the 15th of May it is safe to plant out Verbenas from the greenhouse, and Stock Gillies, and all delicate plants you have grown from seed to transplant. If the cold Spring winds are over you can plant out Geraniums and other bedding plants. Colons are tender; the 1st of June is early enough for them. A small garden hoe is indispensable to keep the weeds out of the beds. Some time in May all the house plants that are not going to be planted out should be re-potted in fresh earth; those that have outgrown the jars should be put in larger ones. The last of June, July, and August, I take off slips or cuttings from such plants as I want to increase; such as Roses, Heliotrope, Fuchsias, and Geraniums, Zonals and Pelargoniums. I find no trouble in rooting the latter; slips grow readily in common garden soil or sand; they root best exposed to the hottest sun; do not give them too much water. At this season I begin to watch closely for choice seeds

of Carnations, Verbenas, Pansies, and all seed-growing flowers; dry them, put them up in papers with the names written on them.

All the tall-growing plants want stakes driven down by them and tied securely against high winds and heavy rains. All my hardy, perpetual roses that have not been moved for three years have more than two seasons of bloom; this is the third summer I have had my General Washington, and it never had a perfect blossom on it until this year it was splendid.

Camellia-flowered Balsams need looking after; if you want to save seed, remove the old blossoms carefully, or the most of them will break off the seed vessel. When gathering seed from Asters care should be used to save the seeds from the centre of the flower; the outside seeds grow inferior flowers. After the frost has killed the tops of Gladiolus and Dahlia, the bulbs should be taken up and laid under cover to dry for a few days, then pack away for winter. In covering beds containing bulbs or Grape-vines, I would not recommend straw on account of rats, leaves are better, at least they prove so in my garden.

Mrs. W. H. MABEE.

TO AMATEUR GARDENERS.

You wish to gain some instruction as to the culture of flowers. Let me give you a few hints:

In the first place, select an eastern or southern exposure—both would be better—"lay it out" with as few walks as possible. Have the soil spaded some two or three feet deep; if not rich enough, scatter well-rotted leaf mold and ashes over the top, and sand, should the soil be stiff and liable to pack. This should be raked until perfectly smooth. Select one of the corner squares for a seed bed. Be careful to have no lumps, sticks, or any hard substance. I lost all my seeds one year by not having the seed-bed in proper order. Sow very thinly in rows, and have each row headed with a labeled stick. I would advise you to raise the hardy annuals, such as Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Petunia, Zinnias, Crepis, Phlox, etc. I never sow until after the second week in April, as by that time the severe weather has past. Most of the hardy annuals will bear transplanting. After they have obtained their second leaves and an inch or two of growth, they may be removed to the place where you wish them to bloom. Let the roots be disturbed as little as possible. They should be removed on a dull, rainy day, or in the evening after a shower. It is almost entirely unnecessary to shade them in April; but if the sun should prove too hot, it can easily be done with shades made of newspapers. The first year I planted three rows of Zinnias in the centre, next one of Balsams, next one of Petunias, one of Crepis barbata, and on the border Portulaca. The plants should be placed eight or ten inches apart, and the rows wide enough to admit of their being worked conveniently. On each half of the other circle I had three trellises with Thunbergia, Muarandia, and Convolvulus trained on them, with annuals growing all between.

Now, your greatest enemies are grass and weeds; but even these can be conquered with judicious management. Whenever I steal an half-hour from my household cares to take a peep at my pets, I have a hoe and rake convenient, and when I enter my garden I take one of these, and while I look I work. You will be surprised at the amount of labor—or pleasure I call it—that can be accomplished in this way. By having the walks scattered with ashes an inch or two in depth, you will have very little trouble from that quarter. Keep the soil light and mellow, and your flowers will not require so much watering as some

people seem to think. By this means the dew is absorbed before it can evaporate, and the plants have enough to sustain them during the hot hours of noon. In the dry, sultry days of July and August, it is sometimes necessary to water them. This should always be done in the evening, after sunset, in order to prevent evaporation. Do not be afraid to cut your flowers. Leave a sufficient quantity to insure seed for next year; with this exception, my rule is out, cut until every vase in the house is full. The more you share your flowers, the more you will have for yourself; for in the place of one, you have two more to come. I think nature made this law to prevent our being selfish.

Another one of my rules is to buy a small quantity of seed every year, and saving them each fall as they ripen, I have quite a variety. By cutting the flowers as I told you, the seed pods of those left will be fuller and plumper, and a few treated in this way are much better than quantities of half ripe seed such as are produced by allowing each flower to stand. By following these hints, and summoning to your aid a sufficient stock of patience and perseverance, I think you will succeed beyond your expectations. Lou.

RUSTIC ROCK WORK.

Sometime since I saw an old periodical which referred to sheets of cork, in its rough state, being used for making flower pots, filling in, and edgings for beds and rockeries; so shortly after I obtained a quantity of old cork, and with the aid of judgment, an old shoemaker's knife, an awl, and some sharpened pegs of any hard wood, made a variety of flower pots, hanging baskets, and boxes for my flowers—my prettiest production being made of a design from an old comb-case, with nail hole, to hang beside the windows or on the wall. It is filled and almost completely covered with Coliseum Ivy, and is indeed a thing of beauty.

After my boxes, &c., were finished I gave them several coatings outside with shellac dissolved in alcohol, which gave them a very glossy appearance, showing the rich brown colors of the cork. When they contain plants and vines of drooping nature, the contrast is such as to command admiration.

The cork, if old, is liable to break, but the small pieces can be cut thin and into the shape of leaves, or simply roughened and pegged to the pots, first making peg holes with the awls to prevent splitting. The rougher the cork the better the appearance when finished.

I use the most of my cork boxes, &c., for winter plants, and when setting in the front window, when the earth is covered with snow or the thermometer down to freezing, every lover of flowers will stop to look and praise the beauties; for the plants show to better advantage, and the cork seems to retain moisture very well indeed, not drying up very readily.

I tried glue at first to join my corners, but soon learned to my sorrow that the tender roots of my plants were being affected seriously by the glue, which had become softened by constant watering. Then I tried my wooden pegs, and found they answered my purpose well, being stronger and easier to work with. Any one would be surprised to find how light my large boxes are, making transportation from room to room easy. House ornaments of various kinds and bird boxes can readily be made of the cork. S. T. C. S.

Answer.—We expect to give some illustrations shortly of floral designs made of cork, many very pretty. The special article, "virgin cork," is sold freely in England for hanging baskets, &c., but no one has yet offered it for sale in this country.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Chinese Primrose, &c.—I want to return my hearty and sincere thanks to the lady (A. S. Darrah) who in the June number of the CABINET gives her experience with the Chinese Primrose. Treated according to the books they are of all plants the most exasperating. I have tried and tried them for years; thrown away in disgust large plants because they would not bloom. Sometimes they dwindle away to a leaf or two, then start to grow and become fine bushy plants thickly set with buds that always blast. In three years' time have had seven blossoms. Think of that! Gave the last potful away, and vowed I would never have another Primrose if there was no way to make them bloom. A. S. D. may be assured this "distressed sister" will try again. It is the only window plant with which I have failed. Perhaps their mission was to take the conceit out of me. Henceforth I shall use common sense in their treatment. I will make them bloom yet, see if I do not!

Blue Verbena.—Out of a packet of mixed seed from Dexter Snow I had seven shades of clear, bright, unmistakable blue. Mr. Dick Hopson will please take notice.

Amaryllis.—I have treated my Amaryllis this summer according to "Stella's" plan given in April number of CABINET. They have grown rapidly, blooming well, and formed several new bulbs. I think her bulb is a Vallota Superba.

Rose.—I agree with "Aunt Carry" in her praise of the Microphylla Rose. It is indeed beautiful! Far more worthy of cultivation than many of the new sorts—some differing from each other only in name. The pink variety is lovely, both leaf and flower; does not resemble any other Rose I ever saw; looking like the double centre of a huge Hollyhock, only very delicate. The white is somewhat of a climbing habit, looks well trained against the house, a pillar or trellis, growing ten feet in a summer. The leaves are a bright glossy green; the Rose in its creamy richness is as perfect as a Camellia. Both kinds are mentioned in R. J. Halliday's catalogue, Baltimore, Md. Also the Greville or Seven Sisters. That Rose carried me back to my childhood; to the lovely home, yard and garden of a dear friend. The latter so beautiful I wondered if the flowers of Paradise could be more enchanting. A Greville Rose that she had brought from North Carolina covered one whole side of her two-storied house. It bears seven Roses in a cluster, each one as they grow old changing from crimson to light rose. I enjoyed that catalogue hugely; so many dear old-fashioned flowers. Our CABINET is well nigh perfect; may it go on to perfection. H. S.

Camellias.—I see in your columns a great many inquiries in regard to the Camellia. You do well to refer them to Window Gardening, for that has a panacea for almost every ill that flowers are heir to; but I don't think you tell them not to use limestone land. One year ago I got from Mr. Dreer a Camellia with four buds on it. Feeling afraid I could not manage it properly I sent for the book. Following the directions contained therein every bud on the plant bloomed last winter, and now it has twelve buds on it for next winter. Part of my success I attribute to your valuable information, and part to the use of ground from the woods off of slate land. I also see a great many inquiries in regard to raising Dahlias from seed. I got two papers of seed from Mr. Dreer last spring and sowed them in boxes in the window. About the first of March I had some six or eight nice

plants. Those plants commenced blooming in July, and have never been out of bloom since. They have from ten to twenty flowers on all the time, and will have until the frost kills them, for they are full of buds. I don't think Dahlias as a general thing are quilled, but mine are quilled beautifully. I think they bloom much more constant than those raised from the roots.

Would a wardian case do for Roses, Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c., by leaving one side open? The room I have my flowers in has one door opening on a verandah or porch, the other opening into a hall, and in order to have the plants at a southern window they have to set between these doors, which are often left open in the coldest weather. Now I have thought of a wardian case with the ends and one side kept closed, and the side next to the window open, would allow the plants the air they needed, and at the same time protect them from the draft.

Answer.—The wardian case should always be closed. You can grow roses in it if the case is large enough.

English Ivy.—Mr. F. H. Hubbard, M. D., writes in June number of CABINET, in answer to your work on window gardening, in regard to the English Ivy, that he has one set out last November that has grown over five feet, and says that your rule, "two feet per year, may do very well for the Eastern States (he writes from Sacramento, Cal.) Now I am not satisfied with either even for the Eastern States. I have a common English Ivy two years old that got broken off and set back last year, and I left it out doors last summer. In November last I brought it into my sitting-room and trained it over a bay window, and made a mark where it then was, and since that time, November last, at last measurement two or three days ago, it had grown eleven feet seven inches, and as the doctor says, its beauty and growth are remarked by all. Some of the leaves measure 4 by 4½ inches. Please make a note of this. In old foggy Massachusetts too!

MRS. J. R. G.

Lynn, Mass.

A Group of Wonders.—No. 1. One of your correspondents in the April number mentioned a something of a curiosity—a Geranium leaf 23 inches in circumference. I had one last year a yard in circumference. No. 2. Can any one tell me if they ever saw a Madeira Vine leaf larger than 17 inches in circumference. I have some that size, and think them really wonderful. No. 3. Another object of wonder to me is THE FLORAL CABINET. The first number I saw I thought must be an exception, it was so good; but it grows so much better every month, with its entertaining articles, that my fears have not yet been realized. I don't know a better paper published.

MEDORA ASKEW.

Exchanges.—I would like to correspond with some of the floral friends from the different States with regard to the exchanging of house plants and some hothouse bulbs for plants indigenous to their respective States; to be delivered this fall; the Southern States and California particularly.—Address,

71 Oakley street, Chicago.

Mrs. W.

Enigma.—You did not ask a solution to your floral enigma, but for my own diversion I sat me down to solve it. Did I get it right? The author's name Celia Ann Graves, Brattleboro, Pa. Her favorite flower the Rose; Pæonia, flower of early culture; Egg Plant, fruited plant; Copeter, splendid variety of the Gladiolus; Everlasting, indispensable for winter bouquets; Begonia, is remarkable for its fine foliage; Abronia is a pretty creeping plant.

JESSIE.

Achimenes in Hanging Baskets.—Did you ever grow Achimenes in a hanging basket? If not, try it once, and see what a thing of beauty you will have. It is such a satisfaction to have your plants thrive and look better than you see them in the greenhouses. Female vanity, I think I hear some one say. I cannot see why Dick Hopson's Beauty of Caulderdale does not do better. Mine is bedded out and is beautiful, leaves large and beautifully marked; also Egyptian Queen, Perrilla, and many others. Is it not because that which the florists call blue you would call a shade of purple, that you cannot get a blue Verbena? I have what I call a purple Gloxinia. The florists call it blue. H.

Ants—Primroses.—Can you tell me of any way to protect plants in pots or in the garden from ants? From experience I must say I think the only way to succeed with Primroses is to give them sun for at least two hours in the morning, and not too much water. They will "damp off" if kept in a very shady situation. A SUBSCRIBER.

Aster Bugs.—In the June number of the CABINET there is a lady asking for something to destroy the black bugs that eat up the Aster when in bloom. You can say for her benefit as well as of others that plaster sprinkled over the plants while wet with the dew it is said will put them most effectually to flight. I have tried it on my roses, and find it the only thing that has entirely banished the troublesome Rose slug. You can also tell your readers of the plaster as a cure for the slugs. LUCIA MALEHORN.

Spirits of Ammonia.—I find that to use the spirits of ammonia in watering flowers will destroy worms, and will also make them grow better. Use twelve drops of ammonia to one gallon of water.

Pot Covers.—I very often see how to make pot covers. Now I never make them at all. I have a plan which I think is so much better, that lasts longer, and I think prettier too. First, paint the pot all over with common house paint, white or any other color, and when dry draw some pretty pattern of fruit, flowers, vines, &c., on it, and paint it different colors with oil paint. These pots when finished are very pretty indeed. Will some one please send me a Japan Lily. I am so anxious to have one.

Greenwood, S. C.

MRS. L. W. JORDAN.

Bugs on Asters.—I never have any trouble with bugs on Asters when planted near the house where I pass by them several times in a day, but several times have had all destroyed when planted some distance away, where, when busy with my work, I would not see them for two or three days.

Is the Giant of Battles a hardy Rose, or will it live out of doors by being protected?

Richland Grove, Ills.

METTA STEVENS.

Answer.—The Giant of Battles needs protection in your section.

Rose Slugs.—A useful article for the destruction of Rose slugs, and in fact most insects which infest Roses, also garden plants, is found in the Persian Powder, sold by most druggists or florists. The powder should be applied three times to the Rose bushes before the buds appear, for after buds have grown the powder mars the bud and the leaves. It is also a perfect remedy for bed bugs, ants, or other insects which at times infest the rooms of even the most careful housekeepers.

Exchange.—I would be glad to exchange an Amaryllis with any one in this State for a Calla Lily. Any private letters on the subject of exchange would be gladly received.

EMMA CARPENTER.

Monson, Hampden Co., Mass.

Floral Decorations.

ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

These gems of the flower garden have been overlooked to a great extent in the past by the professional florist as well as the amateur. They have been passed by as comparatively worthless until within a few years, and even now there are many who do not consider them of sufficient value to give them a place in their gardens. It is for the benefit of such persons that I give a few general hints in regard to them from personal experience.

Their cultivation is very simple. Soil that is good for flowers and plants in general is good for grasses.

The seeds of annual grasses should be sown early in the spring in order that a profusion of bloom may be produced during the summer to be used in making bouquets, and to dry for winter use. Ornamental grasses add very much to the beauty of bouquets, wreaths, crosses, &c., and are very desirable for that purpose all through the summer. Every lover of flowers would be amply rewarded in cultivating them for that and for their graceful appearance as plants in the garden. But their use does not stop here. An abundance should be cut, dried in a proper manner, and reserved for fall and winter use to mix with everlasting flowers and autumn leaves in making bouquets, baskets, picture frames, and many other beautiful ornaments for the sitting-room and parlor. By those who have used them for that purpose they are considered indispensable.

I will now allude to the time of cutting and manner of drying for winter use, as this is very important. My method has been as follows: When the flowers or spikes have attained about one-half or two-thirds their full size, I cut them, arrange in small bundles, tie paper loosely around them, and hang them up in a dark room to dry, with the heads downward. In this way I have succeeded admirably in preserving the original color. Many of our common wild grasses and sedges cut and cured in this manner are very desirable. Grasses, when thoroughly dry, may be dyed various colors or crystalized, and their appearance be very much improved, especially *Stipa pennata*. Beautiful bouquets can be made from this grass alone by using small clusters that have been colored red, blue, green, crimson, orange, &c., the grass is so fine, and feathery it produces a charming effect. My favorites, and those

which I think are best adapted for general cultivation among amateurs, are the following: *Agrostis nebulosa*, *Briza maxima*, *Bromus brizæformis*, *Erianthus Ravennæ*, *Hordeum Jubatem*, and *Stipa pennata*. This list may be found in any prominent florist's catalogue.

To lovers of flowers who have paid but little attention to their cultivation in the past, I would say, give them a place in your garden, enjoy their fresh green appearance in summer, and prepare them to assist in decorating your parlors in winter.

WM. N. ROWE.

EUPHARIS AMAZONICA.

I have read all the questions and answers in regard

totally unprepared to receive them. The dirt that should have been warmed and dried did not appear, so I took my trowel and basket and gathered here and there the cold, wet clay from the garden, scooped round from the walks, to mix with it when it should become mixable, and paraded my earth clods around the kitchen stove. Meanwhile the Doctor went down town, as he said, to engage me a coffin. He knew I should need one even if the plants lived. By the time I had collected a sufficient quantity of old tin pans, boxes, and paint kegs, with charcoal and broken bricks for drainage, I began potting plants. The soil was in very unfavorable condition, but I didn't like to wait. Never had better success with plants than with these. Put the *Eucharis* in a paint keg without any hole in the bottom; set it in a bucket of hot water

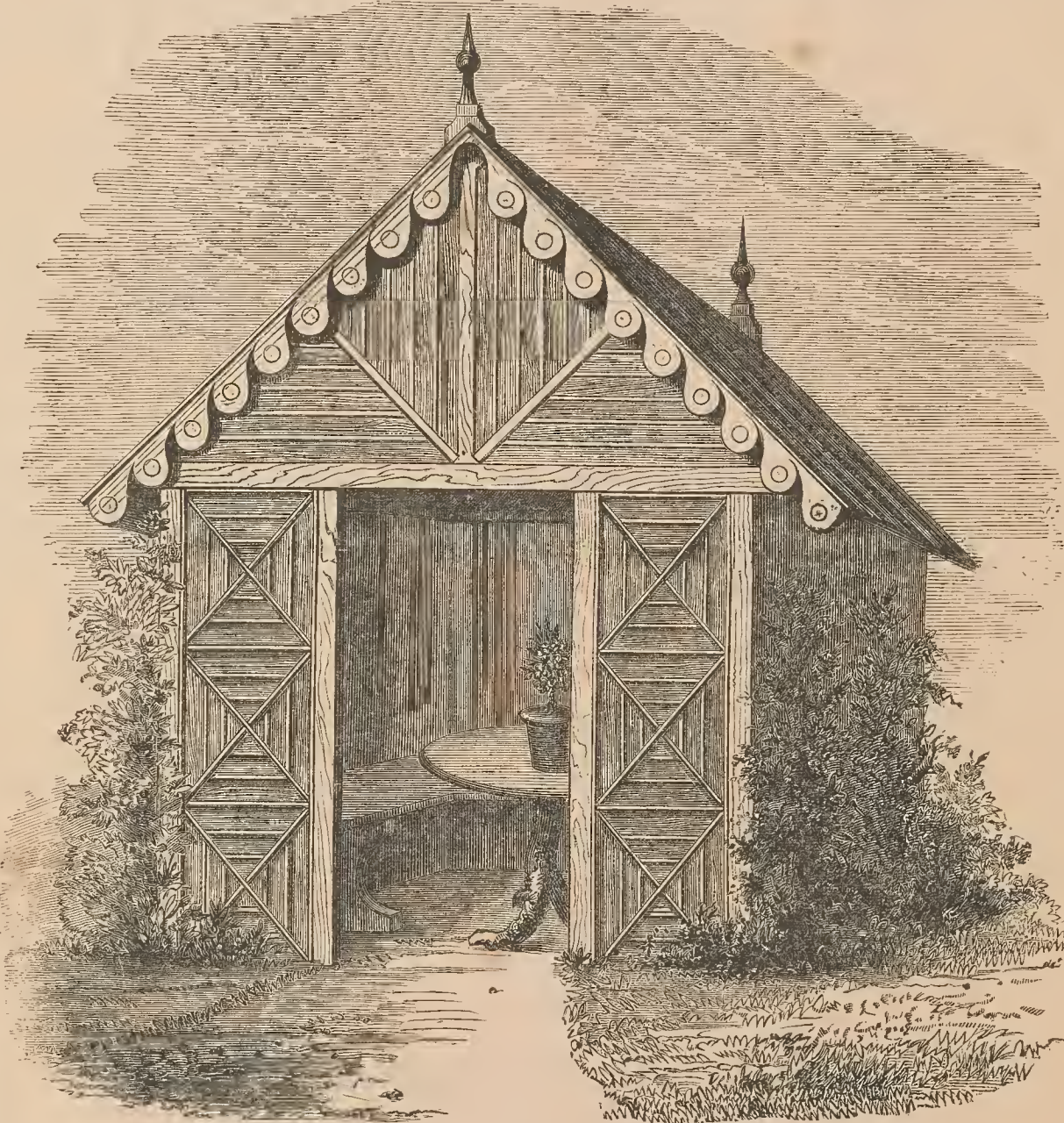
two or three times a week. After taking a little time to make root growth, it sent up a new leaf. When the weather grew warm in May, I planted it in the open border, and it has grown finely ever since, each succeeding leaf being larger than its predecessor. When I transplanted it I found three or four red spots on the white bulb. Suppose, if I had kept it in that mass of mud a few weeks longer, I might have succeeded in killing it. I would like to provide a soil to meet its wants when I re-pot it in the fall. Who will prescribe?

L. M. MCFARLAND.
Centralia, Ill.

To H. B. L.—I can scarcely think what is the trouble with your *Lantanas* unless the soil is too stiff and rich, which I am inclined to think is the case. Mine grow in a very light sand enriched with wood-pile and a little cow-pen manure. With regard to my wants, H. B. L., they are numerous. Some of your *Crocuses* would be highly acceptable—*Dracaenas*, *Bouvardias*, *Hydrangeas*, *Begonias*, *Hyacinths*;—in short, so many are my wants you

can scarcely fail to please in the exchange. Please send a letter to my address. Why is not the Ice Plant—*Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*—used more frequently for hanging baskets? Nothing can be more beautiful than its glittering leaves and stems. I have about thirty fine young *Gladioli* growing from seeds bought of Mr. Vick. I am watching them with much interest, and hoping for something different from any in my possession, though they are beautiful, many now being in full bloom. I have also from seeds of my own planting a most beautiful double *Petunia*, far surpassing any single one I ever saw.

MRS. J. T. NORRIS.
Brenham, Washington Co., Texas.



DESIGN FOR RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE.

to *Eucharis Amazonica*, and my information thus far relates only to temperatnre. First—Does it require shade or sunshine? Second—Soil rich or sandy? Third—Much or little water? Fourth—When is its blooming season?

I solicited answers to the above questions from the florist of whom I purchased my bulb, but failed to receive any instruction. It came to me through the post office one cold, dismal morning in early spring. It had two small leaves, something like a little *Calla*, but darker green. Knowing nothing of its habits, I expected to do something wrong. I am ashamed to say the twenty-five rose bushes, *Fuchsias*, *Geraniums*, &c., which arrived that morning, found me

Ornamental Cottages.

DESIGN FOR A BEAUTIFUL VILLA.

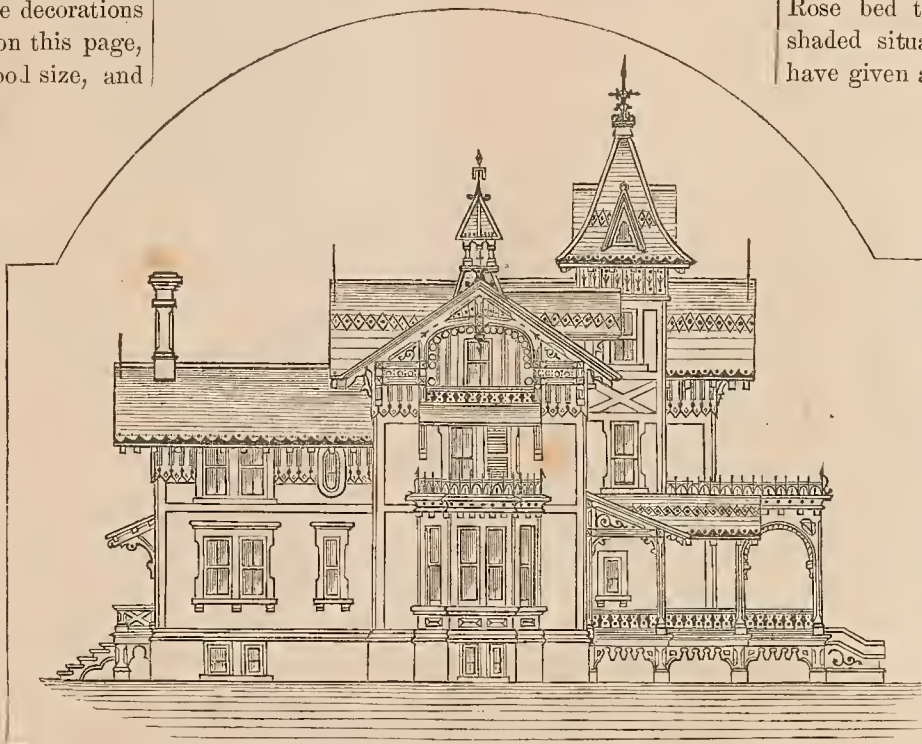
BY HENRY LAMB, ARCHITECT, NO. 788 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

The design illustrated on pages 113 and 117 of this number is one of unusual elegance and beauty. It is a combination of the Italian and the Swiss styles, giving the convenience of the former with the decorations of the latter. By reference to the plans on this page, the reader will see the rooms are of good size, and open easily to each other, or into the centre hall. The kitchen has its numerous closets, pantry, and store-room, with separate stairs, out-door entrance, and passage to the dining-room; the second floor is divided very economically into five excellent bedrooms, all of good size, well lighted, and fair closet room. In the third story there are three large rooms, with sides four feet in height, and closet room on each side. The height of first story is ten feet; second, eight and a half. The roof of both house, L, and piazza is covered with slate of various colors, and the front part is decorated with gilded railing. Over the edge of the roof is erected a ventilator, which is not only a convenience to rooms beneath, but also is quite an architectural ornament. The grounds around the house are to be laid out in lawn, flower beds, ornamental trees, shrubs, fountain, &c. This design was made specially for the residence of the editor of the FLORAL CABINET, and is to be erected in New Jersey, in the vicinity of Orange and Montclair. Other designs from

excavation made in the grass, just far enough from the house to pass behind. This was filled with sand, bringing it to a level with the frame. Into this I sink my pots, putting underneath a piece of brick to keep the worms out. For the back row the tall growing Fuchsias, such as the Giant, Mad. Cornelisen, &c. Before sinking I put them in very large pots, for they must have abundance of room, the richest of earth, and, while blooming, plenty of water—not only at its roots, but shower its leaves, for I am sure it is as re-

grew yellow and fell to the ground; but new ones soon took their place, and I am sure when I gather them in I will find fine healthy bulbs to give me a wealth of blossoms when all without is stern and bare. Let me tell you of a remarkable freak one of my Callas took upon itself. Early this summer it bore a double blossom—one inside of the other—two distinct calyx and one stamen. I advised my friends, and it was visited by a great number, who considered it a great curiosity. I have given much attention to my Rose bed this season; planted them in a partially shaded situation, well mulched with spent hops, and have given a good supply of dish and wash water, on which they have thrived amazingly, fully repaying me for all care with their lovely buds and flowers. I have La Marque, Chromatella, Isabella Sprunt, BonSilene, Safrano, Paetole, Agrippina and Hermosa. Many besides myself have enjoyed them; sick friends have been cheered by them. They have set like a pearl in the hair of the bride, and helped to make less terrible the last sleep—death.

Those who are fond of vines should have the wild Cucumber; for rapid growth, thickness of shade, and delightful perfume it is unequalled. It is best to sow the seed in the fall. My summer kitchen needed paint badly, so I planted this vine by it, and I am sure no painter's brush could have produced so picturesque a picture as it now presents, arching the doorway and mounting the roof. There are many other vines which should be in every garden. Potato Clematis is very beautiful, also Celastrus Scandens, or Bitter Sweet, which is fairly dazzling with its orange and scarlet berries when the frost has spread his icy fingers on all else. How could we do without these lovely flowers? The homeliest spot can be transformed into



SIDE ELEVATION OF VILLA.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

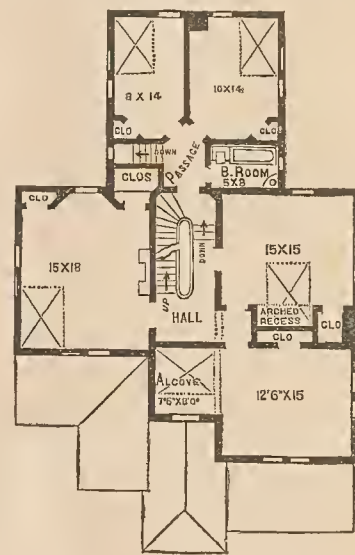
the same architect, of equal elegance, will be given in these pages in due time.

A PRETTY FLOWER BED.

I have enjoyed my shady bed so well this summer that I wish every one loving such varieties of flowers had one looking as handsome as mine. I will tell you in what manner it is constructed. The carpenter made me a box-frame of boards, 15 feet long by 3 in width. On the north side of the house I had an

freshing to them as cool water to us when warm and dusty. In the second row I have large Double Geraniums and tall Calceolarias; the next is rather a medley—Double Pink Geraniums, different shades of Heliotrope, the low-growing Fuchsias, Mrs. Pollock Geranium, varieties of Dracenas and Coleus. The colors are prettily blended—sufficient green to make perfect harmony. A five-fingered Ivy climbing on the house makes a rich back-ground. I know most persons think Geraniums and Heliotrope do best fully exposed to the sun, but I find mine have done best in the shady bed. Then, in the fall, it is so easy to lift—no disturbing the roots to interfere with growth or bloom. I am so unfortunate as to have a very sunny garden, part shade is so much to be preferred. In order to obviate the baking of the earth about the roots, I plant in masses, and have succeeded well; around tall growing Geraniums I have planted Centaurea Gymnocarpa, Feverfew, or thick bunches of Sweet Alyssum; Abronia Umbellata does well for that purpose, its delicate beauty and fragrance should give it a place in every garden; it is best to let it self-sow. The Plumbago is a beautiful blooming plant—a lovely shade of lavender, as delicate as the new indescribable tints of silk; a constant bloomer, of shrubby nature, thriving best in partial shade. I have been trying my skill in ornamental grouping, using Ricinus, Japanese Corn, Gladiolus, Tritoma, and Caladium Esculentum, finishing off with an edge of Artemisia Stellaris; it is very showy, and has attracted much attention.

I am watching with great interest my Amaranthus Salicifolius. Last year I grew it in a pot; before attaining half its height, it seeded and dried up. Too late I found my mistake—its roots were too confined. I have been trying a new plan with my Callas, quite the reverse of the old established rule. I planted them in the ground where the sun touched all day; I must confess at being alarmed as one by one the leaves



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

a thing of beauty by them. "Flowers are the alphabet of the angels, whereby they write on hills and dales mysterious truths." MRS. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Ice Plant.—This year we have succeeded in getting an Ice plant to grow—something we have never done before. They require the morning sun and very little water. FLORENCE M. HURD.

A Sunbeam.—Every lady should be happy to take THE FLORAL CABINET, for it is certainly a sunbeam in every home it enters.

Dallas, Texas.

MRS. A. M. JOHNSON.

Answers to Correspondents.

Plant for a Name.—I desire the name of a plant in my possession, the leaf and flower of which I send you.

M. E. C.

Answer.—*Solanum Mexicana*.

Plants for Name.—I send you by mail a package containing some flowers with stems and leaves, that I wish you to please tell me the name of the plants. Would not some of them do for the flower garden? They all grow wild here, except No. 1. It came in a package of seed I got of James Vick. It grows three feet high, and flowers from April until hard frost, very beautiful. No. 2 is a very pretty little plant, about three or four feet high, and covered in the autumn with clusters of snow-white berries. No. 3 is an evergreen shrub, from two to five feet in height, with waxy leaves and yellow flowers, blooms throughout the year. No. 4 is a perennial, flowers yellow, and in spikes; thrives well on dry soil. No. 5 is a little trailing plant, grows near the water's edge; flowers very small. No. 6, perennial; habit of plant same as No. 5. No. 7 is a climber, covers brush, rocks, etc. No. 8 grows near the water. No. 9 grows in clumps, of a weeping habit. No. 10 I picked in a grain field, it being the first I have seen. No. 11 is quite common in the autumn; they are so numerous that they present a bright aspect to the surrounding scenery.

Oakland, Cal.

W. H. P.

Answer.—It is difficult to give the names of plants from specimens sent, mainly because the Flora of California has been so little described, and seeds from there do not produce as fine specimens in this climate, either in fruit, plant, or flower. We can give, however, the genus of each, and species, as nearly as possible: No. 1. *Salpiglossis*; No. 2. Cannot name; No. 3. A *Diplacus*, or allied plant; No. 4. *Solidago*; No. 5. *Epilobium hirsutum*; No. 7. *Vicia*. Var *Cracea*, probably; No. 9. *Cytisus*, or *Geuista*; No. 10. *Asclepias*; No. 11. An *Epilobium*, or allied plant.

Vine.—I send a leaf of a vine that came up on my grounds. It is a large, strong plant, a very rapid grower, flowers resemble Red Cyprus—the flower is a little larger, a little darker shade, and the star-like points not quite so pointed as the Cyprus flower. Please name this plant for me, without fail, and also tell me whether it is an annual or perennial plant.

MRS. H. B. B.

Answer.—*Ipomœa*, of some variety, probably an annual.

Insects.—I am very much troubled with an insect that resembles both a bee and a fly; I suppose it is what is called the leaf-eater; it destroys nearly every flower in my garden. I would like to have some one inform me through the CABINET if there is any way of destroying them, or driving them away; if not, I am afraid I shall have to give up my flowers.

MRS. V. D.

Answer.—We regret our inability to furnish a remedy for the insect described. Many never made its acquaintance; it is probably one of those pests that will have its day and disappear as suddenly as it came.

Name of a Plant.—Will you give me the name of the inclosed flower? I bought it in a hot-house in St. Louis, and have kept it three years, and this is the first time it has bloomed. And I inclose the leaf of a plant which I suppose to be a *Cactus*; will you please name it in next CABINET? also the above flower, if it will not be trespassing upon your kindness too much. You may expect a very large club for the CABINET next year. We are determined to have it, every one

who keeps plants should take it; it seems to improve every year. All those who take it here like it very much indeed.

ANNA BUBB.

Answer.—We cannot name plants from a leaf only. The flower is from the *Canna Indica*.

Petunias.—Please inform me the best time for sowing *Petunia* for winter use.

PHEBE A.

Answer.—*Petunias* for winter blooming are much better grown from cuttings, which should be made in September.

Flower Pots.—Do you consider painted flower pots injurious to plants? have been told they are. Also, what time is best to plant the bulb *Oxalis*?

Stilton, N. J.

M. A. L.

Answer.—Painted and glazed flower pots are not as good as the common earthen ones, the latter being more porous. *Oxalis* should be planted early in October, though they will do planted any time before they make much growth.

Mrs. Pollock Geranium.—Please inform a constant reader what to do with the Mrs. Pollock Geranium to make it color? I have planted it in the sun, and in the shade; have given much water and little, rich soil and poor, and yet the leaves are a solid green, without a tinge of color, except a dull red zone. My plants are both healthy; one of them is quite large and vigorous. Do tell me what to do with them.

H. DUDLEY GARDNER.

Answer.—Mrs. Pollock Geranium will only succeed in the humid atmosphere of the greenhouse.

African Lily.—M. J. S., in the July number of the FLORAL CABINET, page 50, speaks of an African Lily. I cannot find any such a name in any of the catalogues. Will you please tell me how to find one, and what is the name of it?

W. SHINTON.

Paterson, N. J.

Answer.—*Agapanthus Umbellatum*.

Day Lily.—Have read with much pleasure Mrs. McFarland's articles on Lilies and other flowers. Would like to ask her, through your columns, if she has the blue flowered Day Lily, clusters of light purple flowers, smaller than the white but more numerous, very pretty and hardy? I have grown them several years. Among my flowers is another beautiful plant, came to me as Evergreen Lily, have since seen it described as *Yucca*. The leaves are a very bright green and remain so in our climate all winter, and the creamy white flowers are borne in enormous panicles. Have any of the readers of the CABINET a Century plant in their collections? I have one now nearly ten years old; it is getting large and heavy, and is easily grown, requiring but little care, and is quite ornamental, although too large to keep in a sitting room all winter. I keep mine in the cellar.

Allen, Mich.

MRS. M. A. COOK.

Rhododendron.—In the next CABINET will you tell me something about the *Rhododendron*, its habits, and mode of culture, and all about it?

Rockwayville, Pa.

MISS S. G. CLARKE.

Answer.—The *Rhododendron* is decidedly the most elegant and showy shrub that we have. The hardy varieties are admirably adapted for planting singly or in clumps on the lawn. They succeed best in a peat soil, but will grow well in a sandy loam or leaf mold. This family is a very large one, and every member is desirable.

Moles.—I wish through the columns of your paper you would tell me how to prevent moles from eating bulbs.

MRS. BELL MARTIN.

Answer.—Kill the moles, or, keep the bulbs out of their way—if they meet, the bulbs will be eaten.

Smilax.—May I ask some one to give directions about the cultivation of *Smilax*? I have had it growing very nicely until about three weeks ago it was frosted. When I procured the seeds I understood that it was a winter-blooming plant, but mine had not shown any signs of blooming before it was frosted. Also, allow me to ask if at some convenient time you will give us a definition—if I may use the term—of the orders of plants used in the floral catalogues? I do not find in my botany one-half of the terms used by them, consequently do not understand the nature and habits of the plants sold by them, and I presume there are many others having the same trouble that I do.

Frankfort, Ky.

MISS L. P. BROWN.

Answer.—This question answered in a previous number. Botanical books do not treat on florists' flowers; you should get some good treatise on plants—"Window Gardening" would greatly assist you.

Passion Flower Vine.—I have a Passion Flower Vine from seed sent by a friend in Georgia. The first year it did not do much; last fall it had eight perfect flowers; after bringing in the house the spiders nearly ruined it, but I have got the better of them, and it is now branching, doing nicely. Can it be shipped, if so, when, how, and what treatment it requires, where or when it produces seed—mine had none. I have seen in catalogues that there are seeds of different kinds of this vine. Do you think it the same? My *Calla Lily* blossomed when six months old, and now has a large nice flower thirty-seven inches high and in a nine-inch pot. Some think it best to take it up and let it rest; it being so young and thrifty I hardly know what to do with it.

M. J. S.

Answer.—The *Passifloras* are most readily propagated by root-cuttings, that can be taken at almost all seasons of the year, as they root freely; they should have rest during the winter. They can be planted and kept in a cool cellar, nearly dry, but away from frost.

Questions.—How is *Cyanophyllum Magnificum* propagated? I have a plant, the seed of which came from Florida. I would like to have you name it. The plant itself has run up about three feet, and has a straight, slender stem, with but few branches except at the bottom. It never has blossomed as yet, although the seed was sown last spring. I will send you a leaf. It is a very pretty plant.

Galion, O.

MRS. H. S. BARBOUR.

Answer.—Do not know a plant of that name; cannot give the name of a plant by the leaf.

Pansies.—I wish to know if you can tell me in what soil to plant Pansies so as to have them bloom profusely? also please give me a plan for a flower garden. And have you ever been troubled with little white worms in flower pots, about a quarter of an inch long, and as large around as a pin? I found several in a *Geranium* pot. I cannot raise *Geraniums*, as they always die. Please tell me how to keep them, and in what way I can make them bloom? I shall hope for an answer in your next.

INQUIRER AND READER.

Answer.—Pansies do best in a rich heavy loam; seed should be sown in boxes in September, and transplanted into a cold frame about the first of November. We give, from time to time, plans for flower gardens, that you can adapt to the size of your place and locality. The little white worm is a pest that is best destroyed by shaking all the soil from the roots and washing in soap-suds, then repot and cut the plant well back. Lime water will generally destroy them and not injure the plant.



NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1874.

SWEET PEAS AND MIGNONETTE.

I have often wondered why flower-lovers did not make more account of Sweet Peas; they will plant all kinds of trailing vines about their homes, but it is very rarely that your eyes are gladdened by the sight of a Sweet Pea. It is rarely too that the poets have sung its praises, and yet it seems the flower above all others in which a poet would delight, so exquisitely delicate is it in form and color, and with an odor so ethereal that it seems the very Ariel of flowers. But one, at least, of the singers has not passed it by unnoticed. Beauty-loving Keats has rescued it from its obscurity and painted it with the hand of a lover. He sings:

"Here are Sweet Peas on tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white;
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

I have heard several of my friends, after expressing their admiration of the vine, complain that they were never able to make it bloom. It would grow fast enough, but there were nothing but leaves. I have never had any trouble on that score, but sometimes after planting the seed in the same spot for three years in succession it did not seem to do so well, and I had to seek a different place. The same kind of soil that suits the garden pea is well adapted to its more aspiring sister; but as the Sweet Pea is a great bloomer, and seeds rapidly, some rich loam, mixed with a little sand, ought to be added from time to time, if you wish it to thrive. It is better, too, to plant the seed at different periods, in order to have fresh vines coming to perfection as the old ones give out. Plenty of sunshine is indispensable to its well-being, and it may be the want of sufficient sunlight which causes it so often to prove a failure.

Mignonette seems to go naturally with Sweet Peas. Their colors and odors harmonize well together, and these two, with the leaves of the Rose Geranium added, make a perfect nosegay—an exquisite and delicate combination of sweet odors, which does not, like the Magnolia or the Tuberose, overpower one

with "perfumes heavily delectable," but rather steals upon you with a gentle sense of something pleasantly delightful. I like to have Mignonette in abundance, and have never succeeded in obtaining as much as I wanted until this season. The difficulty in transplanting it has always been a drawback with me. It is so apt to wilt, and not so apt to revive again as some of the less delicate seedlings. This year I sowed the seed near the last of February in a shallow earthen basin, covered it with a piece of glass, and kept it in a warm room until the seed germinated. After they were fairly started I removed them to the east window of the attic, and by the middle of April they were fine



FLOWER STAND.

thrifty plants large enough to set out in two-inch pots. As I had quite a number of them I placed the pots in shallow boxes, having the bottoms covered with wet sand. A few damped off, but the rest did well, and



FLOWER STAND.

when I set them out in May I lost scarcely a plant. With sunshine without stint, and a light sandy soil, they have bloomed in the greatest profusion, and bid fair to repay me in full measure all the little extra care I have given them.

THYME.

THE WITHERED DAISIES.

You ask me why I love them so,
These little simple flowers,
That in every pasture blow
In April's sunny showers;
And why a daisy wreath I twine
Instead of dewy roses,
To hang about the holy shrine
Where our lost child reposes.

'Twas in the spring time that she came,
And all the forest mazes
Were bright with flowers without name,
The fields were white with daisies;
You know how beautiful she grew
How fair and sweet and lovely,
But the violet wet with morning dew
Is not more pure and holy.

She flitted like sunbeam bright
Around our cottage door,
Her footsteps as a fairy's light
Made music on the floor;
On every flower, of wood or glade,
She lavished childish praises,
She loved all things that God had made,
But most she loved the daisies.

How many things beyond her years
That then were all unheeded,
We think of now with blinding tears,
Sweet teachings that we needed.
Three happy years we led her feet
Along life's thorny mazes,
The fourth we laid her down to sleep
Beneath the April daisies.

'Tis well, and we are satisfied,
For He who gave the blossom,
Who lent to us our angel child,
Recalled her to His bosom;
And waiting till He calls for me
To sing with her His praises,
I'll keep her blessed memory
Embalmed in April daisies.

[Selected.]

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Double space will be given for a few months to "Gossip with Correspondents," one page being devoted to "Answers," and one page to "Letters from our Correspondents." Our basket is so overflowing with matter which deserves publication, we must enlarge the department so as to accommodate and publish more promptly.

Specimen Copies.—Hitherto we have given specimen copies free. Some have enclosed a stamp for postage, others not. The past winter we gave away 30,000 to applicants, and we find, after an expense of \$1,500, the experiment is not satisfactory; many send for mere curiosity, and never subscribe. Hereafter, all specimen copies will be 5 cents; but for the purpose of encouraging subscriptions, we will send specimen to any one recommended by any subscriber on receipt of a P. O. stamp. The CABINET is worth something, at least a P. O. stamp.

A Trial Trip.—As an experiment, we will offer this fall a trial trip of 3 Months for 10 cents. Trial subscription may begin with September or October. Will our friends please recommend this to their acquaintances? This sum does not pay expenses of publication, but we make the offer as a trial.

We have hitherto spent \$3,000 annually for advertising, and \$1,500 more in giving away specimen copies. By offering a trial of 3 Months for 10 cents, the offer will be so cheap our friends can procure us as many new subscribers as by our own advertisements.

Thirty-five cents pays for Trial Trip 3 Months and chromo Gems of the Flower Garden.

A New Paper.—In September we will begin the publication of a new Young Folks Paper, entitled "The Little Gem, and Young Folks Favorite," intended specially for young people of 6 to 15 years, helping them in pure and pleasant ways of amusement, improvement and instruction. It is intended specially as a help to School studies, and has departments devoted to the School Room, Self Improvement, Home Pictures, Amusements, Stories, Puzzles, etc. Price, 50 cents per year. It will be made as handsome in its way as the FLORAL CABINET. Parents will find it worthy of notice, and children will be delighted. Specimen copies, 3 cents.

CASH PRIZES FOR ARTICLES.—To encourage flower lovers, and also all who are interested in household topics, to communicate their bits of knowledge, and also to reward them for special efforts, the publisher of the FLORAL CABINET offers the following prizes for best articles submitted to us for special competition. Contributors will note the following

REQUIREMENTS.

1. Each article must not be over six note pages long, nor less than three.
2. All articles must be labelled "For competition." Communications not so labelled are supposed to be for gratuitous publication, as we see fit.
3. All articles must be sent to this office before Nov. 1, and prizes will be announced in December No.
4. Articles may be on any topic interesting to ladies—Flower Gardening, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Fancy Work, Elegancies, Home Pets, Household Art, &c.

CASH PRIZES.

1. For best article on Flowers, or Window Gardening \$10
2. " " " Household Topics..... 10
3. " " " second best article on Flowers..... 6
4. " " " " Household Topics..... 6
5. " " " each of next five best, Flowers..... 3
6. " " " " " Household Topics..... 3
7. " " " each of next five best of each class—Best Window Gardening..... A Handsome Chromo.

Address all articles, prepaid letter postage, to

HENRY T. WILLIAMS,

Box No. 2445, New York City.

Office, No. 46 Beekman street.

Amusements.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TRESPASS.

This is a game which greatly entertains young children. The parlor must be divided into two parts. In one of them a person is to be seated blindfolded, and some twelve or more small articles are scattered about the floor in front of his chair.

The object of the game is to sieze these articles one by one, so softly and carefully that the blind man will neither hear nor catch you. He is at liberty to leave his chair in pursuit of those who trespass upon his land. If any one is caught upon his side he is put into prison—i. e., behind some table or in some corner until the game is finished, or all the articles taken away. If the blind man does not succeed in taking one prisoner before all his possessions are taken, then he must try again. The trespassers are safe the moment they have crossed the boundary line into their own territory. The one that is caught first becomes the blind man the next time.

BLIND MAN'S WAND.

One of the players is blindfolded, and he carries a stick or wand which he stretches about in every direction. When it touches a person he is bound by the rules of the game to grasp the stick, and then repeat whatever words the blind man may dictate to him. The one who holds the stick may disguise his voice as much as he pleases, and the blind man is allowed three guesses; then, if he has not been able to tell by the voice who the person is, he must catch or touch another one. The first one discovered becomes the blind man, and thus the game proceeds until the players are weary of it.

THE BLACK ART.

This is a simple amusement, and requires but two

persons in the secret to play it. The trick consists in naming some article directly after something that is always black. Then the two announce that by magic art one of them will tell what article in the room is

fication continued for some time, or until it becomes wearisome.

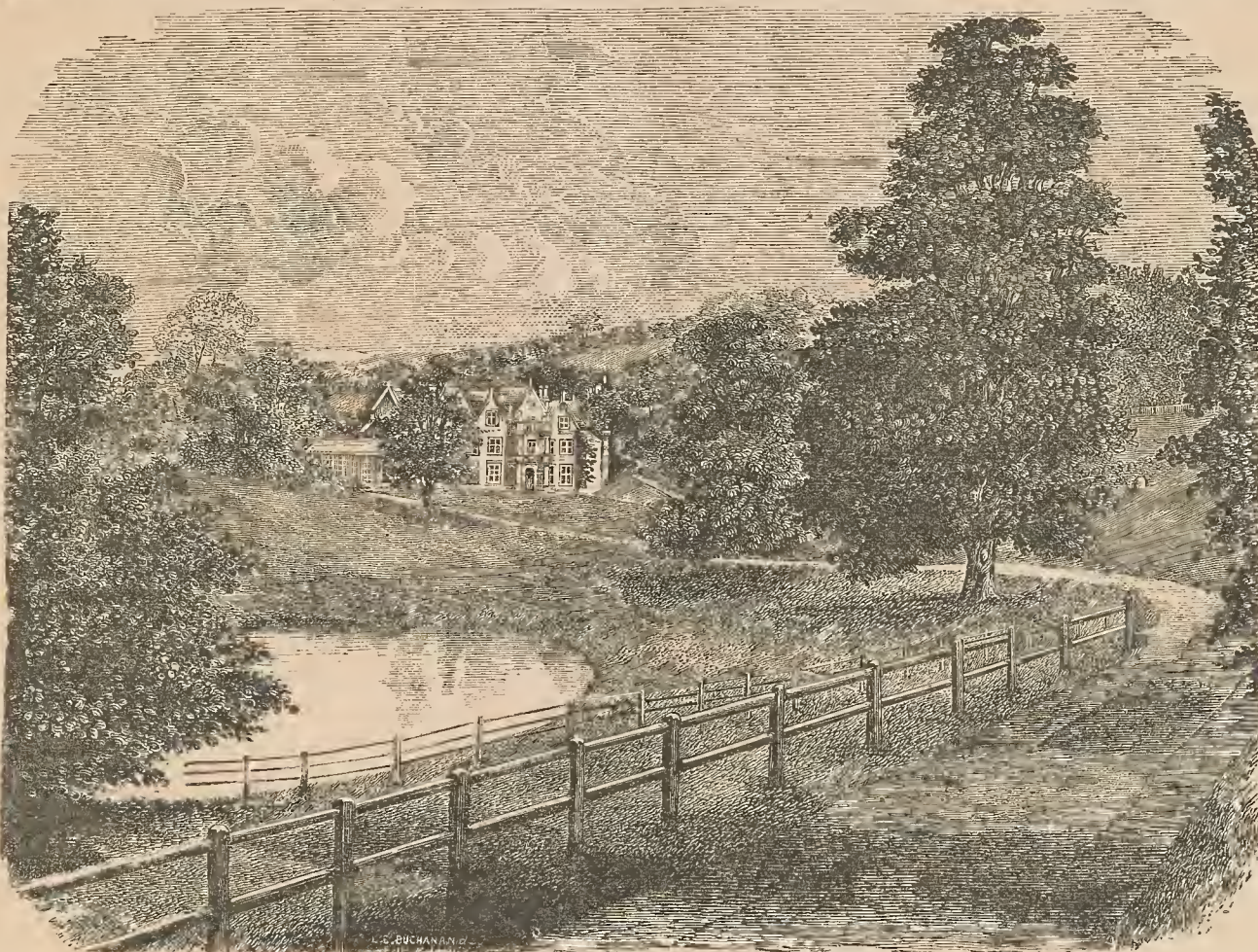
OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

Open-air games makemany little hearts merry and blithe, and as spring and summer succeed each, I propose to add them to this column upon amusements.

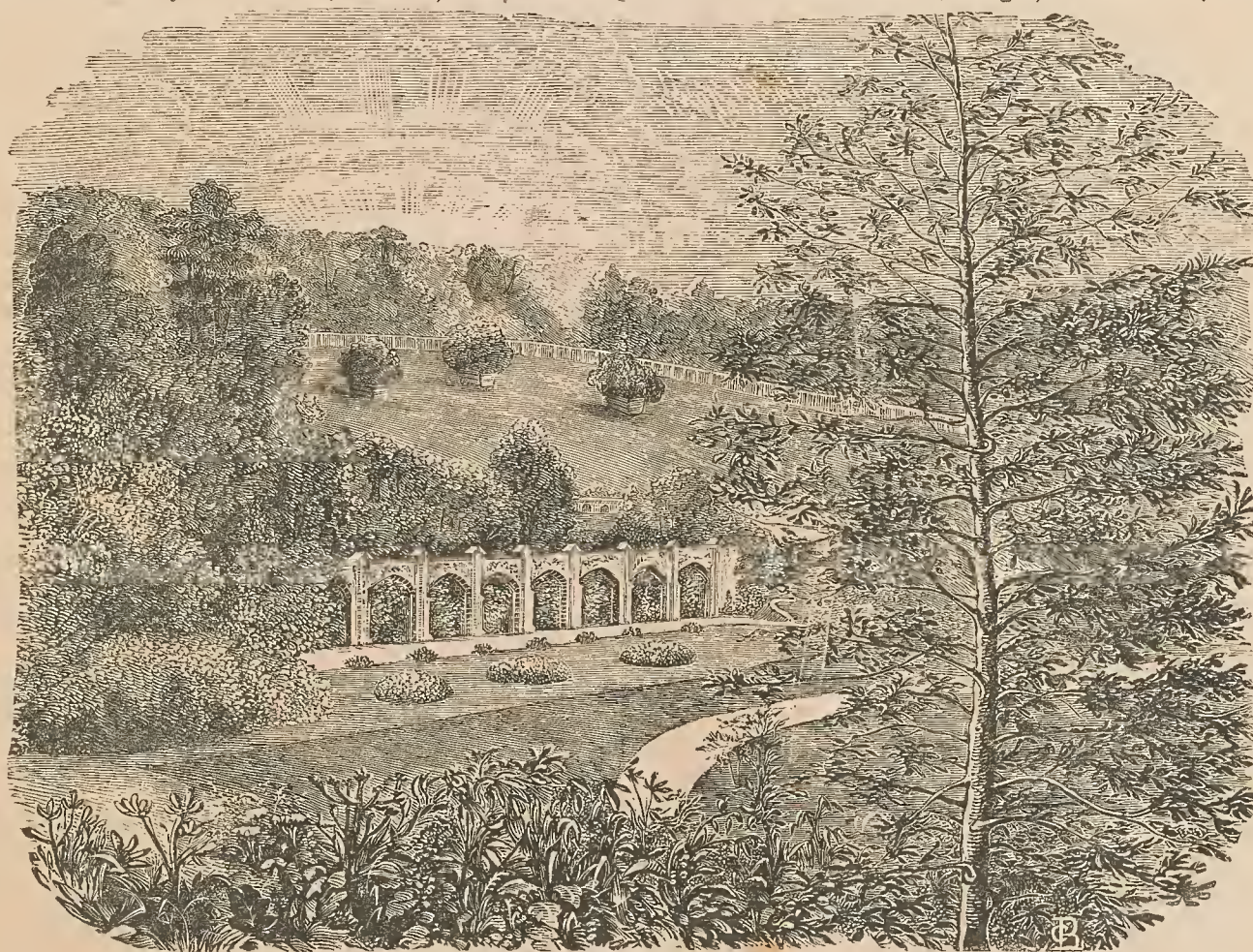
TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

This gives much exercise and entertainment, and any number of children can play it. One of them is selected for the fox, who must hide in the most shady corner he can find. Another child is chosen for the hen, while all the other players are the chickens. They form a line behind the hen, each one holding on to the waist of the one in front of her. The hen walks up, with her chickens holding on to her, to the den of the fox, and calls out: "If you

please, Mr. Fox, will you tell me what o'clock it is?" If he replies one, two, or three, or any hour but twelve at night, she trots away with her brood, and soon returns to ask the same question; but when the fox answers, "Twelve o'clock at night," she and her chickens take flight as rapidly as possible, for then he intends to catch one; and it must take the place of the fox, and also pay a forfeit. Some place is fixed upon as a harbor of safety—a farm yard—and on reaching this the chickens are safe, and the fox has to return alone to his den, where he must remain until the hen again approaches him to ask the hour. The fun of the game consists in the uncertainty of when the fox will jump out. A sly fox delays doing this until the fear of his coming begins to grow less, and the hen becomes less wary, and then he cries out "Twelve o'clock at night," and out he rushes. If he says "Twelve o'clock at noon," he does not try to seize a chicken, so the hen is always in terrible doubt of which twelve is coming. DAISY EYEBRIGHT.



RURAL SCENERY IN ENGLAND. Fig. 1.



RURAL SCENERY IN ENGLAND. Fig. 2.

ror?" "No." "Is it the lamp?" "No." "Is it Fred's boot?" "No." "Is it Mary's fan?" "Yes." Then the wonder is how could he know it? Any other color can be substituted for black, and the mysti-

Ladies' Boudoir.

WEDDING SONG.

POLONAISE.

Three suitors were with me to-day;
They proffered love and treasure.
The lordly one gave pleasant words,
And many ells of ribbon;
The second, plain of face and form,
He counted coin and jewels;
The third presented roses three,
And coupled them with kisses.
The first I fancied, and would greet
Him warmly, as a brother;
The second, gladly him I'd choose
To be my nearest neighbor;
But, oh, the third, of rosy gifts,
Who stifled me with kisses—
I'd give to him these longing eyes,
And all that life possesses.

JOHN W. WEIDEMEYER.

Company.—In preparing for company look more to their comfort and entertainment than to your reputation as housekeepers. If they are true friends, or have much regard for you, they will rather have plain fare, and know that you are enjoying their society, than to fare sumptuously and be entertained in elaborate style, and know that you are anxious and worried, and that their presence is a burden to you. If they are of that class who visit you merely for the sake of criticising or commenting upon your household arrangements and manner of living, or for their own personal gratification, it were better that you should give them a short cut, and not entertain them at all.

The Habit of Reading.—*Home and Society* discusses the advantage of reading, and wonders why so few read sensible books. "I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours. It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned."

Young Ladies at the Seaside.—Pensively observing the fashionable young ladies in hotel companies at the seaside, a correspondent says: "Watch the grouping of these girls, apparently accidental as it is, and see how artistically they manage, with never a mistake. They know well what they are about, and study for that very effect you are admiring. There are two girls whom you have seen constantly together; a sudden coolness seems to have sprung up between them; they keep very far apart, never speak to one another at all; you even hear one refusing to dance in the same set of lancers with the other. What has happened! It must be a recent trouble, for they were driving together in the afternoon; you are a little perplexed until you hear one say, 'I don't dare go near Nell, for her lilac kills my blue.' If you have an eye for color you will understand the estrangement, and wonder at it no longer."

Courtesy.—A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of greater ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

A Plea for Marriage Settlements.—As matters now stand, it too frequently happens that young people marry who must inevitably, in the event of failure of health or employment, depend entirely upon their friends. This is quite wrong as regards all parties. To defer matrimony to a late period of life is apt to be eminently conducive to immorality; but on the other hand there is argument to show that any man above the laboring class ought only to marry when such a sum is settled on his wife as will keep her and their children from actual want. In older countries this is generally rigidly insisted on, not only for the sake of the young couple themselves, but quite as much as a measure of precaution on the part of their relations, who, of course, clearly foresee that in the event of anything going wrong their destitute kindred will otherwise fall upon them for support. One difficulty which has stood very much in the way of such an arrangement here, and indeed in the higher classes stands very much in the way of girls marrying at all, is to be found in the unwillingness of men in business, even when in affluent circumstances, to give their daughters a sum down on marriage. "Your income is \$3,000, and I'll give my daughter \$2,000," says the American father to an intending son-in-law. "If you settle \$10,000 on my daughter I'll add \$10,000 more," says the European father-in-law. The superiority of the latter arrangement is, in our opinion, incontestable. The sum settled is, except in the case of really wealthy people, very rarely large enough to induce any idleness on the part of a young man, because it only yields an income sufficient for bare necessities; but it gives him, and perhaps still more his wife, the consoling reflection that let panic, bankruptcy, or any other unforeseen disaster come, they still have something to

depend on which cannot be touched. How many thousands in this country would to-day, feel thankful if parents had insisted on such an arrangement before consenting to their daughters' marriages.—*New York World*.

The Shah's Bouquet.—The following incident in connection with the recent visit of the Shah of Persia to the French capital is related by a New York reporter:

A young lady of this city has a souvenir of her European travels, last summer, which is not at all beautiful, but very interesting to herself, her family and intimate friends, from the associations connected with it. It is an immense bouquet, at least two feet in diameter. It is brown and withered, shrunken as a matter of course, but it was presented to the young lady by the Shah of Persia. The story of this bouquet is this: The young lady with her two sisters and mother were standing on a balcony of one of the hotels at Vevey last summer to witness the arrival of the Shah, and the public demonstrations made by the good people of that pretty watering-place in his honor.

It so happened that the carriage containing the illustrious Persian was detained a few moments exactly opposite the balcony where Mrs. ——— and her daughters were standing. The Shah saw these ladies, and once seeing them did not remove his imperial gaze. He left his carriage, walked to the balcony, and in French asked the youngest girl her name and country. On learning that he was conversing with an American he seemed delighted, and said, "You are the first American I have talked with, and I think you the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." He then presented her the bouquet, which had been given him by some admiring inhabitant of Vevey, at the railway station, on his arrival. This bouquet has been preserved with infinite care in a box to accommodate its peculiar shape and size, and is now exhibited to admiring friends.

Coquettes—A Lady's Opinion.—The meanest and most contemptible of mankind may yet find some human advocate, and male coquettes have had, it seems, at least one defender.

The poet Campbell says that he once heard a lady distinguished for beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been culpable in paying attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand.

A gentleman remarked that Sir Thomas was highly blamable.

"No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions, "no, not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady musingly.

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you astonish me! Not to blame for such conduct?"

"No, not so much," was still the lady's nursing response.

"Can you really, madame," said the gentleman again, "defend such behavior as desertion—"

"Why, sir," interrupted the lady, to confess the truth, I am firmly of the opinion that the majority of the women would rather be courted and jilted, than not be courted at all!"

A Cruel Papa.—Like the youth of some other places, the Pittsburgh boys, to the number of fifty or sixty, rush out of evening meetings as soon as the benediction is pronounced, and stand ready to offer their company to the opposites of the other sex as they come out. One of these young bloods was about giving his arm to the girl of his choice, a few nights ago, when her father, who hasn't a bit of romance in his soul, but a mighty sight of vigor in his muscles, stepped up, and taking in the situation at a glance, grasped the youth by the coat collar, lifted him about a yard clear of the ground, and nearly shook him out of his trowsers. The young man has been shy of that Miss ever since. He says "It isn't safe to be hangin' round a girl whose father acts like a derrick."

Home Pets.

CANARIES.

"A little bird with the blackest eyes
Sits on a perch and nods to me;
Very merry he seems to be,
And wise.

"I wish I knew what the fellow thinks,
Saucily shaking his cunning head—
Whether it cannot be said
By winks."

When the first golden gleam of the sun brightens the eastern sky, then our sweet-voiced songster awakes from his night's repose and welcomes us and the morning with his joyous notes. To the dwellers of the city's "crowded mart" the canary's sweet warbling song is welcome indeed. He speaks to them of bright fields, green meadows and the sparkling brook, with its sylvan nooks and bowers. He tells them, too, of the beauteous isles from whence he came, fanned by old ocean's breath and garlanded with the enchanting beauty of the tropics. Yes, the little prisoner is, indeed, a royal fellow, carrying his kingdom of song and life and beauty with him wherever he goes, and he deserves the treatment of a king. And perhaps, to some of your many readers, a few hints on the needs and wishes of our little favorites may be welcome. Like other pets, they require close attention and regular care. And yet a few moments of each day will provide for their simple wants.

NESTING.

When the warm weather comes, and the birds begin to peck at everything, and carry things about in their bills, give them a nest. Fasten the basket, or in lieu of this a collar-box, near the top of the cage, leaving convenient room for the birds to go in and out. Arrange the perches suitably around the nest. Put into it, loosely, hay, wool, cotton ravelings of thread, feathers, &c. The hair curried from a cow seems to please them best of all. Many prepare the nest, and then sew a cloth over the top to prevent the birds from carrying the contents about the cage. But if they are ready they will use the material you have given them, and it seems a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of building their own nest. Fasten a piece of paper on the outside of the cage, around the box, to make believe it is hidden. This done, they take possession with much twittering and rejoicing. In two or three days thereafter you will see a little greenish-blue egg, nicely mottled with brown, and each succeeding day another and another, until from three to five are laid. The female sits on the nest from the laying of the first egg, and during this time the cage should be disturbed as little as possible, especially by strangers. In fourteen days the first egg hatches, and generally one every day thereafter; or sometimes one in the morning and another towards night. During these two weeks the male is very attentive to his mate, feeding her, and when she leaves the nest for exercise taking her place.

CARE OF THE YOUNG BIRDS.

If any eggs are left, remove them carefully, so as not to injure the little ones. And if any should die, as often they do during the first day, take them out also. They need now the closest attention. Give them half a hard-boiled egg, leaving the shell on; soda cracker broken up and softened in water, either cabbage or wild tongue grass, plenty of fresh water, cuttle bone and seed mixed, hemp and canary, half

and half. The parent birds generally go around the cage, taking bits of everything, with which they feed the young. Everything should be kept scrupulously clean, and no food suffered to remain longer than one day, as nothing is more injurious to the little birds than soured food. At two weeks old they begin to feather out—a beautifying sadly needed, for at first they resemble a piece of mouldy beef more than anything else. The color of these spots of down shows the color the birds will be. Unlike chickens, they are nine days before they open their eyes. By the time they are three weeks old they will be out of the nest frequently during the day, and peck at the food under the tuition of their parents. Should the old birds show signs of nesting, lower the old nest to the middle of the cage, and place a new nest over it, leaving room for them to go in and out. The parent birds will take the new nest and build it, while they still feed the young. It is not best to deprive the little ones of their nest too soon, for they like to roost in it at night, even when out on the perches all day. Having the soft flat surface to sit and rest on, prevents deformity of the breast bone. If a new nest is not supplied, the old birds sometimes kill the young by driving them out too soon, in the endeavor to get the nest for a new brood. Keep them in the cage until a new nest full is hatched, or they are able to feed themselves well; then remove to another cage. The sex of the young cannot be told until they are six or eight weeks old, when the male tries to sing. But one pair should be kept in a cage, and if they nest early they will raise three or four broods during the summer. The best singing is obtained, however, by keeping one singer by himself.

FOOD.

The food of canaries should not have any salt, or at least no more than is contained in bread, for anything salty will kill them. The perches should be round and smooth, and be kept perfectly clean. If the bottom of the cage is not suitable for covering with sand, keep a cup of it in the cage. A drinking cup and a bath-tub filled with clean, fresh water every day are essentials. Keep at all times cuttle bone and seed, hemp and canary or rape, mixed half and half, taking care that the hemp especially is free from must. They seem fonder of the home-raised hemp, though it cannot be cleaned as well as the bought. Early in the spring, for green food, give lettuce; during the summer wild tongue grass, and in the winter cabbage or apple. The other food may be light bread, corn bread, tomatoes, watermelon, turnips, uncooked potatoes, sweet and Irish; cooked, and, indeed, almost every fruit and vegetable. Sugar and cake, of which they are as fond as children, should be given sparingly, for they injure the singing.

It is not necessary to have many kinds of food at once, though the canary likes variety in his eating, and seems to relish fresh dainty bits at all times, being in this respect not unlike the noble "lords of creation." During the laying period egg shells may be given with advantage.

DISEASES.

If properly treated the canary is not subject to many diseases. Sore feet are caused by neglecting the perches. Should any symptoms of cholera be noticed, withhold all green food, and for a few days feed nothing but seed and water and dry bread. The birds should be changed into another cage, or, better still, let out in a closed room and their cages washed clean, and held over smoke to destroy the red lice that some-

times infest them. Open the door of the cage, set it on the floor of the room, and the birds will go in of themselves. If this is done two or three times a year your birds will be healthy, and reward you with their merry songs.

WILL IT PAY?

Yes, it will pay to have canaries in your home, just as it does to have flowers and books and pictures. You will grow to love them by and bye, and the little, cheerful, busy pets will afford more pleasure for the outlay of time and trouble than can elsewhere be found. They are not unmindful of care, and will brighten and twitter at your coming, but shrink in fear at the voice of a stranger. When the cold, bleak winter storms have driven away all the feathery tribe, he will remain to gladden us with his presence and song. The home that points to its birds and flowers may not be a paradise, but there you will find a higher cultivation and appreciation of the beautiful in nature than in the gilded palace, with its tinsel and gold.

MRS. R. D. RICHARDSON.

Evansville, Ind.

Gold Fish in Aquariums.—Seth Green replies as follows to an inquisitive correspondent: "In answer to your inquiry how to keep gold fish, I answer that I am asked the question so many times, it will save me many letters through the press if you will insert the following: Use any well, creek, or river water that is not impregnated with mineral. Change the water when the fish come to the top and stay there, and breathe part water and part air. Take out nearly all the water, leaving enough for the fish to swim in, and fill the vessel with fresh water. Never take the fish in your hand. If the aquarium needs cleaning, make a net of mosquito netting and take the fish out in it. There are many gold fish killed by handling. Keep your aquarium clean so that the water looks as clear as crystal. Watch the fish a little, and you will find out when they are all right. Feed them all they will eat and anything they will eat—worms, meat, fish wafer, or fish spawn. Take great care that you take all that they do not eat out of the aquarium. Any decayed meat or vegetable in water has the same smell to fish that it has to you in air. If your gold fish die, it is attributable, as a rule, to one of three causes—handling, starvation, or bad water."

The Minister's Parrot.—A comic story is told of Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet of the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the Dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the Dean. Polly was found swinging herself in a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

Pretty Table Ornament.—A correspondent of *The Garden* says: "I was much struck lately with the wonderfully beautiful effect produced by simply placing a handful of heads of wheat in a vase of water. Each grain sent out a bright green leaflet, and continued to replenish the fading ones for weeks together. Some have doubtless seen this pretty table ornament, but to me it was new, and perhaps would be so to many others."

Household Elegancies.

DECORATING TABLES WITH FLOWERS.

The illustrations on this page represent several fancy ways of decorating a dinner-table with flowers. This custom is much more prevalent in England than here in America, and large crystal glass stands have been designed specially for the purpose. These glass stands are of numerous fancy shapes, and are filled as follows: The dishes and cups are filled first with damp moss, firmly pressed down, then lightly covered with French dyed moss, nicely cleared of brown leaves, &c., and damped, and well pulled out. In the moss, flowers, ferns, and grass, are fixed according to taste, and a wreath is twined either from the upper or lower dish, around the glass stem. This wreath may be of Ivy or Morning Glory, or any trailing plant.

PRESERVING FUNERAL WREATHS.

Our readers have most of them observed with wonder and admiration specimens of remarkably preserved bouquets, wreaths and crosses of white flowers that had been used on some occasion of either bridal or burial, years ago, yet retaining all the apparent freshness of those newly gathered.

The art of doing this has been kept secret from the general public, while a few who have paid liberally to learn it make large profits by thus rendering these frail remembrances imperishable. A funeral wreath that has lain upon the breast of some departed loved one is preserved and placed under glass, to be not only a constant memento, but also an object of beauty to the beholder. The price charged for this work being high, many have been deterred from indulging their wishes; but by the aid of the brief instructions here given, any person of ordinary ability may succeed in rendering the most perishable and delicate flowers permanently beautiful.



FLORAL DECORATION FOR THE TABLE. Fig. 2.

Let the flowers we are to experiment upon be fresh and firm, of pure white or delicate tints, without green leaves. If a bouquet is to be preserved without taking the flowers apart, the leaves at least will have to be replaced with some other substitute, as the process



FLORAL DECORATION FOR THE TABLE. Fig. 1.

does not apply to them as well as to the flowers themselves. Take paraffine of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state for use. Into this thin and transparent mass dip the blossoms, or, if found more convenient, brush them quickly with a small brush so as to give them a very thin coat that will cover every part of each petal; and this will form a casing about them that will entirely exclude the air and prevent their withering. The transparency of the material renders this coating almost, or quite invisible, so that the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes their peculiar charm. Green leaves, if preserved in this way, must be coated with green wax, or with paraffine prepared with the addition of green powder paint. Chrome green is best. Lighten to any tint required by adding chrome yellow. Wax leaves, well made, may be used to very good advantage, or moss will answer very well for a background or foundation for the flowers.

Lately, at a wooden wedding, the bride carried the same bouquet that had been used on the occasion of her marriage five years before, and it had all the freshness and beauty of the original, lacking only the perfume. Perhaps among new discoveries that are so constantly to be noted, the art of preserving even this will soon come in its turn.—*Harper's Bazar*.

TO CLEAN PICTURE FRAMES.

Take one drachm of soft soap, (about as much as will lay on a quarter of a dollar,) and mix it gradually with half a pint of soft water; i. e., rain water, or water that has boiled and been allowed to get cold; put the mixture into a bottle, and shake it well up, then half a wineglassful of spirits of hartshorn, and

again well shake the ingredients. The gilt frame that is to be cleaned may now be brushed over with this liquid, taking care, however, to use for that purpose the very softest camels hair brush that can be procured. After the liquid has been on the frame a minute or two, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate parts of the work, it should be freely washed off with plenty of clean, soft water, and allowed to dry of its own accord. The drying should be accelerated by placing the frame in a draught, or where the sun shines on it. Next day the bright parts of the work may be very slightly rubbed with a new wash leather, which will enhance their brilliancy. During the cleaning process, pictures and glasses should be taken out of their frames.

To Whiten Discolored Pearls.—When pearls have been long kept they are apt to become discolored. This may be remedied by the following process: Boil some bran in water, with a little alum and cream of tartar. When the liquid has become sufficiently cold to bear the immersion of the hands, put the pearls in it, and rub them gently with the bran. Continue to do this until the water is cold, then remove the pearls, and dry them in the dark on a linen cloth or sheet of white blotting paper.

Liquid Glue for Fancy Work.—A useful cement for joining paper or pasteboard, in making card board boxes, and similar articles of fancy work, is thus prepared: Dissolve by a gentle heat two ounces of the best glue, or gelatine, in a quarter of a pint of strong vinegar. Then add to it, for the purpose of making it keep, one ounce of rectified spirits of wine, or any other strong spirit. This glue must be kept in well-closed vessels.

To Render Paper Water-proof.—Pass the paper through a solution of oxide of copper in liquid ammonia, and rinse it immediately.



FLORAL DECORATION FOR THE TABLE. Fig. 3.

Fire-side Readings.

A BOY WORTH HAVING.

Tact is one of the finest qualifications of a business man, and the neatest incident in the history of C. G., one of the most successful merchants, shows a development of this trait early in his business career. Coming to New York from the country, without friends and with very little money, he found his way to lower Wall street, and walking into the store of W. & Co., passed back into the counting-room, and waited modestly and patiently till he should divert the attention of Mr. W., who was at that moment busily engaged with some business friend. At last the frank, open face of the boy attracted his notice, and he addressed him with:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I want a place, sir."

"Well, what can you do?"

The boy answered eagerly, "Most anything, sir."

Mr. W., partly for a joke, and partly to rid himself of the almost too confident boy, said: "Ah, ah! Well, just go out and borrow me a couple thousand dollars."

The lad placed his hat on his head and walked out of the store and slowly down Front street till he came to another large store in the same line of business, that of Messrs. S. C. & Co.; then, with a bold, but honest look, he walked up to the head of the house, and said:

"Mr. W., of W. & Co., sent down to borrow \$2,000."

"He did, my son? How is business up at your place?"

The boy, having seen the appearance of large shipments, answered quickly, "Very good, sir."

"Two thousand dollars, did you say? Will that be enough?"

"Well, \$2,000 is all he told me, but if you have plenty I think he would like it if you sent him \$3,000."

"Just give this boy a check for \$3,000 for W. & Co.," remarked Mr. S. to the cashier.

The boy took the check, and with it returned to Mr. W., and walking back into the office, with the air of successful pride, said, "Here it is, sir."

Mr. W., taking one look at the check, and then at the boy, said:

"Young man, come in here, you are just the one I have been looking for." And giving him a desk he set him at work.

In time our young friend advanced from clerk to partner, and from that to the head of the firm, and in time retired, in his riper years, full of wealth and honors.

The following epitaph, on a tombstone in a graveyard on the eastern shore of Maryland, touchingly commemorates the sad fate of a husband and the sorrow of his afflicted widow:

"Almira, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear Ike, who died of eating crab."

Motherly.—The San Francisco News Letter gives the following in reply to a correspondent: "Young Mother—Your little poem upon 'Baby' is a gem, and we regret that we have not space for so exquisite a tit-bit. If you have a fault it is the trifling one, common to all young writers, of sacrificing melody to hard sense. The third stanza is a striking instance:

Doxerty dookle-um dinkle-um dum,
Tum to its mozzery mozzery mum;
Tizzery izzery boozery boo,
No baby so sweet and so pitty as oo."

Curious remark of a little three-year-old, Down East: "There's two things I do 'spise—Sunday and dying."



YOU PLAY AND I'LL DANCE.

The Dog's Stratagem.—Mr. Snapp, a blacksmith, owns two dogs—one a terrier, four or five years old, the other half shepherd and half common cur, about twelve or fifteen years old, and consequently very feeble.

In the winter, between the hours for breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, these two dogs may always be seen perched up just far enough from Mr. Snapp's forge to escape the sparks, but still near enough to keep warm. I say between the hours of breakfast and dinner, because as soon as the time for dinner comes—which they know even better than the apprentices in the shop—they are both off at a full

run, each aiming to secure a space behind the warm kitchen stove which is only large enough for one dog at a time. Now, the terrier being the most active, almost always gains the coveted place, leaving the poor old dog out in the cold.

The old dog being thus left out in the cold one bitter cold day, put himself in a thinking attitude, and set his wits to work to devise means by which he could get the terrier out of the coveted place. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. Taking advantage of the good "watch-dog" qualities of the terrier, he made a feint towards the garden, barking furiously, as if some one was intruding at that point, when, true to his nature, out popped the terrier, not to make a feint, but to make a pell-mell rush for the extreme end of the garden, passing the old schemer just outside the kitchen door, who no sooner saw the terrier enter the garden than he popped too, not in the garden, but behind the warm kitchen stove, curled himself up and waited, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, for his friend, who no sooner made his appearance, and seeing the situation, than he tried exactly the same stratagem with the shrewd old dog, with as little success as if he tried to fly. Finding that to fail so signally, he in turn put his wits to work.

After disappearing in the garden a few moments, he made his appearance right in front of the kitchen door with a large bone in his mouth, and set to work on it as if he was enjoying it hugely.

Now, what dog could resist such a tempting sight? At least, the old fellow behind the stove could not, it is plain, for, sneaking cautiously out of his snug retreat, he made a sudden dash for the coveted bone, which he secured very easily—to the surprise of all, as the mystery was soon cleared up—for no sooner had he possessed himself of what he soon found to be nothing but an old dry bone they had both gnawed a hundred times, than the young rascal secured the warm retreat behind the stove—which he certainly deserved after displaying so much cunning—leaving the poor old fellow out again in the cold, there to contemplate the old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

Do You Hear That?—A New Orleans paper tells us of a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone with them to drink.

He did this for five years. He then looked at his bank account, and found that he had laid up five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents.

In five years he had not lost a day because of sickness. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had in the meantime become drunkards.

The water-drinker then bought out the office, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money he had laid aside a good many thousand dollars.

Housekeeping.

THE REASON WHY.

Why does boiling fast render meat hard?

Because the excessive action of heat causes the albumen of the meat to set solid, crisps up the fleshy fibers, and prevents heat having a gradual access to the interior.

Why, when a good soup or broth is required, should the meat be put into cold water?

Because, as the heat is developed very gradually, there occurs an intermixture between the juices of the flesh and the external matter. The soluble and savory parts of the meat escape and enrich the soup.

Why are stews generally healthful and digestible?

Because, being compounds of various substances, they contain all the elements of nutrition, and as the office of the stomach is to liquify solid food before digesting it, the previous stewing assists the stomach in this particular.

What causes the crackling noise when lard is put into a frying-pan?

Lard always contains some portion of water, and it is the expansion of this water into steam, forcing its way through the fat, which causes the crackling noise. The heat at which fat or oil boil is much greater than water. When the crackling ceases the water has been driven off from the fat, and when the fat begins to boil or bubble, its heat will be very high.

Why, in frying fish, should the fat or oil be made very hot before the fish are put in it?

Because, if the temperature is low when the fish is put into the frying-pan, it becomes sodden in the steam formed by its water, but if the oil is very much heated the water will be at once driven off, and the fish nicely browned by the scorching oil.

Why should fish or meat that is being fried be frequently turned?

Because the turning assists the evaporation of the water. When the fish or meat is allowed to lie too long, steam is generated under it, and the substance becomes sodden, and the moment the steam is driven off, the surface catches to the hot pan and becomes burnt and broken.

Why is broiled meat so juicy and savory?

Because the action of the fire, hardening its surface, seals up the pores through which the juices might escape. It acts in the same way that the sudden dip into boiling water does upon the joints of meat, but more effectually. To turn broiling meat, never use a fork, but tongs; a fork opens an escape for the juice, and wastes the best parts of the meat.

Why is cabbage rendered more wholesome and nutritious by being boiled in two waters?

Because, according to Dr. Paris, cabbage contains an essential oil, which is apt to produce bad effects; and he recommends that it should be boiled in two successive waters, and then it is soft and digestible.

To Make Good Busk.—One pint warm milk; half pint of yeast and flour to make a thick batter; when light, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter; add cinnamon or nutmeg, according to the taste, and flour to make them stiff as biscuit dough; let them remain till of a spongy lightness; then mold them into cakes of the size you mold biscuits; lay them on buttered tins; let them remain half an hour in a warm place before setting them in the oven; they should be baked quick; mix a half cup of sweet milk with a large teaspoonful of sugar, and rub over the tops as soon as baked with a cloth tied on the end of a stick.

Dyspepsia.—The following remedy for dyspepsia is said to be very effective in some cases: Sweet cream or milk, the richer the better; use as often as convenient. Whenever any burning or sour sensation at the stomach appears, drink half a pint of cream or sweet milk, and relief is evident. Make free use of it at meals. Total abstinence from the use of tobacco, coffee, strong drink, or anything very sour, must be strictly adhered to. Coffee being the worst of all things for dyspeptics, must be entirely avoided. Dyspeptics should always remember that as their troubles come from over-eating, or eating irregularly, or some abuse of the stomach, the matter of a limited diet of nourishing food, taken regularly, is quite as important as anything in the shape of medicine.

Medical Properties of Eggs.—The white of an egg has proved, of late, the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe pain, and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion, or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hen's eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed, and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

To Color Carpet Rags.—Take of sugar of lead and bichromate of potash each two ounces, dissolve in one half gallon of milk and warm water separately; into another vessel put two small bottles of common washing blue into one gallon of water. Dip your cotton or woolen rags, previously arranged in hanks, white of course, into the sugar of lead; wring dry and dip into the bichromate of potash; you will wring them out a lovely yellow. If you wish yellow, hang them up to dry in the house. Should you want a beautiful green, wring dry out of the potash and dip into the blue. All to be dried in-doors, as air and sun spots them. This will never fade, and if you could peep in my sitting-room you would ask no questions about its beautiful effect when woven. In order to get the rags all the same shade the hanks should all be put in at once. This quantity will color sufficient striping for forty yards. Try it.

Flour Pudding.—Pint of milk, two eggs, soda, salt, flour; stir to a thick batter; bake; serve with milk or cream prepared in this manner: put it on the stove in a pan; put in sugar and spices to taste, and pour it over the pudding after it is cut up; this is a very simple and good dish. Cold boiled rice, toast, or baked apples, served with this sauce, is very good. Dry light bread in this pudding in place of flour is also good.

Destroying Ants.—To rid cupboards and closets of small black ants, the following method is recommended by a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*: A chalk mark, at least half an inch in depth, around the upper edge of sugar buckets, barrels, &c, will not admit one ant into their interior. The same mark drawn on the edges of shelves will also prevent the approach of an ant, as they are not able to crawl over the chalk. But if they are numerous among jam and jelly pots take a large sponge, wet it in cold water, squeeze it nearly dry, and then sprinkle fine white sugar over it. Place it on the infested shelf, and next morning dip it quickly and carefully into a bowl of boiling water. I tried the experiment in my jelly closet last night, and killed at least a hundred this

morning. Have set the trap again, and shall continue to do so while one ant runs. Red pepper dusted over their haunts will also destroy them, but the sponge is the surest method.

Oil for Sewing Machines.—Kerosene oil will keep the parts of machinery in good running order, also from gumming, and will prevent portions of lint from collecting.

Painting Floors.—Flora Tremaine states in the *Country Gentleman* that having had some experience with both oiled and painted floors, she would unhesitatingly recommend the former. If some uniform dark tint is wanted, like black walnut, mix burnt umber with boiled linseed oil, and rub it in thoroughly with a woolen cloth. The umber can be bought in boxes containing a pound and upward, already ground in oil, which is most convenient, as that sold in a dry state is apt to be coarse and rough. The depth of tint is varied by using more or less of the color, while the tone may be warmed if desired by adding burnt sienna. If an imitation of the handsome ash and walnut floors is preferred, rub every alternate board with pure boiled oil, and use a paint brush to apply the dark staining, taking care not to have enough in the brush to spread on the part intended to be light. Leave the floor for a day or two to dry, though the only harm done by using it immediately is that the oil is liable to be tracked over other parts of the house. The great advantage an oil floor possesses over a painted one, is that when marked or scratched, some oil rubbed over the spots remove them, and it is never necessary to repeat the whole process again. All that is needed to keep the floor bright and fresh, is to occasionally rub it over with a cloth wet with a little oil or kerosene, as you would treat oiled furniture. A piece of old carpet or a newspaper may be spread before the entrances to other rooms for a few hours, to prevent the possibility of carrying away foot-prints, or the extra oil may be rubbed off with a dry woolen cloth. No doubt after a time our sensible American housewives, will, like their transatlantic sisters, discard the dusty carpets from all but a few rooms, and fashion will replace the extravagant Axminster by the no less expensive inlaid floors of various woods and patterns now winning their way into popular favor.

Raspberry Pudding.—Line the bottom of a very deep pudding dish with slices of bread moistened with sweet, creamy milk; cover with a thick layer of nice berries sprinkled with sugar. So fill to the top with alternate layers of bread and fruit. Cover with an inverted plate and bake until the fruit is cooked.

Severe Sore Throat.—Mash raw onions fine in a cloth, and apply them slightly warmed, as a poultice. Renew every half hour.

Superior Lemon Pies.—One lemon, one cup sugar, one egg, one-half cup milk; this quantity will be sufficient for two pies. Bake with top crust.

Rice Pancakes.—Boil half a pound of rice to a jelly. When cold, mix with it a pint of cream, four eggs, a little salt and nutmeg. Stir in eight ounces of butter, just warmed, and add as much flour as will make batter thick enough. Fry in as little lard as possible.

A Delicious Dish.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the places with stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and it is often useful for using small pieces of meat.

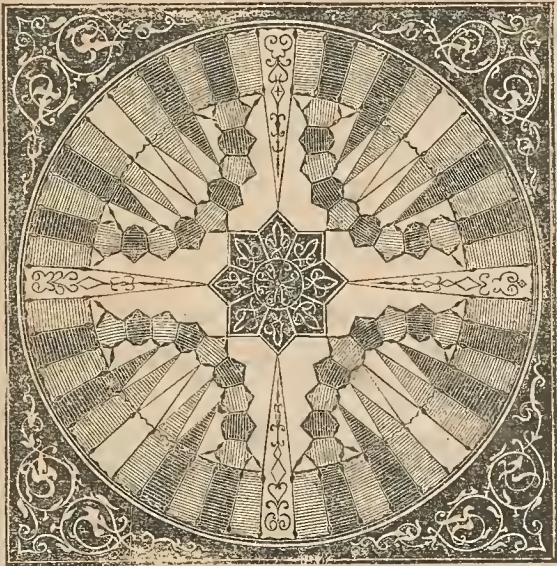
PREMIUM LIST OF HOUSEHOLD GAMES AND EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

BRADLEY'S GAMES.

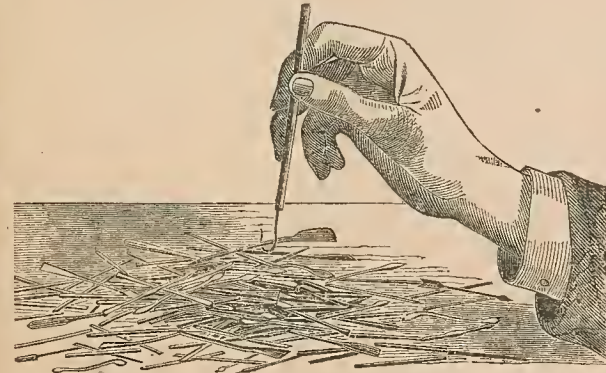


CRANDALL'S BUILDING BLOCKS can be made into forms of almost endless variety. The blocks are put up in neat, strong boxes, and a large sheet giving various designs of buildings, etc., accompanies each box. Sent by express, prepaid, only to points east of Mississippi River. Price, \$2.00. (Premium F. O. Q. U.)

CRANDALL'S MASQUERADE BLOCKS, making 300 different and beautiful combinations of block pictures, which are in very brilliant colors. They are not injured by washing, do not wear out, and afford endless amusement. Sent by mail, prepaid. Price, \$1.00. (Premium D. N. R.)



KAKEBA, or JAPANESE BACKGAMMON.—Combines the elements of chance and skill, and surpasses in interest the ordinary game of backgammon. It may be played with equal pleasure by 2, 3, or 4 persons, thereby rendering it very sociable and interesting. The board is unique and elegant in design, printed in oil-colors. Size, 18 x 18 inches. Price, \$1.25, postpaid. (Premium E. N. T.)



AMERICAN JACK STRAWS.—An old but capital family game, that has for many years been exceedingly popular. The materials we use are just right for the purpose, being not expensive or heavy, on the one hand, nor too frail on the other. The wood is durable and the game is exceedingly cheap. One of the most enticing games for young people ever invented. Price, 60 cents, sent by mail. (Premium B. L. R.)

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER-HOUSES. A perfect barometer. This invention represents a curious little man-instrument, which is also a perfect barometer, and will surely indicate the approach of a storm, and in such a simple and pleasing manner that any child can tell at a glance whenever there is to be a change in the weather. The little house is made of metal, is about 8 inches in height, handsomely painted and decorated, having two doorways, with a little man and woman in each entrance, and so arranged that the man is certain to walk out when it is about to storm, and just before the weather becomes pleasant again the lady walks out to enjoy it. These weather-houses are more ornamental and much more simple than ordinary barometers, and are warranted correct. Price, \$2.00 each, prepaid by mail. (Premium F. S. U.)



GAME OF MAGIC HOOPS.—Next to croquet, this has been proved by the favor of the public, the most popular active game ever offered. Sold rapidly at first sight when introduced, and grows still more popular as it is better understood. Can be played in the parlor or on the lawn with the same set, and is always full of interest. Price, \$2.75, sent by express. (Premium G. S. U.)



HORSMAN'S PARLOR CROQUET.—A capital and convenient way of playing croquet in-doors. May be used on any table, and is cheap, easy, and decidedly interesting. The very best form of playing croquet in the parlor. May be played by 2 or 4 persons.

No. 5. Full set of 8 balls and 8 mallets. Balls varnished; mallets fancy shaped, striped in colors; stakes and wickets nicely painted; heavy screw clamps for corners, and neat belt; all packed in a wooden box, with sliding lid. Price, \$3.00, sent by express at expense of receiver. (Premium G. S. U.)

No. 7. Popular set. Balls highly finished; mallets large and finely finished; extra quality stakes and wickets, handsomely finished; heavy screw clamps for corners, and belt of superior quality; packed in a handsome varnished box, with hinged lid. The most desirable set in market. Price, \$4.50, sent by express. (Premium H. V.)

MISCELLANEOUS GAMES.

The Parlor Kaleidoscope.—One of the most beautiful and useful ornaments for the household ever produced. Sure to furnish entertainment to both old and young. It is an unfailing source of amusement and instruction in every hour. One never tires of its beautiful, ever changing and inexhaustible variations, and none of the combinations are ever repeated. "It is such a pure and perfect source of delight to old and young of both sexes that no family in our whole land, or in the world, should be without one. It gives me hours of amusement every week." P. T. BARNUM.

Price, \$4.00, sent by express. (Premium J. W.)

Crispino.—An attractive and exciting game of skill for two, three, or four players, somewhat resembling backgammon, but much more interesting. It combines in one the best points of other board games, and having the advantage of being just difficult enough to require the exercise of a moderate degree of thought, it is equally attractive to both old and young folks. It is issued on a folding board, 18 x 18 inches, bound in fine cloth, gold lettered, the ground lithographed in five brilliant colors, accompanied by an elegant box containing the pieces used in playing, and complete directions and rules for the game. Price, \$2.00. (Premium F. S. V.)

Lozette.—A new game of tenpins, can be played on any table, carpet, or floor. Price, \$2.00. (Premium G. S. V.)

Solitaire.—Board, also, book containing seige game, fox and geese, and over 100 puzzles. Price, \$1.00. (Premium E. O. T.)

Parcheesi.—An old and popular game known all over the country. Price, \$2.00. (Premium G. S. V.)

Bezique.—An old English game, always liked. Price, \$3.00. (Premium H. V.)

The Spectograph.—A very novel and useful invention, by means of which, drawing can be easily and accurately executed, without any previous knowledge of the art being required on the part of the operator. Price, \$1.00. (Premium E. N. T.)

Running Rings.—A very ingenious construction, although simple to operate; is 14 inches long, and is made of 38 rings, doubly interlaced. Running the rings from the top to the bottom of this chain, without any being detached or falling off, is a great source of amusement to both old and young. The whole household will be amused with it. Price, 30 cents. (Premium B. L. R.)

Chess Croquet.—A very unique folding game. The design represents a checker-board arranged with wickets and ports, after the style of croquet on the lawn. Price, \$1.00. (Premium E. O. T.)

Chesseno.—A valuable game for children, easily learned. It has great attractions as a game for social pastime. It is innocent, instructive, and delightfully entertaining. Price, \$1.25. (Premium E. O. T.)

Game of Lotto.—Price, \$1.50. (Premium F. O. T.)

Avilude, or Game of Birds.—The gem of card games. A beautiful game, happily adapted to amuse and instruct children. In it are 32 beautiful pictures, and 32 scientific descriptions. It is the best possible incentive to the study of natural history, and the only game ever published in the interest of science. Thousands of children have been made happy and had stored up for them a whole winter of enjoyment and instruction by the present of a game of Avilude. Price, 75 cents, postpaid. (Premium D. N. R.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Unless specially mentioned "by express," all games are sent by mail, at no expense to receiver. Charges on goods sent by express must be paid by receiver.

See terms on page 3 as to explanation of premiums, and number of subscribers required to obtain them.



AMERICAN SQUALLS.—One of the jolliest games ever invented. Played on a common dining table by any convenient number of persons. The American rules, and improved construction of the game, have rendered it a favorite wherever known. They are made of light and dark wood. Price, 50 cents per set. (Premium R. L. R.)



THE GAME OF CAROMMETTE.—The game-board, 3 feet long and 1 foot wide, is covered with green cloth, neatly trimmed with black walnut, has a rubber cushion at one end and pockets at the other, and is provided with a cue, 5 balls, and 6 miniature ninepins. By an ingenious method of play, a very scientific and most interesting game is secured, in a form so compact that it is portable and convenient. Price, \$3.00, by express. (Premium F. S. V.)



THE ZOETROPE, or WHEEL OF LIFE.—A great wonder and curiosity. In this instrument, simple figures printed on slips of paper, become animated so that the movements of life are imitated in the most natural manner. It will afford the family circle and all the neighbors a very instructive amusement. It has enjoyed a wonderful popularity. Price, with 5 sets of pictures, \$8.50; with 3 sets of pictures, \$5.00; sent by express. (Premium J. W.)

BRADLEY'S CROQUET.

No. 6. Improved shape mallets, rock-maple heads and handles, and balls shellac polished. Patent socket bridges, painted; chestnut box, shellac finish; rover boot. The most satisfactory croquet for durability and convenience in playing, ever offered for this price. Price, \$10.00, sent only by express. (Premium K.)

No. 9. Rock maple mallets, oil finish; rock maple balls, oil finish; patent socket bridges, painted; chestnut box, plain; rover boot. A very fine and cheap game. Price, \$5.00, sent by express. (Premium I. W.)

SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

With much feeling and in perfect time.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me -
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will

faith we can see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing - place there.
 lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more— Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 of - fer the tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ing that hal - low our days!

CHORUS.

In the repeat diminuendo gradually to the end.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
 In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
 by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful

shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 shore; by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 shore, by and by, by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

THE LADIES' *Domestic* Almanac

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 33.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

CLIMBING VINES.

Out of the many varieties of ornamental climbers qualified for beautifying and decorating a home, I would choose the new *Tropæolum Majus*, King Theodore. The dark, crimsoned blossoms and bluish-green foliage of this strikingly beautiful variety deserves of a place among the household pet plants; or, for creeping along the sides, and overarching the window garden, to say nothing of its utility for creeping over out-door arbors and screens in summer. It commences to bloom while yet very small, and displays a vigor, unexcelled by anything of the kind I have yet seen, in continuing an uninterrupted array of blossoms during the whole summer. The stem is thick and strong, attaining a height of from ten to twelve feet in a single season, and branches thickly into masses of leaves, flower peduncles and side branches. The flower is trumpet-shaped, with dark, crimson-colored petals, that run into a stem at the base, leaving a void space between the stems that is filled up by the upright calyx. The lower edge of the petals spread into a furze, like threads delicately fringed, and extending half way across the interior; calyx tinted with various colors on the outside, and pressed tightly against the petals. The inside base is yellow, shaded with crimson and tinted with dark markings; pistil dark, with an inclination to bend towards the peduncle; stigma pale-white, large and oblong, pressing against the calyx, and sometimes forcing that portion of the trumpet to yield before it; leaves large, and of a bluish-green color, with numerous veinings of a pale-green, and very distinct.

There is no need of flues, nor steam pipes, humid atmospheres, glass houses, or any of the other scientific or artificial modes to propagate this plant from cuttings. My practiced and very successful



RUSTIC FLOWER-STAND FOR THE LAWN.

method is simply this: "Cut off some of the many side branches, and make cuttings three or four inches long; commence at the cut end and clean the leaves totally off two-thirds the length of the cutting; prepare a small bed of fine sandy soil in a cool, shady place, out-doors, and sink the cuttings therein; water immediately, so that the soil may settle around the cuttings; keep the soil moist—not too wet—and sprinkle the leaves occasionally, so that the vitality of the cutting may be refreshed." This will also prevent them from drying out by evaporation, and aid nature to repair an injury. Cuttings of this kind will strike root very promptly, in pans, pots, or boxes in the house in winter, if judiciously attended to. The temperature should be a little higher for this purpose than is ordinarily used for house plants.

None of the other trailing or creeping plants gives me more satisfaction than this new *Tropæolum*. When massed together in vases or rock works, it forms a truly prolific and peculiar forest of foliage, and blossoms in the most approved manner. Possessing, as it does, the rare capacities of domesticating itself in winter to the house, window garden, or greenhouse, it can be directed at will to either droop or creep. The soil to grow this plant in should not be very rich. I find it to thrive beautifully in a mixture of fibrous-rooted loam and sand.

GURTHUNACRA.

To Destroy Worms in Pots.—The most successful plan that I have found, is to remove the plant, wash its roots in warm water; let it remain in water till the pot is refilled with earth well heated, so as to kill all the worms or eggs that may be laid within the soil. Wash the pot in water, warm enough to kill all that may adhere to it.

MRS. R. F. PHILLIPS.

Floral Contributions.

IN-DOOR FLORICULTURE.

I have no particular strait-jacket rules by which I manage my plants, but should judge from appearances in general they were very well satisfied with my kind of treatment. There have been instances, however, where some have rebelled and shown a will of their own, or at least a sensitive nature that must not be trifled with too far. I have found by sad experience that experimenting with guano-water to any great extent was detrimental to many kinds, also that ammonia and Geraniums were somewhat at variance.

It is quite a mystery to me how young amateurs can read a Floral Guide and then have courage to make a start in Floriculture. I feel that I have every reason for thanking my mother that she "set me a going" about the first thing after the cradle was abandoned, with my "itty fowdies," for I am sure had I waited until I could read, my courage would have gone down to the sticking-point forthwith.

The soil I use is not the elaborate preparation prescribed by most horticultural books and papers, but simply well rotted turf from the field, with a free admixture of manure and pulverized charcoal—as a good old farmer told me one day, "The more manure you put in the better, if you don't git in too much," and if you want a healthy plant with a brilliant blossom don't be sparing of charcoal. Foliage plants are an exception to others and require a poorer soil, and should never be allowed to blossom—partial shade is also preferred to bright sunshine.

I once had quite a fancy for large pots—supposed, when I got a new slip, if it were ever going to attain the height of one and a half or two feet, it must necessarily have a pot nearly as large as all out-doors, that it might have plenty of room to "spread itself," and obviate the unpleasant task of potting over, which might disturb the roots; but experience, lack of room for seventy or eighty such little dishes, and writings upon floriculture, have taught me that the smaller the pot the greater will be the abundance of bloom. I think my Abutilon was a very good test last winter on that question. I knew the pot was full of roots, also that the top was full of blossoms, and thinking of course it could not bloom at that rate always, I let it beautifully alone, until at last the roots held a consultation and finally went on an exploring expedition over the surface—they prowled about, crossing and recrossing until they had manufactured quite a nice cover of rustic lacework, and thinking probably there was nothing more for them to do there, peeped over the edges of the pot, as if deliberating whether it were best to make an overland route to the floor or not. I don't know what other people may think, but I think when our plants show a tendency to take root in the carpet it is high time something were done for them. But my Abutilon was a beauty at one end and a curiosity at the other, and who can blame me for not wishing to disturb it. There was no time but you could count thirty buds and blossoms and from that to over sixty. For beverage I used hen manure water and one or two drops of ammonia every week.

(Stick a pin here, please.) That nothing so conduces to failure with plants as neglecting to wash them—it will starve to death, choke to death, and breed all manner of vermin from an aphid to a spider an inch across. There seems to be a differing in opinions, however, as regards the proper time this operation should be performed, but I think any time is better than not to wash them at all. One says, "Never wet your plants at night, for like humanity they require

rest, and night is the proper time." Very well, not knowing any better than to do so, I will admit that, and contend that there is enough *more* of humanity about them to require a presentably clean foliage, and enough water to keep them from being dry, or they will look in the morning about as I did once after celebrating the fourth all day and fighting bedbugs all night—"kiuder gin out." If it is hurtful, what a prodigious old fool Dame Nature has been through all these thousands of years to send her shower-clouds skipping about nearly every evening to give the little beauties that are in her care their refreshing baths. I fail to see any good result from pelting them with hailstones, as she did the other night, though.

Others contend, if you sprinkle while the sun is shining upon them it will cause the leaves to blister. Let those who have experienced ill effects by so doing abstain in the future, or drop muslin or lace curtains between them and the window until they have become somewhat dry. I prefer morning, not that I think it best for the plants, but because I like that such work be done at that time, and if done after sweeping and dusting they will not accumulate enough after that to do any injury whatever, unless you have an uncommonly dirty family. Washing-day I look upon as the day of all the week the best for plants, and I wish all who are not in the habit of doing so already would try the experiment of giving their plants a good thorough ducking in their dirty suds, the dirtier the better; then rinse them in clear water, and if it doesn't make them laugh they belong to a very different breed from mine. When they are replaced by the window, the side that was to the light before should be turned in, thereby giving the other the benefit of the sun, and the pot should set low enough to escape the rays, as heating the roots is anything but beneficial to them. Those who have shelves up in the full glare of the sun should shade them in some way. Lambrequins, if tastefully made, are nice as anything I know of, besides being very ornamental, and just as you are going they work in wonderfully well where people are troubled with unsightly pots—handleless teapots with snout knocked off, for instance.

I like changes, and judge my plants by myself, so one week treat them to manure-water, another to bone burned and pulverized, pulverized charcoal, ammonia to those that like it, a bit of wood ashes, tobacco tea, tea and coffee left from the table—never have given them any intoxicating liquors yet, don't know but I may—and all the juice that runs out of fresh meat I can get.

Green flies, red spiders, black mites and all such company as insist upon having greens served up to them daily, are not in the habit of visiting me often, but when they do, I just mix a little Paris green in their bathing water, the result of which is an immediate French leave. If I were troubled with vermin as some people are, I should abandon all other plants and make a specialty with the cactus family; I have six or eight different kinds and as yet have never seen an insect upon one of them; I have allowed them to remain in the same dirt over three years, some have been frozen, stood the heat at 90° like heroes, have allowed them to dry up until they looked like delapidated old maids; in fact I believe they will bear any insult or injury you can heap upon them, with the patience of a Chinaman, excepting an overplus of water, and that they won't stand, will die first—Lobster-claw and Rattail excepted. But they are wonderful nice for lazy people, and I like them for oddity, for their beautiful blossoms, and more than all the rest I like them because they require so little attention; like Jeff. Davis, all they want is to be let alone. I

have one just out of bloom that I should think might be a Lily Cactus, as the blossom was just like a Lily, only twice as large as any I ever saw; it measured eight inches and seven-eighths across, had a tuft of long silken looking stamens hanging down the inside nearly as large as your finger; the color was a brilliant dazzling scarlet, and hanging down close beside a pure white Calla, the contrast was very striking.

My treatment for them is no treatment at all, scarcely, until they commence a growth, then I water freely with rain or snow water, with a few drops of ammonia in it, once a week—two or three drops of the concentrated to a quart of water—and put bone burned and pulverized on top of the dirt. All the varieties I have blossom freely, Turks Head not to be excepted, but I never should keep one of those fellows a great while for the sake of its blossom; here they are called Old Bachelor's Heart, and I keep mine to tease a couple of unapproachables that are so unfortunate as to be in my acquaintance. MARION.

[NOTE.—A capital letter. We hope for more "all-spice" from Mariou.]

LILIES.

In the Spring of 1873 I purchased a bulb of *Lilium Auratum*; planted and attended it with great care. It grew tall and slender, but did not bloom. I kept it in the cellar during the winter. This Spring I repotted without disturbing the roots. Again it came up, about as slender as a pipestem, with several smaller ones around it, which I cut off, leaving only one besides the main stalk. When about three inches high, our cat—named Lily—ate off the top. I first thought it was ruined, and was about to cut it off even with the ground, but concluded to let it grow. After a few weeks I was delighted to see a bud. Watching it with anxious care, one day, when the bud was almost ready to open, I found a number of small grasshoppers on it. By watching closely I soon found they came up from the soil near the stem. I dug it away down to the roots and found they were thick. I put a few drops of spirits of ammonia in water and poured in, until they ceased to make their appearance (after taking out and killing all I could). I then filled up the hole with rich loam and sand, sprinkled with weak ammonia water, leaf, bud and soil, and awaited further developments. Early in the morning, May 19th, it began to open, and before night it more than fulfilled our most sanguine expectations. The half has not been told in describing its beauty—it must be seen to be fully appreciated. For many days friends came to see "the beautiful Lily." I now feel I would not be willing to be without a *Lilium Auratum*. Though the weather is so very warm my plants are doing finely, but I have had a severe battle with little white worms in the pots. I have conquered by the use of spirits of ammonia in water. Was never troubled with them before. I have tried again and again to raise *Angelonia Grandiflora* from seed, but have never succeeded. Can some one tell me why? It is said to grow freely from seed.

I have a Lily, the leaf is like plantain. It grew very large last Summer, bloomed beautifully, very fragrant, perfume much like Tuberose, and blooms along the stalk like it. It is pure white. Said to be hardy, though I kept mine in the cellar last winter. Requires a great deal of water. Will some of the readers of the CABINET please tell me the name?

I have purchased Sweet Violets several times—they all start to grow, then die. I have tried them in various ways. What is the trouble? The LADIES' FLORAL CABINET is a great benefit to me; I would be glad if it came every week. AUNT CARRIE.

Gossip with Flower Lovers.

Gourds.—Will Aunt Carry tell us how to cultivate the acquaintance of the Gourd family? What soil do they require, and do they like the sun or shade? I would really like to cultivate them if I knew how. Of my earliest recollections is one of seeing some and wondering how they grew. My aunt used them for dippers; the long neck which they had, as a handle, and having a hole cut in one side and bound with cloth, made a very nice rain-water dipper, and if I remember rightly, they lasted months, if not years.

Cannas.—I would like to tell my experience with the Canna. Last year, in March, I had some Canna seed given me. I poured boiling water on them and let them soak about a day, then planted them in a flower jar and put them on the flower stand with my house plants, and gave them the same care. Every seed germinated, and by the first of June, I had strong, healthy plants to set out. They grew finely all summer. I had heard of keeping their roots in the cellar during the winter. I tried it, but did not succeed. Will some one who has succeeded state through your columns just how it is done? and also how Geraniums that have been hung up by their roots in the cellar are to be treated in the spring? I have kept them through the winter, but they looked in the spring as though they were dead. Were they, or is there some way to resurrect them?

Dahlias.—I wonder if your readers have good success with Dahlias? I do. And as they are a plant that gives so much pleasure for so little trouble, I would like to state my manner of treating them. On the first day of May I plant my bulbs in boxes and put them before a west window in my woodshed. Water them as they need it. By the first of June they are ready to set out in the ground, which I consider to be early enough here in Michigan. I have my beds for them spaded deep and well muled. Two or three weedings will keep them free from weeds, but my experience with all plants is, that pays to cultivate them, keeping the dirt well loosened about their roots, and if it is a dry time, giving them a good supply of water on wash days, or any day you have the water to spare. This year my Dahlias were in blossom by the fourth of July, and will continue to blossom until frost comes, and longer, if you will take the precaution to cover them on frosty nights. By protecting them you can sometimes keep them a month or so longer. In the fall I leave the bulbs to ripen as long as there is no danger of the ground freezing. When I take them up I leave them in a warm place for a few days to dry, then wrap each bulb separately in papers, and as my cellar is damp, I place them on the top shelf of a high cupboard, looking at them occasionally during the winter to see that they are all right. I have never lost any except once, and then frost came early and unexpectedly, so that I did not get them up until the ground had been frozen once. I treat Gladioli in the same manner, excepting I do not start them in the house, but plant them in the ground when I set out my Dahlias. I first set out my Dahlia bulbs entire, and separate them when I transplant to the garden. Has any one any experience in separating them before they are sprouted, and how is it done?

Geraniums.—Will some one tell me the trouble with my Geraniums? they seem to be blighted—the leaves scurl up, turn black and fall off, leaving nothing but the stalks. The trouble has made its appearance on my Fuchsias, and they are sharing the

same fate. I have tried many remedies suggested in your paper, but fail to hit upon the right one. Can some one tell me how to restore them to their natural growth again?

MRS. CHARLES FISH.

Answer.—Most likely red spider, if not that, too dry and hot an atmosphere. Geraniums should be kept cool, and Fuchsias warm and moist.

Moss Roses.—Will you tell me, through the CABINET, the best method of treating Moss Roses, and the Madam Plantier Rose?

A. C. H.

Answer.—Plant your Roses in a good strong soil, made very rich with well rotted cow manure, in any good sheltered situation in the lawn or border; in springtime cut out the old wood.

Remedy for Insects.—Please give your readers my remedy for insects of every kind on plants. Water slightly sprinkled with coal oil (to give it an odor only) to be used directly on the leaves when bugs or worms are found.

JENNIE.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—Oil of any description is also death to plants. Be careful.]

Leaf-Mould.—I observe, in nearly all articles on plant cultivation, that leaf-mould being an essential, I have wondered how my plants could grow, thrive, yes, and blossom without it. Leaf-mould being an article not to be had in this part of the country, the soil being very sandy, I mix it with one-third well rotted cow manure, and it seems to answer very well; but I keep my plants clean from dust, sprinkle often, and give them plenty of air and light, and very warm water.

NEVADA.

Quassia Tea.—Quassia tea will keep bugs from eating Aster flowers.

MRS. SARAH FAIRCHILD.

Brackets.—Will some one tell us how to manufacture brackets for home purposes—some designs for wax flowers, fruit made of wax, etc.

MRS. E. W. JONES.

Rhododendron.—What shall I do with my Rhododendron to make it grow? I speak for myself as well as my neighbors. A year ago last fall an agent for plants called a second time, assuring me that my neighbors insisted that I would surely wish to give him an order. The Rhododendron, a plant I knew nothing about, he had finely pictured out, and urged me to invest. I, thinking to rid myself of his importunities, made him an offer so far below his price that I thought he would see I had no intentions of purchasing; but, contrary to my expectations, he took me up, and said he could send my plant as soon in the spring as danger from frost was over, assuring me he had never sold one so cheap, and that I made a great bargain. In the spring came my plant, and out of my purse two dollars. I set it out, and there it is, with thirty leaves on it, no more, no less—has not blossomed. The agent assured me it was very easy to cultivate; I could take it up, place it on my dinner table when in blossom, and replace it without injury to the plant or blossom, and that it would blossom all summer. Mine is a fair specimen of many more I see in yards about the place. Whether they all got them as exceedingly cheap as I did, I do not know. I protected mine during the winter. Will some one make known, through your columns, whether this plant can be grown out of doors successfully, and made to blossom here in Michigan, and how? I used to wonder how nurserymen and florists could afford to publish catalogues, and distribute as lavishly as many do; but now I wonder they can or could have succeeded at all without, for one soon tires of spending their money on that which comes to naught, for it is not every one who is a natural florist, however much

they may love flowers; for, unless they have made it their especial study, they cannot tell what peculiar treatment each variety of plant or seed requires; but, with a catalogue giving you particular instructions about each plant, it is comparatively an easy matter to succeed, and you are so well paid for your care that you are desirous to invest again. But I think my poor little Rhododendron must have been sadly neglected, for, in my books, papers and catalogues, I do not see any directions regarding its care. But the FLORAL CABINET may not have been remiss in its duty. As I have not been very long familiar with its pages I cannot tell.

MRS. S. G. S.

Feuton, Mich.

Novelties in Flowers.—If I possess a passion for any one particular thing, it is a novelty in the flower line. To be sure I love all the flowers, from the big round-faced Sunflower to the modest Daisy, but I cannot take the interest in them that I can in those with which I am unfamiliar. With a novelty it is even a satisfaction to me to open the prized packets and examine the seed. After having planted, with how much interest do I watch their appearance from the time of germination to the unfolding of the buds. They are a source of intense pleasure. I receive, annually, catalogues from a dozen seedsmen, and in them I find many novelties, and, of course, order them forthwith. Often I am very sadly disappointed; they fail to fill my expectations, and are eclipsed by old, common flowers, occupying a retired place in the garden. Last spring I sent to James Vick for seed of the Celosia Japonica, or Japan Cockseomb; received five precious seed, for which I paid fifty cents; description, "leaf, stalk and bloom intense scarlet." Succeeded in obtaining one plant. The leaves remained green all summer; then, when "autumn's glow was on the leaf," I noticed a reddish tint on the leaves of my Celosia, and with it came a heavy frost which blighted it. Its flowers were not so handsome as those of the common variety. The Amaranthus Salicifolius, or Fountain Plant, a novelty of 1872, was also a failure. I have several novelties in Lilies which I will tell you about next. I shall still order and grow new flowers as fast as they are presented, and do not expect to grow weary.

Jeffersonville, Ind.

M. A. LINE.

Calla Lilies.—I have read a great deal about the Calla Lily, and how to successfully grow them. This spring I ordered one from a worthy florist. When the bulbs came I put them in boxes, but they did not succeed there; then being fortunate enough to have an oval or round fish globe, I took a four-inch porous pot, this I filled with sand in which I placed the bulbs, then filled my fish globe with water (rain water is the best) and set the pot in the top of the globe, letting about one half the pot be immersed in the water. Then for ornament you can have shells of any kind in the globe. And oval globes magnify, which will give shells or rock different shapes or sizes when viewed from different sides. My Lily has grown in this pot more in one week than it would have done in the box in six weeks. I never heard of any one doing so until I tried it myself. I have seen them growing entirely under water in greenhouses.

Indianola, Ill.

MRS. MARY E. NEWKIRK.

Water Lily.—(Nymphaea Odorata.) Have been searching for six months for above plant without avail; where can they be procured?

PAUL DE VERGES.

Answer.—See article in this number on Aquatic Plants, by Mrs. S. E. Byers, Clear Creek Station, Texas, who is the grower.

Floral Decorations.

ORNAMENTAL GOURDS, &c.

B. L., of South Carolina, is correct in her assertion. Yes, the "Aunt Carry" of the CABINET did promise her relatives to tell them a few modes for forming Gourd Vases and Baskets. Our Editor, too, added his polite acquiescence below the offer, and last month should have seen the promise fulfilled, but alas! as the French proverb is translated, "Man proposes but God disposes," and the last number of our paper found me laid up high, with the footboard of a bedstead before my eyes, instead of the beauties of my Gourd Arbor! It is not too late, B. L., to give you my directions, however, as your Gourds are still only in a green state, I presume, as mine are; although you live farther south, and probably have forwarded them more, still if a hotter place than the stretch of prairie between Hannibal and St. Joseph is to be found on this terrestrial sphere this side of the Desert of Sahara, I do not long nor hanker to live in that neighborhood. But to proceed with our chat upon Gourds. If you have on your vines either the Bottle Gourd (called also the Calabash), the *Argyrosperma*, or any other with long curved necks, like the legs of a centre-table, fasten these together with pliable wire (first touching the parts which come in contact with stiff glue), and with a sharp knife cut a circular hole in the large part, extracting seeds, dried pulp, etc. Ornament each edge with small Gourds, the Gooseberry or small Egg-shaped, fastened on by piercing holes through them and the apertures of the large ones. These form the feet. Upon them place a Flat-Corsican or a Bishop's-head, cutting apertures and excavating all the gourds, in order to form receptacles for flowers, vines, etc. Then fasten together four long Hercules' Club for the upright portion, passing stiff, heavy wire one yard long through each (turning the ends of wire over with piers), which holds the gourds perfectly firm; now fasten these four closely together, ornament the feet and this stem of the stand with small gourds, such as the Snake Cucumber (*Cucumis Flexuosus*), *Cucurbita Longissima*, New Miniature, *Cucurbita Luceutha*, Pear-shaped, small Lemon or Egg-shaped. Having the four Hercules' Club cut flat upon top, fasten very securely the flattest Flat Corsican you have on top, and upon this a large *Lagenaria Gigantea*, which will probably hold from two to four gallons of soil. Fill it and all the gourds you see proper to excavate. You may ornament as highly as possible with the small, bright sorts, *Grossulasia* and others, by passing wire through them as explained and arranging in tiers (a large one at top and gradually growing smaller like a fringe) around the large gourds or wherever fancy dictates. Varnish the whole with copal if you desire the stand dark, or with Demar varnish if you prefer to retain the bright shades of the many-tinted gourds.

You may imagine how many and varied the articles that can be formed thus—hanging baskets, etc., by using a large gourd and ornamenting with small ones. A pretty one is made thus: with a large flat gourd (properly cleansed of seed, etc.) form the basin, making

a pretty bottom of three Bottle Gourds, and putting an edge of *Cucumis Anguria* and *Mile Chito*, also *Cucurbita Digitata* and Egg-shaped, with small Gooseberry strung for suspension cords on strong wire. Another pretty ornament for a bracket is the Cornucopia Vase, a pair of which, filled with a graceful vine or bouquets of cut flowers, look equal to the bronze ones of the shops (if not examined too closely). The process is as follows: Having cleaned a pair of the Bottle Gourds, with large bowls and curved necks, by cutting a circular hole in the side or end of the large part, taking out the seed and scraping off all the soft dry pulp, with a strong needle and thread fasten an edge

with the large one at bottom. Unless one has seen this improvement they can form no idea of the beauty of this second vase when filled with *Keulworth Ivy* or other delicate trailer. To form a basket of gourds I cut sections from large ones, passing them across as handles, or at the sides in small arches. The edges of all gourd baskets or vases may (if preferred) be cut in points or scallops as a finish.

C. S. J.

SIEMPRE VIVA.—MOCKING BIRDS.

A. M. H. wants some information in regard to the *Siempre Viva*; also, Mrs. E. R. Owens in regard to treatment of Mocking Birds, hence I take the liberty of addressing you. There are two plants called in Mexico "*Siempre Viva*," one of which is propagated by cuttings, as, although it sometimes blooms, I have never seen any one succeed in ripening seed. The flowers are a pinkish red, and quite insignificant; its only beauty is that it is always a bright green. I think that it belongs to the same class of plants with the common "*Live for Ever*" of the Eastern States. "*Siempre Viva*" is Spanish, and literally translated means "*Live for ever*," or "*Ever living*." The other plant which bears the name of "*Siempre Viva*" is a species of moss or lichen which is found upon the rocks in Mexico and between this place and San Antonio, Texas. It dries up, falls to the ground, and is blown by the wind till it reaches a moist place, and then unfolds its leaves, which, from a dirty brown, become a rich dark green. They make a very handsome ornament for the sitting-room mantle. Their greatest recommendation is that you can take them from the water and in a few hours they are dry enough to be packed away for future use.

This is the native home of the Mocking Bird, and as we have had them for many years, can give some items in regard to food. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg should be given twice a week. Once or twice a week the bird should have raw beef minced fine after the fat has been taken from it. For green food we give Purslane. Their general diet is coarse corn meal mixed with a little red pepper (not Cayenne) wet to a dough with cold water. No cake or sweet food other than bits of ripe fruit. Apples are also good for an occasional change.

We have a great variety of Cactus growing wild here. They prove very hardy, standing frosts which kill grape vines. I have fourteen varieties, and as soon as I can I intend to increase my collection. I have a large "*Pitahaya*," or Turk's Head Cactus, which at one time had one hundred and fifty bright

cherry blossoms, each fully two inches in diameter. Another of the same species has a large rose-colored blossom, semi-double, as large as a tea-cup. But I could not describe all. Most persons give them rich soil, which is as great a mistake as to give much water. They require a sandy, rocky soil, and need not be watered more than twice a week.

Where can I find the old-fashioned White Rose of our grandmother's time? Who can tell me? I have looked in vain through long catalogues. If any of your subscribers have it and will exchange for varieties of Cactus I should be pleased to hear from them.

Las Cruces, New Mexico.

R. H. BLAKE.



GROUP OF SWEET WILLIAMS.

of the bright, tiny Gooseberry Gourds around the aperture. Select a flat, dish-shaped gourd, or the half of a round one, for a foundation, and with stiff glue fasten the Cornucopia firmly upon it. Varnish with liquid bronze.

A pretty hanging basket is made by preparing one of the Bowl Gourds, and ornamenting as described above, fasten smaller ones (cutting off about one-third at bottom), graduating them so that the vase or basket may look symmetrical, with a pointed Lemon or Mock Orange at the bottom. Having fastened suspension cords, hang a smaller gourd of rather bell-shape about midway within the cords, ornamenting to correspond

Ornamental Cottages.

DESIGN FOR COTTAGE.

The illustration of cottage, which we present this month, is taken from a design by C. Arthur Totten, architect of this city, and is intended for a small cottage or suburban residence. The exterior appearance of the house is decidedly tasty, while the interior arrangement is exceedingly convenient and sensible. A wide hall runs through the house, having a door in the rear, the main entrance being from a veranda. To the right are the dining room, 12 by 12 feet; and kitchen connecting, 12 by 11 feet. To the left is the parlor, 12 by 12 feet, with a large closet behind. The china closet is in the hall under the stairs. On the second floor are three bed rooms, of same size as the rooms beneath; and in the front part of the hall is a large closet for linen. The roof should be of slate, in fancy patterns, and the siding laid in perpendicular lines for the upper part of the gables, the euds being cut in an ornamental pattern. The gables over the dining room and kitchen are filled in with a timber arch and brackets, the edges chamfered, the framing below showing half timbered. The gable over the parlor is obtuse, with ornamental brackets and panels, as before. The gables have finials, and dining room window, a projecting hood, with supporting brackets. The chimneys are carried up with projections in pressed brick. The effect of the whole is exceedingly pleasing, and the estimated cost of the building is only \$2,200.

THE DICENTRA SPECTABILIS AS A WINDOW PLANT.

We suppose comparatively few ladies have ever thought of the rare excellence of this old garden favorite (commonly called Bleeding Heart) as a window flower. It is not only graceful in outline, easy in care and vigorous in growth, but most attractive in flower. If one of our readers will but take up a fine large root of this, just as the frost begins to harden the ground, put it in a large box with plenty of rich, well-drained earth, water regularly and place it on a window stand, it will grow and bloom most charmingly. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, after a first trial of it, writes enthusiastically as follows: I have been surprised and gratified at my success with it, the bloom being much finer than I have ever seen it in

the open air. It is easily managed—pot it in autumn, place it in the cellar, and before midwinter it will begin to grow; then bring it to a sunny window, and in a very short time it will be in full bloom; when the flowers fade, carry it to the cellar again. It possesses, as this shows, a great advantage over plants that must be kept in a warm room all the season and coaxed into flowering. Any one who sees a fine specimen of the *Dicentra* at this season with its abundant, long, drooping racemes of rose-colored blossoms, will conclude that it is as desirable as anything we can get for winter in our country homes. Being common it is within the reach of all, and any one who cares enough for flowers to cultivate them would do well to try it.

Another correspondent of *The Tribune*, captivated with the idea, says: As soon as I read the paragraph, the day being mild, I went to some roots I have growing on the south side of my house, where, being sheltered, they always commence growing and bloom much earlier than in more exposed positions. I found buds already started an inch, and some two inches long, though not above ground. I placed a fine root

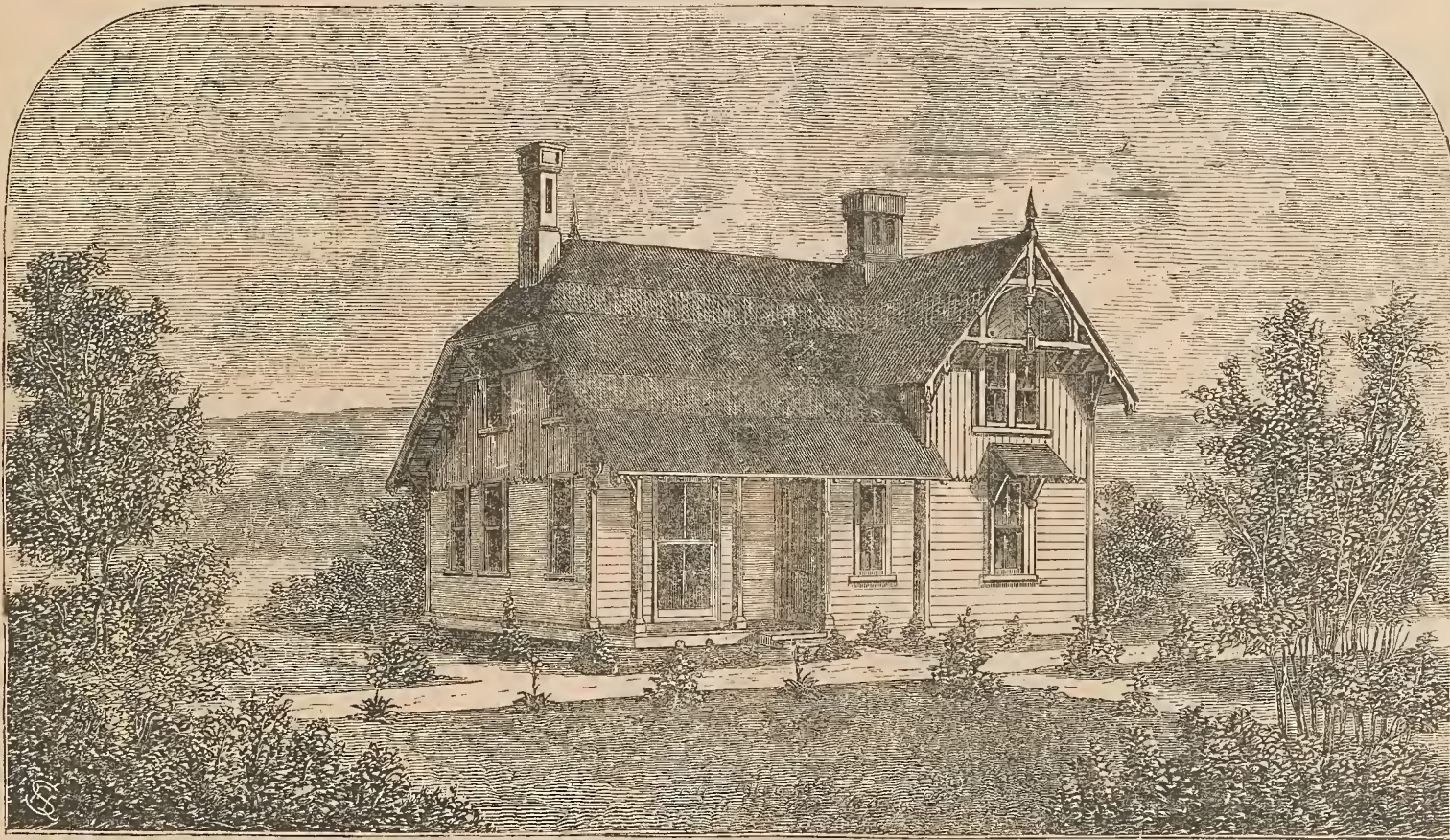
low me to say that I have long thought the name had reference to the pinked, scalloped, or fringed edge, which I think all Pinks have. The Clove Pink is so called, it seems to me, more on account of its shape being similar to the clove than for any similarity in odor. It has a delightful fragrance of its own. They are indeed of the sweetest of flowers. Another fragrant flower is the Musk Mallow, which I have not noticed among your annuals or perennials. It is pretty both in the leaf and flower, and very easy of cultivation. I think it deserves a place in every garden or collection of flowers.

MRS. ANNA R. KOONS.

Amaryllis.—Will Miss Anna Griscom give in the CABINET the results of her experience with *Amaryllis Crinum Amabile*, with reference to soil, sunshine, rest and time of blooming? Mine thrives luxuriantly, but has not yet blossomed.

L. M. McFARLAND.

Oxalis.—During a prolonged illness last spring many of my plants were neglected, and I thereby lost my entire collection of *Oxalis* among the number, much to my regret, as the whole family are great favorites of mine—they are such graceful, pretty plants, and so constant and easy of culture withal. The sorts I named as being of the same kind, or rather answering the description given by Mr. Vick, grows wild in this locality, but a long drought of eight weeks (we have not had a soaking rain since May 20) has burned up even our magnificent prairie weeds and the *Oxalis* with the rest; whether



DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE.

in rich earth, in a seven-inch pot, and set it in a sunny south window in my dining room, where I expect soon to see it the crowning glory of the room. There are several other plants easily forced, and equally fine for in-door decoration, not new, but all might not think of them. Among which I would mention the *Astilbe Japonica*, sometimes called the *Spiraea Japonica*, which is one of the most charming plants we have in cultivation, particularly desirable for button-hole bouquets; also the Madeira Vine, and Lily of the Valley. Several roots of the latter should be dug and placed evenly together, then holding them close in the hand, tie around them a strip of bark, or thin cloth cut bias, then pot them and treat as we do Hyacinth bulbs in pots. Some one has suggested placing a thin covering of river sand over the tops of all pots of house-plants. I have tried it, and find it an excellent plan. It looks neat, and prevents the surface from hardening.

Pink.—In the last number of the FLORAL CABINET a lady speaks of Pinks, and thinks it inappropriate to call them by that name unless the color is pink. Al-

low me to say that I have long thought the name had reference to the pinked, scalloped, or fringed edge, which I think all Pinks have. The Clove Pink is so called, it seems to me, more on account of its shape being similar to the clove than for any similarity in odor. It has a delightful fragrance of its own. They are indeed of the sweetest of flowers. Another fragrant flower is the Musk Mallow, which I have not noticed among your annuals or perennials. It is pretty both in the leaf and flower, and very easy of cultivation. I think it deserves a place in every garden or collection of flowers.

Rose Cuttings.—Please inform me what is the best season for putting out cuttings of Roses. Whether the old wood or new growth should be used. I have heard that they should be set out early in March, and then again have been told the new growth should be used, setting the slips out in pure sand in June. Again, some persons say it is a good plan to put them in the open ground in the fall, about October, and protect them through the winter, in which case, I have been told, they will nearly always grow in the spring. I love flowers dearly, but have only commenced cultivating them recently, and am anxious to stock my little garden well with Roses, and cannot afford to buy a great many, but can obtain a plenty of cuttings from my friends.

M. B. J.

Answer.—Rose cuttings do best put in clean sand about the first of March, but will strike root freely at any time when your wood can be had. It is the condition of the wood that is of the greatest importance.

Answers to Correspondents.

Begonias.—I enclose a leaf and flower of Begonia, of which I would like to know the particular kind; it has been covered with flowers for two months, and presented a beautiful appearance. 2. What treatment does the Cyclamen require during the summer, and at what time should they be repotted in the fall for winter blooming? What plants would thrive in hanging baskets which have all the afternoon sun? I have already received my first number, but I would like thee to forward the others as soon as possible.

S. A. S.

Answer.—1. Hybridia Multiflora. 2. Plant in a shady situation in the border, take up the latter part of September, and pot in dry rich mold mixed with equal parts of coarse gravel or broken pots about the size of peas. 3. Dracaenas, Cyperus, Ivies, Lycopodium, Saxifragas, Hydrangea variegata, Liriodendron and some of the more hardy ferns.

Ardisia.—Can you inform me what treatment is needed for Ardisia? I had three seeds given me by an agent selling flowers and fruit. He said it was a native of South Carolina, but whether it is a vine or plant, or what care it needs, I know not; can you inform me?

S. T. TERWILLIGER.

Answer.—The Ardisia is a native of the Indies. They are mostly handsome and free flowering plants, valued chiefly for the large clusters of beautiful berries they produce, white and red, that remain on a long time. They grow about one foot high, an evergreen, and succeed well in a rich turfy loam. They flower and fruit the second year from seed, which should be sown in pans and given a strong bottom heat. None of the varieties are natives of South Carolina.

Resurrection Plant.—Can you tell me where I can obtain a Resurrection Plant, and its price? And also what treatment does the Cyclamen require, and what is its price? can it be obtained of a florist? Will Tuberose bulbs blossom twice? Please answer in the CABINET.

M. S.

Answer.—The Resurrection Plant can be obtained from James M. Thorburn & Co., 15 John street, N. Y. Price, thirty cents. The Cyclamen requires a warm, moist atmosphere; the soil should be very rich, and mixed with equal parts of coarse gravel or broken pots; plant out in the open border during summer, in rather a shady situation; bring in before a frost. Tuberoses sometimes flower twice, not often.

Budding Lemon Trees.—Please tell me in your valuable paper if the Lemon and Orange have to be budded one into the other to make them bear? I have been told so; if so, at what age and how should it be done?

E. W.

Answer.—No. It is better for early fruiting to have grafts from bearing trees put into their respective kinds.

Pittosporum.—I have a Pittosporum Albiflorum now in bud; after it is through flowering, shall it rest until next fall, or growth encouraged the whole summer, and does it need more than the usual amount of watering? I also have two winter blooming Fuchsias which are beautiful thrifty growing plants, but I cannot get them to bloom; can any one suggest any reason why blossoms do not appear?

L. J. Y.

Answer.—The Pittosporum after flowering should be kept well watered until it has made its growth, then gradually dried off. It being an evergreen must ever have some moisture, though for two or three months it is dormant.

Plant Named.—I send you this leaf wishing to

learn its name, the leaves are all spotted like this, some are 10 inches around. MRS. C. H. E. CAVIS.

Answer.—Farfugium Grande.

Air Plant.—Is there not some kind of trailing plant, called Air Plant, which will cling to picture frames or brackets, and live without soil? INQUIRER.

Answer.—There are many so called "Air Plants," but none that will succeed in an ordinary room; they all require great heat and moisture, the latter is particularly necessary.

Caladium.—What is the best way to grow a Caladium, so as to have a good big plant in the summer? Can I start it in a pot in the house, and transplant it out of doors in the summer without hurting it, and does it need much water in the house and when out of doors?

SAMUEL G. B. WARD.

Answer.—The Caladium can be planted in a pot or tub to a good advantage, and planted out about the first of June; they want a very rich soil, and should be given a pail of water every day unless it rains.

Hardy Rose.—Will some one tell me the nicest hardy Rose for pot culture, and oblige,

M. T.

Answer.—Hermosa.

Watering Plants.—I saw an article in one of your papers about watering plants; will you also tell me if it is advisable to dip the pots in water, and let them take all the water they will, rather than pour it on the top, and give it to them more frequently?

MRS. N. J. PRATT.

Answer.—Plants should be well watered, but not drowned; no rule can be given as to quantity, method or time; that will depend wholly on circumstances. It is better to have the soil get rather dry before watering, then do it thoroughly in any manner that is the most convenient.

Begonias.—Please tell me in the CABINET about Begonias. What soil do they need? Do they need much watering? How should they be treated in summer? I have seven varieties of Begonias, none of the Rex varieties, but I don't know what variety they are.

Answer.—Begonias should have a light, rich soil, half leaf mold and plenty of coarse sand intermixed; they want shade, heat and water, the two latter in quantity.

American Pitcher Plant.—Will some one inform me through the CABINET, of the proper treatment of the American Pitcher Plant and variegated Bassella Rubra. Bought them last spring from the florist; the top of the former died early in the fall; the latter is in a slow decline, and I fear must die soon, unless some kind physician will prescribe a remedy, and oblige me.

MRS. H. RALEY.

Answer.—The Pitcher Plant wants its winter rest with a moderate freezing, then it will come out all right in spring. It being a swampy plant, should have plenty of water. The Bassella Rubra is apt to drop its foliage in a dry room; the physician would say it must have a greenhouse.

Carnation.—Can you inform me through the CABINET, where the seed of the Monthly Carnation can be obtained, and the price?

MARY KING.

Answer.—From any of our advertisers in the seed line; good seed is worth fifty cents per packet.

The Open Window.—Please tell me if it is good to hoist a window close by the flower stand, so that the cold air comes right in on the flowers, or is it better to let the air get heated before it gets to the flowers?

REBA.

Answer.—When the weather is cold, the air should be let into the room from the top; in moderate weather, give the plants plenty in the most convenient manner.

Geranium Buds.—Why do the buds on my Geraniums blast? They have plenty of air, sun and water. The plants are very thrifty growers, but the buds, of which plenty form, soon turn yellow and drop off. I have a pot of Coliseum Ivy which is the admiration of all who behold it; last August I filled a pot with rich earth, sifting that on top so the surface was perfectly smooth. The tiny seeds of the Ivy were scattered about without any covering, and kept moist for several weeks, when the plants appeared to reward me for my almost exhausted patience. These graceful stems twined over a trellis about one foot and a half high form a beautiful object, that is more easily moved, if the night is cold, than a hanging basket.

A. E.

Answer.—Your Geranium has most likely too much room; when growing fast they are not likely to flower well.

Narcissus.—I have one double variety of Narcissus that sent up a great many buds for blooming, but perfects only occasionally one. Can you tell me what is needed to make it a success in blooming? It is very fine and very fragrant; do not know the name. There must be some ingredient lacking in the soil, as it perfects finely in more northern latitudes.

Answer.—Your Narcissus (Polyanthus) should be potted in a six inch pot in autumn, and plunged out of doors where it can have a gentle freezing; bring in about the first of December, and grown on in a cool room not much above freezing at night.

Plant Name.—I enclose some leaves of a plant which I should like to know the name of. We have had it for several years, it has never bloomed, is about three and a half feet tall, keeps as well in the cellar as the sitting room, is not very sensitive to the cold, but will not live out of doors; we had one which lived out through perhaps half the winter.

Anemones.—Is it an unusual occurrence for Anemones to come up in the autumn? We had two bulbs, planted last October, which came up and bloomed nicely in the spring, dying down at the same time that the Tulips and Hyacinths did; in October last they began to show their heads, and when I covered the bulb beds this winter they were full grown, but not in bloom. I thought it rather singular, but did not know but that was the habit of the plant, as I never had any before.

German Ivy.—We have a German Ivy in a hanging basket at one of our sitting-room windows which is in bloom, clusters of small yellow flowers. We have had Ivy for five years which has grown eight or ten feet high, but never bloomed before. I had once seen it stated in some paper that it *did* bloom, but I had my doubts; all who have seen ours say they never saw it bloom before.

Cornices.—This fall my sister and I made some cornices for white curtains, which are so cheap, easily made and beautiful when made, that perhaps some of your readers that have not abundance of money might like to try; they are really prettier than some which cost much, but not so lasting. We took pieces of pasteboard two inches wide and as long as the top of the window, sewed on that autumn leaves, which had been carefully pressed, arranging the different colors to make as much contrast as possible, then varnished them, and when dry put up; the effect is lovely, especially in the evening, when the lamp light throws a glow over them.

H. M. A.

Answer.—Enonymus. The Anemone frequently flowers in the fall after a very dry, hot summer. Remainder of letter does not require an answer.



My front yard, like many other things, had a small beginning, being a piece of meadow situated between the road and the house, minus a fence each side. The flowers consisted of a few boxes of ten-weeks stock and some Begonias, placed on a beehive (no bees in it), and was looking their very best when, lo! up came our old cow and upset beehive, flowers and all and oh, what a time I did have to find my poor plants all smothered with dirt; but I succeeded, and replaced them back in their respective places; after trimming off broken leaves and branches they had to be watered and taken into the house. Things could not go on long in that shape, for flowers I must have, so in a few days my front yard was nicely fenced, by my better half, and was about eighty feet square, and ploughed and dragged, and all the lumps of dirt that were any size raked off, and a walk left of grass from the gate to the front door, and a flower bed each side the entire length, with the exception of about ten feet at each end, left for walks. The back of the beds was planted with Rose bushes, about one yard apart, and a row of tall plants between them, such as Spirea, white and pink, Rocket, purple and white, Perennial, Lark Spurs, and so forth, all Perennials, all perfectly hardy, and enduring our cold winters without failure. They can be multiplied by dividing the roots. Aquelias and Sweet Williams planted in a row through the centre, every other root Sweet Williams, and each alternate root Aquelias.

An engraving of the Crystal Palace in London, showing the large glass and iron structure with a central dome, surrounded by trees and people in the foreground. The text 'W. M. Clopp' is visible in the bottom left corner.

and transplant when about an inch high, just before a rain, and they will grow, almost every one; or have the soil in a bed fine, and sow the seed where you want them to bloom, putting two or three seeds about an inch apart, and ten inches the space between the rows, and about ten inches between them. I always plant my Phlox half way between the Tulips, putting

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A CHILD'S DREAM—FANNED TO SLEEP.

Ladies' Boudoir.

HOME AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

It is not simply four walls that make a home; it is the loved ones who dwell therein—the associations, the ties of love and friendliness that bind all hearts together. The poet says,

"The many make the household,
But only one the home."

Who is this one? Who can it be but the wife and mother? It is within her power to make home the brightest, pleasantest spot in the wide world, and she should encourage the home feeling in her children and the young people of the family. Parents, by providing pleasant amusements, books, games and music, do much toward preventing them from leaving home to seek company and amusements elsewhere. How much better to spend money in so doing than in showy ostentation, or in amassing a fortune, it may be for them to waste and misuse. Not only with regard to amusements, but also comfort and refinement, is this "the best policy." Teach them that home means something more than a place in which to eat, sleep and work. Let it be a rest and refuge, a place where love resides, where kindness and courtesy are shown to every member of the family, so that even the "help" will feel the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously become amiable and respectful. I well remember, though quite young, the influence exerted by a lady over a whole neighborhood by her kind interest, sweet lady-like bearing and politeness. She was the same to all, and every man, woman and child did her homage. There were no articles of luxury in her home, nothing but the most common furnishing, save a piano, a few choice books and pictures; yet her society was always sought, and her room always seemed pleasant and attractive with its few simple decorations. It was *her atmosphere*, her cultivated taste and desire to please which rendered her home a charming spot to others as well as her own family. She welcomed us to her "simple teas" with the grace and ease of a lord-mayor's presiding at a banquet. After seeing her, under whatever circumstances, you would feel, as our good doctor once said of her, "that you had been in the presence of a lady." Her family worshipped her, and every one loved and respected her, from "we children," who used to run in to talk over with her the books we were reading, to the grandmas and grandpas. (God bless her, wherever she may be, and when her "days on earth shall be no more," grant her a beautiful "mansion" in the "Father's house.") How many might, like her, exert an influence for good upon others by kindly thoughtfulness, little attentions to the sick, the sending of delicacies or flowers (the latter is sometimes much better than medicine), by the careful regard for others' tastes and feelings, both in the household and neighborhood. The young have also a keen appreciation of pretty tasteful surroundings, and beauty has a place of great importance among the many things which go to make a home pleasant and happy; and such things contribute much to the education of the entire household. Some will say, "they like a beautiful home, and when circumstances favor it they mean to have it so, but till then they must wait;" still they will spend more money on some one article, which if well applied might have made the whole very pretty. We have seen rooms fitted up with very little expense that had such an air of taste and elegance, all owing to the skilful making and arranging of little and in themselves simple articles. Even the furniture may be very tasteful and of home manufacture. Frames for a

lounge, ottomans, etc., may be fashioned by the men of the family, cushioned and covered at home. Broken rocking-chairs, large and small, can be mended, cushioned and covered to match the other articles; then a cheap centre-table, draped with a cloth of the same color or in harmony with the rest, with a home-made rag-carpet, neat white curtains, and your room looks furnished. One can educate the taste and ingenuity of the young people of the family by procuring their assistance in the formation of hanging-baskets, simple bookshelves, picture-frames, etc. We have seen cocoa-nuts sawed apart, on which were glued cones of various kinds, acorns, mosses, and trimmed with festoons of the smaller cones strung upon a thread and fastened in each of the three holes bored for the cord, and looped from each to the bottom, on which was fastened a large cone; the several loops meeting together ending in a cluster of long loops in the centre like a tassel. It is well to select a large nut, if possible, as it will hold a larger pot. When planted with delicate vines of the Coliseum Ivy, Moneywort or Musk-plant the effect is very pretty. Larger ones can be made by using a wooden bowl of the size desired, tacking on crooked and twisted roots after they are scraped and varnished, nailing on two slender canes or rattans twisted together for a handle. When filled with bright foliage plants, beautiful ferns and drooping vines, nothing could be prettier or add so much to the grace and elegance of your room. If using common native ferns, be careful to take up a good clump of earth with them, and not to break any of the leaves, as new ones will not start to grow before March, but those already formed will remain bright and green. Pretty brackets may be made of the desired form, and after being trimmed with cones and varnished are very useful for holding little ornaments. I have seen them made plain for a corner, the back and shelf covered with cloth or velvet to match the prevailing color of the room, the edge of the shelf trimmed with a heavy fringe. When trimmed with cones, a row of these, a large one in the centre, growing smaller toward the ends of the shelf, gives a pretty finish and has the effect of a fringe of little drops. Boxes for the table are also very pretty trimmed with cones of different kinds, nuts of a rich brown, like filberts, halves of peachstones, English walnuts in halves and the different kinds of acorns. These can be arranged high in the centre of the lid (using the largest there) to look like a cluster of fruit and flowers. When taste is used in the trimming and arranging, these boxes are an ornament to any parlor or sitting-room. Shells may be used in the same way, first covering with a thin layer of putty (a lid or side at a time) and pressing the shells well into it. This is a nice way to preserve the shells, and they can be set to form regular figures—stars, flowers, etc. Watchstands are pretty trimmed with shells, only one needs a very simple frame. I had a very plain one—in the centre I placed a circle of beautiful green velvet for the watch to rest against; around this a row of these bright scarlet peas that are found in the sea, then surrounding them with a row of beautiful pearly white shells, and then some spotted ones, and so on, growing larger at the edge; the lower part or stand was covered with shells a little larger, and underneath the bottom were placed three larger shells of equal size at equal intervals to do duty as feet. Shell frames are pretty settings for wreaths of sea-mosses, and nothing could be more appropriate than "The Fisherman's Daughter" set in these shells of ocean. Every one knows how to make rustic frames, and there are so many shapes and devices for the corners, from the clusters of fruit and flowers mentioned for cone boxes to the simple cross-piece held in place by an ornamental nail. We have seen a bookshelf very useful and inexpensive made by using the largest

sized spools (procured at the tailor's). The shelves made of common pine the length and width desired, then wire cord was passed through holes at each corner of the shelves, then through several spools, then through holes in the next shelf, and so on, meeting together and tying with cord and tassels at the point where it was suspended from the wall. This, after being stained some dark color and nicely varnished, was ornamental as well as very useful. The spools, strung together in this way, had the effect of carved or turned posts between the shelves. It should be the aim of every family to have a library, however small, and this can easily be accomplished—a few books at a time, constantly adding as the birthdays and holidays come round, for when at loss to know what to select for these holiday gifts a book is always in order, and from a few volumes we have seen arise quite a nice little library. How pleasant for the children to lay by their spending money for some good book or magazine. How much better than to use it for sweetmeats, etc., in large quantities, as many are allowed to do, thus defrauding themselves of a much higher enjoyment.

A few years since, and beautiful pictures and splendid busts and statuettes were thought the sole property of the rich; but now we have elegant chromos copied from the most noted artists, and beautiful groups cast in plaster with all the beauties of the original works of art, and we can rejoice the eye and gladden the heart with but little outlay or expense. These pictures and figures could be explained to children, thus impressing their minds with the beauties copied from nature and objects and scenes in history.

The "Sage of Concord" says, "Few have wealth, but all must have a home;" and again, "that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished." There are means for culture open to all, and the minds of the young are easily influenced and interested. Teach them early the love of nature—to study her works, to gather the wildwood blossoms for your table, to pluck the spring violets, to see in them and all things the hand of the loving Father. Let them have the care of a little flower-plot; this is a pleasant pastime to old and young, and exerts a beneficial influence over all. One lady says "she commenced by cultivating her garden, but soon found it to be cultivating her. Every one should have something, some study, some accomplishment to which they devote their spare hours, and many are blessed with "talents" in various directions, thus affording much enjoyment for themselves and others. Encourage the good, the true and the beautiful; make home the dearest spot of earth, so that it may be to us an emblem of that "other home" to which we journey—that home "not made with hands, eternal in the skies." M. J. GIDDINGS.

Weston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL CLOUDS.

The following graphic, natural and genuine poetic lines were written by a California school girl of fifteen:

Beautiful clouds! I have watched ye long,
Fickle and bright as a fairy throng!
Now ye have gathered golden beams;
Now ye are parting in silver streams;
Now ye are ting'd with rosy blush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush!
Now, like aerial spirits at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the ev'ning's down on the azure lake!
Now ye gather again and run
To bask in the beams of the setting sun;
And anon ye serve as a zephyr's car,
Drifting before the evening star.
O, where is the eye that doth not love
The glorious phantoms that glide above!
O, where is the heart that hath not bow'd
To its God, in the shrine of a passing cloud?

The Ladies' Work Basket.

CONTRIVANCES.

A lady contributor of *The Michigan Farmer* thinks that by a little exercise of their skill and patience their rooms might be made cozy and pretty. No house need have a bare, chill aspect because its occupant cannot afford to buy costly furniture. If a sleeping-room is furnished with a bed, some kind of a carpet, and the toilet necessities, with but little more expense it can be made to look so comfortable that none but the most critical and calculating will think of calling it anything but complete. Pink paper-cambric used as a lining for the muslin or lace curtains gives a pretty effect; while a square piece of it, finished around the edge with a pinked double ruffle, an inch in width, tacked up behind the wash-stand, saves the wall as well and looks much better than a towel or paper. The wash-stand and table may both be made of dry-goods boxes, curtained and covered with white; while from a box the suitable shape, a paper of tacks, and some calico, a thing can be made which will serve both as a lounge and a place in which to store away bed-clothes. First, the inside is lined by pasting paper in it; next the lid is fastened on by leather hinges nailed to the inside; then the top stuffed a little and smoothly covered with the calico (plain green or red looks best). Around the upper edge of the box is tacked a flounce, laid in double box plaits, and long enough to reach the floor. Where the lid and box meet it can be finished with a double ruffle fastened to the edge of the lid, or with some furniture gimp and brass-headed tacks, both of which can be bought at a furniture store for a few cents. This is greatly improved by the addition of a back and head-piece, if boards the right shape can be obtained. In the same way a small, square box may be made to serve both as a foot-stool, and as a receptacle for shoes and slippers; or, in a sitting-room, it will be found convenient to put baby's numberless playthings into.

A woman who is handy with a penknife can make brackets from cigar boxes, soaking them first to make the wood soft and prevent its splitting, while a few shillings will buy pretty figures in Parian marble to put upon them.

I have seen a pretty serviceable work-box made from an old cigar box. One the suitable size was taken apart, and the bottom, cover, sides and ends covered separately—the outside was green rep, the inside pink cambric, because it happened to be in the house; any other plain goods would have done as well. Pockets of pink were put upon the ends, tapes upon the inside of the cover for pins, needles, etc.; then the box was put together again, and a partition covered with pink added, and the corners and edges finished with narrow ribbon and tiny bows. We do not claim that any of the above-mentioned articles are one-tenth as pretty as those which are bought of furniture dealers by women who have plenty of money; but, as many are not able to buy, we claim that these home-made affairs are a great deal better than nothing.

A. H.

To color Mosses.—In response to question how to color Mosses, I would say, dip in green aniline dye, or first in yellow and then in blue shade, according to strength of dye. How I wish we could get Mosses, Lichens, Pine Cones, Ferns, and a variety of other things found growing wild in other States. Beautiful

frames may be made by taking plain pine frames, spread pretty evenly; then place a bead work of burnt coffee on the inside; let it project a little over the edge. Next form a rosette of a buck-eye for centre, on each corner, and plum stones or split peach stones all around. Next a row of plum all around, and split peach stones all around. Finish with bead work of coffee or castor beans. When thoroughly dry, varnish nicely, and you will have a beautiful frame. Peach and plum stones may be easily split by first heating in oven, and then split them with knife. C. N. E.

Skeleton Leaves.—I would like to ask how to mount skeleton leaves? I am a great lover of flowers, and all kind of fancy work. Find directions for making a great many pretty things through your paper. I will send directions for coloring, or painting rather, grasses for winter bouquets, several different colors, if it is desirable. I sent bouquet of such colored grasses with everlasting in cornucopia made of pasteboard, covered with green moss immortelles, in centre of which was a little nest of crystalized grasses, and a little humming bird in nest. The bird was one I had on a hat. I took first prize on bouquet, also on cornucopia, as the prettiest thing of any name or nature.

C. N. E.

A Simple Ornament for the Fire-grate in Summer.—One of the most simple, and at the same time one of the prettiest decorations for the grate, is a sheet of colored paper, cut into strips to within a short distance of the top, and the strips woven between the bars, so as to produce a basket pattern. Their lower ends may be cut into fringe, or some other pattern, and the top into a zig-zag, &c. Gold stars, or other small ornaments gummed on the strips, will increase the effect.

Arranging Pictures.—It is, of course, often impossible in our small parlors and sitting rooms to give each picture precisely the light which would show it to best advantage, therefore a careful distinction should be made. It is seldom well to hang a sombre picture in broad light, or a cheerful, sunny one in a shaded corner. A moonlit landscape or a night storm at sea, are better placed in a mild light, while a group of laughing children, or a harvest scene, seem naturally to require a strong one. If there is one picture considerably larger than the others, it should have the widest vacant space on the wall, provided the space is at all suitable for it. Companion pictures should be near together, or—which often has a better effect—placed each side of a window. The space between the two windows, if not occupied by a mirror, is very nice for a gilt-frame picture of good size; dark frames look better in a more subdued light. In grouping, regard should be had to the size, shape and color of frames, and to the subject of the picture. Oval forms are preferable to square for grouping, though the rustic or log cabin frames, with projecting corners, hung in triangle, or diamond forms, often look extremely well. Three pictures of the same general appearance, hung in a horizontal row—about half the width of the picture is considered a proper distance between them—with two smaller above, and the same below, matching the spaces, and making seven in all, are a very convenient and common form. Or if the central piece is larger than the others, the effect is equally good. Two ovals, one above the other, with a smaller rustic or square frame each side, matching the vacant space, looks very well; or *vice versa*, the ovals outside. Many arrange pictures to represent crosses, but care should be taken not to overdo the cruciform style. We have seen parlors in which this symbol was so

often and so incongruously introduced that it seemed shorn of its best significance. It is well, when convenient, that those pictures which correspond in position, should be nearly uniform in size and in general aspect. But this is not all-important, and considerable variety may be made very pleasing, especially if the clusters be composed of quite small pictures like card photographs in tasteful frames. Do not allow too much incongruity in the expression of the group. If one arm of your cross, or one point of your diamond, is a Madonna or a Crucifixion, do not let the corresponding one be a Bacchus crowned with vine-leaves, or a Jolly Washerwoman. A rural landscape accommodates itself to almost any place; so does an infantile face or a garland of flowers. When it is practicable avoid cross-lights, and if in your picture the sun is represented as shining from the left, try to arrange it so that the light from your window will humor the delusion. "Mamma," said a little girl the other day, standing before a beautiful "Faith," which hung in a cross-light—"Mamma, when I put my finger on Faith, its shadow falls just the other way from Faith's shadow." "I will hang it on the opposite side of the window then," said the mother; and when it was done, the small critic professed herself satisfied. Pictures should never be hung so high as to make looking at them a pain to the neck, as was the custom a few years ago. New houses are quite commonly built, of late, with a rod stretched along the wall quite close to the ceiling, from which pictures may be suspended, and on which they may be slipped to any point desired. A few nice picture nails, however, do not deform a wall, and often two or more pictures may be hung from one. If nothing better is easily procurable, common shingle nails, driven into the border of the wall paper, and their heads "humored" by its dark spots, answer the purpose respectably well. A good cord and tassel add much to the effect of a picture; except for larger sizes one tassel serves precisely as well as two.—*Ohio Farmer*.

To Clean Last Year's Silks.—For the remaking of last year's black silks may be recommended an excellent mode of cleaning. Rub each breadth carefully with a woolen cloth to get the dust from the surface, then sponge it off with water in which one or two black kid gloves have been boiled, a quart of water for a pair of gloves; iron while wet, with extremely hot irons, on the wrong side. For colored silks the same colored gloves to be boiled. For this purpose it is well to save old kid gloves of all colors. Another mode tried with great success is the same process of rubbing off the dirt with a woolen rag, then mix an equal quantity of strong tea and vinegar, with which the silk is washed by rubbing it with a piece of flannel. It must be made very wet. Smooth the silk carefully, folding it, and in about fifteen minutes iron it on the wrong side with very hot irons. This applies only to black silk, black ribbons, cravats, etc., but might be injurious to colors.

Drying Flowers.—"Daisy Eyebright" advises the following method: If any one desires to dry leaves and flowers so that they will retain their natural shape and color, it can be done with perfectly dry sand. Let it lie in the sun for several days, then taking a large glass or pottery jar, and put an inch of sand into it. Now hold the flower, head downwards and petals well opened, in the jar, filling it up with sand; continue to do this until the flower leaves are entirely covered. Then put in another, and proceed in the same way. Do this until the jar is filled. Place it in a warm place, but not in the sunlight.

Household Elegancies.

JEWEL STAND FOR TOILET TABLE.

The design on this page is of a pretty watch or jewel stand for a toilet table, made of bead work on wire. The base from which this arises is of wood, covered with a crimson velvet cushion to receive pins and brooches. The main stem is wound with two strings of beads, so as to give alternate spiral lines of light and dark; these should be of a light amber, and a deep chocolate. The alternate bands are not carried on to the smaller stems, but these are wound with beads of a medium size, such as rich, but not too dark, brown. This should also be carried through the central veins of the leaves. The thinner wires, which form the extremities of the stems, are either wound with very fine beads, or with silk of the same color. The small tendrils are wound with gold-colored silk, and have amber beads cemented upon them. For the leaves dark green beads will form the best outline, while the space within is filled up with lighter green, or with shades so varied as to give somewhat the effect of the natural veins in fibres, which will be gained by alternate rows. For the large central flower which surrounds the watch, petals of a bright pink, with crimson central veins, will be effective, while the same color may be applied to the two smaller flowers. These last form cups to hold any small articles, and the pistils in their centre, which are ring-holders, should be surmounted by a large amber bead, cemented in its place, while another, still larger, forms its base. Some of the smaller stems will, at their termination, serve as hooks from which to hang earrings.

Lamp Mat.—Cut oak leaves out of red and grey cloth; with white beads make stems on the red, and with jet and gold on the grey, also dot them all over with beads. The foundation is made of a circular piece of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk or worsted material of a color that will harmonize with the leaves. Arrange the leaves around this, taking care that the ends are tied. Different shades of brown and other colors can be used in imitation of autumn leaves, and dotted with crystal beads; but great care must be taken in the arrangement of the colors, or it will fail in beauty.

Crystalized Baskets.—A pleasant reminiscence of summer may be kept in mind if you will construct crystalized flower baskets. The process is simple, and can be accomplished by any lady of taste. Arrange some basket-forms of any fancied pattern, with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom Violets, Ferns, Geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full-blown Roses, and sink them in a solution of alum, one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystalized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When

you have a light covering of crystals, that completely envelopes the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow it to drip for twelve hours. These baskets



JEWEL STAND.

make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

Tracing Paper.—A very convenient method of rendering ordinary drawing paper transparent for the

of castor oil, in one, two or three volumes of absolute alcohol, according to the thickness of the paper, and applying it by means of a sponge. The alcohol evaporates in a few minutes, and the tracing paper is dry and ready for immediate use. The drawing or tracing can be made either with lead pencil or India ink, and the oil removed from the paper by immersing it in absolute alcohol, thus restoring its original opacity. The alcohol employed in removing the oil is, of course, preserved for diluting the oil used in preparing the next sheet.

Coating for Lamp Shades, Ceilings, &c.—The following mixture is suggested by Dr. Sels as a coating, especially for lamp-shades, ceilings, &c., as preferable, in respect to beauty, permanence, and cheapness, to ordinary oil-paint, since it adheres firmly; remains at a brilliant white at high temperatures; contains no original matter; and by the means of suitable mineral colors, can have any shade imparted to it. Pure zinc white (oxide of zinc), thoroughly pulverized is added to a solution of silicate of soda 40 to 50 deg. Beaume, until the mixture has the consistency of ordinary oil-paint. The metallic surface to be coated must be thoroughly cleansed (zinc and some other metals must be treated with hydrochloric acid), then washed with water, and the above mixture laid on several times, by means of a brush, until the surface is well covered. It will require but a short time between the coatings to allow the previous one to dry. Too much of the mixture should not be made at one time, even where large surfaces are to be covered.

A Delicate Pleasure.—In all countries women like flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. It is a delicate pleasure that makes its way through coarse organs. It is a creature whose eyes are opened. It is the sense of the beautiful; a faculty of the soul that is awakened. Colors, forms, odors, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at length spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify that a Rose tree under the window, a Honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, is a good omen to the weary traveller. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of the angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

To Clean Cloth Garments.—

Wet a sponge in warm water, and squeeze it out till nearly dry; then sponge one place after the other until all the garment has been cleansed. All the dust and soil will be absorbed by the sponge. But if the garment is very much soiled, wash the sponge in clean water several



DESIGN FOR FERNERY.

purpose of making tracings, and of removing the transparency so as to restore its former appearance when the drawing is completed, has been invented by C. Puscher. It consists in dissolving a given quantity

times, squeezing it as dry as possible by wrapping it in a piece of black alpaca. This method of cleaning is more effectual than a hand-brush, and many spots will disappear by the use of pure water.

Fireside Readings.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

There is scarcely a mother or a child to whom this little evening prayer is unknown. It is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed, even in full manhood, without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by the mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last. The ideas conveyed in this old, familiar verse have been expressed still more tenderly in the exquisite poems which we quote entire. The first is called the "Unfinished Prayer," the origin of which we do not know.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord,"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord—" The sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

The second appeared originally in *Putnam's Monthly*, many years ago:

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet, so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O! the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition
Rising to the throne divine.

Rising in the World.—It was toward the middle of the last century that a little ragged boy, named Saunders, made his appearance at the door of an attorney's office in Clement's Inn, London. He was east upon the world in absolute want; he knew nothing of his parents; he had not a friend; and he knew of no roof beneath which he had a right to lay his head or obtain a crust to eat and a cover in return.

The attorney found him very bright and prompt, and employed him. The boy proved faithful and earnest in the discharge of such business as was given him to do. By-and-by the boy, when he had been admitted to sleep in the office, ex-

pressed a desire to learn to write. The attorney rigged him a low desk in a far corner, and set him copies, also assisted him at times by personal instruction. The boy developed a bold, clear and beautiful hand, and by the time he was fifteen he had become a correct and

purpose, that in time he came to afford his employer sound and valuable counsel in important matters. His diligence was untiring, and his faithfulness unswerving, and his ambition unchecked. He worked his way up to the bar, and became one of the most eminent and effective practitioners of his time.

The man whose entrance into the struggle of life had been from so low and unpromising a station, by the proper use of the fortunate qualities inherited, became, upon the death of Pemberton, Lord Chief Justice of England.

THAT BOY.

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have a grave suspicion
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a prowler,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the mat
And his heels in mid air twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowsered urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

THAT GIRL.

Sometimes silent in the corner—
Is it matches, needles, pins?
For some mischief must be brooding
When this quietude begins.
Bonneing, shouting, down the stairway,
Setting mother in a whirl;
Boys are noisy, very often;
But you ought to hear that girl!

Setting out her Betseys, Marys,
Janas and Marthas on the floor,
Still will dress, and pet, and scold them,
As her mother did before;
Then she dresses up for shopping,
Putting on her ma's delaine,
And a shawl or two if handy,
Just to make a splendid train.

Now she gives advice, so gravely,
If her older brother chance
For some little fault to linger
'Neath his father's serious glance.
She is full of dainty graces,
Very conscious of them, too;
If she kisses you while scolding,
What on earth are you to do?

Sweet, bewitching little woman!
Be as roguish as you will;
Long watch for me at the window,
And my heart with sunshine fill.
Surely mother cannot mean it,
When she says amid your noise,
That "one little girl's more trouble
Than a dozen little boys."



LOOKING FOR JOHNNY.

rapid writer. He was now transferred to the inner office, and set at the work of writing important legal papers. This gave him an insight into and a taste for legal lore. He studied—studied so hard, to such good

Pedagogue—First little boy, what is your name? Little boy—Jule. **Pedagogue**—Oh, no; your name is Julius. Next little boy, what is yours? Second boy—My name is Billious.

Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

PINE APPLE CAKES.

Rub to a cream one cup of washed butter and two cups powdered sugar; add six yolks of eggs beaten very light; four cups of flour stirred in lightly; half cup thick, sour cream; one even teaspoonful bi-carb. soda; one drop oil bitter almond, dissolved in a half wine glass of brandy; bake in jelly-cake tins; when cool, spread between each cake grated pine apple, upon which a little sugar and sherry wine should be sprinkled; ice with lemon-flavored icing—oranges may be substituted.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.

One cup of butter well washed; two cups fine white pulverized sugar; four cups of flour, after sifting; whites of seven eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; one cup sour cream; one wine glass orange flower water; bake in moderate oven.

YEAST AND LIGHT BREAD.

Make a small bag of thin muslin, in which each week, during summer, put two good full handfuls of strong hops, boil in a half gallon of water, until reduced to one quart; while boiling pare six full grown potatoes, cut in four pieces, and add to the hops about a half hour before removing from the fire; while these are boiling, take a pint of flour, mix until smooth with as little cold water as possible, mash the potatoes fine and add to this, then remove and press all the water from the hop bag, stir the whole of the boiling hop water to the flour and potatoes, return the whole to the pot and stir constantly until just beginning to boil, when remove, and when cool add one cup good yeast; two tablespoonfuls brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls salt; one even teaspoonful powdered ginger; set away until it rises to overflowing, then stir down; do this two or three times, when you may bottle; cork tightly and place in a cool spot, but never allow to freeze.

TO MAKE THE BREAD.

Sift two gallons flour in wooden bowl, make a hole in the centre and pour in one cupful of yeast, a little salt, a piece of well powdered alum, not larger than a small pea, and luke warm water, sufficient to make three pints of batter. In winter allow this to remain in a warm place during the night, but in warm weather make up in the morning. When light and foamy, mix into a soft dough, adding warm milk or water if necessary, knead until the dough cleaves from the hand without sticking, then cover with cloth and blanket, lay a light board or tray over the bowl and set to rise in a warm place; when cracked on the top, turn out lightly, knead into loaves as gently and lightly as possible, place in greased tin pans, again set to rise; when light and before the top cracks, put into a rather quick oven, which allow to diminish in heat in a half hour, and finish off slowly until a pretty light brown, when remove, pass a piece of butter in a thin cloth over the entire upper crust, wrap in bread towels, dampened slightly, about like clothes ready for ironing, set on end on a table to cool, then pack away in tight boxes or cans. This bread will, if the flour is sweet, be light, white and spongy and keep moist for days. If you wish to give "father" a breakfast treat, set your sponge at four o'clock P. M., and make up your mass before going to bed, rise an hour before breakfast and twisting off a piece make it into a loaf thick in the middle, cut in three long strips, braid loosely, after flouring, twist the ends, let raise a half hour, and bake. This is a French twist loaf. A treat for tea is

to make a small quantity of sponge with warm milk and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; proceed as directed for bread. Make into rolls, long shaped and slightly slashed down the middle, or in round balls; let rise the second time, and bake in as hot an oven as you can make for ten or fifteen minutes. Rusk only require a cup of sugar, two eggs, and shortening the size of a large egg; pass a feather dipped in beaten white of egg over them when baked, and dust fine sugar over. I do not believe you can fail if you use these recipes as directed, and have any judgment in baking. I was taught to bake by a mother who was not only a wise friend and instructor, but the finest housekeeper I have ever met with. This is the French mode of making bread, rolls, &c., and for many years I have been accustomed to seeing this course successfully pursued. If you have it in your power to procure "unhulled barley," yeast made from it is always reliable. You put two handfuls in with the hops. In summer, it is safe to add half a teaspoonful of soda to your sponge. It would afford me great pleasure to send you any other recipes or directions you may need. Having young daughters of my own, I take great pleasure in imparting and gaining all the information I can, hence the cause of my being our village "Aunt," I suppose, as I am a dear lover of young folks as well as of flowers. C. S. J.

Sponge Gingerbread.—One cup of sour milk; one cup of molasses; half cup of butter or lard; one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda; one tablespoonful of ginger; flour to make it as stiff as pound cake batter.

To Clean Kid Gloves.—Dampen a good sized piece of white flannel in sweet milk, then rub on it a little white castile soap; apply this as rapidly as possible to every part of the glove, which should first be put upon the hand. Next rub the glove with a clean dry flannel, and it will be found to have nearly if not quite the original polish.

The Proprietor of a well-known silver establishment in Philadelphia says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soapsuds, which makes it look like pewter. He recommends soft leather and whiting to be used.

Baked Tapioca Pudding.—Soak a teacup of tapioca in a quart of water over night, then put in apples which are peeled and cored, the centre being filled with sugar, or, if preferred, the apples may be quartered and cored; flavor the tapioca as desired, and bake half an hour. To be eaten with milk and sugar, or any kind of pudding sauce.

Dr. Habershon, of Guy's Hospital, says: "Old people cannot eat large meals, therefore they must take them more frequently. Many old people will wake up between three or four o'clock in the morning. It is a good plan that they should have some nourishment then, otherwise the interval between their night and morning meals is too long for their declining strength. It is by care in such minutiae that we may prolong the life of the aged.

A Solution of pearlsh in water, thrown upon a fire, extinguishes it instantly; the proportion is four ounces, dissolved in hot water, and then poured into a bucket of common water.

Snow Pudding.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one pint of cold water; add one pint of warm water, two cups of sugar, and juice of two lemons. Let it come to a boil, and when cool add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, and the grated peel of one lemon. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Worth Knowing.—Many persons have often noticed the extreme difficulty encountered in lighting the fire in a stove, especially in a still, damp morning. The stove at first won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then when it does start, it is with a sort of explosion or outward rush of air which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator. The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that. It immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way in the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light, and if dry, burst into a brisk flame.

To Destroy Insects.—The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says that hot alum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz-bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry-shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mopboards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a wide chalk-mark just around the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it; but a continuous chalk-mark, half an inch in width, will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chintz-bugs at a respectable distance, and travelers should always carry a package of it in handbags to scatter over and under their pillows in places where they have reason to suspect the presence of such bed-fellows.

To Make Bread Spongy.—Emily Beals would like some lady to tell her through the CABINET how to make bread spongy. The way to make spongy bread: "At night mix your bread with a spoon as stiff as you can, and if your yeast is good your bread will be light in the morning; work it down with the ends of your fingers three times; it may stick a little, but flour your hands and work spry; don't take it out of the pan till you make in loaves, when you make it in loaves don't work any more than you can to get it in shape. The great secret in making spongy bread is in working it, and not having it as stiff as we used to.

Apple Pudding.—Place some nicely made apple sauce, an inch or two thick, in the bottom of the dish in which you wish to serve your pudding. Make some corn-starch blanc mange, or boiled pudding, according to the rules given on the package, with or without eggs as fancy dictates; pour this over the apple sauce, and eat with hot or cold sauce. If eggs are used, the whites of them may be used for frosting, or jelly may be spread over the top or dropped in small bits over it to make it look nicer. It is quickly made, and quite nice.



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(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by ALBERT A. HILL.

Music by CHARLES D. BLAKE.

Andante con Espressione.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful shin - ing riv - er, And the wea - ry may rest on its shore; For the
 2. On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, There's a ci - ty of peace and of rest; On its
 3. There the light of a day nev - er end - ing, Gleams for you from that beau - ti - ful shore; And bright

ritard.

CHORUS.

face of the Glo - rious Giv - er, Lights the way for their souls cross - ing o'er. On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me
 pave - ments of gold ever quiv - er, The bright smiles of the ransomed and blest.
 ser - a - phs, their pinions ex - tend - ing, Breathe a wel - come for souls cross - ing o'er.

there,

Meet me there,

Meet me there, Meet me there, On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me there when life's journey is o'er.
 Meet me there, Meet me there, On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me there when life's journey is o'er.

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VOL. III.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 34.

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HOW TO BUD GERANIUMS.

The English gardeners have been very successful in their experiments in budding Geraniums, and inform us it can be done as easily as in the case of roses and other woody shrubs. The stock, however, must be selected from some strong, vigorous, tall-growing Zonale variety, and trained up with a single stem to the height you desire to form the head of the plant; and it must be of rank growth when the buds are inserted, or the bark will not open well. The budding operation can be performed at any time—spring, summer or autumn—but the first season is the most preferable. The buds should be selected from plants grown in the same temperature as the stock, because they will be more likely to live than if taken from those which have been forced in a higher atmosphere.

The buds are to be inserted in the same way as is done in budding fruit-trees and roses. A good, prominent bud, just starting into growth, is the best, and a small leaf should be left on the bud, for if it is cut off the bud will almost surely die. The portion of woody fibre taken off with the bud should also be taken off, and this operation requires great care and delicacy of handling, particularly in the Ivy-leaved varieties of Geraniums, which are the most beautiful to use for this novel way of growing Geraniums. But the bud must not be lacerated in the least, and yet the wood must be cut out, for if left in the bud

will not sprout. A tall standard Geranium, budded with L'Elegante and Specious,—Ivy-leaved Geraniums, makes a very beautiful specimen plant. Or take a standard sixteen or eighteen inches in height, and bud

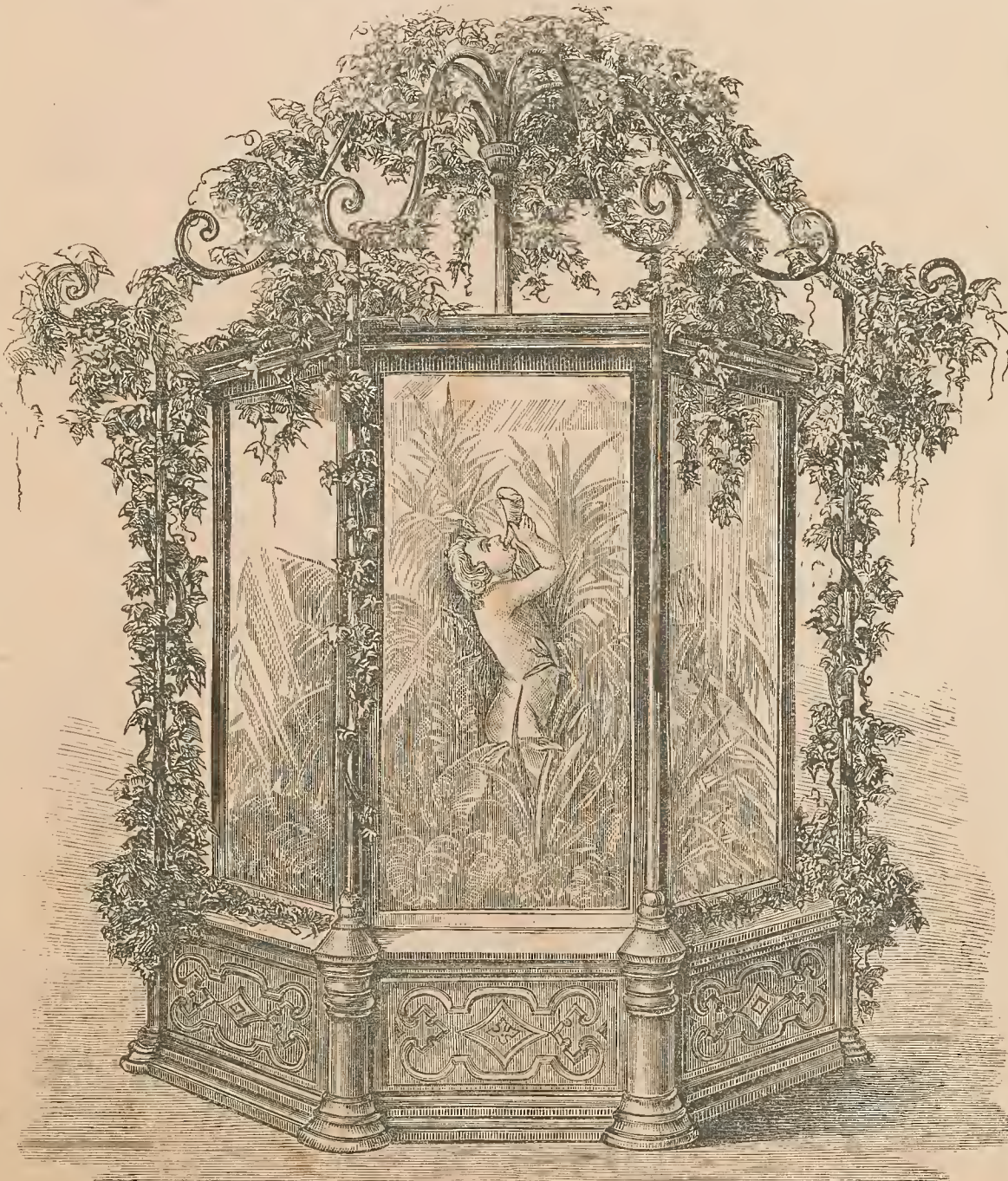
it with an Ivy-leaved as a pendant, and the top with Sir Robert Napier, a tri-color. Still another could be chosen with a stock branching a little way from the top, and then bud one with a handsome Pelargonium, and the other with a Fire-King Zonale Geranium. If the Pelargonium is of a white variety, the contrast between it and the Zonale will be remarkably fine.

As the varieties of the Zonale, Tri-color, Double and Ivy-leaved Geraniums are now most numerous, the different shades of the flowers and markings of the foliage can be blended in the greatest variety of groupings, leaving a wide field for the operator to exhibit her taste and skill. And if she succeeds in making the buds grow, she can produce most elegant specimen plants for the window garden, boudoir and floral exhibitions.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Heliotrope. — C. Irene asks, in the April CABINET, what she shall do with her Heliotrope, or what the matter is with it. I have a nice one—a slip last fall. Now it is quite tall and has a number of large clusters of flowers on it. Mine did much as her's did, I should think. I put some soot in a small vessel of some kind, and put boiling water to that, and in twenty-four hours put a little in the earth, repeating once a week. It gives the leaves a nice green, and gives it a good start, and is also good to kill worms in the earth. Give plenty of water.

MRS. J. KELLEY.



A PARLOR FLOWER CASE.

Floral Contributions.

THE SONG OF THE PANSY.

My name is Forget-me-not; under the leaves
O'er which old King Winter his ice-carpet weaves,
For many long months I've been shut from the light,
And in vain have I longed for a sound, or a sight.

What though I had struggled and murmured—'twere vain
All effort to hasten the spring-time again,
Though my heart often beat for my dear summer friends,
As I thought of the joy which my presence attends.

But I'm coming, though now you can see only snow
Where beautiful flowers of summer shall grow;
I am coming, and soon shall I rise from the sod
To teach you once more to trust in Our God.

Then you'll pick the dead leaves, and help me expand,
Or give me fresh drink if too dry is the sand;
Then I'll tell you again, as I'm telling you now,
Don't worry or fret at the frost or the snow.

There are always cold seasons in every year,
When hearts seem too hard and there's sorrow and fear,
But wait, wait with patience, for kind friends are near;
And unnumbered blessings your pathway shall cheer.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

As nearly all ladies are more or less interested in the cultivation of flowers, so we are all in search of knowledge that will enable us to overcome the many obstacles to which we attribute our failure in raising the beautiful flowers that make our homes attractive and pleasing to the eye. Every item contributed to the CABINET will give information to some of its many readers. To insure success in the cultivation of flowers the soil must be in good condition to furnish plants with nourishment. It will be impossible to succeed if the soil is clayey. Give the soil a good dressing of sand and manure, mixed well with the soil. Leaf mold is the finest dressing that can be put on the soil; but as this is not always easy to get, we have to do without it; but there are many things thrown from the garden that, if saved, would enrich the soil. By a little attention and labor during the spring and summer months we can collect abundance of food for plants. Take some boards and make a frame, say five feet square, and three feet high, and into this throw all the weeds, sods and grass that you would otherwise throw over the fence; throw the sods on wash days on this, which will help to rot it, and by the next spring you will have something that the flowers will delight to grow in. In order to have a good display of flowers we must select seeds adapted to the climate in which we live, and also those that give a constant bloom. This we are enabled to do from the seed catalogues, as they are so explicit in their descriptions of the different flowers that we can make a selection with nearly the same satisfaction that we could from blooming plants. I am not much in favor of buying plants from florists where you have to send any great distance, as they are all more or less injured in sending; better buy seeds and raise your own plants. I prefer Annuals, as we can get the quickest display from these, though we cannot well get along without Perennials. These we can sow in some place and allow them to remain till the following spring, when we can transplant them into permanent beds and borders.

Some plants do not transplant well, though most of them are much improved by the removal. I have found, by adopting the following plan, that I can have my garden look better than I can by sowing seeds where I wish them to bloom: I have a seed bed about six feet square, raised a little, and situated in the warmest part of the garden; into this I sow the seeds in drills about four inches apart, placing at each end of the drill a label with name of flower, color and height upon it. By this means I can sow thirty-six different kinds of seeds in this small bed, six feet

square. Three feet of a drill will give a person all the plants they want of any one variety, and by having them in drills with a label dividing each variety, with name, color and height, they can be transplanted into the garden and arranged to suit our taste, as much as if they were in bloom, and we were arranging the colors to show to the best effect. By adopting this plan we are not hiding some beautiful dwarf-plant by taller varieties.

I usually transplant from the seed bed when the plants attain two or three inches in height. I always leave a few plants of each variety in the seed bed, to replace any plant that may die from transplanting, or be destroyed by insects. Have all your plants labelled after you have transplanted, and if any of them die you can select the same variety from the seed bed to replace it. A great many fail to get seeds to grow, and I think the greatest cause is allowing the seed bed to become too dry. If the ground is allowed to become dry deeper than the seeds are covered, about the time they are ready to sprout, they will be very apt to be all destroyed. Keep the seed bed moist and you will have plenty of plants. A good plan is to cover the seed bed with green boughs; these will protect it from the hot sun and cold drying winds, and the seed will come up much better; the boughs should be removed as soon as the plants appear.

Never try to have too many flowers in a small garden; give them plenty of room. It is better to have a half dozen thrifty plants than to have them crowded so none do well. Keep the ground well hoed and free from weeds; but do not hoe it when it is too wet. Keep the seed pods cut off, and the plants will have nicer flowers. If the insects trouble the plants make a light suds of carbolic acid soap and sprinkle; it will kill all the insects it touches without injury to plants. Sprinkle whenever you see the insects working on the plants and you will not long be annoyed by them.

MRS. CLARA S. LOCKWOOD.

Canyon City, Oregon.

MY BAY WINDOW.

I have been a subscriber since your first number, and hope to be for years to come, and during all the time since have read of the sisters' plants, until I can contain myself no longer, but must tell about mine. John proved himself a gentleman, and helped me in my arrangements all he was able. In my sitting room I have a bay window which, instead of rounding, runs to a point. In said point, upon the floor, sits a pot containing a Nasturtium of the small scarlet variety. At present it is about a foot tall. But in imagination I behold it festooning the top of my window, and making my room brilliant with its vivid bird-like blossoms. At the entrance of my window I have brackets on either side, supporting pots of German Ivy, which it is ever so faintly hoped will intertwine with the Nasturtium at the top. Upon my stand I have three varieties of Wax Begonia. The rose-colored is the most beautiful, and is full of blossoms. The white does very well, but the scarlet drops its buds when they are about two-thirds grown. Can any one tell me how to remedy it? Pinks I have. My white one, clove scented, has given me numbers of blossoms since I took it in. My Geraniums are doing well; two are budded. A Daphne Vanata, Calla, Oxalis, a few foliage plants, &c., complete my collection here. In the cellar I have Roses, and some bulbs, from which I am expecting much, as they are starting well. I have one plant about which I would like the CABINET to enlighten me a bit. It is a Cactus, and was given me for a

Night Blooming Cereus. But, after cherishing it fondly for three years, without bud or blossom as a reward, I find it is no night bloomer, but the same bird of another color. It is eight-sided, does not branch, has shoots come from the bottom. Each year's growth forms a joint. It has at each angle of its eight sides, all the way up, little tufts of spirus, nearly as sharp as those of the prickly-pear. Can any one tell me if I ever may expect a blossom, and of what color? I like the idea of exchanging plants very much. I would like to obtain two slips of Wax plant, a *Pancratium Mexicana*, and an African Lily. The two latter are mentioned in the July No. of this year. Quite a variety of plants are included in my "&c." If any one would like to exchange with me, I should be most happy to oblige them. If they will signify as much through the CABINET I will communicate with them. My bay window is carpeted with oilcloth, and my remedy for green lice is sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle! I have not seen one in my plants this season. I enjoy the CABINET more and more each month. Hope it will be more successful than ever next year.

A. G. D.

MY YARD.

"How exquisitely sweet,
This rich display of flowers,
This airy wild of fragrance,
So lovely to the eye, and to the sense so sweet."

I have often thought what a dreary place this earth of ours would be were there no lovely flowers to cheer it. As I sit in my rustic chair, pencilling these lines to the readers of the CABINET, flowers of every hue surround me. The air is laden with delightful perfume, and the birds are fitting and singing their sweetest songs in the spreading boughs of stately old apple trees, with which my yard is shaded. I have several designs of rustic work. Readers, go to the woods and get an armful of grapevines, and see how many beautiful articles you can make of them. Here were the delicate tendrils of the *Maurandia* begging support. Very soon I had twisted a handful of grapevines into a neat rustic work, and to-day the modest purple, pink and white blossoms nod in grateful acknowledgment. See if you cannot fashion some tasteful rustic chair, arbor, stand or hanging basket. I will tell you of something else which I have in my yard. I visited the Louisville Exposition last year, and beheld the immense cave which had been cunningly constructed of roots, earth and rocks. This year I made me a cave or grotto of the same material, finishing it off with old pieces of glass and dross found at the glass works, and a keg, carefully concealed, filled with water, throws a stream down its rocky side. Near the mouth stands a large *Caladium Esculentum*, while *Geraniums*, *Petunias*, *Tropeoliums*, *Ipomeas*, and numerous other plants flourish on its top and sides. This has been greatly admired. How much I enjoy my flowers; nothing else affords me half the pleasure. How true I find these lines:

"Make your home beautiful, bring to it flowers,
Plant them around you, to bud and to bloom
They will give light to your loneliest hours,
They will bring light to enliven your gloom."

M. A. LINE.

Flowers in New Mexico.—Many plants highly prized in the east are here common weeds, such as the *Portulacca*, *Phlox*, *Ipomea*, common *Morning Glory*, and the *Eschscholtzia*. Others which are considered common garden herbs east, are here prized as house plants. Rosemary here is higher prized than the finest *Geranium* or *Rose*, and the common *Summer Savory* ranks before the handsomest *Carnation*. I have known small plants of both sell at two dollars each.

R. H. BLAKE.

Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Gossip with Correspondents.

A Word for the Florists.—A few days since, I, with some lady acquaintances, was visiting a greenhouse. As we passed through the houses, I noticed one of the ladies, when any plant attracted her, would reach for it—frequently it would be on the highest shelf. In doing so her clothing rested upon plants beneath, bending the delicate buds and leaves—perhaps breaking. When satisfied with its looks, or dissatisfied with its price, she would place it where most convenient to her, sometimes taking them from a bright sunny place to a shaded one, and *vice versa*. They had all been arranged where they would thrive, but they were displaced; some one's time must be spent in returning them, and if a plant loving shade should be put in full glare of the sun, and not noticed until next watering time, injury might be the result. The plants were all nicely labelled, but, as she passed along, she drew them out to read them, paying little heed where they went—right or wrong. The rosebuds were handled, and one knows how little it takes to mar the beauty of such. The fern fronds were toyed with—some of the delicate sprays were broken and thrown cautiously down. Finally, after occupying a great deal of the busy man's time, she found a small plant which she would buy if he would guarantee its being the white variety—she knew it was so marked, but she had bought so many plants wrongly marked. Now, to me it was very evident why they were not correctly marked, and I came to the florist's aid, for he looked aggrieved, and I faintly suggested that the ladies were very apt, in trying to assist the florist to find the variety in quest of, to misplace labels, but she did not seem to take the remark to herself in the least. Why is it that ladies will be so thoughtless? They would not think of going into a dry goods or other store, going behind the counter, pulling out and opening boxes, or unfolding goods, removing price or trade marks. The greater portion of such articles could be handled without serious damage, while the same carelessness in handling plants, which are so frail and dainty, would be quite objectionable—if broken, destroying, perhaps, their symmetry, or breaking buds which have been long and patiently watched—of course a loss pecuniarily, as each bud and blossom has its price. This is all thoughtlessness on the part of the fair purchasers, and I am sure if brought to their mind they will remember it, for I know, from the anxious look on the florist's face, that it was far from agreeable to him, but his politeness was greater or at least overcame the love of his plants.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Running Rose.—I trust, although so far away—away from "Louisiana's lowlands low,"—that I will be none the less welcome. But I must tell you all about my White Running Rosebush. A friend of mine presented me with a slip, of which I was quite proud. I planted it in a little trench, leaving each end exposed a little. It soon sent out four branches, and they grew so rapidly that I began to think very strongly of "Jack and his beanstalk." Very soon I spied tiny little buds, and I watched them not daily but hourly. This morning one of them is wide open. Imagine my disappointment and surprise when I discovered it was neither white nor red, nor yet yellow, and still a combination of all three colors. It is very odd, yet very lovely. What can have changed it? Do you think it could have been because at one end of the root is a red Lily planted? Do you think by taking the branch farthest away and planting it in a bed of *Lilium Longiflorum*

it would return to its natural color? I think I will try it, and let you know the result, if agreeable to the ladies.

EDNA.

New Orleans.

Answer.—The Lilies did not produce the change of color, but charcoal sometimes does it. Did you have any near, or any copperas?

Blue Day Lily.—Mrs. M. A. Cook asks, in August CABINET, if Mrs. McFarland has the Blue Day Lily. Yes, I have it. We all have it. But the poor flower, overburdened with a name, is at a discount in our clique. When one speaks disparagingly of it, all the rest of us are severely silent. The origin of the trouble was this. A few of the oldest inhabitants procured this plant, being cheated into the belief that they were buying Lily of the Valley. It came up very properly in the spring, and, as nearly as they could remember, the leaves were like those of the *Convallaria Majalis*. They waited, patiently or impatiently, two or three years, but even then it wouldn't bloom in April. They never will forgive it for flowering in August. Blue Day Lily is too suggestive a name for the *Funkia Cerulea*, which has not much blueness nor much Lily about it. If disposed to speak in its favor, one might say it blooms freely year after year, without cultivation.

L. M. McFARLAND.

Wax Plant.—I see, in July CABINET, there are ladies out of patience with their Wax Plant (*Flaxn*). To Mrs. N. R. H. I would say, have patience. I have one which I kept ten years, and not a blossom. Two years ago it showed tendrils, as though it would run on a string. I twined it round one, and found it was what it needed. That year it had one blossom only. This June it has repaid me for all my years of care of it by its many blossoms. It sets on the lower shelf of my plant room, and is a mass of leaves for about two and a half feet—tied to a tall trellis, then numerous tendrils are supported by strings going up to and across the top of my conservatory. Every quarter of a yard a bunch of lovely waxy looking blossoms. I have been told they should not be picked off, as they blossom in the same place every year—is it so? Are they poisonous? (*No.*) The Wax Plant needs dry, hot air, and water quite sparingly.

Rockport.

MRS. E. E. CARLETON.

Chinese Primrose.—In the July number of the CABINET, M. E. M. inquires how many years the Chinese Primrose lives. I have a neighbor who has one in full bloom now, six years old. In the same paper E. L. H. asks how to raise Date Palm from seed. A short time ago I discovered something coming up in my Calla Lily soil. On pulling one of the odd looking plants up, I found it was a Date Palm. Others followed, and, on making inquiries, I found my children had stuck Date-stones in the dirt and they were all coming up. They continue to grow finely.

Ellsworth, Me.

MRS. A. W. CLARK.

Smilax.—*Answer to Miss Brown.*—This lovely little vine requires more careful culture than any other of the many vines we have ever grown. Ours has done best in a good leaf mold, with a little sand and charcoal added. Good drainage and sufficient water are very important—if allowed to become dry, it will curl its leaves, and must be cut back. It will bear no neglect in this respect. If you plant the seed, wait patiently for its coming—in a sunny spot it may never come at all; in a shady place it may be four weeks before a single plant makes its appearance. But when at its best it is so perfectly beautiful it pays for all the care it requires.

H. M. B.

Pansies.—*Answer to Inquirer.*—Pansies require a very rich soil; one half manure, mixed with good garden soil, is not too much. They should have a shady situation, and will do best where they will be in the sunshine the fore part of the day only. They look best grown in masses, and if you would have large, beautiful flowers, water them freely at evening, and pick off all faded blossoms, allowing none to go to seed. If you wish Pansies for the house in winter, keep back their growth by giving less water, and pinch off all flower buds till you pot them in September.

H. M. B.

Date Palms.—In my last CABINET I noticed an inquiry, from E. L. H., how they should start a Date Palm. Now I have one that is five years old this spring. Mother was eating dates one day, some time in the month of April, and she thought she would just stick a seed into one of her plant pots, and see what it would amount to; and it came up, and was transplanted in a pot by itself, and it is alive and stands on a post out of doors to-day. Our room was not specially warm, being heated only by a wood fire, and no fire kept at night at that. And we have started two or three more so nice that I don't see as it was very particular about being kept warm.

Springfield, Vt.

MRS. CURTIS B. TAYLOR.

Insects.—Tell Mrs. V. D. to try white hellebore for the insect pest which eats her flowers. Dissolve an ounce in three gallons of water, and throw it on with a syringe. If the insects are not all killed by the first application, try it again. It kills all sorts of insects, but does not hurt the plants at all. Please tell me what to do with my Camelia to make it branch and bloom. It has a straight, apparently healthy stalk, but no branches or flowers.

H. DUDLEY GARDNER.

Ground Ivy.—I saw a communication asking how to kill Ground Ivy. This is my remedy: Rake the ground and Ivy thoroughly with an iron tooth rake, then sprinkle the ground with salt. This will effect a cure, and is the best remedy known.

A. M. W.

Ellsworth, Wis.

Fuchsias.—Last year I bought a Fuchsia with scarlet tube and large double white corolla. It flourished finely, and I took from it two slips, and placed them in a small vase with two other kinds. One has a pink tube and scarlet corolla, the other a white tube and pink corolla. They all grew together very fast, and blossomed simultaneously; but while the two latter retained the original colors of the plants from which they were taken, the slips from the one with white corolla bore flowers with scarlet tubes and dark double purple corolla. Has any one of your correspondents had a similar experience?

MRS. N. A. B.

Rockland, Me.

Earth Worm.—Small bits of gum camphor, dug in the earth among the roots of pot plants, will effectually destroy earth worms. It is a complete success in my experience.

W. E. W.

Callas.—Permit me to correct one mistake. The Calla is spoken of as Calla Lily, while it does not belong to the Lily family, according to Gray, but to the Arum family, in which is Sweet Flag, Skunk Cabbage, etc.

MRS. JOHN MARSHALL.

Wellesley, Mass.

Name of Plant.—Enclosed find a plant, the leaves green and white striped. Please give its name.

Scottsville, Va.

S. T. MOON.

Answer.—*Euphorbia variegata.*

Flower Gardening.

PLANTS SUITABLE FOR PONDS—THE NYMPHÆA, &c.

[In Answer to Questions in September CABINET.]

Native plants have always been more or less cultivated by amateurs and enthusiastic admirers of Flora. The first idea would be that native plants are easily obtained. This, however, is far from the truth. Florists prize their treasures as rare, coming from foreign countries; and indeed the idea of offering a native plant would, a short time since, have been met with, "That's a wild flower," by the amateur. Many of the native plants in cultivation remained ineognito until taken up and carried across the ocean, there cultivated, and returned to their native land as novelties or rare plants.

Again, the embellishment of the landscape with ponds, fountains, etc., is of recent date on this side of the Atlantic. The demand for aquatic plants for the ornamentation of water scenery, is equally new.

Aquatic plants differ as to the situation—some growing near the shore, in the shade; others, like the Pond Lily and Thalia, luxuriate in the sun, out upon the surface of the water. Some are evergreen; others have a rest season. So that in making a selection of aquatic plants a variety should be selected, so that the pond scenery would change with the season. The pond should not be crowded with too many plants, or the effect would be in bad taste. Clear space is important for the reflection of cloud scenery—blue sky and the plant shadows.

Nature furnishes models on a grand scale in the Northern States, of cliffs, boulders, steep banks, nature's rockeries; down in our southland, the ponds and lakes are basins of water; here, out on the prairies, with a few aquatic plants; there, in the densely wooded grove, surrounded with ferns, luxuriant vines, pendant mosses, rushes and various water-growing plants; some indeed beautiful, others are mere weeds.

The amateur who wishes to embellish a pond will find but little aid from florists' catalogues—not because they have no aquatic plants, but they are such as are successfully cultivated by other means than tanks or ponds. Cricums and many of the Amaryllideæ are natives, as well as the Arums of the lagoons and marshes of warm climates.

The shore surrounding the miniature lake is susceptible of a high state of embellishment, and perhaps adds more to the beauty of the scenery than aquatic plants in the water. I make these remarks, not for a guide to be followed, but by way of one view of the landscape from my point of observation; others may have a finer view, and may bring out points that are not visible from my situation. There is no disputing taste. Crowding too many plants spoils the beauty of not only the plants themselves but the general effect.

The expense of excavating ponds for the propagation of hardy, and tanks under glass for tropical aquatic plants, has deterred florists from cultivating this interesting and beautiful class of plants. Nymphaea odorata and Nuphaea grow in the ponds and still water from Canada to Texas, and, like other native plants, thousands of amateurs have never seen one growing, and find it next to impossible to procure a specimen for culture. The writer, after three years correspondence and advertising, has succeeded in obtaining three plants each of Nymphaea odorata and Nuphaea. The Nymphaea reached us after travelling ten days in the United States mail conveyance, last November—furnished us by Mr. J. A. Vaughan, Carver, Mass., who said he had a few more left. Nuphaea I recently obtained from a Texas pond.

The Orbieula and Sagittaria—leaves that float upon the surface like anchors of hope for the future—bud and blossom upon the congenial element.

Mr. Washburn, of Boston has for years advertised seed of the Victoria Regia, the grand Nymphaea of the Amazon. In Britain, Holland and France it is successfully cultivated in tanks under glass. Eight months

potatoe, blooming in July and August. The Red Lobelia, Cardinal Flower—the fine scarlet spikes of bloom—is unsurpassed by any other flower, and the reflection in the water is very fine after reaching four and five feet high. Iris or Blue Flag, Calamus or Sweet Flag, Sagittaria, Arna Grass (evergreen and rarely without spikes of white flowers), Saracenia, Pitcher-plant (native of the swamps and bogs of the Atlantic coast), are curious and interesting. Mr. Catlin, of New Brighton, Pa., has been sending out the plants for a year or two. A variety of the Argentum grows nicely in the edge of the water; also several varieties of Esclepiea—a very bright scarlet is perhaps the showiest. The enthusiast will not neglect to collect some of the rushes—Typha Latifolia and other varieties. I might add many other plants, both for the pond and the surrounding shore, but will content myself with recommending for shore decoration ferns in variety, knowing that the amateur has a right to exercise much taste in this feature of landscape embellishment.

FLORA.

How I Raised Verbenas.—Last winter I purchased two papers of Henderson's best hybrid mixed Verbenas, and I sowed the seed in a light bottom bed, and I got up about sixteen plants, and I gave them the best place in a south window, until it was warm enough to set them out of doors, to toughen them. And when the spring was far enough advanced, and the weather became warm enough, I set them out in beds. And now I will tell you how I made my bed. I made it round, and large enough to set out twelve plants. I got some of the men folks to dig it out a foot deep, and filled it half full of horse manure (I took it green, right from the horse stable), and filled it up the rest of the way with rich

garden soil; and then I raked it off and made it smooth; and then I put a bushel of rotten chip manure on top; and now I pronounced it ready to set the plants out. After I got them set out, I took a peck of white sand and scattered around the roots of the plants and all over the bed. Next I got one of the men to get me some white stones and break them up as large as your fist, and I laid them in two rows around the edge of the bed, and now I pronounced it done. They went right to growing, and through all of our cold weather, when the wind blew and it was so cold that the Balsams looked yellow, they were in blossom, and now it is the middle of July they are a perfect mass of blossoms.

LAURA J. KELLOGG.

Red Spiders.—The greatest pest I am troubled with is the red spider. I have tried all manner of means the CABINET tells us kills and cures, without effect. However, as a last resort, I gave them what I call a hot Turkish bath. If I succeed, and my pets survive and my pests are exterminated, I will tell the readers of the CABINET the dangerous experiment, but not more dangerous than kerosene, salt, turpentine, etc. VIOLET.



PLAN FOR FOUNTAIN AND FLOWER BEDS IN A TERRACE GARDEN.

Consequatologies.

CHEAP GREENHOUSES.

Probably no question has been asked so often of our leading florists, within the past three years, by gentlemen as this: "How can I build and heat a cheap greenhouse." And for a long time none could give a satisfactory answer. Most conservatories and greenhouses hitherto erected have been of a costly character, from \$2,000 upward, each requiring special heating apparatus, and the special attention of one person, who must always be present. But the taste for plant growing within doors has advanced so rapidly in the last three years that many ladies and gentlemen have begun the erection of small conservatories, which are connected with the main portion of their dwellings, and open immediately into the parlors, libraries or sitting rooms. Bay windows, too, have multiplied—have gradually become filled with a large and often handsome collection of in-door plants; and these, too, have begun to feel the necessity of better heating arrangements (especially in cold nights) than the usual air of the room.

It is our pleasure at last to say that the much desired invention has appeared, which seems to us most perfectly adapted to the successful heating and operation of any greenhouse of this character.

The accompanying illustration represents a full view of a small greenhouse, with hot water pipes surrounding the base inside, and supplied from a small base-burning water-heater, placed in the cellar or basement of the adjoining building.

It is one of new construction by Hitchings & Co., of this city, who have adapted it especially to the purpose for which needed.

Its heating capacity is sufficient to heat about 200 feet of pipe surface, and suitable to heat a conservatory that has about 600 square feet of glass on the roof, sides and ends.

The fire chamber is surrounded by water, as is also the ash pit, so as to economize the fuel to the fullest extent and insure perfect safety. They are easily managed, and with as little care as the ordinary base-burning stoves.

The conservatory illustrated in our plan is twenty-four feet long and fourteen feet wide, connected with and communicating with the parlor.

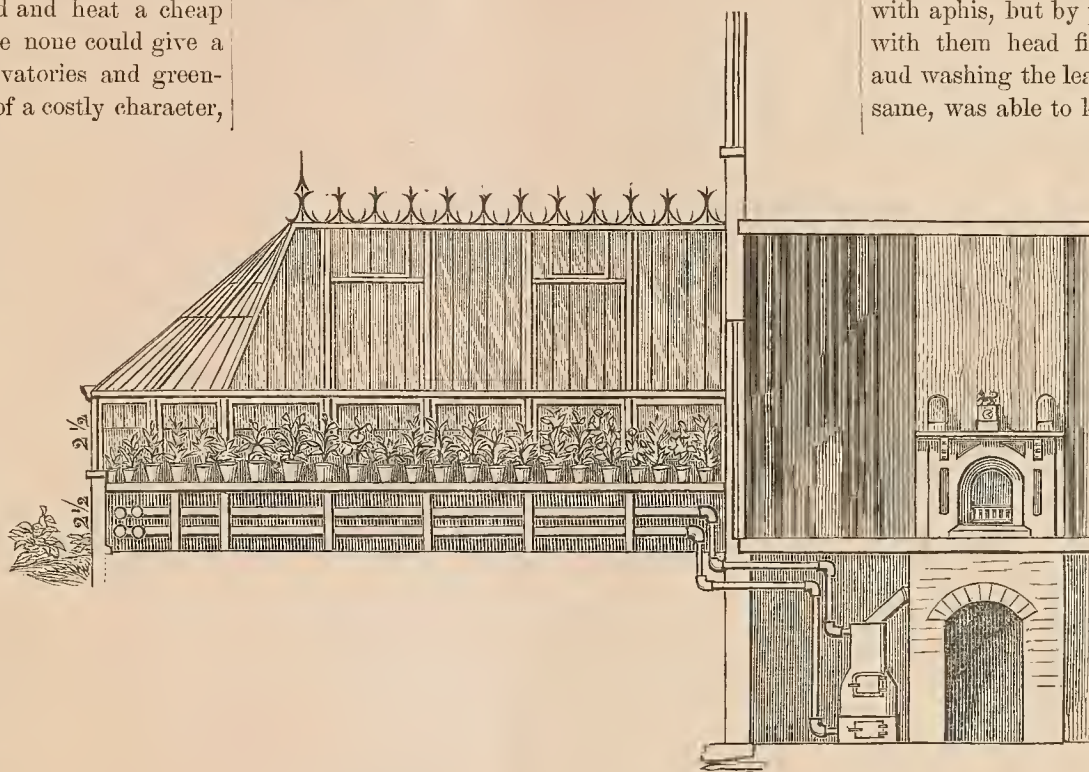
The cost of heater, with pipes in conservatory, all complete, will vary from \$150 to \$200, according to the size of conservatory, position of boiler, etc.

And the total cost of greenhouse complete, with pipes, boiler, etc., is estimated at about \$600. Possibly any one with mechanical ingenuity to make his own conservatory need not spend over \$350 to \$400. The heater must be placed immediately near a chimney, where there is a good draught, and once adjusted, needs no looking after for hours.

Many would like to see the heater do double duty, of heating both conservatory and parlor, but such can not be conveniently arranged. Each room requires its own apparatus.

The heater described here will maintain sufficient heat in the conservatory; the temperature will not fall below sixty degrees in very cold days.

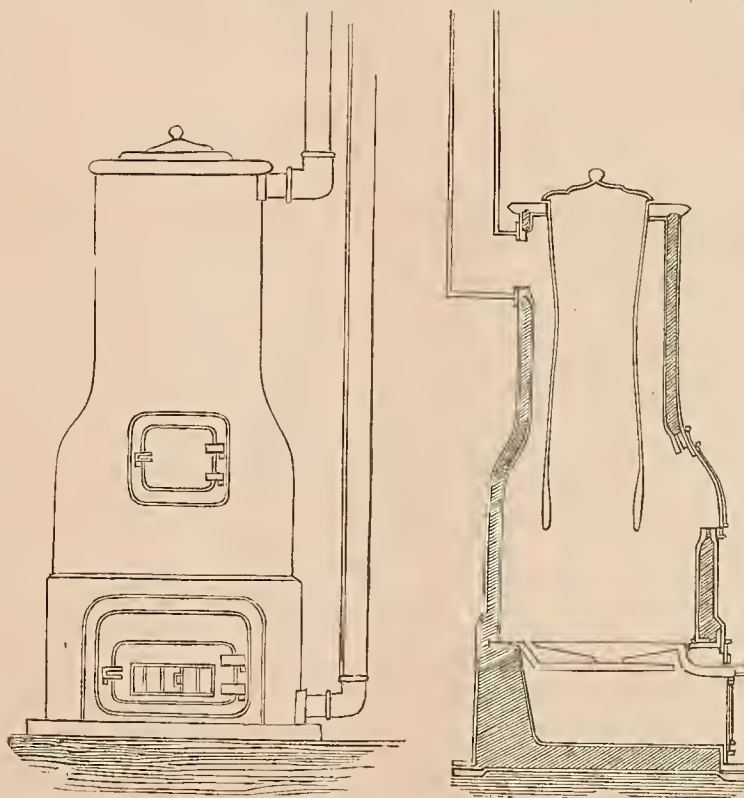
It seems, in our opinion, to meet the purpose most admirably, and we will be happy to forward any letter from parties who wish to correspond with the manufacturer for its erection.



PLAN FOR HEATING A SMALL CONSERVATORY.

CONSERVATORY.

In compliance with the request of A. S. C. A. in the June number of the CABINET, I will say that a coal stove heats both sitting room and conservatory. Last winter was its first trial, and I had many fears that it would not be sufficient, but happily they were all proved needless. On very cold nights I often



PLAN OF BOILER FOR SMALL CONSERVATORY.

slipped papers in behind the plants, to prevent them coming in contact with the frosty panes, and a few times carried some of the more tender ones into the sitting room to spend the night. We of course consumed more coal, but were more than repaid in beauty and fragrance. Our plants were an unfailing source

of interest and enjoyment all winter long. I had no trouble with worms or red spiders, and indeed I never have had any serious trouble with the latter, even in a sitting room. Think a dish or two of water, fresh every day, placed on the shelves between the plants, will, by evaporation, keep the under sides of the leaves moist and prevent their ravages. Had some trouble with aphids, but by plunging the small plants infested with them head first into a pail of tobacco tea, and aud washing the leaves and stalks of larger ones in the same, was able to keep them in check.

Now let me introduce you to some of the pleasant little people who made our home so cheerful and attractive last winter. There is a family of Carnations of which my especial favorite is Pres. De-graw. Rather small of stature, but of so generous a nature that there were few days we could not have gathered a bouquet from its branches. There were Geraniums, both double and single. Two Marie Lemoines, who seemed on a strife which could produce the most and largest flowers. They were marvels of beauty. If there is another Geranium that can equal it, I would like to know its name. A Mahouia attracted much attention for many weeks. In the spring the pot was plunged in the bed, and the plant kept

closely trimmed all summer. In the fall shifted to a larger pot, and let it grow. And it did grow. Its long, flexible branches interlaced and drooped over, making a very graceful, rounded bush, and by mid-winter every twig was thickly set with its little yellow cups, all turned bottom upwards, pouring forth their delightful fragrance until the whole house was filled.

"O! how sweet!" was a common exclamation, as friends and neighbors entered the house. The same plant is now in the garden, undergoing similar treatment this summer.

I would like to tell you about my Roses, Prim-roses, Ivies, Smilax and many other things, but fear this is already longer than will please our good editor.

J. K.

Aquatic Plants.—*Nelumbium luteum*, also called Water Chinquapin, is a beautiful aquatic plant, found in many of the lakes, ponds, and still waters of Texas, Florida, and perhaps other Gulf States. Large leaves floating upon the water, and in June and July bears a large creamy-yellow bloom, in some respects similar to the Water Lily, in others, very dissimilar. The large torus full of seed that resembles an acorn or chinquapin, hence the name. A very suitable plant for ornamenting ponds or lakes. For those partial to blue flowers, *Pontederia cordata*, and other varieties, called Pickerel Weed, are aquatic plants with spikes of blue flowers.

FLORA Z.

Madeira Vine.—In answer to Medora Ashen I would say that I have in my office a plant that was potted April 15 last, that has run over forty feet, and has three leaves that measure respectively 20, 21 and 21 1/2 inches in circumference, so that she will have to try again to beat Suekerdom. If she will visit the Rock River Valley I think we can show her many a rare floral specimen.

G. B. WORTH.

Dixon, Ill.

Stories.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE FLY THAT WAS INVITED INTO THE PARLOR.

What a wealth of associations clusters around that well-known fable. Which of us, as a child, has not listened with flushed cheeks, bated breath, and eager eyes, while a loving mother, an indulgent grandma, or a kind, elder sister told in the gathering twilight about the silly fly that was invited into that curious parlor by the cunning old spider.

As we grew older, we found history but repeating itself. Samsou carefully guarded his secret, until Delilah won it from him by persistent, artful flattery. Ulysses, listening to the blandishments of Calypso, remained her guest for ten long years, while the faithful Penelope waited and watched at home. Even Antony, the great triumvir, disregarded the glory of Rome, neglected his noble wife Octavia, slighted the warning voices of his generals, forgot his love of conquest, and abandoned himself to the luxurious, enervating life of an Eastern court, when Cleopatra, the starry-eyed Egyptian queen, captivated both mind and heart by the subtle charm of a flattery that was couched in all the glowing metaphor of an Oriental language.

In the rythmical fable of "The Spider and the Fly," the poet has chosen to describe merely the artful temptation and the final surrender; but who has written the childhood of that too-confiding fly? A silence as profound, as unbroken as that of the Sphinx, or the death-like stillness that reigns in the desert near Gila Bend, where the stone face believed by the Mexican Indians to be that of Montezuma, day after day, year after year, century after century, has rested in a long, unending sleep. The writer of the "Junius Letters" may never be discovered; the original of "The Man with the Iron Mask" will never now be known, and the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" must ever remain a mystery; but, for me has been reserved the pleasing task of drawing aside the thick veil, of revealing what has so long been a secret—the early history of the fly that was invited into the parlor.

Down in a beautiful valley, through which meandered a bright stream, grew a mighty oak. On one of the topmost branches of this giant tree, our friend, the fly, first opened her eyes to the sunshine of this great, round world. You may think it a very little thing—this coming to life of a fly; but in this instance it made quite a buzz in the insect world, for Mrs. Hop-in-the-air, a wise, old grasshopper that lived at the foot of the tree, gave it as her opinion that the new-comer was a genius and destined to accomplish great things. Old Yellowback, a bumblebee of undoubted taste, praised the fly's bright eyes and gossamer wings, and gave it as his opinion that she would most certainly be a belle and a leader of fashion. Now, the fly was not naturally vain; but being young, her head was quite turned by these compliments, and she began to long for a sight of all her charms.

Accordingly, when her wings grew strong, she flew down to the babbling stream, and lighting on a stone, gazed eagerly into the dancing waters, in the hope of seeing herself mirrored there; but the stream was such a noisy little thing, and dashed itself with such force over the stones, that its whole surface was covered with ripples and foam, and the image it gave back was blurred and imperfect. While the fly was searching disconsolately for a smooth sheet of water in which to see herself, a beautiful butterfly came flitting

by. It settled for a moment on a pure white anemone, and seeing the fly, called out pleasantly:

"Good moruing, pretty Fly, whither away so fast?"

The fly, ashamed to confess the real object of her pursuit, alighted on a blade of grass, and answered:

"I brushed against a spring-beauty, and shook a drop of dew on my wings; so I'm flying about in the sun to dry them."

"Ah!" exclaimed the butterfly, fluttering her gorgeous wings fast enough to make the flower on which she rested sway gently back and forth, "Ah! fortunate creature, Nature has given you wings that neither rain nor dew can injure; but every drop of moisture spoils mine, and even the lightest touch brushes off some of my tiny scales."

"But," responded the fly, hoping to elicit further praise, "your wings are far more beautiful than mine."

The butterfly smiled as she replied: "Only a different style of beauty, my dear Fly; your wings have the delicate tints of an opal, and your eyes are far brighter than mine."

Just then a plump swallow alighted on a branch just above their heads. The butterfly, much alarmed, bid the fly a hasty farewell, and lost no time in flitting beyond the reach of the swallow.

Left to herself, the fly crept under a broad leaf to rest and think over the flattering words of the butterfly. To be sure, she had always been taught to consider the butterflies as being very worldly people, living very frivolous lives; still they went into the very best society, and always dressed with exquisite taste themselves; should not their praise, then, have its just weight? While she was thinking of all this, a mosquito alighted on the same leaf with herself.

"Good morning, Miss Fly," he called, checking himself in the midst of a song, when he saw that the leaf was already occupied; "this is a pleasant place to rest."

"Very pleasant, indeed," replied the fly; "but what were you singing just now?"

"Oh!" answered the mosquito, glancing critically at his feet to see that his boots were not dusty, "I was merely humming some snatches from the last opera. Are you fond of music?"

Now the fly did not really care a fig for music, but she was flattered at the notice and the deferential tone of the mosquito, because he and all his family were considered great wits, very sharp people, and all remarkable singers, so she answered, "Indeed, Mr. Mosquito, I am very fond of music; the opera is my especial delight."

"Then may I have the pleasure of your company this evening? I heard that the performance was expected to be very fine."

The fly eagerly accepted the invitation, and waved her wings gently to and fro to display their opaline tints. The mosquito thanked her for the promise of her company, and assured her, with an admiring glance, that she would be the observed of all observers, and he the happiest of mosquitoes; then he bowed and bid her good-bye until the evening.

He had scarcely left her, when a wasp hurriedly alighted. The fly would have hastened away because the wasp, who had been a great coquette in her time, but who, strange to say, was still unmarried, always managed to say something stinging and disagreeable, especially if she saw one of her own sex receiving any attention.

"Who was that with whom you was just talking?" she demanded of the fly, detaining her.

"Mr. Sharpbill Mosquito," answered the fly, very meekly, for she stood rather in awe of the wasp.

"And what did he want, pray?"

"He invited me to go with him to the opera, to-night."

"Well, really!" cried the wasp, "I don't know what the world is coming to; for an insect like Sharpbill Mosquito to take a chit of a fly like you to the opera! For my part, I'd be ashamed to be seen in public with any one so plainly dressed!" And then, having made the fly perfectly miserable, she flew away.

The poor fly was quite down-hearted, and sat for some time lost in sad thoughts; at last she determined to seek once more for a pool of still, clear water, in which she might see herself, and decide which was right, the wasp or the butterfly.

Just then a little red ant crept up on the leaf in search of food. The fly, not noticing the little creature, began trimming her wings preparatory to flying away. The ant, being very timid, was about to run away, when the fly saw her and called out—

"Stop, little ant; can you tell me where I can find a pool of still, clear water?"

"Yes, beautiful fly," answered Mrs. Workwell, the ant, "just beyond that ash tree yonder is a maple, and a little further on a chestnut tree; at the foot of the chestnut is a cool, clear spring."

"Thanks!" cried the fly, spreading her wings.

"But beware," called the ant, "for a fierce and hungry spider lives in a hole in the trunk of the chestnut tree."

"I'm not afraid of spiders," laughed the fly, as she disappeared from sight. She found the spring and was just bending over the brink, when she heard a pleasant voice exclaiming:

"Will you walk into my parlor, for it's the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy?"

"Ah! the cunning old spider," thought the fly to herself. And we all know the very short answer she gave him.

The spider, not a bit daunted, asked her to come and rest awhile on his bed; but the fly was too wise to accept his invitation. Just then the spider noticed that the fly kept glancing at herself in the spring, so he artfully mentioned that he had a nice little looking-glass, and then praised her bright eyes and her white and purple wings.

The fly was entirely thrown off her guard by his friendly tone and winning flattery; but true to her feminine instincts, she would not admit that she wished to see herself; so she bid him good-bye, promising to come another day, while she thought to herself, "I'll come back bye-and-bye when he's forgotten that he mentioned the looking-glass, and he'll never know that *that* was the reason of my visit."

Then she thought of all she had heard of the cruelty of spiders, but she reassured herself by thinking that there are exceptions to every rule, and she did not believe that this spider was cruel at all. At any rate it would do no harm to pay him just a short call, take one look at herself in the mirror and then hasten away. Then she thought of the admiring glances Sharpbill Mosquito had given her.

All this time she had been gradually approaching the chestnut tree. The wily old spider was watching for her return, and exclaimed as soon as he saw her:

"Ah! here comes my beautiful fly. My dear, you make me feel quite ashamed beside you; for my eyes are as dull as lead, while yours are as bright as diamonds."

So the fly went into the spider's sly, little den. With the poet, let me draw a veil over the tragic ending of this promising, though short-lived, career. We are told she ne'er came out again. Imagination only can picture what her death must have been.

Peace to her memory. My task is completed.

A. E. I.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address
GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.



In this issue of THE FLORAL CABINET are given some engravings of rare floral elegance.

Upon page 1 is figured a beautiful design of a "Parlor Flower Case," which is really superb. It represents a very large case, with six sides of glass windows, each about five feet in height and two feet broad. The base is decorated with carved work, and over the top is arranged a trellis or frame upon which creep some luxuriant climbing vines (the Ivy being most suitable). In the interior is a statue, surrounded by plants of semi-tropical appearance—Agaves, Ferns, Caladiums, Marantas, etc.—making a picture of rural felicity. This case being entirely closed, thus keeping an atmosphere of its own, it resembles in principle and practice a fernery upon a large scale; and for a large drawing-room it is perhaps the most *recherché* ornament that could be devised.

Upon page 4 is figured a design for a little terrace garden overlooking an extensive lawn. The display of flower-beds and the disposition of vases and statuary are sufficiently suggestive to any one to copy without special directions.

Upon this page is a sketch of a pretty little fernery, which is within the means of all. This is specially adapted for standing upon a little table in the corner of a room, and is about eight inches in diameter. It costs but \$2.50 each, without glass. A large vase, with pedestal, so as to make a stand thirty inches in height, with diameter of top fourteen inches, fitted with a vase eleven inches in diameter, will cost \$10. The pedestal is constructed of iron. If desired, we could furnish them to subscribers at these prices.

Upon page 9 is a delightful view of the interior of a large English conservatory. This is connected directly

with the drawing-room of one of the finest of English mansions. Observe that the floor is laid with tile, and in all appearance the apartments are neat and elegant as a boudoir. The pyramids of Canellias and stands of other flowers, full to profusion with bloom, make our hearts excited with envy at the scene of delight.

Upon page 12 is a sketch of a pretty dining-table, decorated with fruit and flowers. This subject of dinner-table decoration has as yet received little notice in this country, except from professional florists. Al- most everybody should make it a study, and it will be found a topic fully as interesting as the more common one of house furnishing and home ornaments. This design now illustrated is one of a dining-table and set exhibited at a recent Crystal Palace Exhibition in London. The principal object in this design was to show the best possible display of fruit and flowers with- out extravagant expense. The glass fruit-dishes were decorated with fern fronds and evergreen spray; two principal floral dishes for bouquets were placed at each end of the table; one handsome centre-piece, and side bouquets around the table by the plate of each guest. In choosing flowers the decorators avoided the Lily, Stephanotis, and Tuberoses, which load the air with heavy perfume, and preference was given to flowers without strong perfume.

Madeira Vine.—One of your correspondents, in the August number, wishes to know if any one ever saw a Madeira Vine leaf over seventeen inches in circumference. I have a vine that has several leaves measuring twenty-four inches. It stands on



the north side of the house where it gets only the morning sun. I suppose that is the reason that it grows so well. SALLIE J. WILLIAMS.

SALLIE J. WILLIAMS.

Cantrell's Cross Roads, Tenn.

Cash Prizes for Clubs.—The following prizes will be given to agents or club agents who raise the largest clubs during the coming fall and winter. These prizes are in addition to all the other premiums offered in the premium list:

1st	Prize for largest list of subscribers, one year.....	\$30
2d	" " next largest list of subscribers, one year.	20
3d	" " " " " "	15
4th	" " " " " "	10
5th	" " " " " "	5

Two subscribers at six months count same as one at one year.

PRIZES FOR THREE MONTHS SUBSCRIBERS.

1st Prize for largest list of subscribers, three months, at 85cts.	\$10
2d " " next largest list of subscribers, three months, at 35 cents	\$5

N. B.—These subscriptions must all be for three months, beginning with September or October No., and include chromo "Gems of the Flower Garden," to each one. Should any fail of securing these prizes, we will give a satisfactory premium for those actually secured.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers solicited by agents whom they do not know, to subscribe for the *FLORAL CABINET* will always demand from them: 1. To show their letter of authority, signed by the publisher. 2. A receipt (signed also by the publisher) for all money paid to the agent.

No agent can give a receipt of his own. No agent is permitted to canvass without a letter of authority.

If money hereafter is paid to an agent, without getting a receipt from the publisher, the subscriber must bear the risk of its safety.

Subscribers may, however, entrust their money to agents whom they know and believe worthy of confidence, and these agents may forward it to us. Still we are responsible for money only when it reaches us, or for our receipt when delivered by agent.

Chromos Framed.—The new ehromo is sent framed to any address for \$1 extra, or given free to any agent bringing a club of ten, or twenty with extra copy of paper free.

Chromos for Sale.—Our new trial trip subscribers are reminded that for fifty cents they can obtain the whole set of our chromos for 1878 and 1874—three as pretty subjects as can be found 1- or twenty-five cents will purchase either "Gems of the Flower Garden" or the set "Good Night" and "Good Morning." We have surplus copies, and will dispose of them by sale.

New Terms to Agents.—Our new terms to agents are ready. They are very much more liberal than last year. Send for them. Commissions are larger. Every agent should get a certificate of authority from us—a club agent, however, does not need it.

New Terms to Clubs.—Observe new prices for clubs. An extra copy of paper is given for 1875 for a club of only 10. Last year the terms were for 15. Almost any one can get up a club of 10 in any place.

One Hundred Subscribers.—Who will send us 100 subscribers from a single place, or two places? We will give a prize of a \$60 Weed sewing machine, or \$40 in cash. We have known agents who took 20 names per day, thus earning \$48 in one week. Who will try?

Agents Wanted.—We have need of more agents. Try it. Work is remarkably easy. The FLORAL CABINET is one of the nicest papers to canvass for—so pretty and so well liked. Send for terms.

Get up a Club.—More club agents wanted. Begin early, and get all the names you can. Our new Premium List is very attractive, and will pay you well.

A Ten Dollar Prize is given to one who brings the largest number of trial trip subscribers for three months. Each subscriber being entitled to chromo "Gems of the Flower Garden." Everybody try.

New Chromo.—Send for it. It will help you get up a club. Is a perfect beauty—the prettiest one issued. To all who got clubs last year, it will be sent free, if desired, to help them in renewing the club. All others enclose twenty-five cents, which can be deducted when club money is remitted afterward.

New Premium List.—See new Premium List enclosed in this number. Something there sure to suit you.

Largest Club.—The person raising the largest club gets a fine list of premiums. If over 100, he may get the \$30 cash prize in addition to a fine sewing machine, or choice of a fine collection of books and games.

Important Notice. "What Next?" Consolidation.—August 29th, we became purchaser of the subscription lists of "WHAT NEXT?" formerly published in Chicago. All subscribers to the \$1.00 or \$1.25 edition of that journal will receive in its place the FLORAL CABINET for the ensuing three months.

Send 10 Cents for "WILLIAMS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF RURAL AND HOUSEHOLD BOOKS, SOCIAL GAMES, AND HOME AMUSEMENTS." The prettiest catalogue ever issued. Exceedingly attractive and invaluable to every family. 72 pages, beautifully illustrated. Over 500 books, games, &c., fully described.

CASH PRIZES FOR ARTICLES.—To encourage flower lovers, and also those who are interested in household topics, to communicate their bits of knowledge, and also to reward them for special efforts, the publisher of the FLORAL CABINET offers the following prizes for the best articles submitted to us for special competition. Contributors will note the following

REQUIREMENTS.

1. Each article must not be over six letter pages long nor less than three.
2. All articles must be labelled "For competition." Communications not so labelled are supposed to be for gratuitous publication, as we see fit.
3. All articles must be sent to this office before Nov. 1 and prizes will be announced in December No.
4. Articles may be on any topic interesting to ladies—Flowers, Gardening, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Fancy Work, Elegancies, Home Pets, Household Art, &c.

CASH FRIZES.

- | | | |
|----|--|-----|
| 1. | For best article on Flowers, or Window Gardening | \$1 |
| 2. | " " " Household Topics | 1 |
| 3. | " " " second best article on Flowers | |
| 4. | " " " " Household Topics | |
| 5. | " " " each of next five best, Flowers | |
| 6. | " " " " Household Topics | |
| 7. | " " " each of next five best of each class, | Λ |
| | handsome Chromo or Book. | |

Address all articles, prepaid letter postage, to
HENRY T. WILLIAMS,
Office, No 46 Beekman street. Box No. 2445, New York City.

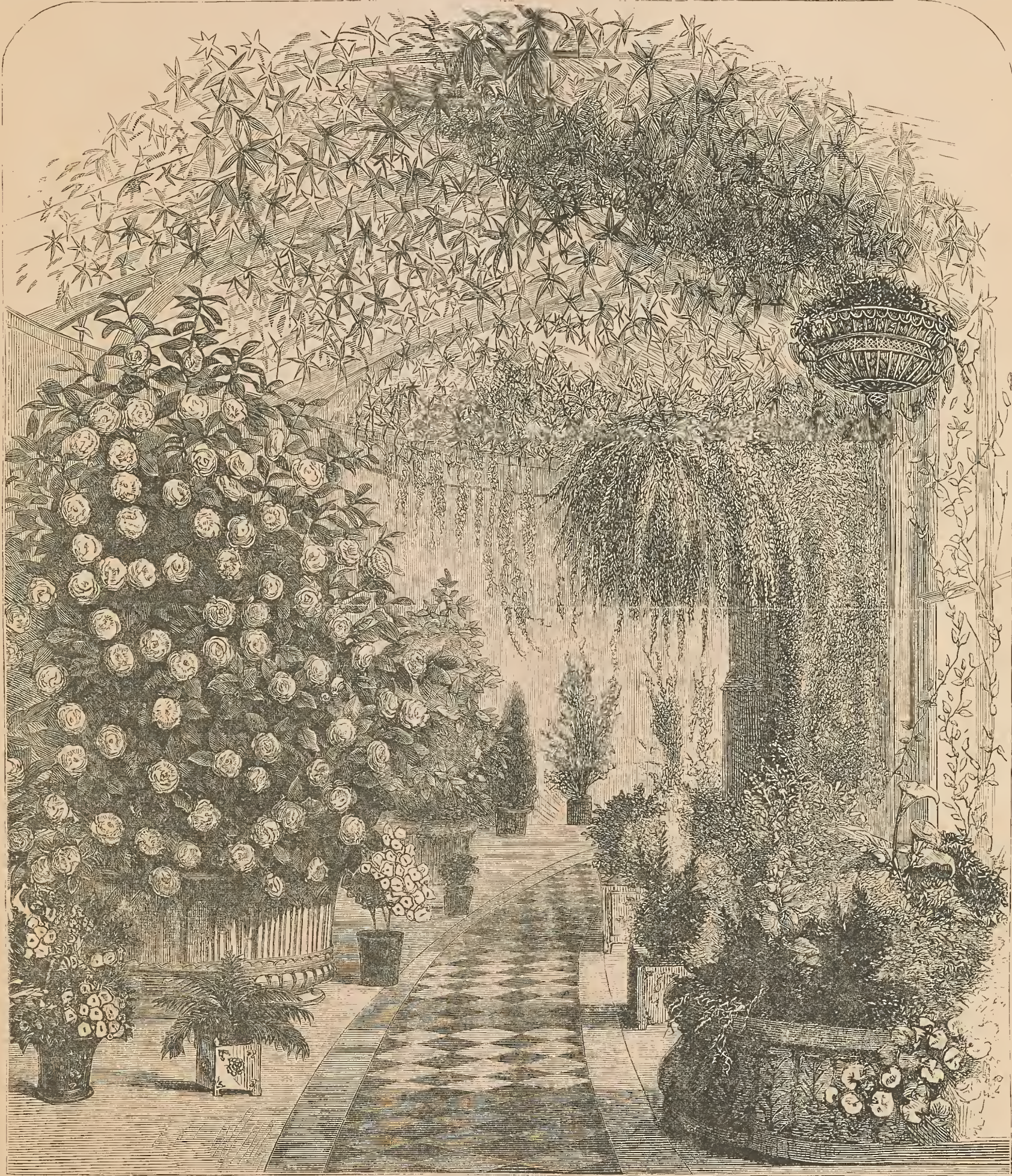
Society.

A GLIMPSE OF SPANISH LIFE.

All the Spaniards rise, as a rule, at five or six in the summer to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the

alemedo for the passao, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her creadas to look after; and, above all, her dresses to make or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets, from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of

to rise up refreshed for another eventful day. As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is politics. He may ride out to view his olive farm or hill mine; and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable eigarillo,



INTERIOR OF PRETTY ENGLISH CONSERVATORY.

summer day: at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida—and after that follows the two hours' siesta in the darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious light breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the

the head, and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust. How they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest,

and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort, not even a book of the calibre of a three-volume novel. Politics, politics, are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire.

Ladies' Boudoir.

[FOR THE FLORAL CABINET.]

WAS IT GOOD-BYE?

BY GRACE SANFORD.

"I must bid her good-bye to-morrow.
I wonder if she will wear,
For love's sake, this tiny trinket
'Mid the waves of her chestnut hair—
Her shining chestnut hair?"

"I will say, 'This golden humming bird
Fit emblem is of you,
For it never yet rested in any heart,
It never was tender and true—
To any one tender and true."

"Ah, no! such words I must never speak,
Lest in anger she turn away;
But, when I bid her the last farewell,
I will hold her hand and say—
Her little hand, and say:

"Will you give me your unweary heart for mine?
Ah, sweet, if for me you care,
Will you take this token of love from my hand
And wear it just now in your hair—
In your wavy chestnut hair?"

No farewell was said on the morrow—
The studied words vanished in air—
Whatever was spoken, I only tell—
The humming-bird shone in her hair—
'Mong the waves of her chestnut hair.

TWO WOMEN.

Mollie and Julia Hurst sat by an open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze. Each had an open work-basket before her, and needles were flying—Mollie was hemming towels and Julia stitching on some delicate lace fabric. There was to be a double wedding soon in the little village church, and these two sisters were to be the brides. Julia had returned the day before from her aunt's, who lived in the city, where she had been for many weeks having her trousseau prepared. Mollie contended she could prepare her own, and, in spite of her sister's persuading, remained at home.

"Now, Mollie," said Julia, "tell me how you have expended the \$500 papa gave you for finery."

"Oh," said Mollie, "I've bought all I need, and have got \$200 left for fixing up around and beautifying my home."

"Pooh!" said Julia, "that's George's business; but what finery have you got?"

"My wedding-dress of tarlatan, two organdies, a victoria lawn, a silk grenadine and a linen suit."

"How many silks?"

"Not one. I altered and retrimmed my two old ones; they are as good as new now."

"I despise new clothes made of old ones," said Julia; "but what else have you?"

"I laid in a supply of linen underwear—made trimming and garments myself—bought a nice lot of sheets, tablecloths, napkins, pillow-cases, etc. With the two hundred left I shall have me a pit made to keep my five flowers in during the winter; then I shall have a bay window put on the south side of the house where there is only a small one now; then I shall buy all the flowers, shrubbery, etc., I want, and be happy."

"That's a queer idea for a bride," said Julia; "but mine is every cent gone, and I'm in debt besides; I need another dress badly; my blue silk cost \$150; my others were some cheaper, but the making of them cost so much; then the way they charged for making up my underwear was outrageous."

"You ought to have made them yourself, Julia, as I did mine, thereby saving half your money. We have a good machine, and you could have done it very

easily. You have been very extravagant in your wardrobe, any way."

"Well, a woman don't generally show off as a bride but once in a lifetime, and I mean to make Clarence Arden proud of his wife," said Julia; "and as to making your own clothes, why in the city you wouldn't be anybody if you didn't put out your sewing. You are to live in the country; you can wear cheap dresses and do your own sewing; but in the city, where my home is to be, it won't do for me to wear such clothes, or make what I do wear."

"But, Julia, a wife should dress and live according to her husband's circumstances. Clarence is poor—has only his practice—it would look better to see his wife have different ideas, and dress plainer."

"Well, she won't do it. Clarence has rented a fine house, and I shall dress to suit my house. I shall have fine dresses, no matter what. If he can pay for them, it's all right; if he can't, then as long as credit lasts I'll have them."

"Oh, Julia, don't talk so."

"I wouldn't settle down here in the country with that plain farmer, Mollie, as you are doing, for anything. I would be miserable. I shall go to balls, theatres, etc.—give big parties—and here you'll be tied down to this life always."

"A very pleasant life I anticipate, sister. George has all the comforts I ask, I love him, and shall be happy wherever he is."

"Oh, he is so plain; he don't show off like Clarence; he can't write verses nor sing, and he is such a prude—why, last week, in town, he wouldn't drink at the bar with Clarence and a lot others—refused point blank. I was so ashamed of it when they told me about it."

"I thank heaven George won't drink at the bar, nor any other place," said Mollie; "and the day will come when you will wish Clarence was like George in this respect."

The wedding was over, and the sisters went to their respective homes—Julia to the city, where Mr. Arden had rented a fine residence in the most fashionable part of the city, and Mollie to the large country house that belonged, together with the fine tract of land surrounding it, to her husband, George Hilliard. Mollie Hilliard was a happy woman. Her husband was a man of whom she was proud, if he didn't show off like her lawyer brother-in-law. He was manly looking, honest, industrious, temperate in all things, and loved his wife. Both of their tastes were refined, yet simple, and they were cultivated. Her greatest pleasure was in constantly improving her home and surroundings, and keeping clear of debt. She made a rule, when she first took charge of George Hilliard's house, never to run in debt, and never to buy unless her husband was ready to meet her demands; consequently, success attended them. His crops did well, stock increased, and he was called a model farmer. She sent more butter, eggs and chickens to market than any woman in the county. Her garden was always fine, and her flowers never failed. Young people from miles around came to her for bouquets, and people wondered why her flowers were sweeter, larger and so much more of them than her neighbors. In the first place, she had had her yard and flower-garden made to suit her; her ground was improved, just as it should be; she had bought her seeds and roots from the best seedsmen and florists, and had subscribed for the CABINET. No wonder she succeeded.

Julia began her new life with large ideas. First she must give a grand ball, which was no little item out of her husband's pockets; then she must attend the balls given by others, and in a short time she was

ashamed to wear her other silks so much, and must have new ones. If her husband could give her the money, they were paid for; if not, they were charged. Every ball or theatre she must have a bouquet from the greenhouse, which cost five or ten dollars—she wouldn't bother with raising flowers herself. Clarence, to keep up with his club-mates, must give oyster and wine suppers once in awhile at his home—then attend the club-room and stand his share of the expenses there. In course of time he became very fond of these wine suppers; in truth too fond for his own good, for at length ruin came.

Four years passed. Again we see the sisters enjoying the fresh morning breeze—this time on the portico of Mollie's country residence. Mollie has a healthy looking, robust little boy playing at her feet with the kittens, while in her lap lays a rosy little girl babe. Her own face is still fresh and bright, and her countenance betokens contentment and happiness. Julia fondles a frail, delicate little girl of three years, and her face bears a sad, wearied look. The deep mourning in which she is clad tells her story. Yes, the fashionable wine suppers had been too much for Clarence Arden's weak nature. Debt and strong drink had crushed him. Six months previous he died, leaving his wife and child penniless; but they found a warm welcome at Mollie's home, and now enjoy life as well as the widow and fatherless ever do.

DAISY BURNS.

Pastimes—Gathering Flowers.—I noticed an enigma in the February number which reminded me of a game we have been trying in school. Choose a word containing several vowels. Spell from it as many short words as possible without using the same letter twice in a word. A young lad made one hundred and eighteen words from treason. Longer words yield many more. From words like simultaneously, misunderstanding and Episcopalianism two or three hundred may be obtained. Perhaps it will be a pleasant and useful pastime for some of your younger readers.

My little friends keep me supplied with wild flowers. They have brought me the graceful Uvularia, dark blue Cohosh, the delicate Mitre-wort, Early Saxifrage, a small number of Dicentra Canadensis, and a single specimen of Orchia Spectabilis. Maiden-hair Fern grows in great profusion near our house, and in my opinion is the most graceful and charming of all ferns. Do Trilliums turn pink before they fade? I have found them pink, white shaded with pink, white marked with green, and one specimen distinctly marked with green in the centre of each petal while the outside edge was pink.

SARAH J. SHELDON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

If you wish particularly to gain the good graces and affection of certain people, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their dominant weakness—for every one has his own—then do justice to the one, and a little more than justice to the other.

Love is the crowning of grace and humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.—*Petrarch*.

To be Pitied.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despised. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone, and eats a substance he does not earn.

The Ladies' Work Basket.

DRYING FLOWERS.

In some parts of Germany the business of drying flowers is extensively carried on, and they have become quite an important article of export. Thousands of tasteful bouquets, wreaths and baskets of these flowers are annually sent to Paris, where they are in constant demand. The process is very simple, and with a little experience, almost any one may successfully dry flowers and keep them in a state of perfection for a long time.

For a first trial take a common cigar-box, or any box of convenient size. You may also bore several holes in the bottom, and over these holes paste strong stiff paper, as directed in the July number of the CABINET. The next thing of importance is the preparation of the sand. Fine river sand, baked thoroughly dry, is the best adapted to the purpose. The leaves of many flowers are so glutinous that sand adheres to them with great tenacity, which will spoil the dried specimens. To prevent this the sand is prepared in the following manner: To 12½ pounds of well dried or baked sand take one ounce of stearine. Put the sand in a large flat pan over a good fire, heat it to such a degree that a small piece of stearine will immediately melt on it (the stearine should be scraped into fine shavings); now scatter over one or two teaspoonfuls of it on the heated sand, being careful to stir the whole thoroughly all the while. After the first portion has been well absorbed by the sand, add another spoonful, and so on until the whole has been added. This requires care and some patience; do not get tired of stirring, and do not take the pan from the fire until every grain has received its proper share of stearine.

Now pick out the flowers you wish to dry; they should be free from dew or any moisture. Through a fine sieve sift a layer of sand a quarter of an inch deep into the box; now lay carefully as many flowers and leaves on the sand as you can; the space between the larger flowers may be filled up by smaller ones; on this layer of flowers carefully sift another layer of sand; do not press the sand down with your hands—this would spoil the natural shape of the flowers—but knock gently with your fingers at the sides and bottom of the box until every little space between and under the flowers is well filled up; then put in another layer of flowers and proceed as before until the box is full. Tie down the lid with good strong cord and put the box in a warm place. If in your own house there is not a constantly warm place under or near the stove, take the box to your baker's and put it in a good warm position on his oven. In two to four days the flowers will be perfectly dry if the situation is really warm. When only exposed to the sun it requires much more time.

When you wish to take out the flowers, cut through the paper at the bottom and let the sand slowly run out. The flowers at first are so brittle that you cannot take them out without breaking them; put the open box in a cool moist place in a cellar or a ditch for several hours; you may then safely remove the contents.

Do not expect to find every flower perfect; some will be spoiled in shape and color. With some experience you will soon learn to know these, and leave them out at your future trials. But others you will find in a splendid condition, and these will amply repay you for all your trouble. After some practice you may also learn to dry your favorites on a larger scale. These flowers are very beautiful for winter

bouquets, and will look well for a long time if protected from dust and the rays of the sun.

With flowers of long thin stems and leaves you may always be successful. Scabiosa, Primula, Forget-me-not, Honeysuckle, Pansies, Pinks, Sweet Peas, etc., are very reliable, but your own experience will teach you best which to take. Flowers with thick full corolla, also Tulips, Hyacinths, etc., are entirely useless for this purpose.

Richmond, Va.

REV. ED. HUBER.

Leaf Photographs.—A pretty amusement, especially for those who contemplate the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's, get five cents' worth of bi-chromate of potash; when the solution has become saturated, that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will, pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this, float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened; let it become nearly dry in the dark. It should be a bright yellow. On this, put the leaf, under it a piece of soft black cloth and several pieces of newspaper. Put this between two pieces of glass, all the pieces should be the same size, and with spring clothes-pins fasten them all together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall on it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a good print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs when well taken are very pretty and interesting.

Pressing Flowers, Ferns and Grasses.—At this season of the year we frequently desire to preserve the beautiful flowers which bloom everywhere about us, whether in field or garden. The process is an exceedingly simple one, and does not require a handpress wherewith to accomplish the desired end, but a pair of flat irons, a large chair, or even the leg of a couch can be made to do duty for it. A number of sheets of buff manila or common brown paper are, however, essential. Take care to gather the specimens on a fine day, and either just before the dew has dried away, or just before it falls. If gathered at noonday, the flowers will not keep their colors as well, and if plucked in field or meadow it is well to place them in a tin box in order to retain their freshness.

Skeleton Leaves.—Take three ounces of carbonate of soda, one and a half of quicklime previously slaked, and one quart of water. Boil ten minutes, and draw off the clear solution. Return this to the fire, with the leaves, boil briskly one hour, or till the epidermis and parenchyma separate easily. This can be done by rubbing between the fingers in clear water. A slower process is to keep the leaves in water until all the fibre decays. To bleach the leaves, mix a drachm of chlorate of lime with a pint of water and a little acetic acid. Steep the leaves in this about ten minutes, simmer, and place in books to press. Leaves with strong fibre, as the pear and ivy, are best. Fern, striped grasses, and some rose leaves do nicely.

Drying Sea Mosses.—Sea mosses can be dried by placing them in a soup plate, or any shallow dish filled with fresh water, and a little bit of alum added to it. Float the moss by placing pieces of white paper under

it, and then take a camel's hair brush and arrange the fibrous leaves in a natural manner upon the paper or cardboard. If the moss is very fine, the point of a needle will be useful in preparing it. When the specimens are placed to your mind, raise the paper carefully so that the moss will not be disturbed, and let it rest in a slanting position, so that the water can run off. When still damp, place an old bit of soft linen over it, and press in blotting paper. Let it remain under heavy pressure until dry. With pink and green sea-weeds one can represent lovely moss rosebuds, and also other flowers.

Mounting Leaves of Moss.—A lady who has a peculiar taste and genius for making pretty things out of the most common around us, tells how to mount the leaves of moss in an effectual manner. In the first place she would wash the moss well, drain off the superfluous water, lay it on the centre of a slide, and put on a thin glass cover. Secure this with a brass clip, and take hold of the slide with another clip. Now, let a little melted glycerine jelly run under by capillary attraction, and boil the side over a spirit lamp with a small flame, moving it about so that, being heated equally all over, it may not crack. When cold, all air bubbles will disappear if the jelly used be not too stiff. Clean the slide and varnish with gold size. She says she has mosses prepared in this way which have been mounted three years, and the color has not faded in the least. The glycerine jelly can be bought at any optician's. She thinks that the empty fruit capsules and the peristomes look better in glycerine jelly than when mounted dry, for the colors are better preserved.

Medley Picture.—For the foundation of the picture take bleached muslin; draw over one inch on the back of the frame, then tack fast; with a pencil draw a margin to paste to; if a common centre is desired, paste around the outer edges first, till the centre is reached; if a plain view is desired, begin at top, passing in rows from left to right across the foundation; if a square frame is used, select a picture suitable for each corner; the upper row looks best with sky displayed. Distance is better displayed by pasting only the lower half of the pictures; when the pictures are all pasted they will not appear in rows, as they vary so much in size; each row should lap more or less on each preceding row.

In trimming pictures for a "medley," one's own taste should be consulted; if some individual is selected, it would look best cut close to the outline of the face and head.

I find flour paste preferable to gum arabic or glue. To prepare it, take cold water and flour, stir smooth to the consistency of cream; place upon the fire, stir while boiling, till cooked smooth and thick. When made in this way it adheres better than when made in the ordinary way.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

To Wash White Nubias.—Take two quarts of flour and a little box-blue in your wash-boiler; rub with the hands as if washing in water, till the flour has access to every part. If much soiled repeat the operation in fresh flour; then hang in the wind and shake till all the flour is removed, and if done thoroughly it will look like new.

To make a pretty, graceful Screen for the front of a Grate.—Take a yard and a quarter of white tarlatan of quite coarse quality and sew one end of it along a strip of muslin; then begin at the opposite end and cut the whole piece into lengthwise strips three inches wide, up to the end where the muslin strip is.

Household Elegancies.

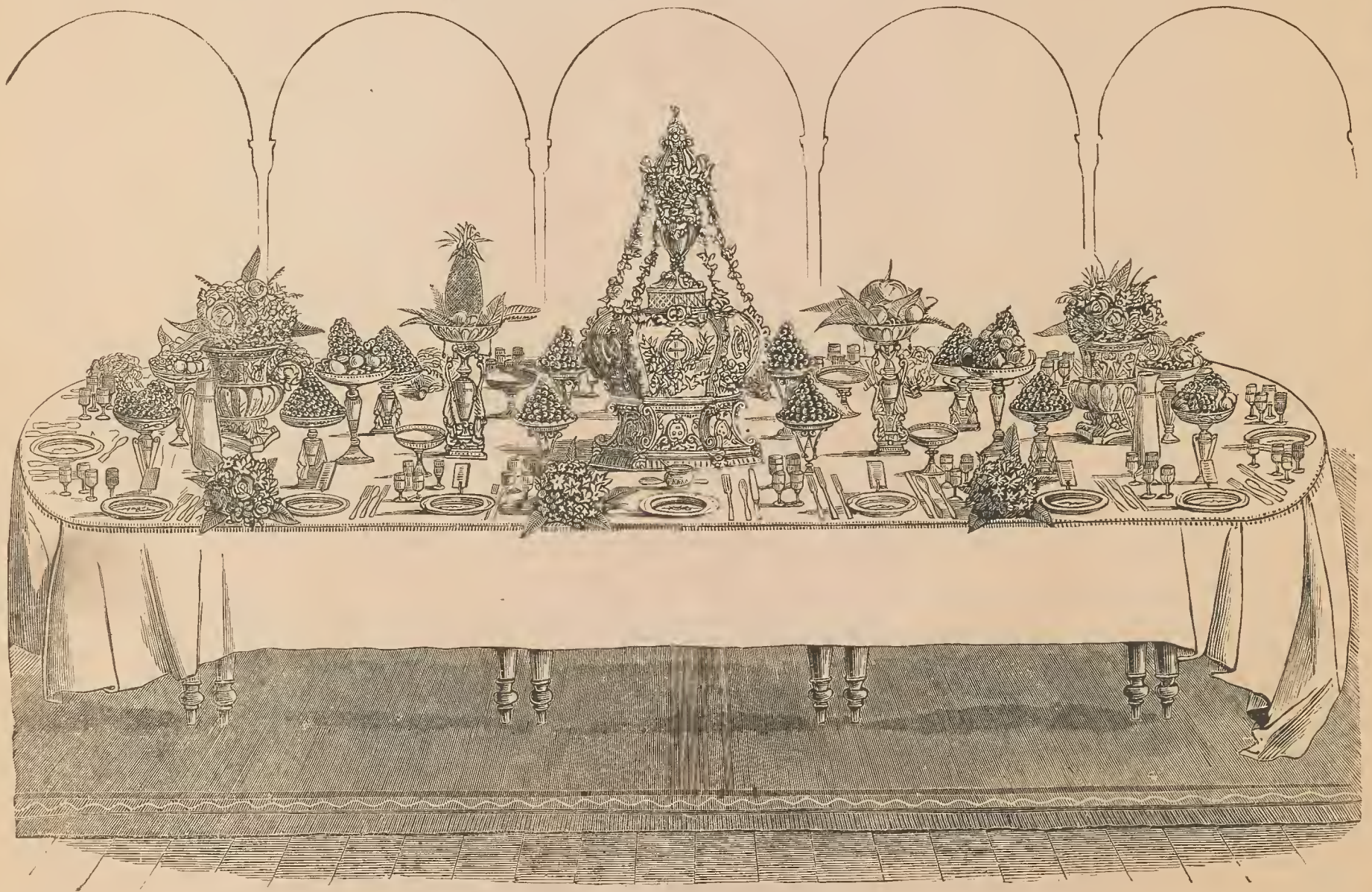
AUTUMN LEAVES.

Any one who has tried to preserve the brilliant colors of autumn leaves by varnishing, knows that before a year has passed hardly a vestige of color remains, and the leaves will be badly rolled. But I find that leaves preserved in the manner described below, will retain their bright hues for years, look more natural, and do not roll over at the edges. Gather the leaves as soon as they begin to turn, as they then retain their bright hues longest and best. I use almost every kind of a leaf, as you can arrange them so much prettier if you have a variety. Medium and small leaves are preferred, fine sprays of tiny leaves are prized for bouquets.

face downward, then draw it slowly over the edge of the saucer once or twice, to remove all superfluous wax, and hold it in a horizontal position with the right side of the leaf up, and it will dry in a minute or two; if the wax is too hot it will wither the leaf, and if too cool the wax will show in lumps, if just right it will be perfectly even, and show the colors of the leaf as brightly as when first picked. Sometimes, when there are uneven spots on the leaf, you can remove them by lightly scraping them with your thumb nail. I never remove the wax from the stove, but move it back when too hot, and forward again when it cools. When I gather sprays of leaves, and cannot press them without spoiling their graceful shape, I dip them in the wax one by one, without pressing, but they do not keep as nicely as when pressed. Sprays of sumac leaves and blackberry vines I press with a flat-iron waxed, being careful not to have it hot enough to

twined on the cords and left to hang gracefully around the picture frame, with a cluster of bright berries and ferns here and there, are beautiful. A butterfly on a cluster of ferns is pretty on picture cords. A corner bracket draped with Spanish moss may be filled with autumn leaves, and two or three butterflies among them. Ferns filled in around a bracket form a pretty background for a vase of berries and leaves. You can make pretty lambrequins by pinning autumn leaves and ferns in graceful forms on your lace curtains, and you can ornament your white shades with them in the same manner.

Another pretty ornament is made of sticks about a foot high; take three and cross to form a rustic stand, cover them with grey moss and a few berries and leaves, set a bird's nest in the hollow between the sticks, then get a pretty stuffed bird and set it on the nest.



A DINNER TABLE DECORATED WITH FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

To dry the leaves, use old books; begin to place them at the end of the book, not too many on a page: turn over five or six pages, lay in more leaves, and continue in this way until the book is filled; then put in a cool dry place with a heavy weight on it, until next day, then change it to dry books and replace the weight, and in a few days they will be ready to preserve. Sometimes I press the leaves with a warm iron, but I think it makes the colors fade sooner.

Get cakes of white wax, which you can procure at the druggists, put in a saucer and set it on the stove to heat; when the wax is melted add a few drops of turpentine; this softens the wax and makes the waxed leaf more pliable, and one can bend or mold them in any desired form, thus being an advantage over the other method. Try a leaf by dipping it into the wax,

change the colors. To arrange single leaves into bouquets, get green thread wire, and cut into pieces as long as you wish, for stems; break the stem nearly off the leaf, then pass the end of the wire through the bottom of the leaf, draw it through about an inch, then bend it down, and twist around the remaining stem and long wire, so as to hold the leaf firmly. After the leaves are fixed, arrange them in bouquets with a few pressed ferns, these will be pretty for your small vases. For large bouquets, use large sprays of leaves, sumac and ferns, mix a few dried or crystallized grasses and grain, black alder, black brier and bitter-sweet berries, and you will have as handsome bouquets for your stands and mantels as you could wish. Small clusters of autumn leaves and ferns prettily arranged on the picture cords look nicely. Blackberry vines

To make anchors, crosses, stars, and wreaths, cut the forms out of pasteboard, and then sew autumn leaves on them, arranging the different colors and sizes prettily; these are very pretty to use in a great many ways. Sometimes I cut the centres of the stars out and use for a picture frame, inserting a photograph or a small picture. They are odd and pretty.

I think the best time to gather ferns for winter use is September and October, as then the frost turns them white, and you can get them from deepest green to almost white, and they add so much to winter decoration. I also collect all kinds of wild grasses, of which you will find a great variety, and quantities of autumn berries. A person of taste can think of many ways to arrange these bright treasures of autumn.

E. A. HALSTAT.

Hireside Readings.

OUR BESSIE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

She's a wonderful girl, is this Bessie of ours,
None like her, I'm sure, in the east or the west;
And whether she's out like a bee 'mid the flowers,
Or whether she's quietly taking her rest,
She's the sweetest, the best.

She can dance like a butterfly, sing like a bird,
Like a bee, ever busy, her hands never still;
And as for her talking, there is not a word
That her tongue will not try for the mastery, until
She can say it at will.

A beautiful artist is dear little Bess;
She would rather sit down and draw
pictures than play;
To be sure, what she's drawing you can't
always guess,
And though "Tis a man or a donkey,"
you say,
It may be a sleigh.

But genius must bud ere it reaches its
bloom,
And all the great artists were first very
small.

What though in her pictures there's
plenty of room
For improvement! 'Tis best so than
find none at all!
She'll yet beat them all.

But whatever pictures the darling may
draw—
The sweet little curly-browed, roguish-
eyed elf—
She'll make none—you'd say if our Bes-
sie you saw—
As sweet as the picture of her little
self;
Her sweet, precious self!
—Arthur's Magazine.

HEROISM.

"O dear," said Willie Gray,
as he sat down on the saw-horse,
and looked at the pile of kind-
ling wood which he ought to
have been splitting up for his
mother; "I do wish I could do
something for the world. Some
great action that every one could
admire, and that would make
the whole world better and hap-
pier. I wish I could be a hero,
like Washington, or a famous
missionary, like Judson; but I
can't do anything nor be any-
thing."

"Why do you want to be a
hero?" asked his cousin, John
Maynard, who, coming up just
then, happened to overhear his
soliloquy.

"O," said Willie, coloring,
every one admires a hero, and
talks about him, and praises him
after he is dead."

"That's the idea, is it?" said John. "You want
to be heroic for the sake of being talked about."

Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to do good to people—
convert the heathen—or—save a sinking ship, or
save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better, but believe me, the greatest
heroes have been men who have thought the least
about themselves and the most about their work. And
so far as I can recollect now, the greatest—I mean
according to the Christian standard—have always be-
gun by doing the nearest duty, however small;" and
here John took up the axe and split the wood.

Willie jumped off the saw-horse, and began to pick
up the sticks, without a word, and though he said noth-
ing, he thought the more.

"I've wasted a lot of time in thinking what
great things I might do, if I only had the chance,
and I've neglected the things I could and ought
to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I
guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my
own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willie's resolution, and carry it
out in his daily life?

A Play-Spell.—Among the guests at Lebanon

lap a second time at the letter S, whereat the receiver
shouted "Sinnamon" so triumphantly that somehow
or other there was so much laughing that it was
thought best to try another game.

A fond mother in Ralls county, Missouri, has named
her daughter Mazin Grace. A neighbor inquired
how she came to select such an odd name. "La," said
she, "I got it out of the hymn book." The neighbor
expressed surprise, and said she had never seen the
name in any hymn book she had used. "You haven't?"
said the mother of Mazin Grace. "Why, don't
you remember that familiar old hymn commencing,
'Mazin Grace, how sweet the
sound'?"

Miss Jane Ainslie, who has
died recently in Edinburgh, was
the originator of "The Flower
Mission" in Glasgow. So long
as her strength permitted she
personally supervised the mis-
sion, carrying baskets full of
bouquets to the infirmary, where
smiles and words of welcome
always awaited her. When she
could no longer pay these visits,
in her sick room her hands and
thoughts were ever busy in the
work. A change to Grantown
in the early part of the summer
was deemed advisable. There
her thoughts were still for the
sick and suffering. Almost to
the last day of her existence she
occupied herself, in the intervals
of pain, with making small wire
baskets to hold ferns for the pa-
tients in the infirmary.

Genuine Compliments.

We have heard of a lady of
rare beauty who said, upon a
certain occasion, that the only
real, disinterested compliment
she ever received was from a coal-
heaver, who asked permission to
light his pipe in the gleaming
of her eyes.

Another compliment, true and
genuine, was paid by a sailor
who was sent by his captain to
carry a letter to the lady of his
love. The sailor, having deliv-
ered the missive, stood gazing
in silent admiration upon the
face of the lady, for she was
very beautiful.

"Well, my good man," she
said, "for what do you wait?"

There is no answer to be returned."

"Lady," the sailor returned with humble deference,

"I would like to know your name."

"Did you not see it on this letter?"

"Pardon, lady—I never learned to read. Mine has
been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man, would you
know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking honestly
up, "in a storm at sea, with danger of death afore me,
I would like to call the name of the brightest thing
I'd ever seen in life. There'd be sunshine in it, even
in the thick darkness."



OUR BESSIE.

Springs is a wealthy bachelor, whose bank account is
much better than his orthography. A party of guests
were playing a game where a ball made of a handker-
chief is thrown from one to another with the saluta-
tion of "Here comes a ship laden with —," each
successive receiver being obliged to name a commodity
for cargo, beginning with the letters of the alphabet in
turn. When the handkerchief alighted at the letter K
in the bachelor's lap, he shouted "Kroekery," which
excited a smile, and the game hastily proceeded, when
it was found the word was really given in good faith
and not as a joke. The roguishness of a young lady,
however, caused the flying messenger to alight in his

Housekeeping.

Good Bread.—In the July number I find Emily's request for a receipt for making good bread. I have had such good success with the following that I send it, hoping she will give it a fair trial, and let me know the result. For the yeast I take a double handful of hops and boil them in a thin bag, in about five quarts of water, about fifteen minutes (when I can, I get a few roots of burdock, wash and scrape them, then slice or bruise them, and with some of the younger leaves boil them with part of the hops, which I think makes the bread more spongy than when all hops are used); then pare ten rather large potatoes and put them in with the hops and boil till quite done; have ready, in an earthen dish or crock, one teacupful of brown sugar and half a teacupful of salt, dip the potatoes on the sugar and salt, give them a thorough mashing and stirring; then turn on the liquor, pressing the hops to get all the strength from them; when cool, add a teacupful of good yeast; it will keep perfectly sweet six weeks in a cellar in summer. For the bread, I set a sponge in the evening with about a pint of warm water; I make a stiff batter with flour and a teacupful of the yeast, which must be well stirred before any is taken out; then cover close and let it stand till morning. I then scald a pan of sour milk till I can dip out all the curd (which makes good feed for young turkeys and chickens), and with about two quarts of the whey I make a batter in the flour where I am going to mix my bread, and put my sponge in, and let it stand from one to two hours, when it should be ready to mix in a dough; let it rise again till light, then make into loaves and let it rise again a short time; then bake. I think two very important items to be observed in making good bread is to work it thoroughly and not have the loaves too large. Mrs. F. H. Morris, Ill.

Canning Fruit, &c.—The season has arrived when housekeepers are busy "laying by like the thrifty ant" for the following winter. I should like to give our young housekeepers my mode of canning, etc., if they will take advice from Aunt Carry. Use only nice fresh fruit, and see that berries are well examined, all decayed or imperfect ones excluded, and in large fruit that each one is perfect or all blemishes cut away. The cherry stoners, fruit parers and corers, etc., are a great blessing, and save much time (and the hands as well, which are worthy of care if we do our own fine needle and fancy work). If glass jars are used, fill them full of fruit. Take a large boiler, and placing a number of iron rings or inverted pans in the bottom, place your jars upon them; fill up to the necks with cool water, and place over the fire. While the fruit is heating, make a clear syrup, allowing for all sweet fruit a half pound of nice clean sugar to a quart of fruit, putting in barely water enough to prevent scorching, and if there is sufficient fruit juice I use no water. Tart fruit requires a pound, or three-quarters at least, to the quart of fruit. (Fruit must be sufficiently sweetened, and to do it in the commencement saves time, and frequently the jars!) Cook half gallon jars nearly an hour; quarts, twenty or thirty minutes; using discretion according to the ripeness of fruit, etc. I mean I boil this long; cold water takes often an hour or more before this process commences. Watch the jars, and fill up with fruit if they diminish. As soon as done, seal up or screw down your covers, and set away to cool. The following morning take each can and hold it in an inverted position for a few moments—if juice oozes out you will be obliged to reboil for a few

moments, adding a little more cooked fruit. This process has never yet failed. Tin cans are not proper for tart fruit or vegetables after the first season. C. S. J.

Spongy Bread.—To make spongy bread: pare six potatoes; boil, and mash fine; take the water they were boiled in (have a quart of it), let it cool, and then stir in flour to make a thin batter; then put in three tablespoonfuls of good hop yeast, and let it stand in a cool place over night; then make your bread; put in a tablespoonful of salt and one egg; make the dough stiff—knead it half an hour; then let it raise; then make in rolls or loaves.

Aston, Iowa.

H. DEVOLT.

Small Savings in the Kitchen.—Every American who makes a study of French home life is struck with the remarkable contrast their domestic economy presents to our own. Mr. Medill, writing to the *Chicago Tribune*, says:

"Compared with these French people, our Americans are wastefully improvident and extravagant. It seems to me they live on just about one-half what the Americans do. They have a knack, so to speak, of making a little go a great way, and of extracting subsistence or comfort from things an American would throw away or never notice. It may be instructive to point out a few of the matters to which reference is here made. In the first place, not an ounce of food is wasted in harvesting or preparing for market. In the next place, not an ounce more of vegetables, flesh, fish or fowl, groceries or liquids, than is really needed ever goes into the pot or kettle, or is placed on the table. The wife of every French family knows to a nicety what quantity of each kind of food is the least that will suffice to make a comfortable meal, and not a particle more or less is served. There are no slop-buckets full of broken victuals left on the table after breakfast or dinner, to be thrown in the street or manure-heap, or flung to dogs or swine, as in America. No pieces of bread or meat, or vegetables, are thrown away; such quantities are not bought as to become stale or spoiled in the cellar or pantry. Servants are never permitted to waste or steal food for poor relations, as in America. The lady of the house looks after her marketing, her kitchen and her pantry with sharp eyes and unflagging care. The economy in the consumption of fuel for cooking and house-warming is immense as compared with that in our wasteful country. One reason, of course, is that wood and coal in France are scarce and dear. They cost at least double the price paid therefor in the United States; but the domestic consumption is not one-quarter as much."

Clogged Lamp Wicks.—The light often is unsatisfactory while all is apparently in good order. It should be borne in mind that, though the wick is but very gradually burned, it is constantly becoming less able to conduct the oil. During several weeks some quarts of oil are slowly filtered through the wick, which stops every particle of dust or other matter that will with the utmost care be in the best kinds of oil. The result is that the wick, though it is of sufficient length and looks as good as ever, has its conducting power greatly impaired, as its pores, so to speak, or the minute channels by which the oil reaches the place to be burned, become gradually obstructed. It is often economy to substitute a new wick for an old one, even if that be plenty long enough to serve for some time to come.—*Agriculturist*.

Carpets having considerable pile should never be swept with a broom. If a sweeping machine is not available, the dirt should be picked up or brushed up with a soft brush, or the carpet taken up and shaken.

About Beds.—"Considering that about a third of our lives is passed in beds, they deserve much more attention than they get. France has long been in advance of the rest of the civilized world in this, having really paid as careful attention to excellence in this respect as to that of cookery. The grand secret of the superiority of French bedding is to be found not merely in the existence of good springs and well-filled mattresses, but in the fact that these mattresses are pulled and re-made annually. This is the reason why beds in other countries are generally such a mockery of the French beds which they are intended to imitate. French houses usually have a courtyard behind, in which carpets are beaten and various other domestic business is transacted, and here, in fine weather, may be seen the practice of mattress-stuffing. An old mattress, on which heavy bodies have lain for a series of years, becomes, no matter how well filled with horse hair, nearly as springy as street-car cushions. If you want a comfortable bed, here is the unfailing recipe: Firstly, very good springs; secondly, a thick hair mattress over them; thirdly, a thick wool mattress over that. Both mattresses should be re-made every two years." Who loves not the comfort and ease from a good bed? Why not have less show out of doors and more comfort? Some people have all their pleasure in dress, show, glitter, pinchbeck. Shoddyism!

Oatmeal for the Complexion.—Oatmeal contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. To make the hands soft and white one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wet bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country confessed that she had a great deal of housework to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing bran mittens every night. The paste and poultices for the face owe much of their efficacy to their moisture, which dissolves the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to become tender and delicate. Oatmeal and paste is as efficacious as anything, though less agreeable than the pastes made with the white of eggs, alum and rosewater. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the eggs keep it sufficiently soft, and the rosewater perfumes the mixture and makes the curd not so hard.

To Stop the Ravages of Moths.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar, or tobacco. A good way to kill them is, to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least; it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. The camphor will doubtless prevent future depredations of the miller.

To Clear a Room of Mosquitoes.—Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle—taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.

Borax, half a teaspoonful in half a teacup of water, makes the mildest and most efficient hair and scalp cleaner in the world. Rub it into the hair and scalp with the balls of the fingers, head held over a wash-basin, eyes shut, until the entire scalp is in a foam, then rinse with warm water.

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WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

Words by HOWARD GLYNDON.

Music by JAMES H. WILSON.

1. Eve - ry, rob - in - red - - breast

takes him - self a mate ! . . . Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait . . .

Till the li - ly foot - ed spring glides out at sum - mer's gate !" So I heard the birds sing, once up - on a day:

O, my treas - ure! O, my pleas - ure! Canst thou say me nay?

2.

Birds' songs, and birds' nests, and green boughs together,
 All gone, love alone, laughs at bitter weather,
 Summer days, or winter days; little reck's love whether:
 If so be that love have his own, his darling way,
 Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay?

3.

In the wood, the wind-flower is sunken out of sight,
 Low down, and deep down, and world forgotten quite:
 But do you think the Wind forgets that she was sweet and white?
 Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray?
 O, my cruel! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?

4.

The sun stole to a red rose, and wiled her leaves apart:
 May dew, and June air, had wooed her at the start:
 But wasn't not fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart?
 Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say:
 Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

THE LADIES' *Littell's Living Age*

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BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 35.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

PORTULACAS.

Late in September, 1872, a lady friend, a florist, sent me six thrifty double Portulacas. Though good-sized plants they had just begun to bloom, and were covered with buds. Being the first I ever possessed, I was quite proud of them, and was very anxious to save the seed, so I planted them carefully in good soil in a box and set it on the south porch where it would get the sun all day long; the buds gradually unfolded under its genial rays and every morning new buds would open, and by-and-by it became a box of beauty. The colors were ruby wine, solferino, white, and deep yellow. They were as double as a Rose and almost as pretty, but without the fragrance. Cool nights I would throw a piece of carpet over them, and in the morning they would be as bright as ever. Thus I kept them until late in November, and saved a quantity of seed. Now, I thought, as I have double Portulacas I will give the single seed away, so there will be no danger of their mixing, and I did; likewise the "double choice" were distributed among my intimate flower-loving friends.

Last year I planted a few seeds of each color, re-

serving a few of each for another year in case they failed, and fail they did, but not entirely so; but my beautiful double Portulaca bed was in imagination only. To be sure those that were double were handsome, but interspersed with the single the latter detracted from the beauty of the others. The sowing or the seed was a failure. Lo and behold, the majority of the plants were single; it is very easy to tell which

this that I would not discard all my single seed, and as I saw those planted for double turn single, I would transplant to a bed by themselves. They are the easiest things to transplant, and I will say here that the best time for transplanting flowers is after the sun has set; then in the morning cover from his royal highness, and the plant will go right to growing.

I have often thought that a bed of single Portulacas of all colors was a feast for the eyes during a morning walk in the garden, but a bed of double ones is far preferable and is more beautiful; then after they are once planted they require so little care.

I have seen plants of the single Portulaca seed covering ground two feet in diameter, and such a profusion of silky cups as they lift to the sun.

One has to watch the seed pods closely, for one day

you will think they are not ripe enough to gather, the next, you go to them and they are gone, or at your touch, if something is not held underneath, the shining steel-like seed will fall to the ground.

Is it known, I wonder, if the double varieties are easily raised from the slip or cutting?

GEORGIA C.



SCENE IN WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

is which by their buds, and one can tell this before they bloom.

The wine and solferino all grew single, also some of the other colors. A new color made its appearance, a blush rose; this was fuller than usual; and one yellow was streaked with crimson, which is quite a desirable addition. I came to the conclusion after

Floral Contributions.

FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS.

I hope you will allow me space in your valuable paper for the description of some floral arrangements I lately saw, which I thought would be interesting to your lady readers, and give them some hints upon the arrangement of flowers.

All places now seem to have their annual agricultural fairs, where premiums are offered as inducements to growers of flowers to send plants and flowers, put up in every form and device, to decorate the buildings, and a happy contest goes on among the ladies of the rural towns as to the beauty of their several exhibitions. I happened last week to be in a village near the shire town of St. Lawrence County, Canton, where the county fair was held, and on the great day of the fair accompanied my friends to the grounds. After seeing a wonderful quantity of superb cattle, and looking at the beautiful butter and cheese in Dairy Hall, I entered Floral Hall, expecting to behold the usual amount of staring portraits, fancy cushions, bed quilts, tidies, and badly arranged floral decorations, in short, all the many odds and ends gathered on such occasions. Imagine my surprise upon turning to one side of the hall to behold a wonderful bower of green and flowers beautifully blended, refreshing to the eye, and most fragrant, and all in perfect taste. Pots of plants were placed on shelves, the largest reaching the ceiling, the second size below, so arranged that the lower hid the pot above, and so on to within four feet of the ground. It was a mass of green and flowers; all the plants were well grown specimens; double and single Geraniums of the finest kinds, with their wealth of bright flowers; Fuchsias, with blossoms of marvelous size, their graceful branches thrown over some pure white Centaurea, or glossy Fern; bright Begonias, gaudy Coleus, the lovely Cissus discolor and Amazonia, the Clerodendron Balfourii, with its curious and lovely flowers; Abutilons of variegated foliage and pretty bells, and the Catalonian Jasmine, shedding its fragrance on all around. These and very many more all grouped and mixed together in the simplicity of true artistic taste. Below the flowering plants were cut flowers, and to this arrangement I wish to call especial attention. The flowers were placed in shallow boxes, two feet square and three inches deep; there were eight of these, and they were prepared for the reception of the flowers, first by a sod, evenly cut and laid in, filling up the depth of the box to within half an inch of the top; the sod was thoroughly wet, then on this was laid green moss from the woods, which was wet and pressed smooth and firm, forming a green bed for the specimen flowers to rest upon. These boxes were placed upon the lower shelf, resting against the one above, so that they were not perpendicular, but nearly so, showing their flowers perfectly. Each box was bordered by leaves and small flowers, the stems put through the moss into the sod. One was bordered with Coleus of the richest and brightest colors, red, green, purple, and light green, then a circle or wreath of purely white Stocks, the centre one a bright red. The Stocks were very double and full. The effect was beautiful.

Another had a border of Ivy leaves and Mignonette, the box was filled with Gladiolus flowers of various colors, taken from their stems, every flower large and well opened. Another had a border of English Ivy leaves, Sweet Peas, (Painted Lady and Scarlet Defiance,) and an occasional sprig of the new blue Ageratum; the centre was Lilium Lancifolium Rubrum,

which rested upon bright blue Verbenas, the same shade as the Ageratum. The effect was perfect. Another had a feathery-leaved border, with white Candytuft. This box was filled with Petunias, white, striped, mottled, and the curious green-edged one. But I cannot describe all; there were Zinnias, Dahlias, superb Asters, and the beautiful new scarlet Japan Coxcumb. Between the boxes of flowers and in front of the plants were placed single glasses of Gladiolus of great beauty. These were all fine varieties, and beautifully grown. I noticed among many others several stems of Meyerbeer, Lord Byron, Semiramis, and some of the finest white I have ever seen; they were of every shade of color, and magnificent in every respect. There were also simple looking baskets filled with cut flowers. One of various shades of Phlox Drummondii was very pretty; another filled with Heliotrope, and one large basket I particularly noticed was entered for a separate premium. The basket was bordered with tri-colored Geranium leaves, Lady Callum, Italia Unita and Mrs. Pollock, then filled with Roses, Carnations, white Stock, and Jean Sisley Geranium, and some flowers of the Agapanthus Lily placed here and there, adding to but not hiding any, the handle wreathed with the graceful little Maurandia. This certainly deserved every premium that could be given it; every flower showed, and yet all were softened and blended together. It was perfect. Near it stood a table bouquet, or pyramid, very effective with its bright red and white, and choice flowers. It was one of the most simple and tasteful I have seen.

I saw many a careworn woman and gentle child linger long before this beautiful exhibition and turn again and again for one more look before leaving the hall. Truly such a work is a labor of love, and if by doing one's best to render effective the lovely floral treasures God has given us, we can soothe one overworked and weary spirit, and lead the creature to look above to the beautiful Creator, our work has not been in vain, and we ought not to begrudge the time and labor to do it well.

There were many other decorations scattered about the hall; all lacked simplicity, and the flowers were too much crowded, hiding each other, and the colors not well chosen. I must conclude for I have already made my story too long, but if I can lead any lady florists to copy some of the good points of the arrangements I have described, I shall be very glad. And let me again say to all that arrange flowers, do not crowd them, give them space; let them lie naturally, not forced out of shape; avoid too many colors, let every arrangement be simple, and have plenty of green leaves about them; in this, nature is our teacher. M.

Geraniums.—I am very sure no one reads the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET with greater interest than myself. It is one of my every-day pleasures to be among my flowers, and watch and cultivate them. I get something new from your paper every month to make me love them better. I have often wished I could thank some of the ladies for hints received, and would say to the one who asked, in the September number, for information respecting the management of Geraniums in the spring, after their winter rest, that last November I pulled from the earth a large scarlet Geranium, together with my double one, tied strings around them and hung them in the cellar, which, by the way, is a very dry one. In March I took them up leafless, to all appearance dead, put them in some common earth and kept them moist; they soon showed life and came out very well. Transferred them to tubs for growing flowers in my grounds I think the

last of May; they began to bloom immediately, and have had a profusion of flowers ever since, and a bushel basket would not cover one of them. I think there is nothing better for them than hen manure and plaster. If the cellar is very damp, put the Geraniums in boxes of sand through the winter. Some questions were asked about the Amaryllis. One year ago last fall, a friend sent me one not looking very nicely, I put it in the cellar and said, go to sleep till I call for you. In March, as usual, I brought it out, not looking very well, I assure you, but I watered it up and it soon bloomed; then I let it rest awhile, merely keeping life in it, then again watering well, and it bloomed again. It has now its third bloom, one stalk of six beautiful flowers. But perhaps the April number would give more definite information than I can, and I would refer the lady to that number, assuring her good success if she follows up the treatment there laid down. F. G. Y.

Geraniums.—In the February number of the CABINET I saw a communication from M. E. White, who had Geraniums bloom in seven months from the seed. Most florists say it takes two years for plants to bloom, while others say they take their own time for blooming; the latter statement I believe to be correct. I wish to give you my experience in raising Geraniums from the seed this year. Last year I procured two scarlet bedding Geraniums of the Zonale variety. I saved the seed, and last spring, about the middle of May, I sowed them under glass; the plants appeared above the ground the last of the month; I transplanted three of them in the open ground as soon as they had leaves an inch broad; the other plants, some fifteen in number, I potted about three weeks later; the three I transplanted in the open ground were put in soil prepared by mixing equal sand, loam, and well rotted manure. The three treated as above-mentioned bloomed on the 10th of September, which would make the plants three months and ten days old. The plants potted were not put in very rich soil, and at the writing of this have no appearance of blooming before another year. MRS. C. S. LOCKWOOD.

Canyon City, Oregon.

Wandering Jew, Etc.—Perhaps Dick Hopson, of Texas (I have a fancy he is a girl), means Moneywort (*Lysimachia nummularia*), when he asks for the botanical name of Wandering Jew. I knew it under the name during childhood; here it is called "hen and chickens," but try my best I cannot see the least resemblance. Can you, reader? So many plants have names that are not at all suitable. This is a good trailing, hardy vine, nice to run over old stumps, for rock-work, and hanging baskets; it has dark green, round leaves that grow opposite, and in June bears bright yellow flowers—generally two—between the leaves. I cultivated *Nemophila insignis* this summer for the first time, had hitherto thought it difficult to raise, refrained from buying seed, but last spring, among others sent me, came a paper of *Nemophila insignis*, I planted them in May, in a box, covering with a large window glass. Every seed I planted must have come up, for the box was full. It is a lovely shade of blue with white centre, and I find it does nicely with treatment similar to the Pansy; shade is essential to its growth. H. L. asks about Trumpet Flowers (*Bignonia radicans*). If he or she will consult February number of the CABINET, 1874, concerning Trumpet Creepers, the inquiries will be answered. Mine, this year, began to bloom the 21st of June, and is very handsome now. Cultivation improves them, they bloom longer. GEORGIE B. C.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Coleus.—Please inform me the names of the enclosed Coleus leaf and slip. The slip was given to me by a friend, but did not know the name. What treatment should it have? Is it a dwarf, or does it grow to any height? The Coleus we purchased of a florist, who did not know the name. It grew three feet high, and a leaf about seven inches long and four in width, it then began to wither and die; I cut a slip off and sprouted it, and it grows fast and looks well. Can you tell me the cause of it dying? Is that the nature of the plant?
MRS. H. S. L.

Kansas.

Answer.—The plants enclosed for name are Coleus Saudersonsii and Alternanthera versicolor. The Coleus will grow well in a light, rich soil; probably yours died either from too much moisture or cold; they are tropical plants, requiring hot temperature. The Alternanthera is of a dwarf habit, grows finely if fully exposed to the sun.

Geraniums.—Last summer I had quite a number of Geraniums, among other varieties, a beautiful Shrubland pet. It had been very vigorous and grew finely until September, when, all at once, it wilted as if it had been scalded, and dark spots appeared on the limbs. On examining the earth in the pot I found it was full of small white worms. Some persons think they do not injure the plants; I differ with them, and immediately repotted my pet; I also cut it back and kept in the shade for several days, then gave it plenty of sun and water, but it was useless. The dark spots continued to increase until all of the limbs were soft and perfectly wet, and, of course, the plant was dead. Can you tell what was the matter with it, and suggest a remedy if others should be similarly affected?
RUE.

Answer.—The small white worms in the soil doubtless killed your Shrubland pet. We have known of sweet-scented Geraniums dying from that cause. If you put the plants into saucers filled with boiling hot water, the heat will cause the tiny mites to ascend to the surface; then pour warm water upon the soil, washing off every worm you can see, by holding the pot so as to let them run off. Now scatter red pepper thickly over the surface, and the worms will not trouble you much. It is a good way to turn out the ball of soil, wash it from the roots, and repot in freshly baked potting compost. We bake all the soil we use for plant culture.

Ferns, &c.—1. What time ought Ferns to be gathered for bleaching? 2. What shall I do for my Heliotrope; it grows thriftily, but the old leaves turn black and fall off? 3. Will a Calceolaria blossom more than one season? Mine began blossoming last spring and continued to until fall, then it died down. Will it ever blossom again? 4. Can you root a double Michigan Rose from a slip?
A. E. M.

Answer.—1. Ferns are bleached by the first frosts of autumn, and should be gathered directly after they come. 2. Repot the Heliotrope in fresh soil; the large leaves frequently wither up if the roots are pot-bound. 3. A Calceolaria will bloom season after season, if it is kept in a healthy condition by cutting back the old growth. 4. Double Michigan Roses can be rooted either from layers or cuttings.

Bulbs in Pots.—How deep ought bulbs to be planted in pots? Will the soil from under pine trees answer to start all kinds of seeds of what are called

“Florist’s flowers,” and grow the plants after? I’m not situated so that I can obtain the silver sand and rotted manure, which is recommended for them. Do you think Page’s Pump and Sprinkler could be used to answer the purpose of a green-house syringe and a spray producer?
MRS. HATTIE N. BURR.

Answer.—The depth to which bulbs should be planted in pots varies with their size and variety. Hyacinths should be put only just below the soil; Tulips should be covered about an inch. The soil from under pine trees is admirably adapted to starting all kinds of seeds, and for potting plants; for Roses, Fuchsias, etc., a little well-decayed manure could be added, and often the roadside would furnish it for you. Page’s Pump and Sprinkler would prove serviceable for watering a greenhouse.

Jessamine.—What treatment does the fragrant white Jessamine require? Is it hardy or tender, and at what age does it bloom? I have had one for a year, and kept it in the house, it is large and thrifty but does not bloom. How old must the Vallotta Lily be before we may look for flowers? I have been told that the Oleander should be always in the shade, and it will be always in bloom. Is there any truth in the report, and at what age will it bloom?
A. E. HAYWARD.

Answer.—The fragrant white Jessamine is a tender plant, and must be housed in northern latitudes during the winter; water it with liquid manure, and it will blossom freely for many weeks in summer and autumn. The Vallotta bulbs must be three years old before they bloom. The Oleander flowers only once in the year, but it keeps in bloom for several months; it delights in the sun; it can be kept dry in a frost-proof cellar all winter, and in April can be brought to the light and watered freely, when the flower buds will start forth in a few weeks.

Tobacco Smoke.—Is tobacco smoke injurious to Begonias, Pileas, Fuchsias, Coleus, &c.? If so, how can a small greenhouse accommodate such plants, where a miscellaneous collection is kept, and smoke has to be used? What is the best remedy for worms in flower pots? What is the best kind of earth for plants in pots, say if the one preparation has to be used for the whole miscellaneous collection, Geranium, Fuchsias, Coleus, Begonias, Roses, &c.?
K.

Answer.—Tobacco smoke is not injurious to the plants named. See answer to “Rue.” The best compost for pot flowers is one part sandy loam, one part thoroughly decayed manure, one part leaf mold.

Clianthus.—Will you, through the columns of your paper, tell me how to make the Clianthus bloom? I have one nearly three feet high, and although there is an abundance of buds none come to maturity. They have not been chilled.
A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The Clianthus requires an almost tropical heat to blossom freely. In California it blooms in perfection. It needs a very sandy soil.

Periwinkle.—Is there anything I can do to keep the leaves from falling off the Silver-leaf Periwinkle? Have tried them three seasons, and in a few weeks after taking it in the house all the leaves would fall off, leaving long unsightly stems. This is the first winter I have had Azaleas, they are now in blossom, and are very beautiful. Do they need to be put in the cellar, for a rest, after they are done blossoming?
Malden, Mass.
MRS. CHAS. WATTS.

Answer.—Perhaps the Silver-leaved Periwinkle is kept too dry, and that makes its leaves fall. After Azaleas have done blossoming in the spring they can

be placed in a cooler room, but not in the cellar, and in the summer, sink the pots in the ground where it is a little shaded from the noonday sun.

Jonquil.—I have a Jonquil that I planted in the fall, in a pot, and it threw up a few leaves something like grass, but did not blossom. If I plant it out, or repot it, will it blossom now, or must I wait until fall to do it? How long does it take Parlor Ivy and Tradescantia to blossom? We have had ever so many of both, but we have never had one to blossom. We have a Parlor Ivy which is ten feet, but it has never blossomed. Does Wax plant grow from a slip, and how long does it take to root and blossom? What kind of a plant is the Hoya? We have had a Lily for six years, and it never blossomed until last summer; the leaves are wide, with deep veins, something like a Plantain leaf. Is it a Day Lily, and must it be in a wet or dry place? Ought flower pots to stand in saucers, or not?
MADELEINE TAYLOR.

Answer.—The Jonquil bulbs should be two or three years old to bloom; probably yours will blossom in a pot next winter. Parlor Ivies do not usually bloom; the German Ivy will sometimes throw out small clusters of yellow flowers, but it requires a warm place and much sun and water to make it flower. Tradescantias are “stove plants,” i. e., plants which require the greatest heat to force them to flower well; the Vittata Repens and Maranta have lovely white flowers with yellow stamens, but they require a very hot temperature; they will grow finely in a commonly heated room, but rarely blossom; the Tradescantia zebrina flowers more easily than the others. The Wax Plant grows from a slip, but if you mean Hoya carnosa, it takes three or four years before it blooms. The Lily you describe is a Day Lily, Funkia alba, and it will bloom in common soil. Saucers are as needful for flower pots as for coffee cups.

Water Lily.—Where can I obtain Nymphaea odorata, spoken of in January CABINET, and at what price?
Bucyrus, Ohio.
MRS. MAGGIE REXROTH.

Answer.—The Water Lily (Nymphaea odorata), can be obtained of D. Wing, South Yarmouth, Barstable Co., Mass., or J. E. S. Crandall, (see adv. in October CABINET.)

White Worms.—I see many of your contributors are troubled with white worms in the earth. I can sympathize with them, as I have suffered severely by them, having lost one fine double Fuchsia, an English Ivy, several Hyacinths, and other plants; but I think I gave the plants too much water, it soured the earth. I sprinkled wood-ashes over the top of the crocks and watered with weak lime-water, and have not seen a worm for months (I dug up and killed all the worms I could find). I have a beautiful small Oleander which budded for the first time last July; I picked off the buds, wishing the strength to go to the plant, and it sent up three shoots; now, am I to let them all grow? I want a nice shaped tree. Shall I let it bloom next summer? Will it do best in the pot, or in the ground, next summer? My Petunia buds all blast; why is that? About a month ago I thought I would have lovely blossoms, but all have failed. What can I do to make my German Ivy bloom?
Muskegan, Mich.
MRS. WM. HAIGHT.

Answer.—Let the three shoots from the Oleander stalk grow up well, then pinch their topmost leaves out, and you will have nice stalks and a fine shaped tree; let it blossom the next summer, and keep it in a large bucket or pail painted green. The Petunia buds blasted because the roots were pot-bound, or the soil too dry and poor. See answer to Madeleine Taylor.

Flower Gardening.

PIT FOR KEEPING FLOWERS.

A letter is before me requesting a description of "a pit," referred to in No. 29, in an article headed, "Keeping Plants."

The one I spoke of in said article, is dug in a little hill-side, sloping to the south, which is much better than a level would be. The size must be determined by the owner. There are several in our village, some larger than this, some smaller. It is dug straight down to the depth of about two feet and a half at the lowest side; then there is a little offset, or, as my digger called it, "a shoulder;" this is about eight inches wide, and extends all around the inside; then it is dug down perpendicularly about a foot and a half deeper, which makes the extreme bottom smaller than the upper part; then posts are driven down into this shoulder, one in each corner, the two in the highest, or north side, reaching up a foot or more above the surface, to admit of an embankment of earth, which slopes down at the ends, and is sodded; the whole affair is lined with plank placed behind the posts; across the ends, from one post to the other, two narrow strips of board are nailed, one above the other, to support the shelves holding pots. At top it is finished up like a hot-bed, the sashes holding the glass part in the centre, so they can be slid off and on, at each end. On bright days, when the weather is not

freezing, I sometimes let some air in, to prevent their getting too tender. On very cold nights cover with a piece of thick carpet, or something of the kind.

Now I hope Mrs. Van Epps can understand my clumsily given instructions, so that she can construct "winter quarters" for her plants, which will give her as much pleasure as my pit has given me. No frost entered last winter, my treasures came out looking quite well, with a few exceptions. I had two varieties of Coleus, which died before the season was half over. Had been told before it was too damp for them. I place Verbenas on the highest shelf, because it is most sunny. Plants in the lowest part are apt to suffer from wet in rainy seasons. The nearer they come to the glass the better they thrive. It is delightful when winter has strewn around his white mantle to see them lifting their bright heads in such striking contrast.

N. L. SCHOOLEY.

Aunt Carrie's Lily.—In the September number of my CABINET, I find "Aunt Carrie" inquiring for a name for her Lily, and as I have one of the same, I concluded to tell her about it. I have never seen it

advertised in any collection, but think it deserves a place in every flower garden. With us it is quite common, and is known as the "Congo Lily," also the "Day Lily," as the flower lasts but a day, but a new one comes out every morning, until it has bloomed all along the stalk. Several have told me they had a blue one, but I never saw it in bloom. The white Congo has a fragrance more like our Arbutus than the Tuberose, I think. Mine has bloomed abundantly all summer and had no extras but the weekly bath of suds, which I find of great benefit to all my plants. It is quite hardy here, and does not like to be moved, as it will prevent its blooming, unless it is done with great care.

I am treating my Calla to plenty of water, and it thrives splendidly, I mean to use the water warm a few weeks before bloom is desired. Will some one tell me how to succeed with the Apple Geranium in the house in winter? I lose mine regularly every fall, on removing it to the house. I think it must require a damp atmosphere, but in spite of all I can do, it loses its leaves and dies "by inches." I see that Mr. Dreer advertises the seed as the only way to raise it. I have

very much to exchange blue Verbena for the Pulmonaria Virginica, as I am a great lover of blue flowers. Please answer through CABINET.

Mrs. S. C. TOWN.

Hybridizing.—Has any of the readers of the CABINET tried to hybridize the Petunia and Morning Glory yet. If not, let them try to raise a blue Petunia. Can the Perpetual Roses be grown from cuttings readily?

S. C.

Greenhouse.—Will some of the readers of the FLORAL CABINET please to give particulars about a small greenhouse, say about twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide; if it must be very tight and free from air; in a partial shade, or in sun; if any side must be protected from winter winds; and what way it should stand, end to north and south, or east and west. Please answer in next CABINET.

M. C. H.

Cannas.—I see some one wants to know how to keep her Cannas through the winter. As I have never yet written any for the FLORAL CABINET, I will add my mite. I have Cannas planted in the open border, and some in tubs. The ones that are in tubs

I let dry off, and set the tubs in the cellar in the winter, without disturbing the roots. Those in the garden I leave until one or two light frosts, then throw something over them two or three nights to keep the frost off; then I dig them up with as much of the earth to them as I can get, lay the bunch, top and all, in some dry place until it is freezing weather, then

shake off most of the earth, put in a box or keg, fill in and cover up to the top with sand. Don't cut off the tops if they are not dead; just let them alone; put the box in the cellar; if your cellar is dry they will keep good. As our cellar is very damp I have to look at them once and awhile, and frequently bring them up and set in the press near the fire. In March I always bring the roots in the house and set the boxes and tubs near the kitchen stove, and let them sprout, ready to plant out.

JESSIE LEE.

Cornices.—Please tell "H. M. A." I have some cornices just like hers, only I added, here and there, three and four acorns, in groups, making still more contrast; or pine cones, split through the centre, also look well.

Mrs. MARY J. SUMMERVILLE.

Exchange.—I would like to exchange with some of your subscribers at the north, a bulb of a large and beautiful red garden Lily for autumn leaves. I have never been able to get any as handsome or brilliant in coloring as those of the north.

MARIE F. PETERSON.

Washington, D. C.



RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

had several fine ones from slips, and have known others to raise from slips also. I have a good many seed, and have some young plants too coming from seed; if I succeed, will be glad to share with my friends of the CABINET. I have raised fifteen roses from cuttings this summer; I used pure sand, and kept the pots in the shade, under a grapevine, and gave them water as they needed, never allowed the earth to approach dryness, and I really feel rewarded for my trouble, as they are fine varieties.

Mrs. R. S. TRUSLOW.

Double Petunias.—Some one suggested that every lady could raise her own double Petunia seed, by fertilizing single ones. I have a beautiful one of which I should like to obtain seed, but am entirely ignorant of the process; will some friend of the CABINET kindly give the desired information, as soon as possible. The LADIES' CABINET is a perfect treasure, and the Chromo a real gem.

STELLA.

Blue Verbena.—In looking over my much loved CABINET, I observed that "Dick Hopson" failed in raising what we call blue Verbenas. I should like

Ornamental Cottages.

A PRETTY COTTAGE.

The design we give on this page is one that will be found very suitable for many small families in the country. It is simple, inexpensive, gives a fair amount of room for living purposes, and, if the rooms are built of size 14 by 14 feet, they will be found large enough for all ordinary purposes. Cost will not exceed \$1,200 for ordinary; but about \$1,500 with fancy ornaments. The porch and sides of the house may be made very handsome with vines. The effect of the windows will be pleasantly increased by keeping the diamond-shaped glasses represented in cut.

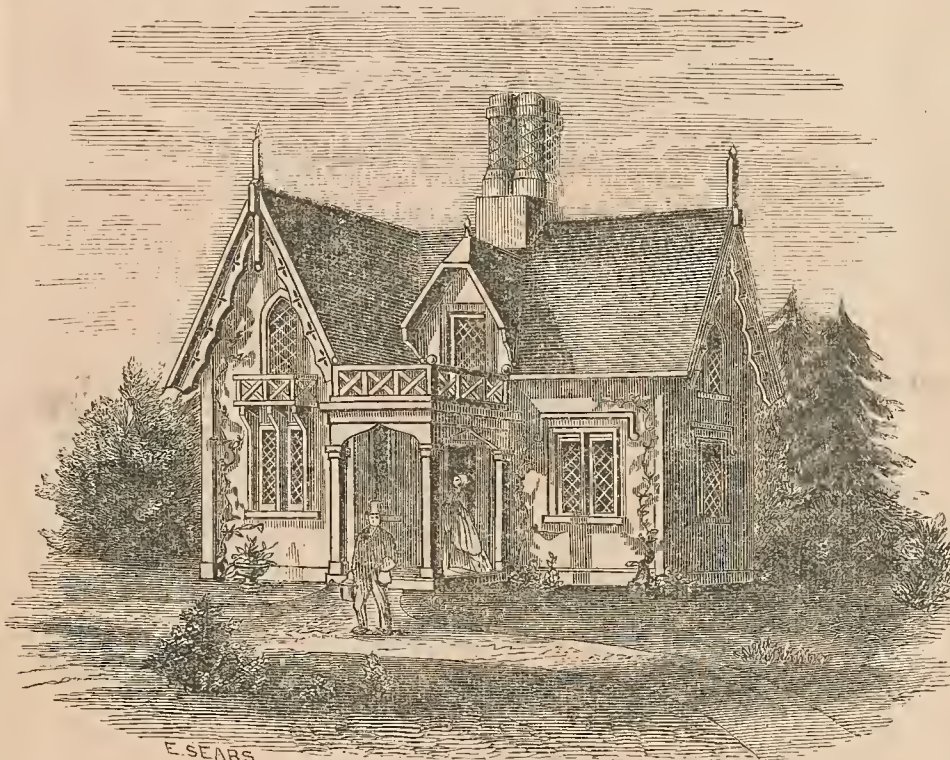
Be Practical.—I would like to have you or some of the numerous patrons of the FLORAL CABINET, give directions how to make Tobacco Soap. Every person who is keeping plants ought to know how to make an article of so much value as this, which can be obtained of only a few dealers, and then at enormous rates.

I have often thought, while I have been reading the CABINET (which I have been taking since it was first established, and shall as long as it is published), that I would like to make one suggestion to those writing upon the culture of flowers, viz.: To give full and plain directions. A short article written in that form will give more satisfaction than columns of superfluous language. It is the new beginner that scans the paper for instructions; and as line after line is read upon the sowing of the seeds, and what ones follow each other in time of planting, you see the eye brighten, and the whole countenance shows all seems to be conquered. With seeds and tools in hand they (John and Mary) start for the seed-bed which is prepared, when the following conversation takes place: "John, are you sure it is the right time for these delicate seeds to be sown?" "Yes, for I saw it in the paper; get it and see." He reads over the article again, and is greatly astonished not to find a single date given. How easy it would have been for that correspondent to have mentioned the months in which different seeds—hardy or tender—should be sown. We are apt to think every person should know this, but they have not had our experience, and many a one has been discouraged because they have lost some choice seed for want of full instructions, which might have been given in a few words. I have noticed this error to occur in our best correspondents' articles. Do not think I write this to find fault, for no one takes more solid comfort than myself in perusing the teachings of the CABINET; I should feel lost in not having it, and I do not see how any one can do without it that loves flowers. I had a loose cover made, at the bookbinder's, which will hold three or four years' numbers, and it makes a perfect gem of floral science for reference. I keep about forty plants in my sitting-room.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Answer.—Tobacco Soap is sold by most florists and druggists. Tobacco Wash, just as effective, can be made by steeping a pound of tobacco in a pail or five gallon kettle of water, and then sprinkle the plants.

Hints.—Lilies of the Valley force beautifully, and in the house may bloom from Christmas until May. We have known them forced into beautiful bloom on a shelf over a kitchen range. The best Myosotis or Forget-me-not, is one raised in Prussia, and called M. Imperatrice Elizabeth, or Semperflorens hybrida. The flowers are deep rich azure blue, with dark yellow eye, flowering abundantly the whole season, from early spring until severe frosts; other varieties bloom for a very short time. With a rich, moist soil, it gives great satisfaction. The Peony or "Piney" delights in a deep rich soil; the richer it is the larger will be the flowers. Disturb them as little as possible, as they grow stronger and flower better year by year. (In our own family was one which had stood and flourished nearly one hundred years). Carnation Pinks will stand cold, but not alternate freezing and thawing; cover with evergreen boughs and pine needles. It is best to raise these from seed every year, or renew by layers, as old plants seldom give good flowers. In planting Lilies, put a handful of sand around each bulb—this prevents rotting. The long-flowered white Lily (L. longiflorum) is a very beautiful species, perfectly hardy even in New England, if covered with a



DESIGN FOR A PRETTY COTTAGE.

few inches of litter. The flowers are pure white, from six to nine inches long, very fragrant, and from one to three on a stalk. Its small cost places this fine Lily within the reach of all.

J. BRECKENRIDGE.

A Pansy Bed.—If any ladies of the CABINET would have a beautiful flower bed, one that will make their eyes laugh and sparkle, let them buy a paper of Pansy seed and sow in a box this fall, then early in the spring, when the ground can be worked nice and mellow, make a bed on the northeast side of the house, of good rich earth from the barn-yard, transplant about one foot apart; in a few weeks it will be resplendent with beauty. I have many flowers, but none give me the pleasure that does. I have had no inferior blossom this season; if it is very dry I water them occasionally, that is all the care it gets, except a few weeds pulled out. Every lady visitor exclaims, "Oh, what Pansies! What do you do, Mrs. L., to make them so thrifty?" I have had twenty-four different colors, and markings of a great many descriptions.

MRS. A. C. LONG.

Button Hole Bouquets.—These should always be dainty, sweet, and not too large. It has become quite fashionable, if you wish to have everything *au fait* at a small dinner or tea party, to place on the napkin a small bouquet or spray of flowers. Ivy leaves, the hardy, real Kenilworth Rose Geranium, and Rose leaves themselves form pretty backgrounds; an Ivy leaf with blue or white Violets clustered before it; Rose leaves, with sweet Alyssum and Rose-buds, the smaller the prettier, no cultivated buds can equal the wild ones for loveliness, they have a sweet, modest, fresh look their sisters cannot wear. Persons say, "every leaf is adapted to its flower, or rather *vice versa*, and are suited to none others." This may be in a variety of cases, but the above-mentioned leaves suit any small delicate flower, especially the Ivy. Many persons cannot even make a tiny bouquet with taste; it requires practice as well as other things. I witnessed an attempt the other day; the lady with R. Geranium leaves, a small pink Verbena, a sweet white Alyssum. After she had fixed it for full five minutes, it came from her hands a crowded, smothered, uncomfortable looking bouquet. "I can't do it," she exclaimed; "do make me another." "Self praise is

no recommendation," but I took the same materials, with a bit of scarlet Geranium instead of Verbena; in a minute it was done, and really pretty. Purple Heliotropes and pink Rose-buds, with a bit of Alyssum against an Ivy leaf is lovely. Any of the following flowers are desirable: The Forget-me-Not, Myosotis, different colors, Lily of the Valley, humblest but sweetest of all Lily's, Madeira vine, with its fragrant, feathering flowers, is excellent for ladies' wreaths, and for dress decoration, Mignonette, Asperula, Jasmine, with its subtle perfume and starry blossoms, Phacelia, both colors. The graceful Oxalis cups, sweet Honeysuckles and Pansies; many of the wild flowers are suitable, and are bouquets in themselves. The trailing Arbutus, or May Flowers, with its peculiar flowers, woody incense, and waxen leaves; partridge berry, with white, small twin flowers or scarlet berries; Princes Pine, striped pretty white

and green leaf and waxen artificial-like flowers and wildwood fragrance. Many of the grasses can be used to good advantage.

Caladiums, &c.—The Caladium is a plant of highly variegated and ornamental foliage, and may be new to some of your readers. It is very desirable for pots, baskets and vases, and is easy to cultivate; mine is about six inches high, and has three leaves the same length. It is in a six-inch pot, with a good rich soil; it gets the sun from 2 p.m. until sunset, and grows very nicely; how much sun it will bear, I can't tell exactly, but considerable. Mine is very handsome, the centre of the leaves are white, shading to a deep green at the edge, beautifully streaked and spotted with scarlet; others have a pink centre, green edges, and white spots, another variegated green and black, very deep crimson; and still another a brilliant green, with scarlet and white spots. These are the handsomest varieties I have seen, but all are beautiful and, to my eye, nothing is prettier for the window, they are so cheerful.

MARIE ANTIONETTE.

Washington, D. C.

Stories.

MANAGING A MAN.

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, sweetest, best, and dearest little girl in Hillsburg; and when Tom Carter fell head-over-heels in love with her, nobody blamed him in the least. And when the parson gave his blessing, and they went to commence housekeeping in a cosy little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And, truth to tell, Nellie Carter was very happy. It is a pleasant thing to go into housekeeping for the first time, with everything new and shiny; and if you have somebody you love very much for a companion, it is still pleasanter. Now Nellie did love that great, big, blundering Tom Carter with all her might and main; and there was only one thing to disturb her perfect peace. She was the very pink of tidiness, and Tom was the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice—but he kept his personal belongings anything else. Tom would persist in tossing his slippers under the parlor sofa, to have them handy. In vain did she gently suggest that the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat. Tom would fling his overcoat, damp or dry, on her pretty, smoothly-made bed, and drop his hat anywhere.

In vain did tidy Nellie make a place for everything, for Tom invariably tossed everything down in some other place. Now little Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom's slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She was resolved not to spoil the peace of their cosy home by scolding; but how to cure him she could not tell.

She bore with him with the patience of an angel, until one morning, after he had gone to his office, she went into the parlor, and there lay Tom's heavy shawl right across the table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the pretty trifles which lay upon the marble top.

"Now I can't stand this, and I won't!" said Nellie, as she carefully raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a Bohemian vase.

"I don't know *what* to do, but this I *won't* have!" she continued, with the little bit of wifely snap which every good wife must have if she expects to get on at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal—man.

"Some way must and shall be discovered to cure Tom of such performances as this!" went on Mrs. Nellie, as she removed the ruins of her vase, and all the morning she went about the house with scarlet lips closely compressed and a little flash in her brown eyes, which argued well for Master Tom's subjugation.

Woman's wit, having a will, seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall," masculine insubordination might as well surrender at once. Before Mrs. Nellie had closed her bright eyes that night she had arranged her plans for the campaign against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of the innocent at her side.

But she meant to give him one more chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots and gave his slippers their usual toss under the sofa, she gently said, "Tom, dear, hadn't you better put your slippers in the passage or the bed-room?"

"No; let 'em alone; they'll be handy to-night," said Tom.

"But, Tom, dear, they look so untidy."

"Why, no they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man hav-

ing a home, if he can't keep things where he wants to?" said rebellious Tom.

"What's the use of keeping a wife and servant on their feet all day to pick up things after you?" asked Nellie, without the least show of temper.

"Don't pick 'em up at all. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find 'em when I want 'em," declared Master Tom, as he gave her a kiss, and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed on him Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself. "Now, Master Tom, we shall see who wins the field."

She set quietly about the usual morning's work of a mistress of a house where only one servant is kept; and when Tom came home to lunch everything was in its usual good order. It remained so and Nellie busied herself with her needlework until nearly time for Tom to return to dinner.

Then she rose, put away her work, and prepared, as she said to herself, to "open the campaign."

First she put Tom's slippers where he always left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed his shawl upon the piano, and his best hat on the table. Then she brought some of her dresses and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa. Her furs reposed in Tom's especial arm-chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay upon the cheffonier.

And then, thinking that feminine ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she took a piece of crochet-work and sat down.

Presently the door opened, and in walked Master Tom. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unwonted disorder, and at Nellie, sitting calmly in the midst with her crochet-work, and then came into the room.

"Haven't been putting things to rights, Nellie?" he asked.

"No, no. Why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought may-be you had been, that's all," remarked Tom, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Tom said, "Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Granger just now, and he said he would call around this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come before dinner. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.

"Hadn't you better put things a little to rights before he comes?" said Tom, glancing uneasily around the room.

"Oh, no. Just let 'em lie," answered Nellie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Tom.

"Oh, no, they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another."

Tom's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this before," he said, hesitatingly. "I shouldn't like to have anyone step in."

"Why not," said Nellie. "We might as well keep things handy. What's the use of having a house if you can't keep things where you want to?"

Tom's face got redder and redder. He tried to look serious, and then broke into a laugh.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" he said, "Trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie, demurely.

"No, by George, I don't," said Tom.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I'll do the same with mine; and whenever you don't—"

"Oh, I will!" interrupted Tom. "Come, Nellie, I'll confess like a man—you've beat me this time. Only just put things right in this awful room, and I'll never throw things down again. There, now, let us kiss and make it up, as the children say."

Nellie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for the kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished; and when Mr. Granger came round to spend the evening, he decided that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie having gained possession of the matrimonial field, took good care to keep it until Tom was quite cured of his careless habits. Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but Nellie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it beside whatever he had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for Tom seldom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as tidy and wise as Nellie, takes a hint also, this little story will have served its purpose.

A Strange View of it.—A lady correspondent of the *Boston Post*, writing from Washington, says: And yet there is nothing more tame and utterly inane, destitute of all human interest, than "good society." Look at good society at the fashionable watering-places and see how, nominally in the pursuit of pleasure, it scorns the object in view. It is too aristocratic to dance, to laugh, to talk with animation. It drives, it dresses, it eats, it watches others dancing or enjoying themselves, and despises them for being capable of underbred excitement. Of all people in the world these immensely rich members of good society are the most to be pitied. They have no human interest whatever. The moderately rich have one object in life, to wit: The desire to appear richer than they are; but those who have plenty have nothing to do but take care of their diamonds and laces. And what a care these, especially the first, become to their owners. They must be eternally kept about the person. If not worn outwardly the twenty thousand dollar necklace is beneath the waist of the dress, its cutting and setting goading the flesh, a perpetual reminder that "I, the representative of a fortune, am here, therefore cease to feel my pricks if you dare." The bracelets, when they must not be shown, are clasped on the arms under the sleeves, and the brooches, pendants, rings, and head ornaments are in a muslin bag depending from the waist. It is a heavy care, is it not?

It is told of a man, poorly dressed, that he went to a church, seeking an opportunity to worship. The usher did not notice him, but seated several well-dressed persons, who presented themselves, when finally the man addressed the usher, saying:

"Can you tell me whose church this is?"

"Yes, this is Christ's church."

"Is he in?" asked the man.

He was shown to a good seat.

Judge Smith, after he was seventy, married a second wife considerably his junior. One day soon after the ceremony he was riding with her, and on coming to a hill, she bantered him with the remark: "Judge, my father always used to walk up hill." "So did my first wife," replied the judge.

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The engravings which grace this issue of the CABINET need little explanation.

On page 164 is a sketch of a beautiful summer-house at Prospect Park, Brooklyn. It overlooks quite a steep bank, and is surrounded with plants and vines, which yearly are growing more luxuriant.

On page 168 is revealed to us a charming flower-stand, and plant-box at the top. This design is made of iron, prettily ornamented, and is quite moderate in price, not exceeding \$12. The basin at the top is both a box for plants or bulbs, as well as a little propagating bed. It can be so arranged as to be easily heated, and can be made to fit any window or the side of the room, apart from the stand.

The Garden Song, on page 169, reminds us of the fading glories of the garden—one might almost imagine the beautiful singer was pouring out a thrill of melody and thanks for the summer glories of the season just departing, and the memory of delight she has shared in those bowery retreats.

Page 172 reveals to us a pretty mode of ornamenting a hall-way, with brackets holding pots of Ivy, which grows and elambers over the rustie work arches, enlivening the walls and ceiling with its tints of lively green.

And on page 173 many a father will look upon a scene familiar to every family, an occasion always full of delight to the little ones.

Many of us have learned, by sad experience, the troubles of the new beginner. The first thing to ensure success in any department of gardening is the

The last of October rose bushes must be cared for; place a stick of wood close to the root, bend gently over it, place a stone on the end and cover with straw or sod. Shrubbery that must stand upright, wind with straw or hay ropes, and plenty of covering for the roots; none are so hardy but will be greatly benefitted by such care; even after they attain full growth, your care is not thrown away.

And here let me tell yon of my Peonies ; I had a root each of red, white and pink ; three years of careful culture has increased them until they fill a circular bed six feet across, a white in the centre, then a circle of pink, next red, then pink, outside circle of white ; my friends are pleased to admire it greatly. Next Dahlia roots, and all such as must be kept in dry sand, I find keep splendid in paper sacks, such as we get flour in ; the paper keeps out the cold and moisture.

October is a very good time to prepare a place for



planting such seeds as lay dormant through the winter; have the soil well pulverized, do not take very much care to smooth it; sow your seed on top of the ground and cover with straw; in the spring remove the straw; your plants will come up beautifully; after they get

In the warm sunny days of spring, you are anxious to commence to help nature brighten up your yards, but do not begin too soon; the first of April is soon enough in this section of the country, to plant in cold frames, or in boxes in the house; in preparing the box have some strips of pasteboard to cheek it into square shallow boxes, it is much the best in that way; the roots are prevented from running together, will be easily transplanted; in setting out your plants pour water into the place, then put in your plant and press the soil around it; by judicious watering you can encourage the roots to grow deeper in the ground.

Get up a Club.—Almost any one of our new trial trip subscribers can easily get up a club of 5 for one year. To any one who will do so, we will furnish an extra copy of CABINET and Chromo for one year for 75 cents.

Agents Wanted.—We want canvassing agents in territory unoccupied, to canvass on commission. Send for *confidential terms*.

New Chromo.—Any one wishing to work for the FLORAL CABINET, can obtain sample of new chromo for 25 cents, and deduct it after club is raised. Chromo is now ready.

Chromos for Sale.—Our new trial trip subscribers are reminded that for fifty cents they can obtain the whole set of our chromos for 1873 and 1874—three as pretty subjects as can be found—or twenty-five cents will purchase either "Gems of the Flower Garden" or the set "Good Night" and "Good Morning." We have surplus copies, and will dispose of them by sale.

Illustrated Catalogue of Games and Amusements.—This is the most complete and beautifully illustrated thing of the kind in the world. Contains over 500 books, games, &c., interesting to every lady or child, and will be appreciated in every family. Price 10 cents.

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Missing Copies.—The mailing of the FLORAL CABINET is done by a machine, and sometimes the labels slip off; nevertheless, enough papers are sent to each post office to supply every subscriber. Ask your postmaster if there was any copy received in the package without a label, and if so, claim it as your own. If not, we will supply it from this office. We wish every one to get all he is entitled to.

100 Papers at Club Rates.—Our new circular of rates of subscription to other journals clubbed with our own, is now ready, and mailed free on receipt of post office stamp. Subscribers may order any journal on the list, through us, and save 25 to 50 cents on each. We are located near all the principal newspaper offices, and can guarantee safe payment of money to every publisher, thus protecting all against losses through the mails.

Cash Prizes for Clubs.—The following prizes will be given to agents or club agents who raise the largest clubs during the coming fall and winter. These prizes are in addition to all the other premiums offered in the premium list:

1st	Prize for largest list of subscribers, one year.....	\$30
2d	" " next largest list of subscribers, one year. .	20
3d	" " " " " " " " " " " "	15
4th	" " " " " " " " " " " "	10
5th	" " " " " " " " " " " "	5

Two subscribers at six months count same as one at one year.

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1st Prize for largest list of subscribers, three months, at 35cts. \$10.
2d Prize for next largest list of subscribers, three months at 35 cents, \$5.

N. B.—These subscriptions must all be for three months beginning with September or October No., and include chromo "Gems of the Flower Garden," to each one. Should any fail of securing these prizes, we will give a satisfactory premium for those actually secured.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers solicited by agents whom they do not know, to subscribe for the FLORAL CABINET will always demand from them 1. To show their letter of authority signed by the publisher. 2. A receipt (signed also by the publisher) for all money paid to the agent.

No agent can give a receipt of his own. No agent is permitted to canvass without a letter of authority.

If money hereafter is paid to an agent, without getting a receipt from the publisher, the subscriber must bear the risk of its safety.

Subscribers may, however, entrust their money to agents whom they know and believe worthy of confidence, and these agents may forward it to us. Still we are responsible for money only when it reaches us, or for our receipt when delivered by agent.

Chromos Famed.—The new chrome is sent framed to any address for \$1 extra, or given free to any agent bringing a club of ten or twenty with extra copy of paper free.

A Youth's Publication.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted. See their advertisement



THE GARDEN SONG.

Ladies' Boudoir.

MY CROSS OF MOSS.

A tiny cross
Of soft wood moss,
And that is all!

And yet it hath a voice and speaks to me,
Of patient faith and holy victory—
Faith that could triumph in Gethsemane,
And for our sins a sinless sufferer be,
Upon the Cross.

A shadowy cross
Of soft gray moss,
And that is all!

But when from sinful thoughts I fain would flee,
This little cross reproaches silently,
As if it said: "Canst thou ungrateful be,
When Christ, to cleanse from sin hath died for thee,
Nailed to the Cross?"

A little cross
Of velvet moss,
And that is all!

Yet when I've left my darlings with the dead,
And storms of sorrow have swept o'er my head,
I've seen this beacon cross through tears, and said,
What grief he bore! I will be comforted,
And bear my cross.

Oh! tiny cross
Of forest moss,
That is not all!

I'll have thee for my daily guard and guide,
And learn of thee to conquer sin and pride;
Thou shalt speak oft of Jesus crucified,
And all the burden of life's woes I'll hide,
Beneath His cross.

QUEER MARRIAGES.

The "most married" woman of which there is any record, was undoubtedly the Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn in his diary, whose propensity for re-marrying had finally to be checked by law. She married her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future.

Many years ago, a man in Hartsville, New York, became attached to a young and beautiful damsel, who died before their intended marriage could be consummated. He then married the mother of the deceased, who was some twenty years his senior, but with whom he lived quite happily until she was eighty and he sixty years of age. As the wife had by this time become quite decrepit, they adopted a maid of some thirty summers, who lived with them a year and a half, when the old lady died. Before the time appointed for the funeral, the man himself was taken sick, on which account the funeral services were postponed four weeks. But in less than two weeks he sent for a justice of the peace, and was married to the maid he had adopted. The next day the couple applied to the town for support, and a week later the man himself died, his funeral being attended before that of his first wife, and the woman he had so recently married being the only mourner. Human folly is "vast and illimitable."

When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to get married or live single, he replied: "Let him do either and he will repent it."

With due respect to Socrates we must object to the above. We once knew a fortune-hunting young man, who married a maiden lady on the wintry side of fifty. She was worth about \$100,000, and died in less than a month after the celebration of the nuptial ceremonies. He inherited her property, and he never repented his marriage.

Among the ancient Germans, it was death for any woman to marry before she was twenty years old. By the laws of Lycurgus, the most special attention was paid to the physical education, and no delicate or sick women were allowed to marry.

In the Royal Library of Paris, is a written contract, drawn up in 1297, between two persons of noble birth in Armagnæ. The document bound husband and wife to faithful wedlock for seven years. It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at that time if they mutually agreed, but if not, the children were to be equally divided if the number should chance to be even; they were to draw lots for the odd one.

In Borneo, marriages, which generally succeed a lengthened routine of enigmatical courtship peculiar to these people, are celebrated with great pomp and considerable originality. The bride and bridegroom are conducted from the opposite ends of the village, to the spot where the ceremony is performed. They are seated on two bars of iron, symbolical of the vigorous and lasting blessings in store for them. A cigar and bethel leaf carefully prepared with an arca nut, are put into the hands of each. One of the officiating priests advances, and waves two fowls over the heads of the betrothed, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, and a short one to the couple, calls down eternal blessings on them, implores that peace and happiness attend the union, and gives some temporal advice, sometimes of a character more medical than saintly. The spiritual part being thus concluded, the material succeeds. The heads of the affirmed are knocked together four times; then the bridegroom puts his bethel leaf and cigar into the mouth of the bride; and thus they are acknowledged a wedded couple, with the sanction of their religion. At a later period on the nuptial evening, fowls are killed, the blood caught in two cups, and from its color the priest foretells the happiness or misery of the newly married. The ceremony is closed by a feast, much dancing and noisy music.

NEWLY-MARRIED YOUNG PEOPLE.

Few will admit that they need any advice in the honeymoon; fewer still will take it. Most young persons think, "Well, it is hard if we may not be left to ourselves at such a season!" And yet, perhaps, if we took the experience of many on this subject, they would admit that the honeymoon has been the time of all others when they have been the least able to help themselves. Is it too much to say that during those two months, the happiness or misery of two young lives is very nearly settled? Well, perhaps, that is too much to say, for errors and misconceptions may be lived down, and habits may be formed or broken after honeymoon in the course of years. But still much is often decided, we will not say in the first few months, but even the first few days. Little things are decided in little ways, and neither understand that it is the little rift within the lover's lute that has begun to show even on the first day. Annabel is eighteen, but she has been brought up in a bottle, knows nothing of the world, is about as ignorant and prejudiced and pretty a little creature as you will. Annabel dislikes smoking, not because the smell of tobacco makes her ill, but because her mamma taught her that smoking was a bad habit. Ralph, who had lived rather a free life, but is reformed, loves Annabel dearly, and is on his marriage trip, and longs for a cigar as they speed hour after hour toward Edinburgh. Annabel frowns for the first time. The next day the same scene recurs, but this time Ralph is a little impatient; but he still yields with a kiss in excellent taste. But when the train stops for twenty minutes, he gets out alone. I watch him, I can see something has gone wrong. He is thinking, "Ah, horrid bore not to be able to have a smoke. Never knew how fond I was of smoking. By Jove, I will smoke!" Patience, patience, on both sides, but especially on the man's

side, for he is the strong vessel and knows life. At the bottom of her heart his young wife wants to please him, but she cannot bear him out of her sight, he must account for every movement. His ways are incomprehensible? Why does he want to go out for ten minutes after dinner for a stroll? Why does he prefer spending an hour or two down stairs with an old friend at night, to going up to the drawing room? Why does he want to see the papers at the club, instead of going out, after a hard day in the city, for a little afternoon shopping? Man is a mystery to many a young girl for the first few months after marriage. She has not learned that a man's interests are and must be various. How should she suppose that a husband had any other desires than to make money and dance attendance upon his wife? She has never cared for anything but love and bonnets. She cannot understand that dress and even matrimony are only episodes in a man's life, although they compose the sum total of many a woman's. Newly-married women are, no doubt, very trying sometimes to their husbands; but it is the fault more of their social training and their want of education than anything else. Men should remember how much a girl has to learn, and how much, alas! most men have to unlearn, when they first begin married life. We venture to say that if all newly married couples were to make a contract not to quarrel for six months, they would seldom have any serious quarrels in after life.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

A TEN-THOUSAND DOLLAR GIRL.

On a certain day, on a Pennsylvania railroad, a belle of a thriving Pennsylvania town, the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant, was traveling in the same train with a shrewd old citizen of her native town and an agreeable young gentleman from the West, who tells the story.

The latter had been talking to the belle; but, as night drew on, and the young lady grew drowsy, he gave his seat to her and placed himself beside the somewhat cynical Pennsylvanian. The latter began the conversation by pointing to a high mountain past which they were whirling, and said:

"You see that mountain? Six or eight years ago it was covered with as fine a forest as ever grew, and was worth ten thousand dollars and upward. Now, without a tree, covered with stumps, the land is scarcely worth a continental. The net produce of that mountain is over there in that seat," and he pointed to the recumbent belle. "That is my calculation. It has just absorbed all of that lumber, which her father owned, to raise and educate the girl, to pay for her clothes and jewelry, bring her out in society, and maintain her there. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice of the mountain yonder as it now stands, and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but, as for me, give me the stumps!"

A Paradise of Widows and Spinsters.—A correspondent writing from Bath, England, says: It is rather slow, I judge, for vigorous men. One afternoon my friends took me to a "kettle-drum" (an afternoon tea) at the house of the only daughter of Matthews. The room was full of ladies standing about and talking, and among them were three or four young men. The men looked like interlopers, and I thought they must be strangers visiting friends, who had brought them as I had been brought, simply to amuse them for the time, and I felt sorry for the disadvantages they seemed to be under in this crowd of women, but I was told it was a fairly proportioned party for Bath; that they could seldom get more than one man to six women.

The Ladies' Work Basket.

Skeleton Leaves.—S. E. D. asks for directions for preparing skeleton leaves. The following receipt is from the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*:—"Leaves to be skeletonized should be gathered only in dry weather; should also be perfectly matured, July and August being the best months to gather them. Among the choicest varieties are vine, poplar, beech and ivy leaves. Dissolve four ounces of washing soda in one quart of boiling water; add two ounces of slacked quick-lime, and boil fifteen minutes; allow this to cool; then pour off the clear liquor into a clean saucepan, and when at the boiling point place the leaves in carefully and boil one hour; boiling water should be added occasionally to supply that lost by evaporation. If after boiling one hour the cellular tissue does not rub off between the thumb and finger, boil them till it will, always placing the leaves in cold water to separate the fleshy matter from the skeleton. Bleach the skeletons by putting them in a solution of one quart of water, one large tablespoonful of chloride of lime, and a few drops of vinegar; let them remain in twenty minutes and then remove, and dry between sheets of white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure. JENNIE L. JAYCOX.

Onondaga Co., N. Y.

To Press Flowers.—Procure two boards 12x18 inches and a large lot of old newspapers, folded and cut to the size of the boards. Lay upon the floor one of the boards, and on it place two or three newspapers. Now lay on the plant to be pressed, add another newspaper and then the next plant, and so on till all the specimens in hand are disposed of. On top of all place the other board, upon which place a weight of not less than sixty pounds. The papers between the plants should be changed at least once a day for fresh ones, so that the plants may dry as rapidly as possible. Care should be taken not to remove the plant from the press until thoroughly dry. It is more convenient, especially with delicate plants, to place them in the press between a single fold of soft brown wrapping paper, as the plant can be left in this fold till dry, and the specimen may be transferred to fresh papers without danger of injury. Very fleshy succulent plants can best be dried by immersing them in boiling water before putting them into the press. The specimens, to look well when dry, should be gathered upon a dry day; and, to be of value, should represent the flower, the leaves, and in small plants, the root. When possible the fruit should also be gathered. It is especially necessary to have the fruit accompany the specimens of the mustard, pulse and parsley families. When gathering specimens, they may be kept fresh by placing them in a close tin box, or a large tin pan, or they may be snugly wrapped in a moistened newspaper.—*Maine Farmer*.

To Make Linen Waterproof, pass the linen first through a bath of one part of sulphate of alumina in ten parts of water, then through a soap bath, of which the soap is prepared by boiling one part of light-colored rosin and one of crystallized carbonate of soda with ten parts of water until the rosin is dissolved. The rosin soap thus formed is to be separated by the addition of one-third of common salt. In the soap bath the rosin soap is dissolved, together with one part of soda soap, by boiling it in thirty parts of water. From this bath pass the articles finally through water, then dry and calender. Made-up articles may be brushed with the solutions in succession and be rinsed in the rain. Wooden vessels may be employed.

To Make Violet Oil-Pigment for printing fabrics, pour alcoholic solution of violet aniline B. B. upon finely-powdered chalk in a saucer, stir well with a rod, and allow it to dry on a hot plate or in the stove, then stir to a powder, and again simply moisten it with the aniline solution; dry again, pulverize, and preserve in a dry place. For use, rub some with zinc-white, according to the shade desired. The pigment is rich, and prints well, but is not permanent in the air with ordinary usage, and the best B. B. must therefore be employed, of greenish cast, like diamond fuchsine. With this the oil color wears as well as much more expensive ones.

Crushed Velvet.—Treat as you would crape. Steam on the right side until heated through. If very badly crushed, wet on the wrong side; let an assistant hold a hot iron, bottom upward, and pass the wet side of the velvet slowly over the flat surface—a sort of upside down ironing. When the steam rises thickly through to the right side, it will raise the pile with it. Dry without handling.

Pressing Flowers, Ferns, and Grasses.—At this season of the year we frequently desire to preserve the beautiful flowers which bloom everywhere about us, whether in field or garden. The process is an exceedingly simple one, and does not require a hand press wherewith to accomplish the desired end; but a pair of flat irons, a large chair, or even a leg of a couch can be made to do duty for it. A number of sheets of buff manila, or common brown paper are, however, essential. Take care to gather the specimens on a fine day, and either just after the dew has dried away or just before it falls. If gathered at noonday the flowers will not keep their colors as well; and if plucked in field or meadow, it is well to place them in a tin box in order to retain their freshness. A good specimen of a plant should show every part—its root and stem, leaves, its flower part open and in bud, and, if possible, its seed-vessels in their various stages. When the specimens are gathered, take up each one singly and lay it smoothly between two sheets of the paper, and place them inside the leaves of a large book; do the same with another, and so on till the book is full. Now tie a strong string tightly around it, and place the book under flat irons, or some heavy weight. Let the plants stand for twenty-four hours, and then change the paper to dry them still more. Do this for three or four days and you will find that they retain their color perfectly, and are then ready to put away. If the plants have thick or woody stems it is best to cut away the under part of them before pressing. Stone crops and heaths, should be dipped into boiling water for three or four minutes, and then dried off before pressing—for if this is not done the succulent stems will continue to grow after being pressed in the paper, and spoil their appearance. Berries can be dried by being hung up in the air or sun for a few days. Ferns can be pressed the same way as other plants; but if the fronds should shrivel up before they can be placed between the papers to dry, they can be put under water for an hour or so, and this will expand them again. As soon as they are free from moisture, however, take care of them. The grasses of the fields and meadows, if gathered in their first bloom, tied up in bundles, and hung up in bunches in a dark closet to dry, heads downward, will retain their natural color, and make a lovely addition to your winter bouquets. Indeed, I think no summer vase or bouquet complete without their airy, fairy grace, and I daily gather them to adorn our surroundings. When the ferns and flowers are well pressed, you can make them into lovely transparencies by

pasting them with starch upon coarse cape lace, covering them with another piece of lace, and then putting them between tiny frames of cardboard; binding the edges with green ribbon, you can suspend them from your windows. Lamp shades can also be made in the same manner, and bouquets can be formed upon paper and framed under glass, which will closely resemble water-colored paintings.

DAISEY EYEBRIGHT, in *Canada Farmer*.

A Floral Decoration.—A writer suggests a new idea for floral decoration, which it seems may readily be put in practice. An ordinary earthen flower pot is filled with water, the hole in the bottom, of course, being closed, and allowed to stand until its porous sides are completely soaked. The water is then thrown out and the pot is repeatedly dipped until it will absorb no more, and its outside becomes thoroughly wet. On the outer surface fine seed is thickly sprinkled and allowed to remain sticking thereto. The pot is then refilled with water and set in the shade under a bell glass. In a short time the seeds will germinate and throw out shoots, so that to prevent their falling from the sides of the pot, some thread or wire must be repeatedly wound round the exterior of the latter. Eventually the entire vessel will become a mass of living vegetation, which is nourished by the percolation of the water contained within through the porous sides.

Coloring Grasses.—There are few prettier ornaments, and none more economical and lasting, than bouquets of native grasses, mingled with the various Gnaphalium, or unchangeable flowers. They have but one fault; and that is, the want of other colors besides yellow and drab, or brown. To vary their shade, artificially, these flowers are sometimes dyed green. This, however, is in bad taste, and unnatural. The best effect is produced by blending rose and red tints, together with a very little pale blue, with the grasses and flowers, as they dry naturally. The best means of dyeing dried leaves, flowers and grasses is simply to dip them into the spirituous liquid solution of the various compounds of aniline. Some of these have a beautiful rose shade; others red, blue, orange and purple. The depth of color can be regulated by diluting, if necessary, the original dyes with methyl or spirit, down to the shade desired. When taken out of the dye they should be exposed to the air to dry off the spirit. They then require arranging, or setting into form, as when wet, the petals and fine filaments have a tendency to cling together, which should not be. A pink saucer, as sold by most druggists at sixpence each, will supply enough rose dye for two ordinary bouquets. The druggists also supply the simple dyes of aniline of various colors, at the same cost. The pink saucer yields the best rose dye. By washing it off with water and lemon juice, the aniline dyes yield the best violet, mauve, and purple colors.—*Queenslander*.

Practical Hints.—"Nellie" writes *The Vermont Farmer* thus: "Pansies and a great many other flowers retain their color after they are dried, and they can be kept in shape by packing them in sand while drying. Buttercups are very pretty, and dry splendidly. I had a small Petunia plant last spring. It grew very slowly until I commenced watering it with hot water, frequently used hot tea, then it began to thrive wonderfully, and continued flowering far into the winter. Hot water had the same effect on Fuchsias, but it is not good for all plants. I do not mean boiling water, but hotter than I can bear my hand in.

Household Elegancies.

HOW TO ARRANGE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Take a piece of bristol-board about 7 by 9 inches and arrange a group of leaves and ferns upon it; sew them on, neatly covering all the stitches with the leaves, and finish at the bottom with a spray of tiny leaves; frame in a passe-partout, and you will find it as handsome as a painting. Another way is to take a sheet of bristol-board and cover with black velvet, get a small brown or black straw basket, such as are used for wax fruit and flowers, cut into and glue one half on the velvet, then fill with the brightest leaves, sumac and ferns, grasses and berries; get a few small vines, such as you will find in the woods, and preserve them, then twine them around the handle of the basket, and arrange others to slope gracefully over the sides; frame in a deep frame, and I assure you it will win admiration from all who see it. Another ornament that my friends admired last winter was a cross of black walnut, with carved base about fourteen inches high, twined with a wreath of autumn leaves, berries and green moss, which you can procure at the florists. The cross you can get a carpenter to make for you. Then take your smallest leaves—I did not use any over an inch long—take a piece of green thread wire, about three quarters of a yard long, for the formation of the wreath, then take pieces of the wire about one and a half inches long, for stems to the leaves; prepare them as already described. When ready, commence by fastening a cluster of the moss on one end of the long wire, with a small piece, then arrange the leaves on the long wire by twisting their wire stems around the long wire, taking care to bring the leaf near enough to the foundation wire so that when the next is put on it will hide the stem of the first. Continue in this way, arranging the colors with care, and interspersing a little moss here and there to give a good effect. When done, fasten to the cross by means of small black pins, twining the wreath around the cross, and bending the leaves so they will look graceful. At the base of the cross arrange moss, berries and leaves; also fasten a spray of leaves and moss near the ends of the arms of the cross, so as to slope prettily, and the cross is finished, and I am sure any one will feel amply paid for their trouble if they follow these directions.

E. O. HALSTAT.

GRECIAN PAINTING.

Is it because chromos have become so common, and withal so cheap, that the delightful and satisfactory art of Grecian painting has become almost obsolete? And yet this appears to one who has enjoyed it, as I have, almost a matter of regret, inasmuch as by understanding the *modus operandi* of this art a very ordinary engraving may be changed into a painting scarcely distinguishable from one in oil. That this is a fact may be asserted from a little incident stated by our teacher, Professor Day. In speaking on this

subject, in an art work published some years since, he says: "This method of painting is more satisfactory to mediocre painters than any other style, as the difference between a good artist and an inferior one is not so readily distinguished. It admits of all classes of painters, from the beginner to the finished artist; the veriest tyro producing a pleasing picture, with a little care, at the same time advancing a step in the study of color. Many celebrated artists do not hesitate to avail themselves of the Grecian style, by commencing the picture (after being finished in this method) as if it were only in the dead color for a highly finished picture, shading and manipulating with the various tints in opaque color, glazing and painting, scumbling and painting again until the desired effect is obtained. When finished highly in this way it is very difficult to tell it from an exquisite picture on copper. I was introduced many years ago to a gentleman in Scotland, who prided himself upon owning a very valuable collection of ancient and modern paintings. After looking through several well

painting, and he considered it invaluable; but it was too late then for anything but regret, as the mischief was done and irremediable." In the course of time chromos have arrived at such perfection of softness and coloring that they have, in a measure, superseded even oil paintings; but the real satisfaction one has in eschewing a really beautiful picture, by one's own hand, is so great that I have been induced to thus speak of my favorite art. I do not doubt but that many readers of the CABINET have practised in this department of it; but there may be some, perhaps, to whom it is comparatively novel from its very antiquity, and if any such desire to understand the process, and would be pleased to receive full directions for painting particular pieces, it will give me great pleasure to impart my knowledge of this art, and also that of Oriental painting, which has run a very even course with the Grecian, and died the same natural death. If our Editor would allow me space I would give such directions, as a commencement, for painting the popular engravings Beatrice Cenci, Evangeline, Madonna

Della Scala, and Jeannie de Arc, which are 16 by 22 inches, oval or square, costing seventy-five cents or a dollar each, and when finished, being so exquisitely beautiful as to be worth, ten years ago, from ten to twenty-five dollars. Those desiring paintings on their walls, as a variety, cannot do better than practise the Grecian style, which will afford them really desirable pictures at a nominally small cost.

Monroe.

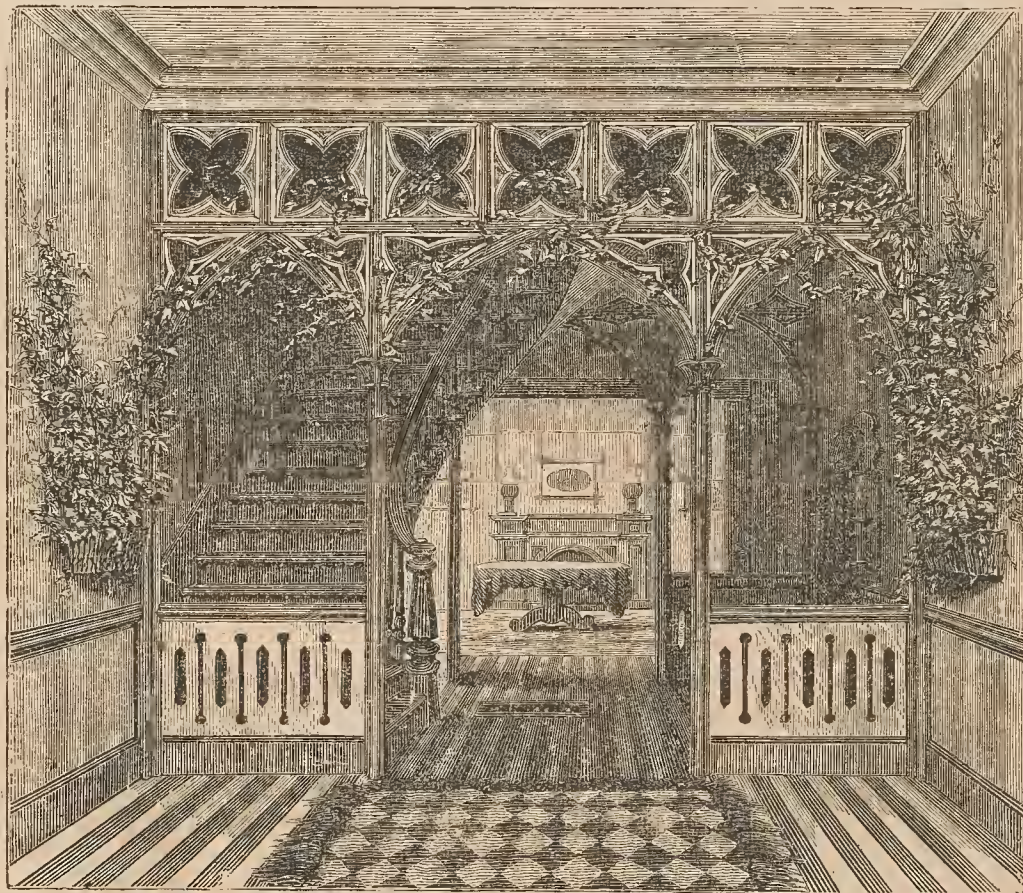
C. S. J.

Bleaching Ferns.—Gather them after the first frosts in October has turned them brown or yellow. Then put them in a solution of chloride of soda (not lime), one-third soda and two water, and let them stand in the sun until white; then rinse them in clear water; flatten them on a piece of glass; carefully wipe them with a soft cloth, and press them between blotting paper; when dry they are ready for use.

M. J. GORMLEY.

To Mend China-Ware.—Take a very thick solution of gum-arabic, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of a proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china-ware, and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

The Broken Lamp.—If the fountain (or the glass globe that holds the oil) has only come loose from the standard, it is very easily remedied by the use of plaster of Paris. Mix a small quantity with water, making it as thick as cream, and fill it in between the glass of the fountain and the hollow in the top of the standard as quickly as possible. As it sets immediately, everything must be done with promptness. If the fountain is broken in pieces, and there is a whole bronze or brass standard remaining, it will pay to purchase a new fountain and set it upon the old standard in the manner described above. The brass top can be fastened on in the same way.



A HALL-WAY DECORATED WITH IVY.

stocked rooms he remarked that he owned one gem of untold value, which he had reserved for the last—an original by Raphael, a true portrait of La Fornarina. I looked at and admired it; but as I gazed I felt confident it was not the size of the original, although equally as beautiful—all the glowing tints of nature so carefully handled that not a brush mark was visible. After examining it closely for some time I remarked, I thought it might be a carefully painted engraving in the Grecian style; but the owner appeared very indignant at such a suggestion, and at my plebeian opinion of his choicest picture; and feeling convinced I was correct in my conjecture I asked to be allowed to remove it from the frame, explaining to my friend the *modus operandi* of the Grecian style, and then, with the point of my knife, raised up the corner of the paper to satisfy him I was correct. Of course he was much astonished and chagrined, seeming scarcely to thank me for thus detecting the cheat, and opening his eyes to the fact. The painting was beautifully done, and neatly pasted on canvas. After leaving the house I thought I had hardly done right in thus exposing his pet original, for it was a good

Fireside Readings.

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO."

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Look at the rosy lips pursed up,
The pretty eyelids falling—
While you above the culprit stand,
A figure quite appalling!
You tell the little penitent
'Tis time that she was "seen to"—
You rave—she lifts her tearful eyes:
"Papa, I didn't mean to!"

She knows by heart your weakest point,
And there, sly rogue, she takes you;
The tearful eyes, the pretty plea—
Your sternness quite forsakes you!
You take her in your loving arms,
The little restless fairy;
You seal forgiveness with a kiss,
And send her up to Mary!

We older ones, could we but find
Our judges soft and lenient,
Might plead, ourselves, the same excuse—
Aye! find it quite convenient!
For all shortcomings, and all faults
That human natures lean to,
We'd say, like your sweet erring child:
Forgive—I didn't mean to!

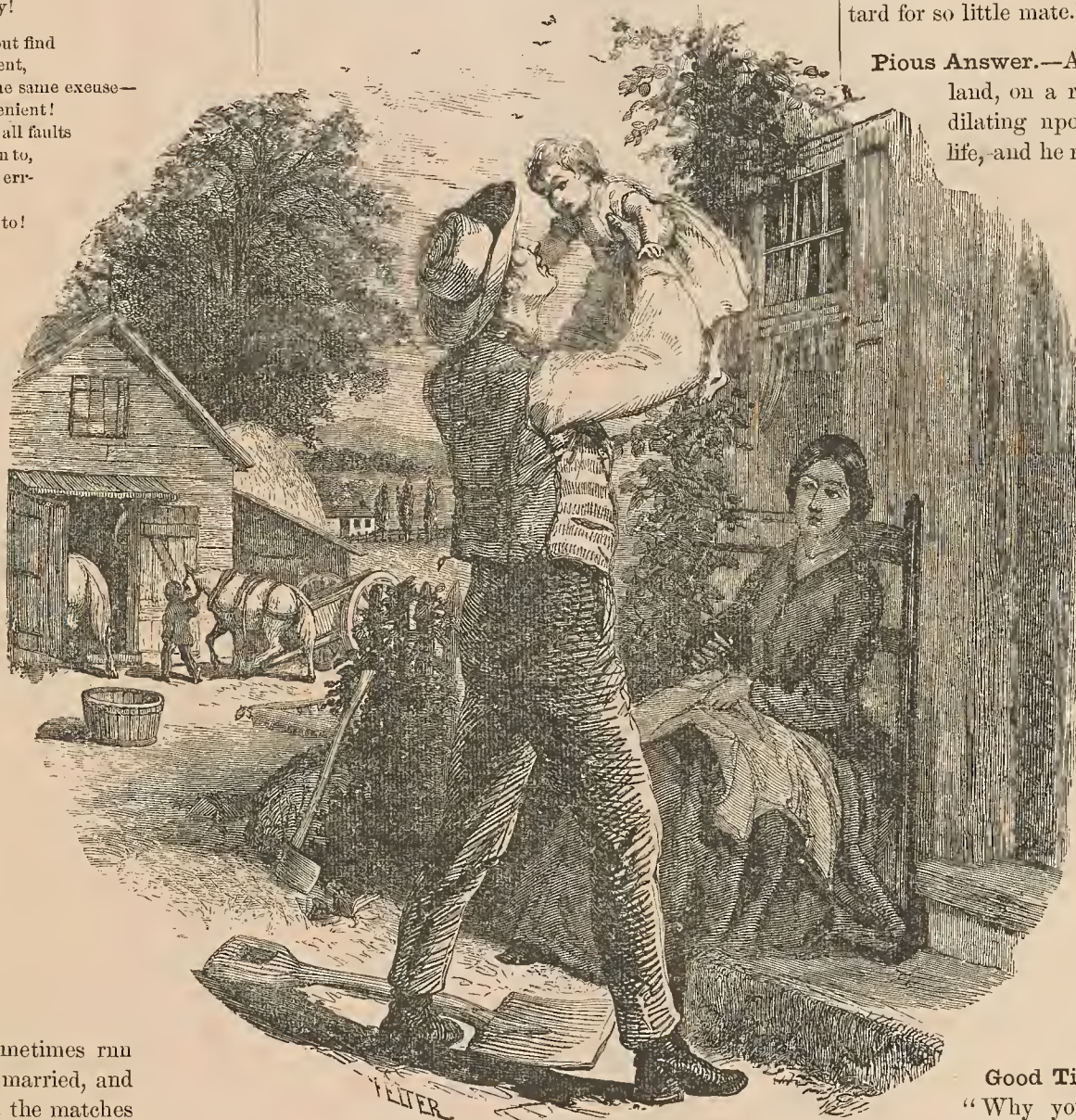
TALK AND TACT.

There are times for all things; but the railroad, or a mixed concourse of any kind, afford no time, for the discussion of exciting themes. The "price of politeness" is in knowledge of your companions, or, in default of that, in avoiding peculiar themes. The wisest sometimes blunder in this. The Vicar of Wakefield entertained a gentleman who was "cherishing" his fourth wife, with a dissertation on his (the Vicar's) theory, that a man or woman who is bereft of the first mate should henceforth live without taking another mate. A lady making an introductory call on a newly arrived couple entertained them with a tirade against female boarding schools. Among the other evils she alleged was, that the pupils sometimes run away from the school to get married, and that under such circumstances the matches were always unhappy. The husband of the lady who persisted in "orating" on the subject, vainly tried to turn the conversation. She understood why, when on their way home she was informed that the lady and gentleman to whom she had been discoursing were marked instances of precisely the folly she had been berating.

To be a really good talker is a great accomplishment, and the science of conversation deserves much more study than it receives. Mrs. Partington lamented that "she never opened her mouth, but she made a blunder!" Plenty of other people are in the same unfortunate predicament; and innumerable are the social feuds, more or less pronounced, which grow out of the careless use of the tongue.

American Society.—I have been surprised to find so many under-bred men in American society, which is explained by the fact that many, who in youth en-

joyed few means of culture and no social training, have made a fortune in their prime. Hence a singular incongruity of manners, ranging from the most refined to the most intolerable in the same *salon*. Remissness in answering notes, the forcing of personal topics into conversation, unceremonious stuffing at receptions, a free and easy bearing towards ladies, lounging, staring, asking impertinent questions, intruding on the talk or privacy of others; in short, utter want of delicacy is manifest in a sphere where you will at the same time recognize the highest type both of character and breeding in both sexes. This crude juxtaposition startles a European, but he is still more astonished after hearing a man's conduct stigmatized and his character annihilated at the club, to encounter the same individual thus condemned an accepted guest of those who denounce him. In a word, there seems to be no social discrimi-



A HAPPY WELCOME.

nation. It is one of the most remarkable of social phenomena here that cultivated and scrupulously honorable and high-bred men and women are so thoughtless in social relations; not that they compromise their characters, they degrade their hospitality. Exclusiveness is indeed the opposite of republican principle; but that refers to discrepancies of rank, birth and fortune; exclusiveness based on character should be the guarantee of social virtue, refinement, and self-respect.—*Putnam's Monthly*

Young America, although usually wide-awake, in due time becomes sleepy, as did little Dickey, one evening. His grandmother put him to bed, and, as was her custom, read to him a chapter in the Bible, remarking: "Now, Dickey, I have read you a whole chapter and you must go to sleep."

"No, grandma, I ain't sleepy now; read another." The old lady complied, and said: "Now you must go to sleep; I have read you two chapters."

"No, not yet; read one more—read 'the rubber,' grandma!"

What else could the good woman do?

"My Son, you look like a boy who has been brought up by affectionate parents," said a kindly stranger to a golden-haired child; and the latter in an excited tone exclaimed: "Do I? Just look at my back!"

A Poor, emaciated Irishman, having called in a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard-plaster and put it on the poor fellow's lean chest. Pat, when he, with tearful eyes, looked down on it, said: "Docther, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

Pious Answer.—At one of the churches in Portland, on a recent Sunday, the minister was dilating upon the happiness of a religious life, and he related this remark in illustration of it. He said that he was baptizing a woman out West, when on coming out of the water he asked her "how she felt in her mind." What was his surprise and gratification to hear her exclaim "Bully!" There was a slight sensation, it seemed, in the church about that time.

A Young Lady, upon one occasion, requested her lover to define love. "Well, Sal," said he, "it is, to me, an inward impressibility and an outward all-overishness."

A Little Boy in Chicago, just old enough to say his prayers, is very fond of potatoes, especially when boiled and mashed. One night, in addition to the usual petition for the poor in his little prayer, he said very fervently, "And please give the poor children plenty of *potatoes*—baked potatoes, and boiled potatoes, and *mashed potatoes*."

Good Times Amongst the Lowly.—"Why you're a new comer, aren't you? haven't seen you before," we remarked to a lad of about twelve years as he was giving

us a shine on Tuesday.

"Yes sir; ain't bin here before, but took it in this trip—lots of coal here, sir."

"Yes, where are you from?"

"Oh, I'm on my summer trip. I'm from New York—always take a run out o' town in the summer—done it for—oh, I d'n know how long. Like the country for a while."

"Well, are you having a good time?"

"Havin' a good time? yon bet (with a little laugh.) Why m' dinner costs 70 cents to-day—had a beefsteak and turnaters an' a rice pudin', an' I got 35 cents yet. Un ph! a good time? now you're a shoutin'!"

He was the happiest summer tourist we have seen this season, and his cash capital was 35 cents, but who can compute his satisfaction over that "beefsteak, turnaters an' rice pudin'?"

Housekeeping.

Kiss Pudding.—(Splendid). One and a half quarts of sweet milk, six eggs, sweeten the milk to taste and put to boil, dissolve six level tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little of the cold milk, beat the yolks of the eggs and add to the corn starch, then one heaping teaspoonful of butter, when the milk boils, pour off the mixture, place it on the stove and stir until it thickens; flavor with vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs and add one and a half cups of white sugar, spread over the pudding, and place in a warm oven for a minute or two to harden.

Burk's Pudding.—Three cups of flour, one of molasses and one of suet, chopped fine, one of raisins, stoned, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of warm water, boil three hours.

Sizing.—To Make paper stick to whitewashed walls, make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with white-wash or other brush to the wall, taking care to go over every part, and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way.

Smoke Stains.—An easy and sure way to remove smoke stains from common plain ceilings, is to mix wood ashes with the whitewash just before applying. A pint of ashes to a small pail of whitewash is sufficient, but a little more or less will do no harm. The theory is that the ashes eat up the smoke.

Bleeding at the Nose.—The health of persons subject to bleeding at the nose should be improved by nutritious food. Violent exercise will sometimes bring it on. Plugging the nostrils with lint or cotton wool soaked in a strong solution of alum will be found to be efficacious. Where persons are often troubled in this way a regular practitioner should be consulted. Application of ice-water to the forehead and face are also good.

Potato Soup.—Put one quart of potatoes (after they are pared and sliced thin) into two quarts of water; season with salt, pepper, butter and onions if you like; then let the potatoes boil till tender. Beat two eggs, stir into them half a pint of good sweet milk; thicken it with flour, stir it all in the kettle with the potatoes, and then pour it over dry light bread.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of water, two small grated raw potatoes, yolks of three eggs; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and put on the pie when done. Set in the oven and brown slightly.

Drugging Babies.—The *Popular Science Monthly* says:—"One of the great dangers attending the use of various sedatives employed in the nursery, like soothing syrup, is that they tend to produce the 'opium habit.' These quack medicines owe their soothing and quieting effects to the action of opium, and the infant is by them given a morbid appetite for narcotic stimulants. The offering for sale of such nostrums should be prohibited, as tending to the physical deterioration of the race. In India mothers give to their infants sugar pills containing opium, and the result is a languid, sensual race of hopeless debauchees. In the United States the poisonous dose is administered under another name; but the consequences will probably be the same."

Sliced and Broiled Beef.—Pare the potatoes as you would an apple; fry the potatoes in a thin batter, seasoned with salt and pepper, until they are of a light brown color, and place them on a few slices of cold roast beef, which should be nicely seasoned and broiled.

To Can Fruit.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* furnishes some excellent ideas about canning fruit. She says:—"Use only fresh fruit, and that which is perfectly ripe, not too soft, but just right to eat well. Fill your cans full of fruit, put the can in a kettle of cold water; put a few iron rings in the bottom of the pot to prevent the cans from breaking, then put over a *slow fire* at first, making it hotter after the can has become hot. Too great a heat at first will crack the cans at the bottom. Meanwhile, make a nice syrup of white sugar, and when your fruit is half done cooking, pour your syrup over the fruit in the cans, and continue boiling until done; remove from the fire and seal. Some people cook their fruit before putting in cans, but it does not preserve its natural flavor as well, neither will the syrup be as clear. Cooking the fruit in the cans is the proper way of canning fruit, in my estimation. I use half a pound of sugar to a quart jar of fruit; cherries, peaches, pears and raspberries, will do with six ounces. Cook quart jars twenty to thirty minutes, according to hardness of fruit. Keep watch of your cans while boiling, and as fast as the fruit in the can lowers, fill up with *well-ripened* fruit; next morning test your jars; if they do not hold, boil them over again. In ten days from time of canning, test your fruit again, and if the cover holds them it will keep for years, as I have some now nearly four years old, which look as if they might keep four years longer. By testing ten days after canning, you will never be awakened in the night by a loud report as of a gun going off, as I have heard people tell about, and breaking some half-dozen cans nearest to it. Keep your cans in a cool but not a damp place.

Graham Raised Bread.—Prepare at night a little sponge, using perhaps a pint of lukewarm mixing, half new milk if you have it, and two-thirds of a cup of nice, sweet yeast. Make this batter but a little thicker than for fritters. In the morning, or when perfectly light, add half a pint of sweet milk or warm water, half a cup of molasses, a little shortening, if you have used water to mix with, but not otherwise; a little soda if the yeast is sweet, not over a quarter of a teaspoonful; stir stiff with graham meal and pour into baking tins. Bake slowly and thoroughly. Of course, these receipts suppose the use of best quality meal, made from white wheat.

Bean Soup.—Bean soup is a dish that many people and especially children, would relish if properly made. It requires about half a pint of cooked beans for a quart of soup. Mash and boil until well diffused in the water, and then run through a colander to take out the skins. Thicken with about one gill of wheat meal, and add a sprig of thyme if desired. Boil five minutes, and salt to the taste. The wheat meal makes it much richer than a thickening of the flour.

What is in the Bedroom.—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact in which everybody is vitally interested, and which few properly appreciate. If two men are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing-scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of one or two pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound; that is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations.

Care of White Marble.—Marble which is used for ornaments and mantelpieces is generally the finest,

and should never be cleaned with soap and water, as it injures it very much; but if rubbed frequently with a piece of silk or soft cloth, this will be found all that is required. Grease stains may be removed from marble by applying a little magnesia, finely powdered, or salt of tartar. Allow it to remain on the spot a few hours, then wipe it and apply again, if the spot has not disappeared entirely.

A good way to Polish Silver is to rub with wet whiting, let it dry with some of it on them, then rub again. When the articles are of an intricate pattern, the whiting is not easily removed, and it is better to use aqua ammonia, rubbing with a soft rag.

To Polish Tins.—Rub with a dry cloth; then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands afterward; then take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent rubbing them with brick-dust or powder, which spoil hands.

Sweet Apple Pickle.—For one gallon of pickle, take a pint and a half of good vinegar, and the same of sugar, add stick cinnamon and cloves, and let it boil. Add sweet apples, pared, quartered and cored, as many as the vinegar will cover, cook till tender, skim out, and put in more, until all are done, then boil down the liquor and pour over them. These spices will darken the pickle. Those who are fastidious as to appearance can substitute mace, ginger or lemon.

Sweet Pickle of Ripe Cucumbers.—Take ripe cucumbers or watermelon rinds, pare and cut into strips or squares, soak over night in weak alum-water, then scald in very weak salt and water, till tender, but not soft. Then pour over them, boiling hot, a pickle made of one pint vinegar, one tea cup sugar, cinnamon, cloves and mace.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Slice green tomatoes quite thin, sprinkle a little salt among them, and scald, but not boil them. Perhaps a good rule would be, to pour boiling water over them and set them on the stove till it just begins to bubble again, then pack in a jar, sprinkling spices among them, scald vinegar in the proportion of a little more than a quart to each gallon of tomatoes, and add about a tea cup of sugar to each quart; pour over them boiling hot.

Picalilli, or Chow-chow.—Chop fine any quantity of green tomatoes, adding two or three green peppers to each chopping bowlful, and sprinkle salt among them when chopped, about half a tea cup to a gallon; let them stand over night, drain well in a bag or colander, pack in a jar, and cover with cold vinegar. In about a week, drain off this vinegar, and add an equal quantity of chopped cabbage, plenty of sliced horseradish, and whole mustard-seed, about half a tea cup to a gallon, mix well, and cover again with cold vinegar. This change of vinegar is necessary on account of the great amount of water in the tomatoes. Both of these kind of pickles keep well, and improve by keeping.

Tart Crust.—Take five large cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of lard (it is important that the shortening should be of a firm character, for it is impossible to make good light, flaky pastry with soft oily shortening), mix well with the flour with a knife, add salt, and enough cold water to make in a stiff dough, touching with the hands as little as possible, after in a condition, roll out an inch thick, cut in quarters and lay on a plate and set in a cool place for two hours, then roll out, and be sure and do not take any more dough each time than is necessary for one crust, flour the board and roll, making it thinner in the middle than at the edges, which should be one-fourth of an inch thick.

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Grover & Baker S. M. Co.	36,179	"
Weed S. M. Co.	21,769	"
Wilson S. M. Co.	21,247	"
Howe Machine Co.	No returns.	"
Gold Medal S. M. Co.	16,431	"
Wheeler & Wilson S. M. Co.	15,881	"
American B. H. & Co.	14,182	"
B. P. Howe S. M. Co.	13,919	"
Remington Empire S. M. Co.	9,183	"
Florence S. M. Co.	8,960	"
Davis S. M. Co.	8,861	"
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Secor S. M. Co.	3,420	"
Aetna, J. E. Braunsdorf & Co.	3,081	"
Bartram & Fenton.	1,000	"
Centennial S. M. Co.	514	"
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The table of Sewing Machine Sales for 1873 shows that our sales last year amounted to 232,444 (two hundred and thirty-two thousand, four hundred and forty-four) Machines, being a large increase over the sales of the previous year (1872).

The Table also shows that our sales EXCEED those of ANY OTHER COMPANY, for the period named, by the number of 113,254 MACHINES, or nearly double those of any other Company.

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3019—Of all the great variety of beautiful shapes for fall polonaises we are persuaded that this is the most practical and stylish. Its wonderful simplicity is apparent to all. It has the French back, with only one seam; and though it is without side-forms, and not even a pleat at the bottom of the waist, the one seam is so ingeniously shaped as to create

a modest and graceful pannier with revers. It will be appreciated by ladies who wish to prove their independence of dressmakers by making their own costumes. The most inexperienced will not fail to understand and put together successfully. It will be favored for camel's hair, ladies' cloth, etc., above all others. Requires six yards twenty-seven inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, \$1.



2915—We give an illustration of a sacque cloak that surpasses all others we ever used, for graceful and dressy appearance. It buttons close to the throat, and is slightly fitted to the figure in the back; it has a neat, round collar. When our advice is asked for the very best style of making a serviceable cloth or velvet outside garment, we give the number of this illustration, with perfect confidence of its pleasing every one it is worn. Requires two and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods for lady. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

3019—This waist makes up very showy when finished with the simple and chaste triple cord of the same, forming the trimming for the bottom. This style of trimming seems to lend a peculiar charm in forming a little half-closed fan. It is faced underneath with the same, showing both sides. It sets out just enough for the effect now so desirable. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



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SWEET DORA DARE.

Words by ALBERT A. HILL.

Music by CHARLES D. BLAKE.

1. Tripping down the val-ley, Skipping o'er the lea,
2. All the lads are sigh-ing At fair Do-ra's feet,

Con espressione.

Goes a lit-tle mai-den just as fair as maid can be; Like a plume of ra-ven, is the bright sheen of her hair,
Hap-py for a week at one bright smile of hers so sweet; If they think she loves them just be-cause she drops a smile,

ritardando. *tempo.*
Hap-py as a lit-tle queen is dar-ling Do-ra Dare. Mock-ing all the song birds, as they sweet-ly sing, Hear the voice of win-some Do-ra
They'll soon know that Do-ra Dare was fool-ing them the while. What has pass'd be-tween us, Do-ra Dare and I, Must be strict-ly con-fi-den-tial

thro' the val-ley ring; Wak-ing sweet-est ech-oes thro' the wild-wood far and near, Wak-ing love-born ech-oes in the hearts of all who hear.
between you and I; When the sum-mer comes a-gain my Do-ra Dare will wear Or-ange-flowers with Li-lies of the Val-ley in her hair.

CHORUS.

Sweet Do-ra Dare, My dar-ling Do-ra Dare; Do-ra with the Li-lies of the Val-ley in her hair; Dar-ling lit-tle Do-ra, she's the fair-est of the fair, My heart it will go pit-a-pat at sight of Dora Dare.

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 36.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

HYACINTHS.

In order to have in your window, during the early spring, a good show of these most bright and beautiful of early spring flowers, it is not necessary that there should be an expenditure of any great amount of money in the purchase of the named or double varieties, or even of the Hyacinth glasses, which are somewhat expensive, costing even more than the best named bulbs.

With proper treatment, by substituting mixed colors, single and double, of the unnamed bulbs—usually sold by the dozen—for the named double varieties, earth and suitable flowerpots for the glasses, you will find yourself equally as well repaid for work and trouble, and to the inexperienced a much greater certainty of success or satisfactory results will attend the use of the earth and pots than if water alone and glasses were used, or even any of the several other modes that are used by amateurs in growing the Hyacinth for bloom.

I would suggest as a collection of bulbs—Hyacinths—perhaps two dozen of the unnamed mixed colors, single and double, with one or more of the named bulbs, as choice plants. About October 1st, having your selection of bulbs at hand, procure as many small flowerpots as you may need—allowing one bulb to a pot—in size about one inch, more or less, larger than the greatest diameter of a bulb; a three or four-inch pot, perhaps.

Procure of good rich garden soil a sufficient quantity to fill all the pots; sift and thoroughly pulverize, then fill each pot to the brim with the earth, settling it by a few slight jars. After all are filled, place a bulb in the centre of each pot and press it down into the earth

or soil until it will just be covered, with the pots even full of earth.

After thus sinking each bulb, place the pots together, and with a fine rose-sprinkler dampen thoroughly the contents of each pot. Now place them all in some place where the frost will not touch them,

turning them out of the pot,* and if a complete labyrinth of roots is shown, they are ready to be repotted.

Procure five or six-inch pots, place in the bottom enough soil that, with the ball of earth from the smaller pot, will fill the pot to the top; turn out the contents of one of the smaller pots and place in the larger, filling in around the sides with the fine earth. After all are thus transferred, sprinkle and place in your window, allowing them some sun and a dampening each day, treating them about the same as other window plants.

A succession of bloom can be secured, if desired, by bearing in mind that the more light and frequent dampening they receive the earlier they will bloom, and treating accordingly; but in no case must they be kept too damp, sprinkling perhaps every second day, unless they seem to require more water in consequence of the dryness of the soil. W. R. S.

* To turn out intact the contents of a flower-pot, dampen the soil throughout, place the open palm upon the top, covering as much as possible, invert the pot, and a little jar against a table or door with the lifting up of the pot, and you have the contents in hand.

Begonias.—Of all greenhouse foliage plants none surpass the Begonias for amateur culture. A very little information will enable any one to grow magnificent specimens. But that little information is quite important. The Begonia needs, in the first place, very excellent drainage, and this should be secured by filling the pots half

full of bits of rotten wood. Go to an old log or to the hollow of an apple tree and take handfuls of all sizes of the decaying wood, and on this place the soil, which is itself well charged with leaf-mold or woods-dirt.



WARDIAN CASE.

and cover the pots lightly in such a manner that they will be in perfect darkness, sprinkling them occasionally—perhaps every ten days.

After six weeks, examine the balls of earth by

Floral Contributions.

HANGING BASKETS.

(This article was awarded first prize as the best on Floral Topics.)

One of the prettiest ways of growing flowers in-doors is in a hanging basket. Most of us can remember the time when a hanging basket was a novelty and was looked upon as a curiosity; now there are few houses in which one at least is not to be found. Henderson ascribes their introduction to the beautiful specimens exhibited some years ago at the Crystal Palace, London, which were extensively copied in this country.

Nothing beautifies or lends an air of refinement or elegance to a room more than a rustic basket suspended from the centre of the window, or a few plants tastefully disposed upon brackets or wire stands. There is a variety of hanging baskets in use, but the wire and the rustic are the most common; the earthen dry out too quickly, which necessitates much watering, and the rustic must be watered from above, consequently it cannot be done so thoroughly, while the wire can be put directly into the water, which thus permeates every part. Hanging baskets, as a general rule, belong to the Baptist persuasion; they are not satisfied with sprinkling, but imperatively demand immersion. Rustic baskets, or any other kind that are very heavy, should be supported by a stout cord passing through a small pulley, by which means they can be easily lowered for the purpose of watering.

It is difficult, I might better say impossible, to lay down any exact rule for watering. We must not furnish water too scantily, lest we starve them, or too abundantly, lest we drown them. As the old colored cooks invariably reply when asked what quantity of a certain ingredient goes to make up one of those savory dishes, "it 'pends on circumstances." Plants that are obliged to remain in over-heated rooms, with insufficient ventilation, cannot remain healthy without an abundant supply of water; indeed, it is a question whether they can remain healthy even with it, in the dusty, vitiated atmosphere of most sitting rooms, for any great length of time. Hanging baskets in particular, being exposed to the air on all sides, become dry very quickly, and many plants when once allowed to become dry cannot be revived; others, like the German Ivy, Moneywort, etc., can be brought up again after being to all appearance dead. It is of little use to give a hanging basket a slight sprinkle every day; indeed it is a positive injury, as it draws the roots to the surface, and the plant soon dies. The basket should be taken down and allowed to soak in a vessel holding enough water to cover the surface of the ground entirely, then, while in the water, sprinkle with a small watering pot those parts of the plant which escape over the side of the vessel. If not hung in too sunny a situation, they need not be watered oftener than every other day. A window with an eastern or southern exposure should be selected if possible. Turn the basket every few days, that each side may get its full share of the sunshine, and grow round and shapely.

Once or twice a week during the winter, if desired, a gentle stimulant may be used. Twelve drops of liquid ammonia to a gallon of water makes a good fertilizer. Some recommend an occasional application of guano water; others sprinkle a little bone dust on the soil, and mix it in lightly. All stimulants, however, should be cautiously and sparingly used. Ivies, Geraniums, and Heliotropes flourish under its use, but for Roses, Verbenas, and some others, it is too strong.

For lining wire baskets, the short green moss which is found on the edges of brooks or little streams is the best, as it does not dry so quickly as the longer kind; take it up carefully in as large pieces as possible, press it firmly in place, then fill up with soil. To keep a hanging basket in flourishing condition, the first requisite is good earth; not clayey, lest it should bake and harden; nor too sandy, lest the water drain off too quickly and leave it dry. A mixture of rich leaf-mould with a small proportion of sand, or to use a pet phrase of the professionals, "well rotted sods from a meadow or cow-pasture," will suit almost every plant; they will thrive and revel in it.

Now for plants, certain kinds of which seem to be especially suitable for the purpose. Something erect, not too tall, nor too spreading, should occupy the centre. A Geranium of the dwarf or smaller growing kinds makes a handsome centre plant. I can recommend the Iago for that purpose; it is of dwarf habit, has a rich green leaf, and bears profusely clusters of brilliant scarlet blossoms. Mrs. Pollock grows well in a moist humid atmosphere, but in a dry situation loses its beautiful leaf marking and dwindles away. Payne's Perpetual is one of the most dwarf and most profuse blooming of the scarlets; its trusses are small but innumerable, and its growth miniature, but dense. Of the Liliptian class are also Little Golden Christine, flowers scarlet, leaves yellow, and Christabel, bright rose color. A plant each of the Achyranthes and Centaurea, makes a beautiful centre ornament, also, for a basket. Of the former, Lindenii is perhaps the best, being dwarf with blood-red leaves, and compact branches. Of the latter, Argentea is the most desirable, the long, fern-like, silvery surfaced leaves forming a most beautiful contrast with those of the first named. For baskets with stationary handles, German Ivy or Maurandya are appropriate; the foliage of the latter is very airy and graceful. Not many feet from where I write stands a rustic basket nearly covered with the delicate foliage and bladderly capsules of the Cardiospermum, or, Balloon Vine; its leaves are very handsomely serrated, and it grows rapidly, supporting itself by its hooked tendrils. It is raised from seed with the greatest ease. Around the edge of the basket place plants of a drooping or trailing habit. Of the Vincas, Harrisonii and Variegata are the best; the former is a strong grower, of trailing habit, leaves light green in centre, with dark margin; blossoms light blue. Variegata is, as its name implies, variegated, leaves yellow and green in irregular spots, blossoms blue, but of a much deeper shade. The only objection to the Vincas is that they do not hold their leaves well in all situations. The Tradescantias are eminently satisfactory. Zebrina is the striped, purple and green—a new variety not common as yet is called repens vittata. It is of similar habit to the others, but the foliage is green, blotched with white; in some cases the colors are equally divided, one-half of each. The Pilea arborea is a very pleasing little plant with graceful fern-like foliage, and small crimson flowers borne in great profusion. The Lobelia is another very desirable plant for this purpose. Speciosa is the finest of all, from its intense dark blue color with clear white spot in centre and dark colored leaves. White Perfection bears a large pure white blossom, blooms profusely, and forms a beautiful contrast to the other varieties.

To make a very pretty hanging basket, take a wire one of medium size, filled with good earth, turn it upside down upon a board, and insert in each opening formed by the wires a short slip of Moneywort—water well, still keeping the basket reversed, place in a cool shady situation for a week or two until the

plants have taken root, then turn it rightside up, fasten on the wires for suspending it, fill it with any of the plants suitable for the purpose, and you will have a handsome basket at a very trifling cost. If the Moneywort should incline to grow too long, clip off the ends frequently, and in a short time it will become so thick and bushy that the basket will seem a solid mass of foliage, not a particle of the foundation being visible. Linaria Cymbalaria or Kenilworth Ivy is one of the prettiest plants for the purpose; the flowers are small and inconspicuous, but the leaf and manner of growth are perfect. A variegated-leaved variety was introduced two or three years ago, but is scarce as yet. It must not be too much exposed to the sun, or it will wither away, nor must it be allowed to seed too profusely, as that kills it from exhaustion. Give it a shady situation, plenty of water, and do not disentangle the tendrils, but let it wander at its own sweet will, and you will have a plant that in my opinion can scarcely be exceeded in beauty.

Almost the handsomest hanging basket I ever saw was at an Agricultural Fair some two years since; it contained nothing but this Ivy, but the branches hung down two feet below the edge of the basket, forming a complete mass of the most beautiful and delicate drapery, so thickly intertangled as to seem a solid mass of living green.

Having heard the Torrenia Asiatica highly recommended as a basket plant, I procured one. The flower is certainly beautiful, being of the loveliest blue imaginable, but the leaf is very weedy-looking, and many of them are curled and drawn up as peach leaves sometimes are. Whether this is natural to the plant, or owing to some mismanagement, I am not familiar enough with the plant to say. German Ivy, as it is commonly, but improperly called, not being an Ivy at all, but a climbing species of Groundsel from the Cape of Good Hope, is one of the most satisfactory plants for this purpose. It inclines to grow to long stems, but if nipped off frequently becomes thick and bushy.

The Ivy-leaved Geraniums make lovely basket plants. Holly Wreath is a variegated variety, leaves a delicate light green, spotted and edged with white. L'Elegante is also an effective and desirable variety, leaves like the other, flowers pure white. Smilax, a lovely vine with wavy, glossy foliage, is recommended by some, but is somewhat hard to raise. The Saxifrage tricolor and Sarmientosa are favorites; the first mentioned has reticulated three-colored leaves, and is easily cultivated. The Selaginellas or Lycopodiums are lovely. Variegata has very conspicuous white blotches which, contrasted with the vivid green, make the plant appear at a little distance as if lightly sprinkled with snow-flakes.

Isoplepis gracilis, a lovely light green grass; Manettia cordifolia, with its bright scarlet tube-shaped flowers; Convolvulus Maritimus, a variety of Morning Glory, and many other plants might be added to the list. Many plants of a more rare order, such as the Draena, Peperomia, Helleborus Lanatus, etc., might also be mentioned, but the list would stretch itself out indefinitely. All of those I have named, however, are easy of cultivation, and cannot fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. W. J. TAYLOR.

Fuchsia, Lustre.—I think it is not generally known that the variety of Fuchsia, named "Lustre," is an excellent winter bloomer. I have tested it myself for four winters, and I think if any Fuchsia can be called perpetual, this one may.

MRS. M. P. G.

Lynn, Mass.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Fuchsia Seed.—Can any of your correspondents tell me where to get Fuchsia seed. I have sent to florists, but always have my money returned; I cannot find one that makes the Fuchsias a specialty. I have had poor success in raising Geraniums from seed. Are Fuchsias hard to raise from seed?

Spanish Ranch.

MRS. C. W. HYDE,

Answer.—Peter Henderson, florist, New York, sells Fuchsia seeds that are considered reliable. You should plant them in sandy loam, made very fine; shade with glass and paper for a few days, and give bottom heat. They are tropical plants, and require more care than Asters, Balsams, etc.

Gold Fish.—Will you please inform me how to raise gold fish, and what to feed them on? Will some one please tell me if Roses will grow from the seed. If so, in what kind of soil should the seeds be planted? One lady asked a question some time ago, through the CABINET, if it took Geraniums that grow from the seed two years to bloom. I answer that it does not. If the seed is planted in a hot-bed in February the Geranium will blossom during the latter part of the summer.

MRS. WILLIAM HENRY WILLIAMS.

Answer.—Gold fish will thrive in any pond of running water, and in glass globes, if the water is changed daily, without any additional food. They will, however, eat flies, spiders, crumbs of bread, and bits of raw liver. All new varieties of Roses will grow from seeds. Plant in sandy soil, and, if possible, give bottom heat.

Cineraria.—What is the best method of growing Cineraria from seed? I planted mine in pots, that were well drained, in the greenhouse six weeks ago, and none have come up yet, while Chinese Primrose and Calceolaria seed, that were sown the same time, have been above ground over two weeks. How long will it take before Begonias flower from seed? Please answer through the CABINET and oblige,

Oakland, Cal.

WM. A. PRYAL.

Answer.—Cinerarias usually grow from seed, quite as readily as Calceolarias or Primroses. Perhaps your seeds were too old to germinate well. Begonias usually flower the second year from seeds, or the ensuing winter.

Canterbury Bells.—Will you please tell me through the columns of the CABINET the cause of my Canterbury Bells, Digitalis and Aquilegia not flowering. They have a great quantity of foliage, but no bloom. They are nearly three years old.

MARGARET HENRY.

Answer.—Canterbury Bells, Digitalis and Aquilegia are expected to blossom the second summer without fail, and we cannot imagine why your plants refuse to do their duty. If they have not bloomed now, change their location and give a richer soil.

Pomegranates.—I have two Pomegranates; have had them four years; they have never blossomed, being deciduous plants, or, more properly speaking, shrubs. I put them in the cellar winters; they never freeze there. Last spring I put one out of the pot into the ground. I left it in the ground this past winter. I do not look for that to blossom, if it lives. The experience about here is that they die down nearly to the ground, and never blossom. Can you advise any treatment that will produce blossoms? I also have a Saxifraga Japonica Tricolor that is either sick or

stunted. I have had it two years, and it keeps about the same size as at first. If a new leaf grows, an old one dies. I can cover the whole plant with a coffee cup. They are splendid when they do well; it was represented to me as being stronger in habit of growth than the old Sarmentosa, but does not prove so with me, that variety with me growing like a weed, as the saying goes. Please tell me if the Tricolor needs any particular treatment? I would like also to know how long before the Cyclamen Persicum will blossom from seed. Can you give me the botanical name for the fancy, fine-cut, variegated leaf grape vine? It is hardy.

MRS. DAVID BRIFFETT.

Answer.—The Pomegranate is a gross feeder, and delights in the richest of soils. Keep it in a dry state in the cellar, from the time frost threatens until February, then give it a little water once a month until spring opens. Bring it up to the light then, and cover the whole surface of the pot with horse manure, a few weeks or even a few days old. Water it over the manure with warm water every day, when it does not rain, and soon the foliage and buds will start almost simultaneously, and it will be in blossom for months, making of itself a perfect glory. The Saxifraga japonica tricolor needs a rich soil, but friable, not soggy and heavy, to bloom well. The Cyclamen Persicum blooms the second year from seeds. We do not know of a fancy, fine-cut, variegated leaved grape vine. Do you mean the Virginia Creeper—the Ampelopsis?

Tea Plant.—I would like some information in regard to the manner of starting seeds of the Tea plant.

MISS S. WALLINGFORD.

Marseilles, Ill.

Answer.—Can any of our readers furnish the desired information?

Onion Lily.—Will Isabel Bethel please state if she thinks I could procure an Onion Lily of the florist. I have not seen it in any catalogue; or if I have, it must have been under some other name. M. B.

Answer.—Will Isabel Bethel answer M. B.'s request?

Gladiolus.—Will you please say something about Gladiolus? We have had poor success with them in this place; they do not bloom well. JANE ABBOTT.

Answer.—The Gladiolus blooms more freely if the bulbs are started quite early in the spring. They like a deep, rich soil.

Maurandia.—Please tell me why my Maurandia (in the greenhouse) curls up its leaves as if there was an insect inside, when nothing can be found? Also, why Tradescantia will only grow small leaves in the house—it has a profusion of these; is it on account of gas? Where can I find something to warm a small conservatory on very cold nights? I have thought there might be a lamp with a small boiler attached.

Boston, Mass.

A CONSTANT READER.

Answer.—Perhaps the tiny red spiders infest your Maurandia and Tradescantia. If they are kept in a close dry atmosphere in which gas is burned they will most likely put in an appearance, but gas will shrivel the leaves of plants. Shower the leaves with tobacco soapsuds, made quite strong and warm. It is said that hanging kerosene lamps—two, three, or more—will keep a small conservatory from freezing on wintry nights, but we cannot speak from experience on the subject. Newspapers placed between the glass and the plants are a great protection of a cold night.

Green Lice.—Mrs. William Burnham will find a remedy for green lice in the October (1873) number of CABINET.

Fuchsia.—Will you please to tell me how to raise Fuchsias from seed—whether they should be kept wet or comparatively dry? MRS. DIANA L. GREGORY.

Jonesville, Mich.

Answer.—To raise Fuchsias from seeds, the soil should be a light sandy loam, and it should not be allowed to become dry, but not be kept so very wet that the seeds will rot.

Hyacinth Bulbs.—When should Hyacinth bulbs be removed from the yard to the cellar—and what month in the fall is best for planting them again? Do you think it is well to allow Hyacinths to go to seed? On removing greenhouse plants into the open air in the spring, is it advisable to change the soil in the pots? I had a Canna last year that grew scarcely more than a foot high, while one of my friends had one four or five feet high. Can you suggest any reason for the difference? Perhaps mine was too much shaded. Do they love sunshine—and should they have a very rich soil?

MEDORA ASKEW.

Answer.—Hyacinth bulbs can be left in the ground the season round, for three years, without taking them up. Then take up after the flowers and leaves have dried away, and put in the cellar in paper bags, and plant out again the last of October or first of November. It is not well to let them go to seed as it exhausts the bulbs. It is better to repot all house plants in the autumn rather than the spring. The difference in the height of Canna was its location; it loves the sunshine and a rich soil.

Tritoma.—I should like some one to instruct me, through the columns of the CABINET, in my present dilemma. I purchased two bulbs of Tritoma uvaria last spring, planted them in my garden, and in the fall (as they had not flowered) took them carefully up, put them in large boxes with good rich soil; they have kept all winter just about in the same condition as when taken up, without blooming—should I cut them down, or not? I took them up hoping they would flower in the house.

J. J. HILL.

Answer.—The Tritoma will always live in the cellar if its bulbs are put into sand, and dried off, like Dahlias.

Sutherlandia.—Please state something in the next number of the CABINET about the treatment of the Sutherlandia. I purchased seed from Bliss last spring, and raised several fine thrifty plants, but they do not seem to be shrubs, as stated in the catalogues, but look like a vine, and although growing finely show no signs of blooming. I pinched off the end shoots, but new ones soon came again, and the plants grow taller every day, and I am entirely at a loss what to do.

Salem, N. C.

S. E. KEEHLU.

Answer.—The Sutherlandia is a greenhouse shrub, and requires a peaty loam to blossom well. Perhaps your seeds are of another species, and wrongly labelled.

Lemon Tree.—What is the proper treatment for a Lemon tree? I have one which does not thrive well.

INQUIRER.

Answer.—The Lemon tree thrives better if it is newly potted every autumn in good rich soil, well mixed with one-third of two years old manure, or that taken from the spring's hot-bed.

Climbing Rose.—Which is the prettiest climbing Rose, and where can it be found for sale?

East Sullivan, N. H.

CARRIE M. PHILLIPS.

Answer.—The prettiest climbing Rose for your climate is the Gem of the Prairie. It can be purchased of any florist.

Flower Gardening.

POINSETTIA PULCHERRIMA.

I noticed in a number of the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET an inquiry in regard to the house culture of Poinsettia Pulcherrima. Having cultivated it successfully without the aid of green or hothouse, I thought the statement might encourage other ladies who are desirous to have these gorgeous floral ornaments.

The chief difficulty I had was in raising slips. I first tried them in a small conservatory without a glass roof. Out of the cuttings of several years I raised but one. Then a compassionate gardener told me to put them into sand and to water them a little or not at all. I tried this plan, setting the pot of slips in the shade of a honeysuckle, with an eastern exposure. They rooted and grew thriftily.

I have since tried a better plan, and one entirely successful for amateurs. Set them out into a half shady, well-drained garden bed. Out of two sets of slips all grew that were planted in this way. They should be taken up very carefully before there is the least danger of frost, lest they lose their leaves and droop and die. While young their roots should be disturbed as seldom as possible; when older they are not injured by having the earth all shaken from the roots. In order that the roots need not be disturbed when first started, the slips might be put into pots and then be set into the ground until they are rooted; they can then be taken up without disturbance. After being well established they need re-potting as often as the roots become crowded, until they reach ten or twelve-inch pots. The earth required for them is one part loam, one of leaf mould, one of fine sand, and one of well-rotted manure.

Be sure to have the pots well drained by an inch or two of broken pots, oyster shells, or charcoal. When they are in large pots they may in the early part of summer be top-dressed, or taken out and the earth shaken from the outside to the depth of two or three inches. Put two or three inches of a fresh mixture in the bottom of the pot, set in the plant, and fill in the earth evenly at the sides, punching it down with a flat stick, so that no open space be left about the roots, as is often the case when the pot is merely shaken to settle the earth.

Water young and old plants very freely while growing and blooming, and they will bloom for several months in succession. After they are through blooming let them rest for several weeks, and keep dry before trimming; then cut each branch down to the second joint of the last year's growth. The slips may be kept in moist sand until the weather is warm enough to set them out in the garden.

These plants can be grown to the size of a tree if sufficient room for the roots be given. A lady friend has some from five to fifteen feet in height. If well cultivated the bracts will reach eighteen or twenty

inches in diameter, having grown that size on a plant cultivated by myself.

The rooms in which these Poinsettias were grown were ordinary sitting-rooms, heated with anthracite coal. In one instance the windows were large, reaching to the floor, the exposure north-east, the heat from a furnace. The leaves of the plant were showered over once a week. In the other the window faced south, the room most of the time being too cool to sit in. When the plant came into bloom it was removed to a warm sitting-room, where it opened large-sized bracts, being in its second year from the slip. I was told by the lady who owned the tree Poinsettias that they could be kept in the cellar during the winter and

bloom as in midsummer, and the colors richer by far. We had about seventy plants, raised from seed saved from our plants last summer, which were themselves seedlings from a dozen varieties bought the year before of a florist in Iowa; so you see they are altogether lowan.

We have all the original colors, and many new ones, ranging from the softest peach bloom to the deepest crimson; from the faintest lavender to the darkest velvety purple; all colors of self and with white eyes; dazzling scarlets; lovely rose, with crimson centres; crimson, with almost black eye; rich maroons.

One pure snowy white has twenty-three full clusters of bloom; another has thirty-two clusters. This last is exquisite; the centre is deep maroon, which then shades out to the lightest pink.

Some of them are very large. I counted forty florets in one cluster, each floret measuring one inch in diameter. Besides the size and richness of color, they are deliciously sweet, a small bouquet perfuming a large room.

I recently cut one hundred clusters of Verbenas, of all shades, to send to some sick friends. After cutting these I have a bouquet for the parlor, and the plants are still full of buds and flowers.

After the last two years' experience we shall always advocate seedlings; they are so luxuriant, and there is also the pleasure of watching for some new variety.

And now (in the way of digression), I think the lady who inaugurated the war of the "Madeira Vine Leaf" has conferred quite a benefit upon the many readers of our loved CABINET; for if she had not published the size of her leaf, we should not have known that ours was anything uncommon.

Ours measured over eighteen inches in ordinary garden soil.

It is rather late in the day to publish this, since it has been so much eclipsed in Illinois and Texas; but assuming that "Medora" is Eastern, it is gratifying to beat, if it is ever so little.

Perhaps she can beat our seedlings; if so, we hope she will tell us, for the rivalry will be an incentive to future efforts.

I should like to describe our house plants, but fear to overtax the editor's

A DEVOTEE.

patience.

Water Lilies, etc.—Aunt Carrie asks the name of a lily. I think it must be Funkia Japonica, or August Day Lily. If Paul De Verges will forward me address and stamps, I will send him roots of the Water Lily (Nymphaea Odorata); they can be sent during November or December. I raised the Lilies in the yard in a barrel set in the ground, this summer. They were planted too thick, and did not blossom well.

What variety of "old-fashioned white rose" does R. H. Blake want? I have one variety that is as handsome as any Tea Rose, and is full and perfect. Delmar, Del. GEORGIA B. CARVER.



THE JASMINE.

With many a star, so neat and small,
The snowy Jasmine decks the wall,
And sweetly scents the evening air
With odor delicate and rare.
She hath no hues to charm the eye
Of the gay, thoughtless passer-by;
She knows not those low flaunting airs
That sometimes win us unawares;
But plain, retiring, meek, serene,
Is pleased, although unknown, unseen.

Ah, how much better 'tis to grace
Some quiet, unrequited place,
Where God's all-seeing eye alone
Beholds our humble duty done,
Than seek, in arrogance, to shine,
And be among the finest fine!
Ah, how much better to possess
A winsome, modest gentleness,
A simple, pleased, and quiet air,
A heart contented everywhere,
Than the mere charm of beauty boast,
Fading while e'er it pleases most!

bloomed out of doors in summer. One of the plants above described was allowed to grow to the light without turning. It half filled the large window, and excited the wonder and admiration of all the passers-by. In the sunlight the brilliancy of the gorgeous scarlet bracts was dazzling.

The growth should be pinched out about the middle of August.

ANNA GRISCOM.

ANOTHER PLEA FOR SEEDLING VERBENAS.

I wish I could send you some of our lovely Seedling Verbenas. While every other flower is dead from the early frost, our Verbenas are as bright and as full of

Ornamental Cottages.

MY VERANDA.

Many have handsome lawns, dotted here and there with clumps of blooming shrubbery, and gay parterres of flowers. Many have their conservatories, filled with rare and tender exotics, rich in the hues and perfumes of every clime; and others have their more unpretending flower gardens; but I have only my Veranda, long and sunny, for my treasures. My beautiful flowers! I first began with boxes of Clematis at the corner pillars. Soon it twined around them and ran along the plates above, falling here and there in graceful festoons. At the intermediate pillars I added boxes of Madeira vine and the delicate feathery Cypress, which was fresh laden after every shower, with its bright tube-shaped flowers; contrasting beautifully with the white plume-like blossoms of the Madeira vine. Between the pillars in front and at the ends were suspended hanging baskets, four in number, filled with drooping Mosses, Tradescantia, and blooming Petunias, and Ivy and Maurandia, which ran up the wires. Above one I hung a large wire hoop, around which the Ivy twined again and again, making a beautiful green wreath. A branch from the Madeira vine grew in with it, and how pretty were its white tassels among the green Ivy leaves.

On the floor the intervening spaces were filled up with boxes of Mosses, bright Portulaca (the pride and possessions of my little girls), and tubs of bulbous and other plants. In one grew a luxuriant Oleander; around it I planted a few slips of the Tradescantia, which soon grew over the sides and covered the tub. Next to the Oleander was an inner circle of Pansies which, all summer, were a mass of bright and varied bloom. Thus, my Oleander seemed to grow up from a green flowery mound instead of an unsightly tub. Next to it stood a bright colored Gladiolus; and this was fringed with the silvery Dusty Miller, which filled and hung over the tub; so that, when the Gladiolus passed away, I still had something green and pretty left. And there, on a pretty frame of my husband's make, bright in the morning sunshine, was the Maurandia, covered with its delicate pink and purple blooms. It has grown up and caught in with the other vines, and though so late, it waves in the breeze and blooms still. Its delicate sprays float about the bird cage, and I think it sings the merrier swaying among them. But the pride of my Veranda stood on the western front, a Japan Lily, large in size, both delicate and gorgeous in color, and rich and rare in perfume, as one from the Eastern clime should be. It was the admiration of all beholders—of every passer-by. My only regret was to see it fade away; but there were the bright Petunias around it, ready to bloom in its place, as modest and

more lasting successors. So they were around my Tub-rose, blooming in delicate shades beneath it, while the pure, fragrant, lily-like blooms were above my own head. Of all my flowers, I loved it best; so delicate, so pure!

On this same end of the Veranda, against the wall, between the parlor windows, stands my flower stand, a half circle, filled with pots of Geraniums, Pinks, Fuschias, Heliotropes, Citradoras, Aloysias, Petunias, Ferns, Verbenas, etc. On the top, a single shelf, is a green pot of Tradescantia which hangs around and covers the second shelf, thus protecting the smaller and more delicate flowers.

Now, that I have said so much about my flowers, I must tell something of my mode of treatment: In the spring I found a rich spot in the garden where the

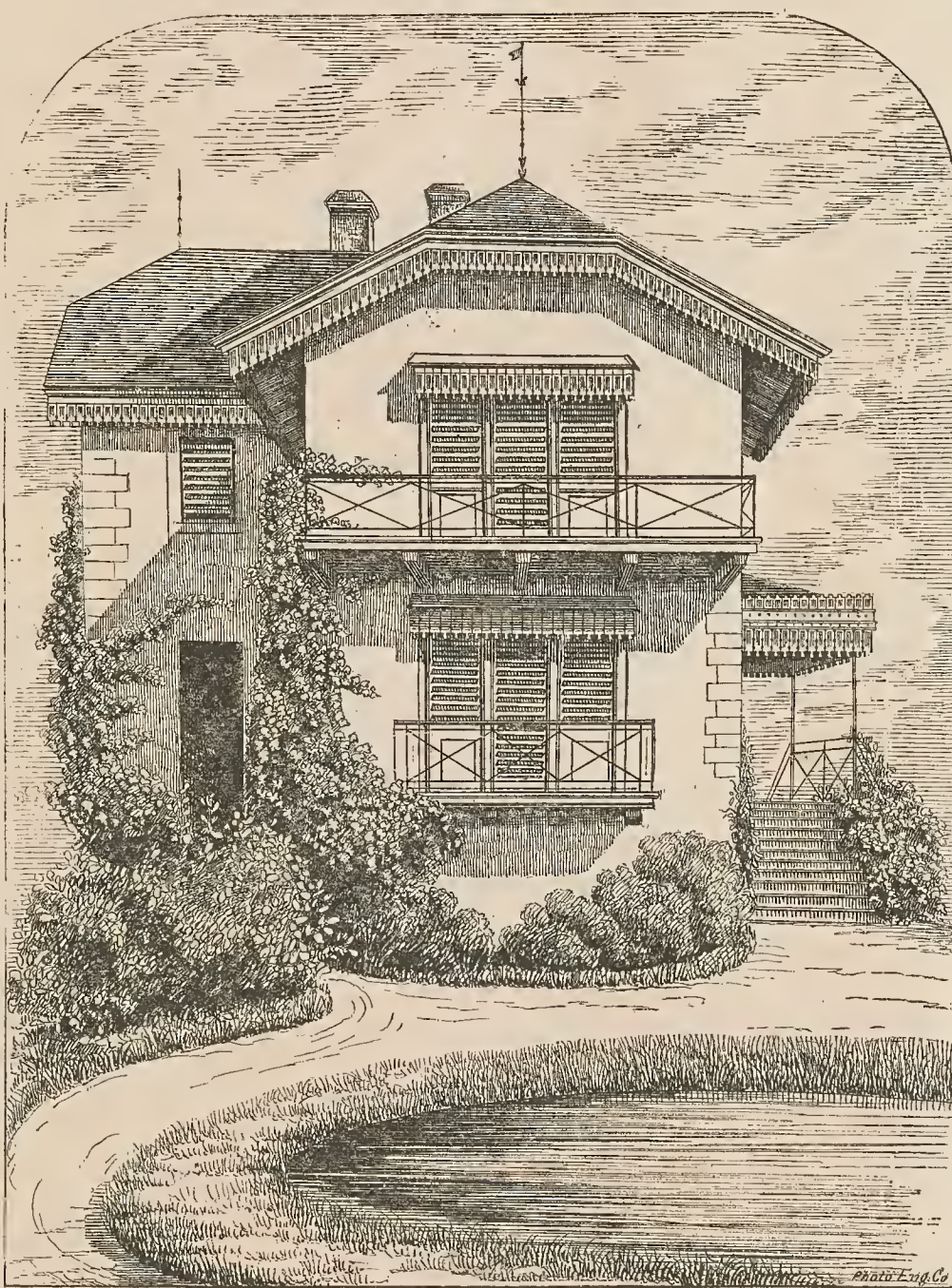
For Trellises I used branches of the Sweet Gum Tree at the corner pillars. In one upright branch, having forked arms, my daughter set a tiny tub of Sasafragia, with Ivy at the handles. How beautiful it grew, and decorated the angles on each side of the pillar! A friend from the city was delighted with this—our beautiful rustic work! For the Cypress nothing is prettier than branches of the Dogwood, peeled off, and about two inches of the twigs left on when cut; this leaves little forks at regular spaces. By placing four of these at the corners of a box they will naturally come to a point at the top, and thus make a pretty pyramid of any desired height; and one can imagine the effect when covered with Cypress. I also used them as rods to support my pot plants, and found them pretty and serviceable.

And now I would feel fully rewarded for having penned these lines if I could know that I had encouraged or assisted any of my sister-lovers of flowers surrounded with difficulties like mine, attendant upon living in a large enclosure that must be grazed for the benefit of the grass. As I am looking forward to having a window garden, I hope to see an instructive article on that subject giving some one's own practical experience. C.

Oleander.—Last fall I procured a slip of Oleander, and was told it would not blossom until it was two or three years old; it is not a year old yet and it has budded. I have a Melon Cactus that is about one foot high, have kept the small ones off, and it is quite a curiosity. It first grew large, and then it stretched itself up long and slim; then it grew flat and large around, and now I tell them it is three-story high. I have a Thunbergia that has been in bloom all summer; it is in a box; would like to know if it will do well in the house this winter. I am a great friend to running vines and would like to keep this one. I have six kinds of Fuchsias, also six kinds of Cactus, all looking finely. My flowers in the garden are a blaze of glory. F. L. D.

Calla Lily.—I have a beautiful Calla with one large white flower and a yellow stem in the centre; and my boy Solomon, about fourteen years old, who thinks he knows everything, says that the white flower is no flower at all. Now, what is the truth of the matter? Mrs. J. E. B.

Solomon is correct. A flower consists generally of a calyx (the outer circle of leaves, each of which is called a sepal); next, the inner circle of petals or leaves together forming the corolla; then a set of stamens; and lastly, in the centre, one or more pistils. In a large flower like a Tiger Lily the pistil and stamens are very distinctly seen. These two, the pistil and stamens, are the essential organs of the flower, and in the Calla many sets of them will be found clustered upon the central stem; or, as described by high authority, "its large spathe is pure white, surrounding a spadix which is colored deeply yellow by its autheriferous flowers."



FRENCH COTTAGE ORNÉ.

trunk of a tree and some other refuse had been burned. The earth from this I took up, with the bits of coal through it, and used it for the bottom of my pots and tubs; then I procured rich, loose earth that had been thrown up from the spring branch on either side, intermixing more or less river sand with it. For a top dressing I used light, well decayed leaf mold. As the dry, hot season came on I filled up, or rather mulched, all my pots, tubs, boxes, etc., with light, loose soil filled with half decayed leaves from the woods, and watered them freely every evening after sunset. Everything grew and flourished, and my Veranda was the admiration of my friends and visitors.

Window Gardening.

WINDOW GARDENING.

BY ANNA GRISCOM.

(This article received second prize.)

All the exposures for plants that vary from the east to the west, and even a little to the northwest, may be included as available for window culture. The east and south, with the exposures between them, are of course the best, but western windows, and those even somewhat to the northwest, have been used with much success. A northern window is useful, chiefly for Ferns, Coleus, some Fuchsias, and to winter shade-loving plants. I append a list of plants suitable for growing in different exposures.

Next in importance to exposure is heat; and on the kind of heat depends the sorts of plants that can be cultivated. Furnace heat, coal stove heat, wood stove, or open wood fire, are all good in their way; even the warmth from a chimney, in a sunny room, has been made to produce charming flowers.

With dry heat, it must be remembered, that watering over head, once a week at least, must be regularly attended to, or no success will follow. Saucers filled with water, or well-dampened sand placed among the plants, freshen the atmosphere for them.

Should the windows have large cracks, which let in a draft, around or over the flowers, they must be closed with cotton, paper, or gutta-serena stripping. Cold currents of air are very injurious to plants, and often check their efforts to bloom.

Plants, in the winter, should never be aired by a draft on them, or over them, no matter how mild the day may be, as they are liable to be chilled and sometimes killed thereby.

Double paper curtains of newspaper lapped at the edge, and tacked or pasted, should be kept to place between the windows and the plants during cold nights, and while the frost remains on the windows during the day. Paper is a much better protection than woolen, or cotton, or even silk. I have tried all.

Any kind of pot may be used that the cultivator fancies, as we have seen equally healthy plants in glazed-ware, wood, earthen, terra-cotta and tin.

Good drainage should always be provided, covering the bottom of the pot for an inch or two, according to the habit of the plant. The best for this are pieces of charcoal, then oyster shells broken fine. Broken pots are often used, in bits from an inch or two square to the size of beans. Clam shells can also be used, broken bones, and even brick and pebbles. There are decided objections to pots with the drainage holes placed at the sides, for they do not serve the purpose intended.

As regards earth, it is best to use the greatest care, and best preparation that can be made. We have seen a plant so changed in size and beauty, by a judicious change of earth, and the necessary repotting, as to be beyond the recognition of its original owner. Keep both pots and saucers clean, and stir up the ground once a month. It is best, when purchasing or receiving plants, to ascertain from the florist the kind of earth required for the plant. It is of more importance, however, for the cultivator to study for himself, and watch the growth of one plant in different kinds of earth, so that she may learn for herself, as we frequently see the same kind of plant flourishing in very different soils.

In order to apply water to the plants with judgment, the habits of the plant should be studied. If no knowledge can be gained in regard to it, try it with a moderate quantity, then experiment, using more or

less, as the judgment dictates. It is very important in house culture that the plants should be washed and watered overhead regularly, and even turned on one side, or upside down, in order to reach the under side of the leaves, to free them from insects and dust. If they cannot be carried to a bath tub or sink, a tub of water can be used, in which the plant can be dipped up and down, the earth being kept in by a piece of paper or a cloth. For sprinkling, a whisk, a brush, or a sponge may be used.

It is best to use tepid or water warm to the hand, in winter. On Callas, hot water has been used with excellent effect; also on Caeti. Dish-water, wash-suds, manure-water, guano-water, glue-water, are all good stimulants, if used moderately. One-third of chamber-slops diluted with two-thirds water is excellent for Caeti, used twice a week; also for Amaryllis, used once a month. This, also in full strength, will start roses into bloom that have remained a long time without blooming.

An ancient "flower sister" once said, "Plants are like children, if you neglect them they soon show it." The price of thrifty plants is "eternal vigilance." It requires loving care, to have lovely plants. This is most evident when insects abound, against which there must be perpetual war, if we would not see our plants perish before us. That common pest, the green aphid, which attacks the ends of the tender shoots, is most readily disposed of by keeping on hand, in a tub or bucket, a rather strong infusion made by pouring hot water over tobacco stems. Into this dip the plant, while infested, every two or three weeks. The earth worm is another constant and very injurious pest. If one plant among thrifty ones is seen to droop, or stop growth, it may be concluded "there is a worm in the mud."

The best plan to be rid of them, in pots easily handled, is to knock the plant out of the pot, by turning it upside down, and gently striking the edge or top of the pot on some hard substance, previously placing the left hand over the earth, and around the plant, when the intruder may generally be seen on the inside of the ball of earth. This is especially the case either after a liberal watering or a period of dryness; after the latter, they are generally rolled into little pink knots. To expel them from large pots, water them with strong soapsuds once a week and they will soon be exterminated. For the red spider, a regular atmosphere, and frequent showering over and under the leaf, is the best remedy; the next best is flour of sulphur dusted over the under side of the leaf. This is also good for the thrip, a little black midge like insect.

LIST OF PLANTS THAT MAY BE CULTIVATED IN DIFFERENT EXPOSURES.

For an eastern, or from that to a southern, exposure, with dry heat, you may cultivate (always providing that plants are washed once a week), Bonvardias, Bulbs, Zonale Geraniums, Cactus, Hoya, or Wax Plant, Begonias (winter blooming), Oxalis, Valotta, Linum trigynum, Lily of the Valley, Salvia, Pelargonium, Leaf plants, Aspidistra folia variegata, Maranta, Zebrina, Callas, or Richardii, Crassula, Poinsettia pulcherrima, Nierembergia, Amaranths, Allium (blue or white), Clerodendron, Amaryllis, Narcissus, Cissus discolor, Eucharis, Cissus amazonica, Lantana Ipomea, Bridal Rose, Cuphea, Echeveria, Watsona, Strelitzia regina, Ruellia, Plumbago, Cobaea Scandens, Sweet-scented Geranium.

For sunny windows, with wood fire: Abutilon, Roses, Alliums, Ixia, Sparaxis, Iris, Calla, Oxalis rosea, alba and yellow, Hyacinths, Yellow Flax, Lily

of the Valley, Passion Vine, Nerine, Valotta, Cyclamen, Leaf plants, Amaryllis Johnsonii, Azalea, Bonvardia, Browallia (blue and white), Caetus, Cuphea, Cineraria, Lilium auratum, Pelargoniums, Daphne, Winter-blooming Fuchsia, Chinese Primrose, Heliotrope, Vines, Tropaeolum (Bignonia picta), Calceolaria, Ruellia, Plumbago, Bridal Rose, White Jessamine, Yellow Jessamine, Myrtle Veronica, Babronia, Mahernia, Alstromeria.

Sunny windows, with little heat: Roses,* Camellia, Chinese Primrose, Browallia (blue and white), Lily of the Valley, Pinks, Deutzia (forced), Feverfew, Verbenas, Ixia, Tritoma, Sparaxis, Narcissus, Oxalis rosea and alba, Vinca, Tulips, Hyacinths, Alstromeria, Plumbago, Zonale Geraniums, Abutilon, Lilium Auratum and other Japan Lilies, Lilium longiflorum, Yellow Flax, Nierembergia, Morning Glory, Balloon Vine, Crocus, Seilla, Heliotrope, Sweet Alyssum, Variegated Alyssum.

Western windows, with dry heat: Amaryllis, Calla, Zonale Geraniums, Cineraria, Heliotrope, Fuchsias (winter-blooming), Vinca (white and pink), Wax Plant, Cactus, German Ivy, Winter-blooming Pinks, Aspidistra variegata, Maranta zebrina, Alliums, Calla, Echeveria.

Western windows, with little heat: Fuchsias, Zonale Geraniums, Chinese Primrose, Vinca, Pansies, Pinks, Lily of the Valley, Ixia, Sparaxis, Tritoma, Tulip, Hyacinth, Seilla, Lilium, Rose Geranium, Heliotrope.

* Roses trim down as soon as they are over their first bloom; new shoots will start and bloom.

To Keep Plants Without a Fire at Night.—

I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night, in the following manner: Have made, of wood or zinc, a tray of any size—you may need it about four inches deep, with a handle on either end, water tight—paint it outside and in, put in each corner a post as high as the tallest of your plants, and it is ready for use. Arrange your flower pots in it, and fill between them with sawdust; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them, and retains the warmth acquired during the day, keeping the temperature of the roots even. When you retire at night spread over the posts a blanket or shawl, and there is no danger of their freezing. The tray can be placed on a stand or table and easily moved about.

Z. J. BLAKESLEE.

Cactus.—Will Marion oblige me with a little information about the Cactus? In the CABINET for September I noticed a letter from her in which she mentioned the Rattail Cactus, and would like to know what age it is before it blooms, and what sort of bloom. I have had one nine years, and wish to know if it is time for it to bloom, or not—is it worth keeping? And another one that I can't tell whether to call a Turk's Head or Balloon, as I have heard it called by both names; but I don't know what kind of bloom either of them have, and would be very thankful to any one who would take the trouble to enlighten me.

FERN LEAF.

Sweet Violet.—The following is an answer to Aunt Carrie's question on Sweet Violets: Plant your Violets in a good strong soil made rich with fowl manure, give them plenty of water mornings, not too much sun, and keep them in a cool place. If this rule is adopted you will find your Violets will grow very rapidly, and blossom freely. I have Violets, and tried most everything to make them grow, but in vain; until I tried the above rule, which is one of my own, which made them shoot out beautiful, and are now full of buds.

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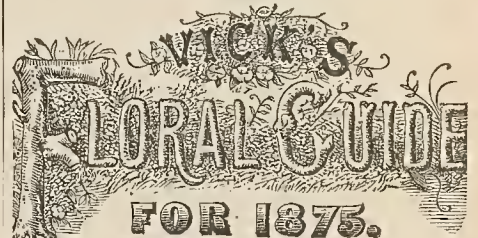
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1874.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations in this number explain many tasteful ways of growing flowers in-doors.

The cut on the first page represents a Parlor Fernery and Propagating Box. It can be easily constructed by any carpenter or cabinet-maker, and permits room in the interior for a large zinc pan to hold earth for the plants. In it may be grown a multitude of plants and vines. If it is desired to make a propagating case of it, let the carpenter make a place at the bottom for a pan of water, to be heated underneath by the flame of a lamp. The Wardian Case here figured is about three feet long, is about two feet above the floor, and is filled with Ferns, Callas, Begonias, Marantas, Ivy, Smilax, Cacti, and young Palms.

Page 181 represents the exterior of a pretty French cottage by a river or lake. There are two floors and a basement, permitting three rooms on each floor. On the first floor the rooms are thrown together, and consist of large parlor, library, and dining room. The second floor contains three bedrooms. It is intended only for summer use, and will cost about \$3,500.

Page 188 introduces to our attention a very tasteful way of arranging plants in a parlor. It consists of a large box with ornamented sides, supported on legs with castors, and may be moved to any part of the room. An upright rod supports a lace curtain which falls gracefully over the plants. A decoration like this may be placed in front of a mirror, or opposite a panel in the wall. The illustrations on other pages will readily explain themselves.

THE LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads;
Swinging on her slender foot,
Counteth her beads.
List to the robin's note,
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Cares not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where, in the Mays agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
Pure little Dandelion
Guideth the May.

Brave little Dandelion,
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the Daffodil's
Haughty head low;
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the summer dew
Out of her hair;
Bright rides the thirsty sun
Fiercely and high,
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud;
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay—
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.



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TO

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All subscriptions, both yearly and trial, expire with this number. No more numbers can be sent unless renewals are sent to us enclosing remittances of subscriptions for 1875.

Our January Numbers are famous for being exceedingly beautiful. We will present in our next issue a very delightful number. We expect there will be a perfect sensation in the family when that arrives. Do not miss the sight of it. Renew early. It will be a truly superb number.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Award of Prizes.—Thanks for the liberal response of our readers who sent so many and so good articles for competition for the prizes. The task was one of the hardest to decide we ever knew, for so many were entitled to first rank in literary merit and useful ideas. Still it is done; the conflict is over, and the following are the awards:

FLORAL ARTICLES.

First prize to article "Hanging Baskets," by Mrs. W. J. Taylor.
Second prize to article "Window Gardening," by Anna Griseom.
Third prize to each of following articles: "Vines," by Mays Mignonette. "How Shall I Lay Out My Garden?" by Kitty Clover. "Pelargoniums," by Mrs. Polyanthus Periwinkle. "House Plants—Useful Hints," by Hettie L'ducumme. "Smilax," by J. Victor. "How to Have Plenty of Flowers in Winter," by Mrs. W. T. Stricklin.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

The competition in this department was exceedingly close and spirited. The committee, after being in a "brown study" over so many good papers, state the result is reached at last, as follows:

First prize—"Fancy Frames and Home-Made Ornaments," by Bertha Lee.

Second prize—"Hints to Housekeepers," by Aunt Minerva.
Third prize—"Wax Flowers," by C. H. Leek. "Autumn Leaves Everlasting," by Berry Winterbright. "Rustic Work," by Liza Hodgson. "My Afternoon Out," by Aunt Leisurely. "One of Aunt Mary's Letters," by Mrs. D. H. Freeman.

EXTRA PRIZE.

An extra prize of \$10 is given to Mrs. C. S. Jones for a special set of ten designs for fancy picture frames, with description. Some of the prize articles will be published in this number, and the rest will follow in consecutive order during the coming number of next year.

Back Numbers—Special Offer to Trial Subscribers.—Thousands of trial-trip subscribers have now received three numbers of the CABINET. They ought to have all the back numbers to make the year complete. Many expect to take the CABINET for 1875, and still want the back numbers also; and others, still, want to get the coming volume of 1875 as cheap as possible. We therefore make the following very fine offers:

1. For \$2 we will send all the volume, January to December, 1875, together with numbers of 1874, January to September, with chromos of both years—"Gems" and "My Window Garden."

2. For \$3 we will add to above all the volume of 1875, together with two chromos—"Good Night" and "Good Morning."

3. To any trial-trip subscriber raising a club of five new names for 1875, at \$1.30 each, we will present back numbers of 1874—January to September—free.

4. The FLORAL CABINET can be obtained free, with chromo, for 1875, by any one who will bring club of ten, at \$1.30 each. For club of five, at \$1.30 each, and 50c. extra, it will also be given free for one year.

Christmas Presents.—Subscribers wishing papers, chromos, or anything in our Premium Lists and Catalogue for Christmas, should order them at least ten days beforehand, to give us ample time to procure them. Our chromo can be delivered before Christmas, but the January number can not possibly be issued by that time.

Thanks for your

past most liberal patronage. It has been hearty and very encouraging. It has enabled us to keep up our high standard of excellence and artistic attractiveness. We dislike to part company with a single one. We look upon all our subscribers as old friends. We like to keep them with us always; and their letters, so pleasant and cheerful, are a delight to read. Don't stay away long. Come back again—come home!

A Feast of Good Things will appear in our next volume. Think of the splendid prize articles. Think of the hundreds of others, also submitted for competition, which contain such splendid ideas and hints about Flowers, Gardens, Windows, Hanging Baskets, Housekeeping, Elegancies, Fancy Work, Home Pets, Social Notes, Stories, Gossip, and Illustrations. There are single articles that will be published which contain information alone worth \$10 to any family. We shall continue the same superb style of engravings, the same beautiful paper, and, if possible to add anything excellent, shall spare no pains to make its appearance and contents as charming and valuable as any lady could desire.

Music.—One page of music each month, alone represents four times the price of the paper. Each piece is new, and would cost at the music stores 40c. to 50c. each. Thus, in the course of a year every subscriber receives \$5 worth of music—and first-class music, too. Our selections are very choice.

No Price Without Chromos.—Our price for 1875 is \$1.30, with all expenses paid of paper and chromos. We have no price without chromo. Subscribers may take it or not, as they choose.

Bargains.—We have for sale a new Parlor Organ, worth \$300, for \$200. Also, a new Weed Sewing Machine, price \$60, for \$45.

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

for Sale.—We can furnish any of the above to any family wishing to purchase, at prices from 20 to 30 per cent. below the usual retail rates. They can be shipped direct from the manufactory. Inquiries answered with pleasure.

Index.—With the appearance of each December number our space has been so limited as to render the publication of an Index utterly impossible. It seems to be so this year. We do not know how to find room for it, as it would fill several pages. It is a great expense to print it as a supplement to our now very large edition, especially as there are many who do not care for it, nor bind up their numbers.

No Index has been published of the FLORAL CABINET since its commencement; and so many would really like it, that we announce herewith that we will prepare a complete Index of all the past 3 volumes, and supply it to all who wish it, at actual cost, 10 cents. It will be printed this coming month. Subscribers in renewing for 1875, who order it, will find it enclosed in their Jan. or Feb. numbers.



THE MORNING SONG.

Ladies' Boudoir.

MY AFTERNOON OUT.

One autumn it was my good fortune to attend a fair in a neighboring town. I speak of it as my good fortune, because the fair, entertaining in itself, was the stepping-stone to one of the most genial afternoons I ever spent; and my retrospective thoughts of it are so agreeable, I feel constrained to share them with the readers of the CABINET.

While looking through the department especially devoted to fancy work and the fine arts, I noticed several articles of utility and beauty, with premium cards attached, which had the same number upon them; and cousin Ellen, with whom I was staying during the fair, remarked they were made by Mrs. Ferris, a lady who by her efficient aid to fairs, her handiwork, and general agreeableness, was one of the institutions of the place.

"When we get home, I want you to tell me more about her," I said. So, when we returned in the evening, weary with sight-seeing, to her cozy parlor, and with lamp lighted, curtains drawn, the little round table with toast and tea for two, before the cheerful, rollicking, hickory fire in the open grate, I proceeded to ply her with questions of Mrs. Ferris and her attributes.

"Of course they are rich, to begin with," I queried.

"In everything but money," replied cousin Ellen; "they own the house they live in, a very small one by the way, and with that exception have not a dollar in the world, only as they earn it by their industry. The father who is lame is an esteemed teacher of music; the eldest daughter assists him in that capacity; the mother's sewing-machine is seldom idle during the day, and the other members of the family, a girl of twelve and a boy of ten, go to school."

"And what time do they have for fancy-work?" I exclaimed.

"In the winter evenings, when many families are sighing over the monotony and dreariness of home, this little household, rich in contentment, rich in love for each other, rich in good health, which is due in a great measure to their placid manner of living at peace with themselves and the world, make time pass with flying feet."

"How I wish I could see them," I soliloquized.

"Nothing easier, ma-ehere," quoth Cousin Ellen; "they are intimate friends of mine, and all things favoring, you and I will appoint ourselves a committee of two, and pay them a visit to-morrow afternoon."

We went; kind hands removed our wrappings, and in ten minutes I was perfectly at home with a family that twenty hours before I had not known was in existence; and, by their kind hospitality, and genius for entertaining, I found that home with its sweet associations, its loving harmonies, had not rendered them selfish and indifferent to the claims of society.

The dwelling had but two rooms, parlor and kitchen, on the first floor; they were roomy and comfortable, and the parlor left nothing to be desired in the way of luxury, although there was not an expensive article in it, unless the old-time piano could be so styled; scarcely an article but was homemade, yet I wish I could convey to your minds what a bower of beauty it was.

There was such a cheerful glow in the room, I felt that Sol must be recreant to his duty in some other quarter of the town, and was concentrating his beams on this little abode; but upon investigation, found, though doing his duty by one on the windows, the credit was not due him alone, but he and the rose-colored walls assisted each other, as good friends

should, to make beauty cheap and within the reach of all. The room was tinged a lovely pink; it was done by simply mixing venetian red in the lime, and applying as whitewash, and with paper-bordering of green leaves, it was sweet and cheery, easily renewed, and lighted up so beautifully in the evening.

The first article that attracted my attention in the room, was an old gentleman leaning on his cane, and quietly gazing down at the homemade carpet; what was my surprise on going closer to find he was composed entirely of corn-stalks, his hair was the silk of the corn, his pants and vest of the inner husks, and of a pale straw color, while his hat, coat and shoes were the outer husks, and many shades darker. A nicely trimmed corn-stalk was his cane, and although well-stalked, he was not *corned*, but was as respectable looking an old gentleman as William Penn, whom he closely resembled.

On one side of the room stood a what-not, so pure, so white, so beautiful, I thought of course it was marble, but found on inspection it was not, but was still at a loss, and when the magic word, rag, was whispered, was more puzzled than before. It was a rag what-not without doubt, and they kindly gave me such a minute description of its manufacture, that I resolved to come right home and do likewise.

The father had made a skeleton of a what-not with four shelves, in imitation of a bought one; they were made of boards an inch deep, to allow the edges to be ornamented; old white muslin was stiffly starched and ironed, and tacked smoothly over the shelves; raw cotton was wrapped round the uprights, a layer of muslin put over it and tied about an inch apart all the way down to give it a grooved appearance; little rosettes made of bias scraps of muslin, in imitation of roses; and rose leaves, made of three layers of muslin pasted together, cut out while damp, the edges pinked with the scissors, and moulded in a tin leaf mould, such as are used for wax and leather leaves, laid in a warm place to dry and stiffen; the roses were tacked on the corners of the edges of the shelves, and the leaves ran both ways and met in the middle. When all was done a coat of plaster of Paris mixed in weak white glue water (allowed to cool of course), was applied with a new paint brush, and it was a beautiful piece of furniture. Only a little of the wash must be mixed at a time, for it hardens quickly; if one coat is not satisfactory, add another; if soiled in the course of time, all that is necessary is to give it another coat of plaster.

Picture frames were made in the same way, and were particularly lovely on chromos and paintings on glass with a black back-ground. I wish I had space to tell you how to paint these oriental paintings, and also of the many other beautiful things I saw there; but must pass on to the crowning glory of the room, the centre-table.

It was a family piece, in the construction of which all had assisted, and for which at various times large sums had been offered by those who had more money than ingenuity; but the history of too many happy evenings, cozy chats, earnest conferences and merry suggestions were associated with it, and all offers were politely declined.

It was in shape an octagon; the top was glass, set in different forms, and set in gilt sash; under the glass were minerals and precious stones of almost every kind, the work of the father, a devoted mineralogist who in a long lifetime had collected and arranged them where he could enjoy them and allow others the same pleasure; they were grouped in bonquets, cottages and other fancy designs, and I groaned in spirit that I had no more time to bestow upon it.

The other part of the table was the work of the rest of the family. About twelve inches down was, as it were, another top, divided into compartments, and running back nearly to the centre of the table; being an octagon there was eight of them; two of each were designed by the mother and the children.

One compartment represented Kane's Arctic Expedition; the little figures were made of dough, rolled thin, and moulded over china dolls, taking care to oil the models so the moulds would slip off without breaking; when dry and hardened, they were painted; real hair was put on under their tiny fur caps; snow and ice was perfectly represented by cotton, chrystalized with alum—of course they could have dressed the bought dolls to suit the scene, but their idea was to have it homemade; it was a scene natural enough to make one's teeth chatter.

Then came The Night Before Christmas, with which all we mothers at least are familiar; the dear little chubby faces asleep on their pillows, the plethoric stockings hanging by the chimney-piece, all things in *statu quo* for the awakening.

The escape of Mary, Queen of Scots, from Lochleven, came next; the hoary old castle was made of gray sandpaper; ivy festooned it, gray moss tufted it, moat and draw-bridge, soft greensward, and the latticed window of my lady's bower all were there, and from dungeon to turret, it was every inch a castle; the scene was taken when the hapless Queen and her attendants, all in rich attire, were taking supper in front of the castle, and her loyal page abstracts the key from the jailor.

The next was a Friends' Meeting, at which I did not feel the least a stranger; but here the good people were not made of dough; but, for a change, their heads were hickory nuts, with the features penciled on, and dressed in their drab silk gowns, immaculate kerchiefs and caps, and tiny silk bonnets; the men, with their ante little broadbrims, all sitting in solemn silence, and with the unpainted benches, railings and partitions, were the very embodiment of serenity and repose.

The next was an English May Day; the dear little dough people, dressed so gayly, and dancing so merrily—oh! around the may-pole, which was garlanded with ribbons and flowers; not an item was missing; but foliage and flowers, green trees and silver brook, made it a cheery and lovely scene.

Then came Penn's Treaty, and it was beautiful as any; the scarlet blankets, bead embroidered robes, and feathers of the Indians, contrasted charmingly with the sober garb of the noble Friend, while the sombre woods in the background threw them out in bold relief, and seemed bearing witness to the solemn compact.

The next was a Fairy Grotto, the loveliest, coolest place I ever saw; it refreshes me even now to think of it, the soft green moss, the glittering stalactites (alumina) depending from the roof, the dainty fairies, the mystic circle, fairy-land all over.

Last, though not least, was Gilpin's Rocks, a wild, romantic, and lovely scene; seemingly huge masses of rock thrown together in picturesque confusion; trees grew among them, luxuriant wild vines with lovely crimson berries ran over them, gray moss tufted them, a stream of water here rolled placidly, then dashed over huge rocks and formed a deep cascade; it seemed the very realm of solitude, save where three giant rocks thrown together formed a cave, before which sat an aged hermit, whose beard, reaching to his waist, was white as snow.

The lower part of the table represented the Sea Shore; isinglass made a shallow, but not to be mistaken ocean; the beach was sand and shells, while the little bathers in fancy costumes made a gay and animated scene.

I must not forget to tell you of the bay-window constructed by themselves, green with vines, and gay with plants in bloom, nor of the red-bird in its homemade cage of hoopskirt wire, wound with colored zephyr, that was suspended in it. We staid to tea, and the plain but exquisitely prepared meal was all that one could expect from a family whose lives were so unpretending and lovely.

AUNT LEISURELY.

The Ladies' Work Basket.

FANCY FRAMES AND HOMEMADE ORNAMENTS.

(This article received first prize as the best on Household Topics.)

Well-made rustic frames and ornaments are pretty and artistic, are admired by everybody, and can be made from very unpromising material. Many with a love for such things become disgusted with them from seeing the careless ill-shapen work and horrid taste of people who put everything together indiscriminately, such as bright-colored beans, corn, and shells, with nuts, acorns, &c.

As a rule, nothing should be used which is not black, or some shade of brown, in rustic work. In making frames where the ornaments are glued, or otherwise stuck on, put the glass in first. Glue will not fasten acorns, nuts, &c., to wood firmly; some kind of cloth should first be glued on. Black pepper, or coal broken in small bits, makes a good ground-work. Some of the largest things should be fastened on with brads. A preparation better than glue for this work is made by boiling a kettleful of paper all day, mashing into a pulp, and draining all the water out of it; then add some thick paste and glue until about the consistency of soft putty; color with burnt umber or logwood. This can be used for a great many things; it is what ornithologists use for trees when mounting birds. Spread on the frame evenly, then with a table-knife check off the ground-work, and you will need no other; it must be stiff enough to retain its form, and can be used for the raised foundation of ornamental figures. Coffee, or very small acorns split, are best for the inside edge; split peach seeds or acorns for the outside. English walnuts, buckeye, coffee, nuts, and pawpaw seeds, are good to form figures. Old frames can be ornamented with twigs tacked or glued on.

A nice frame can be made by taking three pieces of grapevine of equal lengths, and coil them in a kettle of hot water till perfectly pliable. Bend around an inverted oval dish, putting on weights to keep it in place; allow the ends to cross, and tie together with a piece of vine. The rough bark should be stripped off, leaving the tendrils. A square frame can be made of pieces of grapevine or hickory twigs with the bark left on, allowing three for a side, long enough to cross at the corners; a short piece should be tacked across each corner. Hollow knots of trees sawn in pieces, trimmed smooth and varnished, make nice small oval frames. These are also easily made of pasteboard, with the large thin scales of pine cones at top, bottom, and sides.

Gilt oval and small square frames are made by covering a pine frame with gilt paper. For the beaded ornamental edge you can buy strips of paper, for that purpose, at the booksellers, for about five cents a yard; it is also used under the glass as gilt edge for any frame. The standing frame for photographs may be made by cutting pasteboard in the form of a triangle, with scalloped edges, bound with brown muslin, and covered with cones, acorns, seeds, or lichen. For the foot, use a thin strip of board, with a muslin hinge.

Small oval or square frames, and cornucopias, are beautiful made of lichens and little shells; also hanging and other fancy baskets. A nice little colored picture, cut round and varnished, looks well in the centre of the cornucopia and in each section of the basket. Carved wood frames, such as are sold in

shops, can be made by any one handy with a pen-knife; not the elaborate, but simple designs, which are pretty. Imitations can be produced by laying hot pieces of iron on the wood, so as to burn the impression into the surface. Various figures can thus be formed, and their darkened appearance is not objectionable. The best material is black walnut, finished in linseed oil, but any soft wood will do which can, when finished, be treated with a coat of vandyke brown mixed in turpentine. (This is stain, not paint.) The frames can then be sand-papered and oiled. Still better imitations are made by the addition of leaves and flowers made of thick leather, an ivy vine entwined around the sides, or a few leaves in the corners.

A pretty frame is made by combining cone and acorn with leather work; for example, a group of acorns with oak leaves, of leather. Unfinished oval frames may be obtained from the turners, stained, and finished at top, bottom and sides with acorns and leaves. Other frames are made of bark from pine trees, the under side of which will be found to be beautifully variegated, and often showing the curious tracks of worms, in very good imitation of carving. By spreading out the pieces with a weight upon them they will season in a few weeks in a dry place; then cut into strips and glue on to a rough frame and varnish.

For leather work use sheepskin; cut leaves by patterns, wet them in cold water, squeeze dry, and pull them into shape and dry in the oven; dip them into a solution of vinegar and venetian red, and, when perfectly dry, into thin black varnish. This must also be used on the wooden frame. Take gum shellac and dissolve in alcohol; dip the flowers in this and dry in the sun. Grapes are made by tying marbles, peas, &c., into the leather, using wire for stems; for tendrils wind the wet leather around a stick, secure and dry quickly; vein the leaves, while wet, with a pointed stick. In making flowers, cut in one piece when you can; use gimp tacks to fasten the ornaments to the frame.

Shell-work requires great care in construction, or it will fail in beauty. To clean shells, boil in lye; then, while wet, rub well with a coarse cloth; bleach with chloride of lime; fasten on to a wooden frame with white lead or putty; if the shells are used brown, this can be colored slightly. It takes either of these a long time to dry. A preparation made of two parts white wax and one of glue, melted together, is said to be better. Arrange the large shells around the outside, and the small ones inside; make the ground-work of very little shells or pink and white pebbles. Have a clear idea of your figures. To form a rose use the shells resembling rose leaves; have a raised foundation of wax; take first the smallest and arrange in circles like a rose; oblong shells use for leaves. A tiny doll's head is an improvement for the centre of the rose. It also makes a pretty cherub, using clam shells for wings. A butterfly can be made from the shell of a crawfish, putting in beads for eyes, and using shells for wings. The claws can also be used for figures.

It improves shells to tint them with water-colors, if delicately done. Care should be taken in varnishing; some prefer without.

Of all kinds of fancy-work that I have tried, I like paper work best; it is substantial, pretty, and very easily made, and resembles leather. For edges of frames, cut a piece of paper an inch square and double it in the middle; then double once more, forming a point. For the centre row cut the same size, trimming one end into a rounded point; then lay a small plait

in the other end, thus forming a leaf; sew these all around, overlapping each other. If a square frame, form rosettes of the leaves on the corners; if oval, on top and bottom. A small cone improves the rosette. Paint with common brown paint. This idea can be carried out in brackets, wall baskets, &c., cutting your shapes in pasteboard, sewing on the paper, and then tacking on to a wooden foundation. I have a swinging corner what-not, with three wooden shelves, on the front of which I tacked pasteboard cut into an ornamental point. This I ornamented as above, enlarging the leaves toward the centre, on which I formed rosettes with cones for centres, one large cone swinging on a wire attached to hooks under each point.

I have another of simple make, which is quite pretty; two shelves of the same width, one shorter than the other, with a straight strip of pasteboard with the folded paper points on the edge and a row of leaves in the centre. These are suspended on four cords with empty spools slipped on to keep the shelves the right distance apart, and which look like turned wooden posts; the whole painted brown. The cords to these what-nots have cones attached to them in place of tassels. This is a pretty idea for rustic frames. Imitation of coral ornaments are made in this way: Take hoopskirt wire, the largest size, with the cover left on, cut equal length, and form into rings. To make a bracket from twelve of these rings into a diamond-shaped piece, commencing with one, then two—in the middle ring, four tying together with strong wax threads, this forms the back. For the shelf use five, with two tied firmly underneath, in the centre of it, for the brace. Tie split candle wick or coarse wrapping twine in short tags of unequal lengths, two or three in each ring, not arranging two alike. Take equal parts of beeswax and resin and color with vermilion red; melt together in a baking pan, as the bracket can be held over it while you apply the wax with a spoon; hold the wrong side up, as the wax will run down and cool in rough knobs. When partly done allow to cool slightly, and you can bend the little twigs formed into any desired shape; then put on more wax—the more the better. Baskets are also formed of the rings, using four for the bottom.

Hanging baskets, comb cases, and a variety of other things are made in this kind of work. Hanging baskets filled with dry moss are beautiful. These should be the red coral; for most things I prefer the black, it is not so common as the red, and is prettier, I think; for this use ivory black or drop black, instead of the vermilion.

"Where there is will there is a way," and if costly ornaments are not within the reach of us all, our homes need not go unadorned.

BERTHA LEE.

A Pretty Lamp Mat.—Cut out a circular piece of pasteboard four inches in diameter, cover it with red, blue, or a light green paper, make scallops an inch and a half wide, the same in height, of gold paper, each piece to be plaited twice (they meeting in the centre); sew or paste them all around the edge, then cut a piece of the gold paper to fit the centre, overlapping a little, that its edges may be cut in little points; double it in eight parts, cut any device you wish, such as hearts, crosses, stars or triangles; unfold, paste it over the cardboard, and my word for it you will have a pretty ornament for a parlor. I have one, the total cost was fifteen cents for the gold paper; other materials cost nothing; invention, my own. Will some lady please tell how to make stars of paper?

I. E. NEWTON.

Household Elegancies.

STRAW ORNAMENTS.

Procure some nice round straws and wheat heads. If you wish a round basket, cut out a circular piece of pasteboard for the bottom, and another piece a third larger for the upper part; cut the interior of the upper part entirely out, leaving only a margin about half an inch wide; cut the straws the length you wish the depth of the basket to be; use a pair of sharp scissors to cut the straws, and handle them very carefully. With a punch the size of the straws make holes all around the edge of the pasteboard intended for the upper part of the basket, about half an inch apart, and also precisely the same number around the edge of the bottom part, leaving a quarter of an inch between the holes. Then take the straws, one at a time, and introduce one end of each into the holes in the bottom part, leaving about an inch projecting for the basket to stand on; then take the top rim and insert the other ends of the straw in the holes in that; when all are done, draw them through about an inch and a quarter, and then cut every second one off a half inch; this leaves a very pretty top. If the straws slip too easily in the holes, fasten with a little mucilage. A pretty finish for the ends of the straws, both top and bottom, is to top off each one with red or black wax; it also makes them stronger. Take chenille of any desired color, tie around the outside rim of the upper pasteboard, and then the same around the under rim; then twine a piece around the middle of the basket, in and out among the straws, basket fashion. Fasten a bow of satin ribbon, the color of the chenille, on each side of the basket, and put a pretty picture in the centre of the bottom pasteboard. If a handle is desired, a narrow strip of pasteboard is glued on under the bows of ribbon, and then twined with chenille; place a pretty bow with short ends in the middle.

These little baskets are both pretty and useful.

A basket of any shape and style can be made in this way by cutting the pasteboard the desired forms. Sometimes satin ribbon is twined in and out among the straws, basket fashion, filling it in from the bottom to the top rim. They are very showy-fashioned in that way. Letter-cases, wall pockets, cigar-stands, and a great many useful and pretty articles for gifts, fairs, etc., can be formed of straws with the aid of a little ingenuity and taste.

Straw cottages, temples, and bird cages are easily made, and are very ornamental. To make a cottage or temple ornament, cut out a pasteboard the shape you wish, punch holes for the straws the same as for baskets, and introduce the straws for the sides; if making a temple, leave a considerable space at one side for the entrance. For the roof of a cottage, bend a piece of thick drawing paper into the proper shape, and along each side of it make holes for the admission of the straws which form its sides; pass each straw of the latter through the holes made in the former, and these will hold it firmly together. By leaving a wide

margin to the roof it will overhang the sides and form the eaves. Press some straws flat and glue them on each side of the roof, and for the two ends, as gables, cut pieces of drawing paper to the shape of the roof, glue them in, and ornament them fancifully with straws. A chimney may also be made of wheat-heads let in to the roof and caught by a thread around the top to hold them together, and arrange wheat-heads around the edges of the roof to form fancy eaves. A good effect may be produced by forming the sides of a cottage with bristol-board, painting the doors, windows, &c., and introducing it into the interior of the cottage, when, if arranged rightly, the straws will appear as a portico around it. Very small artificial



DESIGN FOR PARLOR DECORATION.

flowers and vines, to imitate woodbine, &c., may be introduced among the straws, and will greatly add to the beauty of the whole.

The roof of a temple, whether it be round or hexagonal, is constructed in a similar manner to that of a cottage—covering it with straws pressed flat—and glue on cluster of wheat-heads in the centre for ornament; or for a peaked roof cut a circular rim of pasteboard, punch the holes and introduce the straws which form the sides; then between each straw punch holes for the straws to form the roof, place the straws in the holes, and gather them evenly together at the tops in the middle of the roof, and tie securely; then add wheat-heads to ornament the top, and also some to form the eaves.

ISA. DORE.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By the time this will come to the readers of the dear little CABINET, wintry winds will remind us to be looking up something with which to show our love for our friends; so perhaps directions for making a few little ornaments will not come amiss.

Take some pretty photograph—say the head of a Madonna. Place it in a dish of water, soaking until it will float off; then dry it carefully with a clean cloth; cut the figure out, leaving none of the background of the original picture; have ready a circular mirror about eighteen inches in diameter, and after coating the back of the picture with thin gum arabic water, place it at once on the face of the mirror, taking care

that it is exactly in the centre and in the right shape, for it must not be moved around; smooth down in every part with a cloth; when dry, frame as other engravings with a clear glass over it, and you will have a tip-top imitation of a French picture which would cost four times as much.

To make a very pretty medley picture, cut flowers and sprays of buds and leaves from the colored plates in floral catalogues, and gum them tastily on white or delicately-tinted card board in the form of a wreath or bouquet. A rustic frame makes a very satisfactory picture of it.

Each reader of the CABINET should know how to make a Pansy vase mat. The materials are white, black, canary-colored, and shaded purple single zephyr. Crochet a mat, at least an inch larger all round than the bottom of the vase, in the ordinary treble stitch of the white wool. Then, with the black, crochet one round, making two stitches in each one of the preceding round; then one round of the yellow; then one of the shaded purple, always increasing in the same manner as with the black. Fold the ruffle thus made back and forth, and with needle and thread tack each minic pansy in place, and it is done; and you have a row of dear little "Johnny-jump-ups" around your vase.

A pretty hair-pin hat is made thus: Take a collar-box without the cover and fill it with horse hair; then, with zephyr of some bright color corresponding with other toilet appliances, crochet round and round in double stitch until you have a piece the size of the opening in the box; then, without increasing the number of stitches, work enough rounds to cover the side of the box, thus making the crown of the hat; then increase again as at first, making the brim of the hat about an inch wide. A little edge in shell-stitch completes it nicely. Stretch the work over the box and sew it lightly around the bottom of it; tie a bit of white ribbon around the crown, and it is done.

To make a pretty tidy for a rocking-chair, cut out a number of rounds of white cotton or linen about two inches in diameter, and the same number of red flannel or merino one inch in diameter; then carefully turning down the edge of the white, take a needle and thread, and after laying the red piece in the centre of the white, gather it and draw it up till you have but a small opening; fasten the thread, and you have a rosette. Join a number of them together. COUSIN HATTIE.

Hireside Readings.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go.
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A foreigner is seated in his room poring over a French and English dictionary. He is swamped in the intricacies of our language. He has rumbled his hair so much that it stands on an end with perplexity. At last he gets an exercise book and asks for advice from his landlady in broken English. The landlady, in her vain attempts to make him understand, raises her voice to a high key, and then suddenly lowers it as the thought occurs to her that he is not deaf. Why do we raise our voices in such cases? After several months' practice, our friend translates into English the following sentences:

"My dog is cold. My hat is wet. The dog's legs are weary. Beer is good. The judge is happy."

For more advanced lessons:

"The boy is full of cake. The long-tailed coat was made by a tailor. (He is puzzled here. He does not see how 'tailed' can be the past tense of tailor.) Is the haymaker well? Have you seen my aunt's umbrella? Let us walk by the mill, and look at the dammed water." (Puzzled again.)

Our friend blundered at the breakfast table next morning. He turned to a young lady next to him and casually remarked, as if he were referring to the weather, "Have you seen my aunt's umbrella?"

The young lady looked surprised, and said she had not. He followed this observation with the remark: "The judge is happy." Everybody laughed and looked at a little fat man who was supping soup. It was Judge Dox.

Our foreigner was now so elated with satisfaction at his mastery of the English language that he said: "Let us walk by the mill and look at the dammed water." Again everybody laughed, and the little fat Judge snorted so much soup into the upper part of his head that he had a fit of coughing ten minutes long,

and between his spasms of laughter he mumbled something about a pun. Our friend, who was now the centre of attraction, repeated all his exercises, much to the delight and good humor of everybody.

Here are some proverbs which Alphonse Karr says are Russian: "If you are a mushroom let them put you in a basket. Debts are not noisy, but they keep one awake. One is not loved because he is handsome, but handsome because he is beloved. Make friends with the bear, but keep hold of your hatchet."

Shoe Latin.—A shoemaker in England who had an education of which he was not a little proud, wrote out as his motto in Latin, and set it up in his shop window, the words "*mens conscia recti*," which, as most of our readers understand, signifies "a mind conscious of right," or in other words, "a good conscience." The man who kept a shoe store on the other side of the street, thinking this must be a new name for a shoe, and determined not to be outdone, set up in his window the notice, "Men's and Women's Conscia Recti."

A Peddler calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which no peddler had travelled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

A Three-year-old youngster saw a drunken man "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have done it."

The Alpine Horn.—The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the



COME BIRDIE, COME.

A Young Lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship: "Charles, I am going out of town tomorrow." "Where?" "I don't know." "What are you going for?" "I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself." "You're welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?" "A husband." "Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word, but I was afraid to ask you the question."

Almighty, fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

Talmudic Proverbs.

Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.

The reward of good works is like dates—sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Housekeeping.

BREAD.

That "bread is the staff of life" is as true now as when the proverb was coined, for upon it always depends the comfort, and many times the happiness, of the family. I would like to offer some suggestions that will lighten the burdens of over-worked housekeepers. Housework can be elevated to a higher standard when we learn there is no degradation in doing well whatever our hands find to do. We attempt so much, that we rise to excellence in no one thing.

A great many of our cares come from the inevitable necessity of cooking. To satisfy the cravings of a depraved appetite, we concoct a variety of complicated dishes, the getting up of which wears out our temper, and then the fretting for fear they will not meet the approval of our "liege lord's" stomach, entirely destroys the illusion that we ever are "angelic creatures."

I have spent a great deal of time in careful research, and in trying to devise ways and means of lifting this burden from our shoulders. I think that if I could accomplish the task of removing this source of suffering I would be more worthy of a vote of thanks than though I had given woman the right of suffrage.

The result of my investigations is the following bill of fare:

For breakfast, good, light, crispy, yeast rolls. For dinner, white, spongy, sweet, yeast bread. For tea, flaky yeast biscuits that will almost melt in the mouth. Butter to the taste. If the potatoes are sodden, the steak tough, the pie underdone, the cake heavy, the coffee muddy, and we are still able to come from the table saying, "Well, the bread was very nice," we can go on with our work with temper and digestion unimpaired. But if the bread is unpalatable there are ten chances to one that before the next sun rises, our night dreams are haunted with all sorts of horrors, and our day dreams with gloomy forebodings.

I attended a pie-nic lately at which fifty families were present, and of course all contributed their very best efforts in the culinary line. The tables were arranged beautifully and artistically, the floral decorations were very effective, the best of lemonade sparkled in the goblets of cut glass, and all kinds of nice cake would almost rise from the silver cake baskets for very lightness; chickens had been slaughtered by the wholesale, and were presented in all forms, baked, boiled, broiled and fried. But when the people called for light, sweet biscuits to eat with them, only two women out of the whole number could respond to the demand for those that were first class. Others were offered, some of them black, some heavy, some of them nearly sour, and all of them dry. I was ashamed of my sisters, and ashamed of my own poor cookery, and I determined that in the future I would improve myself in the art of bread-making if I devoted the rest of my life to it.

My sister-in-law is one of the few women who excels in bread-making, and as she lives near my own home, I have persecuted her with questions and watched the process of bread-making from its inception to its completion, till I can outrival her own productions.

The first great step in the accomplishment of my purpose was the will and determination never to give up until I had succeeded. To this I brought a vast store of patience and unflagging energy; when you have secured these requisites, dear reader, the following hints may be of some help to you.

For the yeast take four potatoes, pare and cook them and crush them through a sieve, add one quart scalded flour, one half tea-cup salt, one half tea-cup sugar, and two yeast cakes.

Make the yeast in the morning, and at night set a sponge for the bread. For two loaves take two potatoes, a sufficient quantity of flour, and wet it up with lukewarm water. The next morning proceed with the sponge in the usual way. The best bread I have ever eaten was made by men.

Why do not we women attain greater perfection in the tasks which ought to be ours exclusively?

MARIE GOOLD.

AMMONIA.

No housekeeper should be without a bottle of spirits of ammonia; for besides its medicinal properties, it is invaluable for household purposes. It is nearly as useful as soap, and its cheapness brings it within the reach of all.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of warm soapsuds, dip a cloth in it, and go over your soiled paint, and see how rapidly the dirt will disappear; no scrubbing will be necessary.

It will cleanse and brighten wonderfully. To a pint of hot suds add a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your forks and spoons, or whatever you wish to clean, rub with a soft brush, and then polish on a chamois skin. For washing mirrors and windows it has no equal. It will remove grease spots from every fabric without injuring the garment. Put on the ammonia nearly clear, lay blotting paper over, and set a hot iron on it for a moment. Also, a few drops in water will cleanse and whiten laces and muslins beautifully.

Then, again, it is a refreshing agent at the toilet. A few drops in a bowl of water will make a better bath than pure water, and, if the skin is oily, will remove all greasiness and disagreeable odors. Added to a foot-bath, it entirely absorbs all noxious smells so often arising from the feet in warm weather; and nothing is better for cleansing the hair from dandruff. For cleaning hair and nail-brushes it is equally good.

For medicinal purposes ammonia is almost unrivalled. For headache it is a most desirable stimulant, and frequent inhaling of it will remove catarrhal cold. There is no better remedy for heartburn and dyspepsia, and the aromatic spirits of ammonia is especially prepared for that purpose, ten drops of which, taken in a wine-glass of water, will give relief. The spirits of ammonia can be taken in the same way, but is not so palatable.

In addition to all these uses, the effects of ammonia on vegetation are wonderful. If you desire your pet house plants to become more flourishing, you can try it upon them by adding five or six drops of it to every pint of warm water you give them; once a week is often enough, lest you stimulate them too highly. To cleanse plant jars, when re-potting plants, it is excellent, making them fresh as new.

So be sure and keep a bottle of it in the house, and have a glass stopper, as it is injurious to corks, eating them away.

SWEET MARJORAM.

To Clean Marble.—Take two ounces of common soda, one of pumice stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift them through a fine sieve and mix them with water; then rub the mixture well all over the marble and the stains will be removed; now wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was previous to being stained. Sometimes the marble is stained yellow with iron rust; this can be removed with lemon juice.

Potato Yeast.—Take six potatoes, peel and slice into a quart of water; let them boil till they can be strained through a colander; strain, and pour scalding hot over one pint of flour. When almost cold, add one tea-cup of yeast, one tea-cup of white sugar, one half tea-cup of salt, one large spoonful of ginger. After it has raised sufficiently, put it into a jug and cork it tightly; keep in a cool place.

Bread.—To one pint of water add one tea-cup of yeast; sift and stir in as much flour as can be mixed with the spoon; let it stand over night to raise. In the morning add to this one tablespoonful of lard, with flour sufficient to knead into soft dough; let it stand till it is quite light; then knead it again thoroughly, and make into small loaves; raise once again, and bake in rather slow oven. [Bread made from this recipe took first premium at County Fair at Rock Island, Ill., this fall.]

Guess Cake.—Original cake recipe, cheap and delicious.—Two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, two teaspoonsful cream of tartar, one of soda dissolved in the milk, two cups of flour rounded up. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon.

Queen of Puddings.—One pint of nice white bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, beat in a tea-cupful of sugar in which has been strained the juice of the lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly; pour the whites of the eggs over this; replace in the oven; bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream if preferred.

Every Day Fruit Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of shortening, two eggs, one cup of hot water, one teaspoon of saleratus in one half cup of hot water; four cups of flour, one tablespoon of cloves and cinnamon, one pound of fruit.

Lemon Pudding.—One pint of milk, one quarter pound of butter, one half pound of sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, five eggs. Bake half an hour.

Plums.—Perhaps some of the good housewives would like to know how to preserve plums. Pick your plums when most ripe, weigh them, and to one pound of the fruit put three-fourths of a pound of the best brown or white sugar. Some may think a plum or stone fruit must have as much sugar as others, but it is not so; the stone takes no part in the preserves, i. e., you do not want to sweeten them, and they will not take up the sugar. The preserves are much better with three-fourths of a pound of sugar than if you use more. Put on the sugar and plums, and boil until quite soft, in a porcelain or brass kettle, and put in stone jars when hot, set in cellar, and all will be well.

MRS. A. P.

Castle Pudding.—Two eggs, one quarter pound of sugar, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound of flour; beat butter to a cream, and sugar finely powdered, then add eggs and flour. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and in small cups; when done turn on a flat dish, and cover with thick white sauce flavored with wine or essence.

Balaklava Pudding.—Three cups of flour, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one cup of syrup, three eggs, two or more cups of fruit, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one half teaspoon of cloves. Boil from three to four hours.

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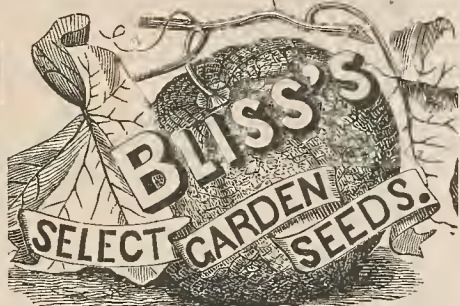
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The Singer Manuf'g Co. Sold	232,444	Machines.
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co.	119,190	"
Domestic S. M. Co.	40,114	"
Grover & Baker S. M. Co.	36,179	"
Weed S. M. Co.	21,769	"
Wilson S. M. Co.	21,247	"
Howe Machine Co.	No returns.	"
Gold Medal S. M. Co.	16,431	"
Wileox & Gibbs S. M. Co.	15,881	"
American B. H. & Co.	14,182	"
B. P. Howe S. M. Co.	13,919	"
Remington Empire S. M. Co.	9,183	"
Florence S. M. Co.	8,960	"
Davis S. M. Co.	8,861	"
Victor S. M. Co.	7,446	"
Bless S. M. Co.	3,458	"
Seacor S. M. Co.	3,430	"
Aetna, J. E. Braunsdorf & Co.	3,081	"
Bartram & Panton.	1,006	"
Centennial S. M. Co.	514	"
Keystone S. M. Co.	217	"

The table of Sewing Machine Sales for 1873 shows that our sales last year amounted to 232,444 (two hundred and thirty-two thousand, four hundred and forty-four) Machines, being a large increase over the sales of the previous year (1872).

The Table also shows that our sales EXCEEDED THOSE OF ANY OTHER COMPANY, for the period named, by the number of 113,254 MACHINES, or nearly double those of any other Company.

It may be further stated, that the sales of 1873, as compared with those of 1872, show a relatively larger increase, beyond the sales of other makers, than of any other year.

For instance, in 1872 we sold 45,000 more Machines than any other Company, whereas, in 1873, the sales were 113,254 Machines in Excess of our Highest Competitor.

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1216—This overskirt is one of our most distinguished models for fall and winter. We find it made in both silk and woolen goods. The fronts cross low, or below the knee, the right side lapping over on the left; the back widths are drawn back and laid in box pleats, ornamented with a bow or passementerie. Requires three and three-fourths yards of twenty-seven-inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

3019—Of all the great variety of beautiful shapes for full polonaises we are persuaded that this is the most practical and stylish. Its wonderful simplicity is apparent to all. It has the French back, with only one seam; and though it is without side-forms, and not even a pleat at the bottom of the waist, the one seam is so ingeniously shaped as to create a modest and graceful pannier with revers. It will be appreciated by ladies who wish to prove their independence of dressmakers by making their own costumes. The most inexperienced will not fail to understand and put together successfully. It will be favored for camels hair, ladies' cloth, etc., above all others. Requires six yards twenty-seven inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, \$1.



2915—We give an illustration of a seque cloak that surpasses all others we ever used, for graceful and dressy appearance. It buttons close to the throat, and is slightly fitted to the figure in the back; it has a neat, round collar. When our advice is asked for the very best style of making a serviceable cloth or velvet outside garment, we give the number of this illustration, with perfect confidence of its pleasing every one it is worn. Requires two and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch goods for lady. Pattern, with cloth model 50 cents.

1307—This waist makes up very showy when finished with the simple and chaste triple cord of the same, forming the trimming for the bottom. This style of trimming seems to lend a peculiar charm in forming a little half-closed fan. It is secured underneath with the same, showing both sides. It sets out just enough for the effect now so desirable. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

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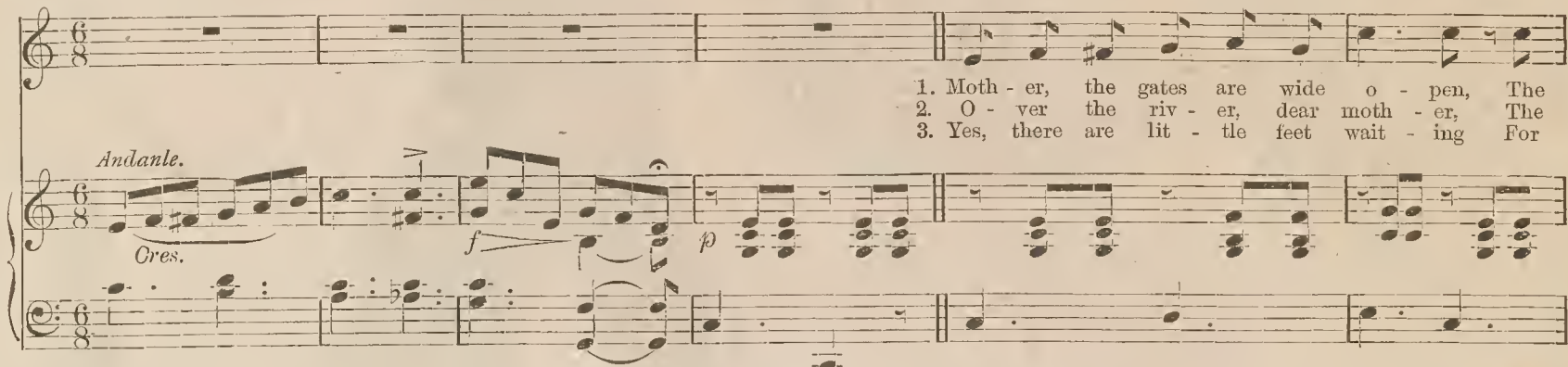
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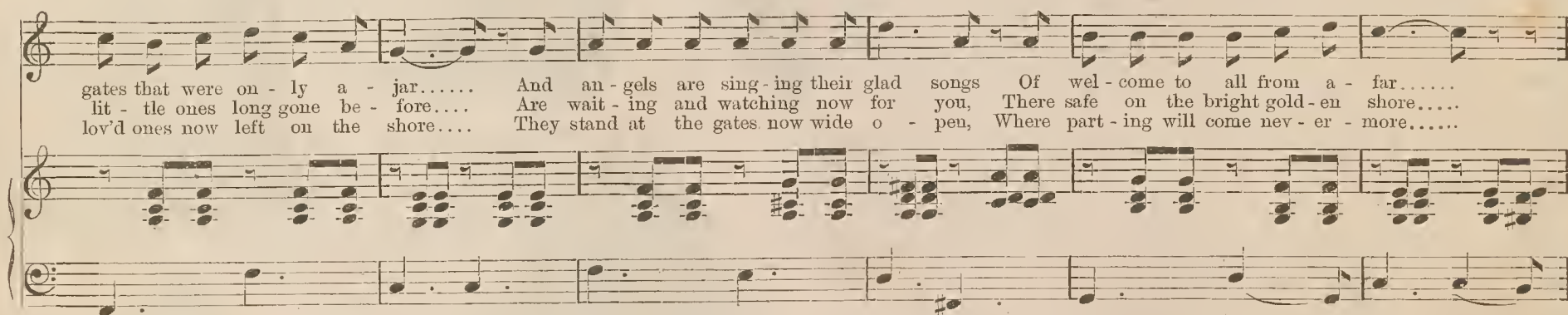
"THE GATES ARE WIDE OPEN."

SEQUEL TO "HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR."

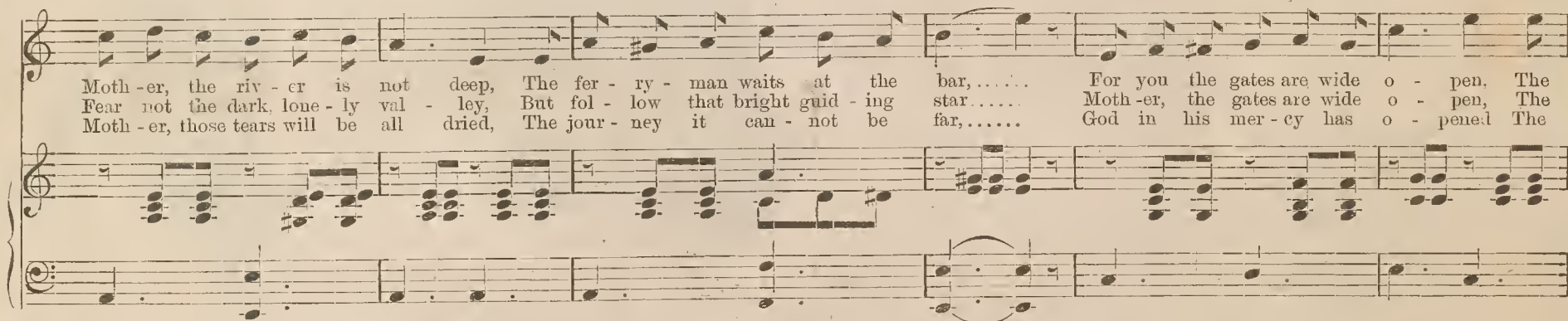
Words and Music by C. A. WHITE.



1. Moth - er, the gates are wide o - pen, The
 2. O - ver the riv - er, dear moth - er, The
 3. Yes, there are lit - tle feet wait - ing For

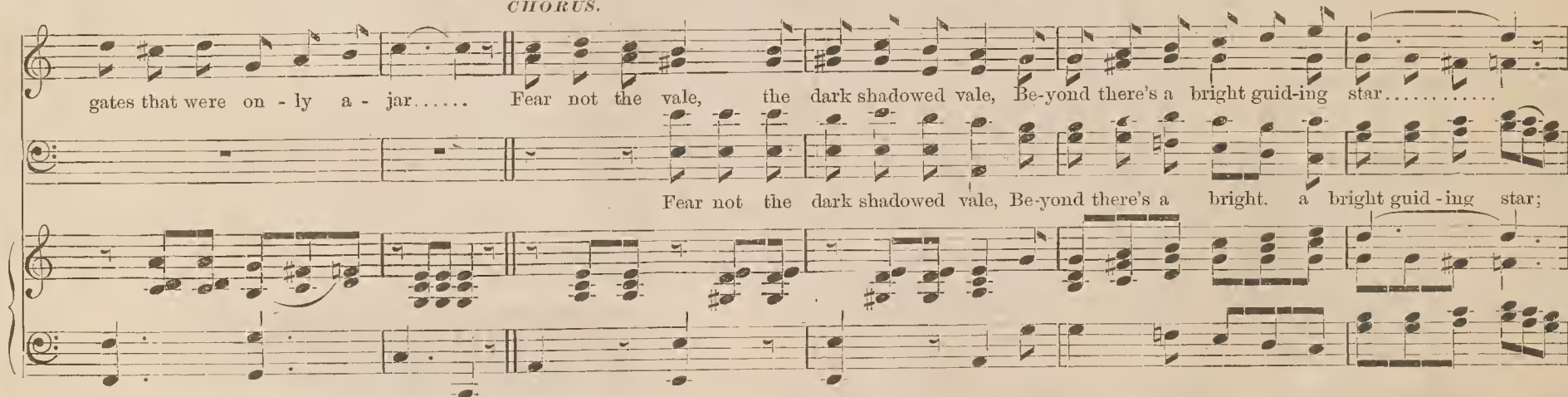


gates that were on - ly a - jar..... And an - gels are sing - ing their glad songs Of wel - come to all from a - far.....
 lit - tle ones long gone be - fore.... Are wait - ing and watching now for you, There safe on the bright gold - en shore.....
 lov'd ones now left on the shore.... They stand at the gates now wide o - pen, Where part - ing will come nev - er - more.....

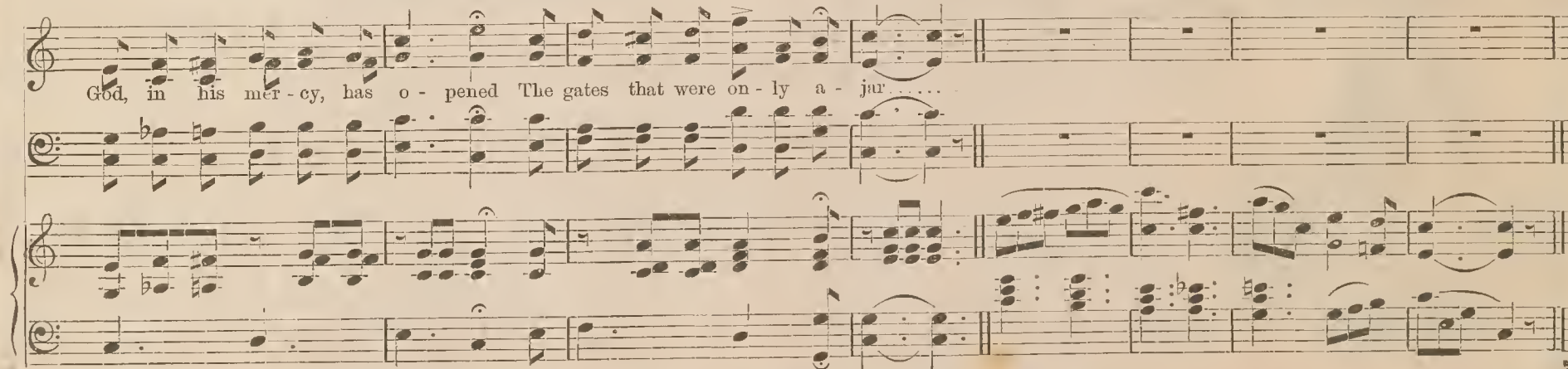


Moth - er, the riv - er is not deep, The fer - ry - man waits at the bar,..... For you the gates are wide o - pen, The
 Fear not the dark, lone - ly val - ley, But fol - low that bright guid - ing star,..... Moth - er, the gates are wide o - pen, The
 Moth - er, those tears will be all dried, The jour - ney it can - not be far,..... God in his mer - cy has o - pened The

CHORUS.



gates that were on - ly a - jar..... Fear not the vale, the dark shadowed vale, Be - yond there's a bright guid - ing star.....
 Fear not the dark shadowed vale, Be - yond there's a bright, a bright guid - ing star;



God, in his mer - cy, has o - pened The gates that were on - ly a - jar.....

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By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1875.

No. 37.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

GLOBE AMARANTH.

I would like to tell my experience about the seed of the Globe Amaranth. Last spring I took the hulls off about twenty-four seeds of the Globe Amaranth,

pin, after turning off the water, and planted one by one of those seeds on the little mound of earth, in the plate. Set the plate in the window, where it got the morning sun; I sprinkled occasionally when needful.

BEGONIAS.

Some lady inquired "what shall I do to prevent the buds from falling off my red Begonia?" I tried a number of experiments—finally poured boiling water



VILLA OF A GERMAN PRINCE.

put them in a cup of luke-warm water, set them upon a shelf back of the stove—in two days half of those seeds were sprouted. I then took a deep pie plate, filled it rounding full of good rich garden soil, took a

In a week twenty out of twenty-four seeds were out of the ground half an inch; they grew splendidly until time for transplanting—and such a bed of Globe Amaranths, red and white, I never saw.

VIOLET.

on hen manure, and used it sparingly. It bloomed profusely, and looks charmingly—attracting the attention of all my visitors.

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F. G. Y.

Floral Contributions.

HOW TO HAVE PLENTY OF FLOWERS
IN WINTER.

"Look on this picture, and on this." Storm, sleet, and snow without. All around is the death-like desolation that prevails when winter is firmly seated on his icy throne. Within doors, there is the brightness of luxuriant foliage; the glow of pink, white, and scarlet blossoms; the balmy fragrance of scented leaves and flowers; and the grace of clinging vines and trailing creepers. Who does not like the latter picture best, and what is needed to make it a living reality in our homes? In the first place, a love for the work; in the second, a constant attention to trifles. They not only make the "sun of human things," but the secret of success in floriculture. I have learned, from a successful experience of many years, that you can make almost any plant bloom in winter by managing it properly in autumn, and it is your attention given then that is rewarded with plenty of flowers in December and January. Set aside the *Heliotropes*, *Geraniums*, etc., for winter-blooming about the last of August; prune them severely (don't let your tender heart betray you into leaving too many branches), and repot, or give a rich top-dressing, as is needed; place them in partial shade, give little water, and pinch off buds if any appear, until the second week in October, then give sunlight, liquid manure, daily attention, and by the time winter sets in, they will be well set with buds and in such a notion to flower, that they will keep up the resolution all winter.

The *Salvia splendens* is one of the best of winter-bloomers when managed properly, otherwise, is not worth the earth it grows in. Don't take up the old plant that has flaunted its scarlet plumes in your face all summer, but root a slip in July, or take up a backward plant that has bloomed but little from the garden. Pot about the middle of September, and prune off all but four or five branches, plant in moderately rich soil with a top-dressing of charcoal, keep in the shade only one week after potting, then give it all the sun you can—it will not bear shade—and it will soon be full of buds which will slowly unfold in winter, and surprise you by the length of time they remain in perfection if not kept too close and warm. I have seen its regal plumes open the middle of December, and remain perfect until last of January, and could scarcely believe it was the same flower that faded so quickly in summer.

Chinese Primroses are best if potted in October, but will bear almost any treatment if not kept too warm. I once potted one on the 9th of October, that had journeyed six hundred miles by mail, and it was in full bloom at Christmas. I cut off all the leaves save two as soon as I received it. If I had retained more it would doubtless have died. I cannot too strongly impress upon my sister florists the necessity of close pruning of leaf and branch when the roots of a plant have been at all disturbed.

We all want plenty of white flowers in winter, for we cannot make even the tiniest bouquet for a friend without them, and the white Candytuft is not sufficiently appreciated by amateurs. Sow the seeds the last of August, and pot the young plants as soon as they have five or six leaves; put only one plant in a six-inch pot; keep them out-of-doors until very hard frosts; keep cool; give all the sun and air you can in cold weather; and they will astonish you! They will grow and branch like little trees—have ten or fifteen clusters of bloom open at once, and whenever you cut one the same shoot will branch again and soon replace

it. I have had plants thus treated to grow more than a foot high and measure sixteen inches in diameter. Doubt it not, ye sisters, who have only seen the plant sown in crowded beds in spring. The secret is, it likes cold weather and wants plenty of room. I have had visitors to turn from my stand of winter-blooming *Fuchsias*, *Geraniums* of all colors, *Heliotropes*, *Hyacinths*, and other costlier pets, and say my "snowy trees" of Candytuft were the loveliest of all.

Sow seed of Sweet Alyssum and Mignonette at the same time with your Candytuft, treat much the same way, and your room will be filled with a fragrance all the cold and dreary days.

But I must name the plant that I regard as the very best, most profuse and continuous winter-bloomer, out of seventy or eighty different varieties of plants that I've cultivated for that season; it is the *Abutilon*, with small leaves and drooping habit, known as "*A. Mesopotamicum*." It requires very little heat, plenty of sun and water, and will bloom from November, on through the winter, until the last of June. It is best to root a slip in May and keep it growing well all summer and put it in a large pot in September, but if you have only an old plant, prune it well and repot in autumn, and it will bloom well, but take up a good deal of room in your window or green-house.

The hints and items given above apply equally to plants grown in windows or conservatories; but I must give some directions how to hasten plants into bloom, to the many who have no regular artificial heat for them. We sometimes have many cold and cloudy days in succession, when our plants seem to refuse to open or produce buds; then take a medium sized vessel containing boiling water (the little "boiler" with open top, in which "John" heats his shaving-water now, and cooked eggs and oysters in his unhallowed bachelor days, will do) and put a flower-pot saucer on top of it, and set your plant in that; let it remain until the water gets cold (it will remain hot a long time if you keep it in the same vessel in which it was heated), and repeat the process two or three times a day, and you will "see a difference." Don't be afraid of the hot water. The heat is just right by the time it penetrates both saucer and pot. This is also an excellent way to hasten the formation of roots to cuttings, especially in cool weather.

The next best "forcing" process is to place an inch deep layer of powdered charcoal on the surface of the pots; black absorbs heat, and you will find when the sun's rays fall on your plants that the earth in the charcoaled pots is much warmer than in the others. Keep your plants away from fire-heat. Have them as far from stove or grate as possible, and never think of bringing them near the fire to "keep them from freezing." If the thermometer "starts" towards zero, put them under a table in the middle of the room and pin blankets closely around and over them—put them in your wardrobe—anywhere to keep the frost from them. Raise the window, or carry them out-doors, on the south side of your house, every mild day, *i. e.*, whenever the thermometer stands at 40 degrees, exposed and in the shade. Of course, they get a much higher temperature in the sun, and they like its direct rays better than anything else.

If you live in the South you can have plenty of flowers without trouble. Just prune, pot, and stimulate in autumn, as suggested, and place your plants in a pit facing south; open the glass every day as soon as the ground thaws (or they will become too tender), and close at evening. The sun will keep them growing and blooming. You have only to see that they don't freeze, by covering the pit well with old blankets, mats, carpets, anything, on unusually cold nights.

I've noticed, in travelling over the South, that most ladies keep a few plants in the windows, in "petting distance," but the majority of them in their pits. In their lightly built houses, they are more apt to awake and find plants frozen than their Northern sisters, so they are safest in pits. You all know how to save frozen plants; keep them in perfect darkness, and don't even look at them, for two days. G. S.

AMARYLLIS LONGIFOLIA, ETC.

I take up the thread of my discourse on bulbs with the *Amaryllis longifolia*, or *Crinum Capense*. It is a bulb that seems to have brought vexation in its train to others beside myself. The first I had of a *Longifolia rosea* was bought of an itinerant German flower dealer, who said it was a rare and wondrous Lily from the West Indies, bearing scarlet and yellow flowers, for which \$1.50 was a moderate and enticing price. The honest gardener of whom I bought it let me have it at cost price, as a special favor. Since that, these long-necked importunates have defrauded me in various ways—once simply as *Amaryllis alba* and *rosea*, with the distinguishing *longifolia* left out. At another time I bought them for *Amaryllis longifolia* (the name given), thinking, in my ignorance, that I was obtaining, at a marvellously low price, a *longifolia striata*, as described by Buist. They all, however, came down from their magnificence in price to 50 cents, and once to 25 cents.

I potted the first one, tended it with devoted care, even giving it a fine large glazed pot in which to display itself. The result was literally *longifolia*, some of the leaves measuring a yard and a half in length, with the addition, in early spring, of two flower stems, each bearing nine tube-shaped blossoms, between two and three inches in length. The outside of the flowers were of a pale maroon rose, the inside nearly white. They were more curious than pretty, and were any thing but the gorgeous Lilies depicted by the wandering deceiver who beguiled us into buying it.

An *Amaryllis longifolia alba*, which bloomed during my absence from home, was said to be so charming that I could not but reverse my previous opinions of the tribe. Having heard another competent judge deliver the same opinion I am bound to credit it, though my faith, as yet, is weak.

I know of one lady who has a very large plant of *Amaryllis rosea*, who keeps it in the cellar in winter; it blooms finely in mid-summer, and is shown to advantage, when growing, by being placed on a pillar beside a broad walk. Another lady of our vicinity, who has the *alba*, keeps it in her green-house. She dries it off in summer. Both of these were kept in, at least, twelve-inch pots, the earth being very much enriched. It is said to be a swamp plant, therefore, requiring a great deal of water, which I find it needs in quantity equal to the *Calla*. It is also said to be hardy, but I know of no one who has tried it in the open ground. ANNA GRISCOM.

Double Portulaca.—Your correspondent asks if the Double *Portulaca* will grow from the slip as readily as the single. A couple of years ago I sent a number of slips, of different shades, and in full bloom, to a friend in Indianapolis; she planted them, and they grew straight on as if they had had roots always, never once ceasing to bloom until touched severely with "jack frost." They were the admiration of all who saw them. I find it quite difficult to obtain double blossoms from the seed; a larger part come single, but as fast as they begin to show from the bud that the blossom will be single I cast it away, keeping only the double ones in the bed. M.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Geranium.—How to keep Geraniums and Salvias in the cellar over winter. H. W. M.

Answer.—The Geranium should be kept dry and free from frost. The Salvia can be kept in the same way. Neither plant should grow while remaining in darkness.

Caladium.—Please tell me in the CABINET about the Caladium Wrightii and Caladium Brognonii. What soil do they need? Do they need much watering? How should they be treated in winter? I enclose a leaf of a plant which I should like to know the name of. M. H.

Answer.—Any light soil will grow Caladiums. The plants require plenty of water while growing, and to be dry and warm while at rest during winter. Name of plant—*Justicia purpurea*.

Smilax.—1. Please tell me how to treat Smilax to make it grow thrifty. Have some that don't do well. 2. Do Gladiolus bulbs bloom the second time? 3. Do the Wisteria and Trumpet Vines grow lengthy enough to cover an arbor, and will the same vine live over winter, or die down? L. L.

Answer.—1. Smilax should be cut down, and have fresh soil in August, it will then make strong, young shoots. 2. New bulbs are formed on top of old ones, then flower. 3. The Wisteria will grow to two or three hundred feet in length, and the Trumpet Vine probably as much.

Poinsettia.—Please give directions how to propagate Poinsettia and Euphorbia Jacquiniflora. Also, some hints on the treatment, &c.

ELIZA WILLIAMS.

Answer.—Poinsettia and Euphorbia can be propagated from pieces of old wood in the spring, or from tops and young shoots in the summer and autumn; the former in a warm house, in full sun; the latter in a shaded frame. These plants require a warm place to flower well, and to be grown out of doors, in the full sun, in summer.

Red Spider Again.—I did succeed with the Turkish bath (as I called it) in exterminating the pest, and saving my plant; but I have come to this conclusion, that it is only with General Jackson's "eternal vigilance" that any louse, mealy bug, aphid, spider, scale, or slug, can be persuaded to leave after it once gains a strong foothold. The bath was administered in this way: When the thermometer was several degrees below freezing, I took the plant (a large scarlet Salvia) to the doorstep, laid the pot on its side carefully, so the soil would not fall out, then took my sprinkler, full of water, so hot I could not bear my hand in it, sprinkled it all over the plant; then used cold water to sprinkle it; then set it in a dark cellar twenty-four hours. This I repeated every few days, for two or three weeks, or longer, I don't just remember. I don't suppose it is just the Turkish baths are administered, but what does it matter, as long as the object is gained. VIOLET.

Worms in Flower Pots.—In the CABINET, I have read many queries, and many remedies for worms in pots. An English lady told me that the water the family potatoes were boiled in was a sure cure for worms; put it cold or warm on the earth. I have tried it with success. A very simple remedy. VIOLET.

Calla Lily.—I have a Calla that I received last spring, and only paid twenty-five cents for it, and it blossomed within five weeks after I received it. It is budded now, and all the rest of my plants have

done equally as well. I wish some of the readers of the CABINET could call and see my plants. They are the envy and admiration of every one around. I always water with warm water; have fourteen different varieties of Roses, and have not been bothered with lice or slugs this summer; keep them off with quassia bark. Ohio. C. S. B.

Oleander—Cyclamen.—I have a white Oleander, can I graft other colors on it? Can I divide the bulbs of Cyclamen Persicini? I have a pink Oxalis, that has blossomed all summer; can I dry it off now, and have it bloom in the winter? What shall I do with the small bulbs; remove or leave them on the old bulbs? ELVIE E. LARKIN.

Answer.—Oleanders can be grafted. Cyclamen bulbs must not be divided. The Oxalis will flower without drying off; the small bulbs can remain if not overcrowded, or can be removed, and a number together placed in other pots.

The scrap sent appears to be *Verbena Aubretia*.

Aquarium.—Please tell us, in some number of your paper, the names of some plants suitable for aquariums, and oblige a subscriber.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

G. E. CHILDS.

Answer.—*Calla Lily*, *Limnœcharis Humboldtii*, *Limnœcharis Plumieri*, *Pistia Stratiotes*, *Nymphæa Canadensis*, *Nymphæa Cyanea*, *Nymphæa minor*, *Nuphar lutea*, *Nelumbium luteum*, *Acorus calamus*, *Acorus stamineus*, *Cyperus alternifolius*, *Cyperus Papyrus*.

Crown Imperial.—Please tell your subscribers, in next CABINET, what we shall do with Crown Imperials when they do not blossom? And what to do with the Chinese Pæony when they have a large root; will it do to separate them, and what time of year is best? L. A. MOTT.

Answer.—Take up Crown Imperials and divide them; add some fresh soil or manure, and replant. The Pæony can be divided either in fall or spring; every crown will make a plant.

German Ivy.—While taking up our plants, to place in our pit, we trimmed down our German Ivy. Some of the slips we planted; but having several long branches which we did not care to plant, and yet felt as if we could not throw them away, we put the ends in a jar of water, and trained them around the side of the pit, to see "what they would do." Imagine our surprise on looking at them, a couple of days since, to find several bunches of buds on the new sprouts, which had formed since putting them in the water. The slips have thrown out long roots since placed in water. I never had the Ivy bloom before, although I have frequently heard of its doing so. M.

Night Blooming Cereus.—I saw an article in the October CABINET asking for information regarding this mysterious plant. I have one that I have known the history of for fifteen years. I bought it six years ago, thinking I would have the pleasure of seeing it bloom for a few years. It is five-sided, sprouts from the old branches near the root, has tufts of spines all the way up each angle, but no joints—one continuous sprout from two to six feet. There is one branch on my Cereus measures five feet seven inches. About the first of June I observed three sprouts darting from an old branch. On the first of October I measured them—one measuring 4 feet 8 inches, one 4 feet 3 inches, and one 4 feet. The flower is similar to the Cactus, only much larger, and more beautiful. The past season I had one measuring 11½ inches in length. The flower is white, but I will not attempt a descrip-

tion of it as it will make my article rather long. It grows very readily from a slip. I would be pleased to exchange with A. G. D., or any of our CABINET friends, for a choice plant of any kind. The CABINET is truly a great treat for me. I look as anxiously for it as I do for *Godey*, and purpose being as constant a friend.

Gallipolis, Ohio.

MRS. R. ALESHIRE.

Rose Slips.—If any one wishes to slip Roses successfully, procure Daisy Eyebright's "Every Lady Her Own Flower Gardener," advertised in the CABINET, and follow her directions for cutting and "layering" them. Imagine my joy when I saw a new "Giant of Battles" growing in the border this last August, obtained from following the directions given in that charming little volume. No lady need fail in growing flowers, if she has that and the CABINET to guide her. When a child, wandering through my grandfather's sugar bush, during the "boiling season," I found, peeping out from under the snow, a tiny white blossom. When, afterwards, I studied botany, I searched in vain for a description of this little flower; but, years after, in the *Poetry of Flowers*, edited, I think, by Mrs. Osgood, I found that the blossom was the Fairy's Thimble. Accompanying a perfect description of it, was this charming little verse:

"What! the thimble of a Fairy, and can a Fairy sew?"
Inquired a little wondering girl. "Come, tell me if you know.
Does she stitch together violet leaves to make her fragrant gown?
And wad her cloak, to keep her warm, with flying thistle down?"

Can any one tell me more of this little flower?

MRS. C. F. GREENE.

My Lilies.—In a previous number of the CABINET, I promised to tell its readers something about my Lilies. I will first inform them how I prepared my bed, as it may be of benefit, if they have been troubled with that champion rooter, the mole. I devised this method to keep them out: I spaded into the ground to the depth of two feet, throwing out the dirt; then, gathering all the brickbats and pieces of rock I could find, paved the bottom and sides. Into this I threw leaf mold, sand, and rich garden soil; finished by curbing the bed with rock one foot higher, and filling with dirt to the top. Now for the Lilies. I sent an order to Vick for the following varieties: *Lilium Brownii*, *L. Anraturum*, *L. japonicum*, *longiflorum*, *L. candidum*, and *Tigrinum* (to help make up variety), *L. atrosanguineum*, *L. excelsum*, *L. Chalcedonicum*, *L. lancifolium rubrum*, *L. san. roseum*, *L. lan. album*. They come up very early in March. The first to unfold its bulb was the *Brownii*. Superb, lovely, grand, every one thought. It is trumpet-shaped, about ten inches in length, clear white inside, with a dark purple band through the centre of each leaf, and purple on the outside. I paid four dollars for the bulb, but did not think it extravagant after I had seen it. Before it faded, the huge *Anraturum* expanded, measuring twelve inches in diameter. This has been called the Queen of the Lilies, but it found a rival in *Brownii*. All the rest bloomed about the same time. Such a lovely bed they made. The sensations of delight which they gave me, I cannot describe. Had the lilies cost ten times the amount paid, I should have been richly rewarded.

"Observe the rising Lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various hues on others traced;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet, see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining? or what queen so fair?"

Jeffersonville, Ind.

M. A. LINE.

Flower Gardening.

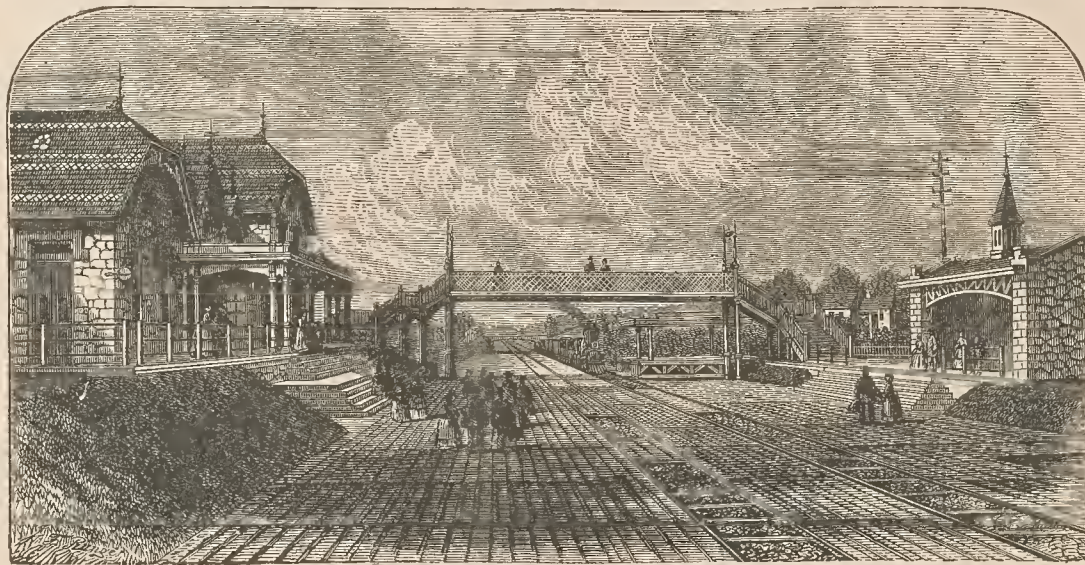
A RUSTIC FERNERY.

The costly Ferneries sold at the stores are very elegant; but as they are expensive withal, and money is a desideratum with the majority of people, it will perhaps be a satisfaction to some lover of the beautiful and artistic to know how a really tasteful article may be made, which will cost comparatively little. Procure an ordinary dry goods' box (one of the size in which shoes are packed answers well), it should be about three feet high, two wide and two or three deep; place it upon one end, with the bottom side against the wall. Stain the entire box (outside and within) with burnt umber, mixed in scalding vinegar; when perfectly dry, varnish with copal. Upon each side, about one-third distance from the floor, fasten a long narrow box, sustained by brackets, which stain with umber to correspond with the large box, and, after filling with nice rich soil, plant with ivy or any other thrifty vine. Ornament the whole with gnarled branches and roots, in rustic style, or with leather work, or anything individual taste may dictate, then arrange within the box a grotto of stones, with earth between, in which plant Ferns, Lycopodiums, Kenilworth Ivy, the common Ground Ivy, the Tradescantias (three kinds), Semperiviums, or any shade-loving plants. A miniature castle placed among the rocks, with a tiny bridge or other such additions, are an improvement, and a vessel of water, with moss placed to hide the edge, is pretty, and aids in keeping a certain amount of moisture about the plants; as this little rockery can be sprinkled every day, no dust need be allowed to accumulate about or upon it. Upon this stand place a pan, box, or bowl, eight inches deep, with holes for drainage, to aid which place an inch or so of broken crockery, pebbles, charcoal, or crushed brick—upon this a mixture of loam, sand, and leaf mould, or well-rotted cow or hen manure. Form a little rockery by fastening the stones together with aquaria cement (or what is called hydraulic cement will answer). Plant the common but nevertheless beautiful ferns, mosses of various kinds, and a few bright-leaved plants, such as Begonias (of the Rex tribe), Ivy, and Partridge Vine, or indeed any plants that delight in moisture. One of the pretty castles, sold for aquaria purposes, placed on the summit of the rocks, and some delicate vine trained over its turrets and parapets, is a beautiful addition; shells,

pretty pebbles, and fragments of rare rocks should be scattered upon white or colored sands, on the surface of the soil around the rocks, and fragments of mirror, placed in proper positions, to resemble mimic lakes, or that they may reflect the scene, add greatly to the beauty of such a fernery. Very much depends upon the taste and ingenuity of the operator, in arranging such a scene, which should resemble as much as possible, a Lilliputian garden or a mimic grotto, and if

such a variety of colors, so many shades and markings. We have almost every color but yellow. There seems to be a law regulating the color of flowers. Who ever saw a blue Rose or a yellow Verbena?

The cultivation of the Verbena is considered by many as very difficult. It is not many years since I thought so myself. I prefer seedlings for getting a good variety. The seed should be sown in shallow boxes, in February or March; cover the boxes with glass to retain the moisture. Keep them near the stove until they begin to come up, which will be in about a week; then move to a sunny window, and keep them in the light, as much as possible, to prevent the young plants from becoming drawn and slender; when they have made sufficient growth to have two or three sets of rough leaves, transplant into boxes or small pots. I prefer boxes, as it is less work to care for them, they do not need watering near as often as when in small pots. They can be put out doors as soon as all danger of frost is over in the spring. Verbenas are not very particular about



BRYN MAWR STATION, PENNSYLVANIA.

the latter, arrange the stones in the shape of a tiny cave, lining the arch with small shells (the little pearl, rice, and rose-leaf shells); also fasten crystals and large pieces of frosting through it, and place a vessel filled with clear water in the bottom, surrounding the edges with mosses and delicate ferns. When finished, cover with a shade made of window sash, either square, six, or octagonal, or one of the cylindrical kind sold in the shops. After once sprinkling such a box of plants,

soil, provided it is well enriched with well-decayed manure. Noted Verbena growers tell us, that Verbenas do not do as well planted year after year on the same ground. I have raised Verbenas on the same bed for three years; and the last spring I had dirt from the road put on my bed and dug in to the depth of two or three inches; and the growth of those Verbenas the past summer has been wonderful. For house plants they are unsurpassed. If you wish to



SCENE AT BRYN MAWR, PENNSYLVANIA.

and covering securely with the glass case, sealing the bottom with plaster of Paris, it will require no attention for several months, unless by the rampant growth the plants become too large and cover the rocks or other ornamental parts so much as to appear crowded. Monroe, Mo. C. S. J.

VERBENAS.

I have often thought if I was limited to one single flower to cultivate it would be the Verbena; it presents

succeed with the Verbena as a house plant, don't wait until Jack Frost makes his appearance and then pot the old plant; if you do you will surely fail. My favorite method is, to take slips that will snap when bent; and if they have little roots started so much the better. Fill a vial with water, label your slips and put them into it—and wait with patience for them to root; when the roots have made an inch growth put them in mellow rich dirt, and keep them shaded for a few days. Green lice are their greatest enemies, but they can be kept away by the use of tobacco smoke and sprinkling with warm water in which a few drops of ammonia has been

put. Verbenas thus treated will bloom from January [until warm weather, when they can be planted out in the open border. Blandford, Mass. LAURAETT SMITH.

Caladiums.—Will your contributor (Marie Antionette) please tell me where I can obtain the Caladiums spoken of in the last number of the CABINET, and at what price? Palmyra, Mo. MRS. M. J. GREEN.

Ornamental Cottages.

DESIGN FOR AN ITALIAN COTTAGE.

We have always admired the Gothic style of cottage architecture for its beautiful picturesque effects; but for practical convenience in interior arrangement of rooms, as well as great economy, we have yet found nothing more efficient than the Italian style. It admits of architectural embellishments quite as much as the Gothic, but is free from the cramped ceiling and waste nooks so common with the latter. Being also more regular in form and easier of construction, there is less waste of timber, and they can be built in much less time. The design we introduce here is a fair specimen of this Italian style, but so reduced and modified as to meet the wants of our country and climate, and to be suitable to the tastes of most village residents. The reader will also notice the low pitch of the roof, the broad, open character of the trimmings, and the introduction of the round arch for the heads of the windows.

The plan is arranged as follows: From the portico, No. 1, by means of double glazed doors, we enter the vestibule, No. 2. This opens on the left into the dining-room, No. 4, and on the right into the parlor, No. 3. Directly in front a sliding glass door opens into the hall, containing stairs to the chambers and cellar. The living, or dining-room, has a good-sized china closet, and connects by means of a small passage on the left of the chimney-breast, with the kitchen, No. 6. This room is 14 feet square, is conveniently placed and well lighted, and opens directly into the staircase hall, No. 5. No. 7 is a pantry, furnished with a pump, sink and shelves, and No. 8 is a good-sized store closet, with shelves. The vestibule measures 6 feet by 7½ feet; parlor, 15 by 17 feet; living room, 14 feet by 15 feet. The second floor furnishes three large chambers, a bathing room, and several closets.

For the interior finish of the rooms the architect recommends something like the following: The wood-work of the vestibule and dining-room to be a wainscoting 2½ feet high, with standing finish to correspond; this, together with the wood-work of the kitchen, to be oiled and varnished, showing the natural color and grain of the wood. The walls may be papered with some neat, modest pattern of panel paper, and the floor covered with painted oil carpeting of colors to correspond.

The parlor should have a lighter, more cheerful tone than the other apartments. The wood-work painted some pleasing tint; the paper a small, lively figure on a light ground; and the carpet a small mosaic figure on a darker ground; all with the window and table drapery to harmonize in color, and as far as possible in the style of the figures.

Cost.—Built of wood, and covered with clapboards or sheathing, the cost of this cottage in the neighborhood of New York would be nearly \$3,000. In the interior of the country, where good mechanical labor can be hired for less than \$3 per day, and the timber is less than \$30 per M., it can be built for \$2,000 or \$2,500.

POT CULTURE OF ROSES.

Many persons who have no gardens wish to have a collection of window-plants, and among these they desire, by all means, to have a few roses. Others who have gardens wish also to decorate their living-rooms in winter with some of these floral charms. To such we offer a few words, on the cultivation of roses in pots.

Small plants may be bought at the nurseries for a trifle; but where one wishes to avoid even this expense, they may be got in the following manner: ask some generous florist, or some rose-growing friend for a few cuttings of several desirable sorts, and "strike" them yourself. Get the cuttings in September, three or four inches long, insert them two inches or more in

more luxuriantly if set out in the open ground, but in taking them up in the fall, their roots would be so much injured that the plants would not bloom till about the following March. Keep them in pots the year round, sinking them in the ground during summer, in some rather shaded situation so as to check their growth; re-pot them carefully in September, or add some fresh soil to the same pots; give them a good pruning, cutting out the weak shoots and shortening the strong, and set them for a few days in a cool place. Afterwards they may have a sunny spot, until frosty nights come on, when they should be taken under shelter. They will soon make a new growth and exhibit flower-buds; these should be pinched back, so as to give the plants a vigorous, bushy habit, and a profusion of flowers during mid-winter.

We now suppose our plants to be in their winter quarters, on a table or plant stand near the window. The pots are washed clean, the bushes are neatly tied up to stakes, and every decayed leaf removed. They occupy one side of our living-room, the air of which we know is too dry for their well-being; but we sprinkle their leaves every morning, and keep pans of wet sand covered with moss, standing among them, hoping that the constant evaporation will keep them tolerably moist. Whenever the weather permits we open the window and give them a taste of fresh air, which they undoubtedly relish. Insects infest them at times, but a little perseverance subdues them. We first tried the fumes of burning tobacco upon them, but this killed only a part,

while it filled the house with offensive odors. Then we invited them to "take tea" with us, the tea being tobacco-juice, and they left in disgust. And this is the entertainment we always give them when they come to our house. Or, to drop all figure, we make a rather strong decoction of tobacco leaves, take the plant infested, and holding a cloth firmly over the top of the pot to keep the dirt from falling out, we plunge the foliage in the decoction, and keep it there for a minute or two. This kills all the vermin. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes we sprinkle the foliage with clean water. It is well to loosen up the soil in the pots with a small stick, or stout hair-pin. Water should be given, just enough to keep the plants from wilting, increasing the quantity while they are growing vigorously and blooming freely. **PANSIE FLOWERS.**

Coleus.—Would like to ask if it is natural for the Coleus to drop its leaves at all times of the year?

FANNIE C. WOODS.

Answer.—The Coleus should not lose its leaves to any extent. If it does so in summer, it is from starvation or too much water.

Cactus.—Please tell me the name of my Cactus. It is round like a tea-cup, but not quite so large, and has beautiful purple and yellow flowers. **E. E. H. H.**

Answer.—Your Cactus is not known to us by name from your description.

Artillery Plant.—How shall I treat the Artillery plant? We had a very nice one, but it began to wither and soon died. **S. U. WARREN.**

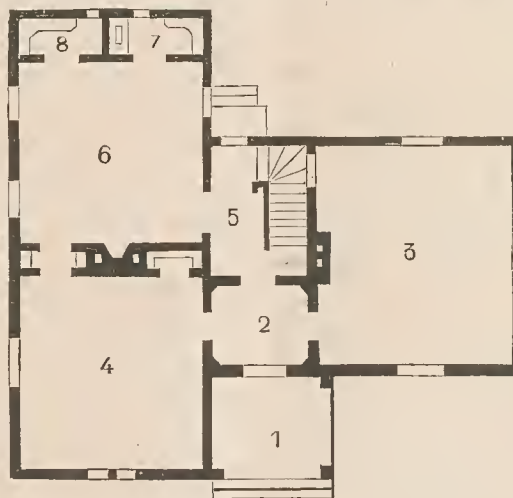
Answer.—It is very easily cultivated. It thrives in common potting soil, if kept moderately moist.



DESIGN FOR AN ITALIAN COTTAGE.

sandy soil, shade them from the mid-day sun, and give them gentle sprinklings every evening. In about three weeks they will be rooted, and may be transplanted into separate pots. If extra care is given them they will flower the first winter.

The soil for potting roses is of great importance. A good mixture is, a compost of sand, turfy loam, and



PLAN OF ROOMS.

well-rotted manure, in equal proportion. If leaf-mold can be got, a little may well be added, but not very much, or it will make it too dry. Small pieces of charcoal should also be put in near the bottom of the pot; the roots delight to ramble among them. Every pot should be supplied with an inch and a half of drainage, made of small stones, or pieces of broken crockery. Plants intended for house culture should be kept in pots during the summer. They would grow

Gossip with Correspondents.

SMILAX.

I notice in the CABINET frequent inquiries concerning the treatment for Smilax. Although answers are given, yet each new inquirer seems quite as much at a loss as the first. Since no answer already given describes my experience, it is possible my way may lead others to success in the cultivation of this delicate climber.

I commenced with the purchase of a four-inch pot, containing a thrifty plant. It had started out three vines, each about six inches in length. I immediately transplanted it into the border, where, after a time, it made a slow growth, and was twisted back and forth around three slender sticks, two or three feet high. By fall the sticks were all covered, and formed an upright mass of green.

It was taken up and moved, sticks and all, into a seven-inch pot, stood around in the shade a few days, and then placed on the flower-stand.

My winter-plants are always kept in a small room at the head of the stairway: as the room has a southern exposure, and the house is heated by a furnace, I find the temperature (50 to 70 degrees) excellent for the purpose.

Fastening strings to the several sticks, I carried them to each side and the top of the room, and started the different vines, which, by this time, had branched into seven or eight. They grew rapidly; some to a dozen feet, or more. I kept the earth quite moist, for such rapid growth, I thought, required it. By February nearly every vine was covered the whole length with buds. They continued in bloom a very long time; and even when some of the branches were hung with bright-red berries, others were still blooming. I was careful not to let the roots get dry, and when I finally carried out the pot, in June, not more than half the leaves were dried up.

I cut off the whole, and set the pot under the shade of a trellis near the piazza. In the multitude of cares it was forgotten, and, as I had saved a large supply of seeds, I felt careless about the matter when I did remember it.

Sometime in August I chanced to notice it, and discovered one vine had started from the root, and was already some way up the trellis, while others were showing in different places. I then began to give it a little water; before that it had been left to the dew and rains for nourishment.

In October the plant was brought in to its former place on the flower-stand, and guided by twines as before.

It gave me yards of trimming, with a most charming and continual bloom all winter. The chambers and hall were full of the sweet perfume.

A weekly watering of "coffee" from the hen-house and stable was given it, as well as to all my plants.

Next spring I wished to divide the root, for the bulbs were crowding out at the top; so I gave it into the care of the gardener, first cutting off the tops as before. He divided it in halves, and set it out in a large garden-vase, where I think it was crowded too much by other plants, and given too much water. In the fall, one-half had made a growth of nearly a yard; the other had not started.

When brought in to me, after being ready for the house, I found them each in a five-inch pot. The result was, one grew no more, but immediately budded and bloomed, then threw out another shoot, which went galloping over the room, without a sign of bud upon it all winter. I cut it down in June to put out

doors, and it was yards and yards of lovely green, and thinly sprinkled with buds.

The other pot grew some, but made no attempt to bloom. This last summer I left both pots under the trellis; now, I have transferred one to a seven-inch pot; the other I shall keep unchanged. Each root has thrown out a short vine.

From my three years' experience I think that rest in summer, and a liberal supply of moisture in winter, is quite essential. Certainly, they are not easily root-bound; for the year before my plant was divided I had the best growth and bloom. But I think a large pot is much to be preferred, as there is less proportion of the bulb exposed to the evaporation of the sides; then, too, it does not require such frequent watering. My idea may be wrong, but I think plants which require much water do better to have a great deal at once than they do with constant dribbling. My friends who grow Smilax as a stand-plant, and also in hanging-pots—all have fine, thrifty vines—use it quite freely, like myself, for trimming, and yet allow numerous vines to run their full length; but they all say mine is the only house where they ever saw it in blossom. I have frequently purchased sprays which were in bud, and was not aware, till after I commenced to cultivate it, that it was a rarity to have them bloom. I supposed close cutting was the only preventive.

I have never planted any seeds, but as it seeds very liberally, I judge it is an easy matter to do.

Massachusetts.

J. VICTOR.

Window Gardening.—There are so many conflicting directions in regard to the culture of window plants, that I am guided alone by our good editor and common sense. To begin with, I have made a compromise in regard to Hyacinth culture. As it ruins bulbs for the house to bloom them in water, and in pots you cannot see their beautiful fibrous roots, I took large jelly glasses, and with bits of charcoal for drainage, and good, rich soil, I thus have a full view of their beautiful fibres, and they the benefit of good soil. In this way I have better flowers, and save my bulbs, two very important items. Tulips, Crocuses, Narcissus, etc., may be grown the same way. I keep Narcissus outside, on the window-sill until danger of hard freezing. I keep all bulbs in a north window until well sprouted; then gradually bring into light and sunshine, but not much heat. I winter all my house plants in a south window in the hall. I have about thirty pots, besides bulbs and slip boxes, which, by the way, are nothing but cigar boxes, filled with sand and mold, half and half. I have very good success in raising slips, hardly ever losing one; and the most beautiful Lemon Geranium (Crispum) I have, I raised from a single leaf. I have a hanging basket of German Ivy, all budded; I give it plenty of water and sunshine, but it has no other heat. I use charcoal on my plants with good effect: it keeps the soil pure and free from worms, and has spotted an Amaryllis with beautiful, dark crimson spots. My bathroom is close to my south window; and the other day, when I discovered the red spider on some fine Geraniums, into the bath-tub they went, and for about two hours the room was given up to tobacco smoke, followed by a thorough sprinkling of soap-suds, and rinsing in clear, blood-warm water. I shower them every few days, occasionally fill the saucers with hot water and use aqua ammonia very freely. I draw a basin full of quite warm water, make a good lather, and then give them all a good ducking, and rinsing, and they are as happy as they can be. I discovered the pot of a Cape Jessamine full of worms, but I gave

them a strong dose of ammonia, and not a worm lived to tell the tale. I use street dirt for manure, for liquid manure, guano water; for Begonias, street dirt and sand, and they thrive on it wonderfully. I have one that has bloomed constantly since last June. In my collection, I have Geraniums, Mrs. Spenser, United Italy, Rival, Julius Cæsar; (Perpetual Pinks, La Purite Carnation, Pelargoniums, Ice Plant (at this time growing rapidly, seed started last June), beside a good many of a more common sort.

Washington, D. C.

MARIE.

Calla Lily.—I have a beautiful Calla, with one large white flower, and a yellow stem in the centre, and my boy Solomon, about fourteen years old, who thinks he knows everything, says that the white flower is no flower at all. Now what is the truth of the matter?

MRS. J. E. B.

Answer.—Solomon is correct. A flower consists generally of a calyx (the outer circle of leaves, each of which is called a sepal); next, the inner circle of petals, or leaves together, forming the corolla; then a set of stamens; and lastly, in the centre one or more pistils. In a large flower like the Tiger Lily the pistil and stamens are very distinctly seen. These two, the pistil and stamens, are the essential organs of the flower; and in the Calla many sets of them will be found clustered upon the central stem, or as described by high authority, "its large spathe is pure white, surrounding a spadix which is colored deeply yellow by its antheriferous flowers."

Amaryllis—Calla Lily.—Please let me know through your paper what the price is of an Amaryllis, old enough to bloom? Also will the Calla Lilies grow in a vase of water?

INEZ E. STOUT.

Answer.—Good flowering bulbs of Amaryllis are worth from \$1 each upwards, according to the rarity of the variety. The Calla Lily will grow in a vase of water, but it requires some soil to start in.

A Cheap Flower Garden.—I am just nine years old, mother is poor, father is dead, and we have no flowers, no not one. I went to New York, to see my aunt, and read your paper; I like it, I like flowers; I made three dollars, picking berries—mother says I can do what I like with it. I told her I would spend fifty cents for flowers. Now I want you to tell me what seeds to get, some that will be sure to flower all summer. Now won't you?

BESSIE.

Answer.—Certainly we will, and very gladly. As you say you have none, we will tell you how to lay out your money well. You must get some Morning Glories, some Sweet Peas, and some Hyacinth Beans—these and the Morning Glories will climb twenty feet, and make a nice shade; the Sweet Peas will climb four or five feet. Then Sweet Alyssum, Balsams, Candytuft, French Marigolds, Mignonette, Phlox Drummondii, and Portulaca, all of them mixed. These you can get for five cents a paper, except one or two which are ten cents; some day this winter we will tell you when and how to sow and take care of them.

Fuchsias.—I have grown fine slips both from the single and double white Fuchsias. The single one, in blossoming, proved to be a white tube and scarlet corolla; the double one is in flower now, a fine plant, eight inches high, with large flowers, of a bright pink tube and scarlet corolla. Can any of your correspondents beat that? I did not know a Fuchsia could behave so improperly. I have seven different kinds, have taken slips from them all, and they always prove true. Can you tell me what makes the difference?

C. A. S.

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Of the beautiful lamp shades, transparencies for the window, and, above all, the bouquets which shall crown your mantel vases, and perpetuate during all the winter the glories of October, I cannot allow myself space to speak; the taste of each reader will be a sufficient guide in their arrangement. Among the grasses and sedges, too, there is unlimited variety. Just here let me venture a word of caution as to the way in which these are to be preserved. We are always told, in the written directions on this subject, "to gather the grasses, tie them up in small clusters and hang them, stems upward, in a cool dry place." For several years I trustingly followed these explicit directions, and great was my disappointment, on taking down my grasses in the autumn, to find them withered and dried into stiff ungraceful masses; their filaments clinging closely together and their natural airy grace utterly lost. More recently, taught by sad experience, I have tried a different plan with much better results, and give it for what it is worth to others. I gather and

arrange them carefully in the vases in which they are to remain, and place the vases in a dark dry place. Treated in this way they retain their natural graceful form perfectly, and will remain for years even, looking as if just gathered. A Parian vase, now standing on my centre table, filled with the very common variety of grass, known I think among farmers as red-top, and preserved two years ago, is often much admired by visitors. Another vase, which graces the top of a corner bracket, is filled with a late feathery variety of grass, which may be gathered in the fall in almost any New England corn-field, but so delicately beautiful is it that it resembles nothing so much as a cloud of smoke.

Most country dwellers are familiar with the beauty of the Clematis, so often seen swinging its festoons from branch to branch of tall trees by the roadside, and transforming even a stump fence into a thing of beauty. These vines, with their feathery seed vessels, make beautiful garlands for mirrors and picture-frames. A basket of crystal beads, which I saw recently, was filled and heaped up with Clematis; the cords by which it was hung were twined with the same vine, and it had also branches of it looped back and forth beneath the basket. As it hung in a window I thought it one of the prettiest objects of its kind that I had ever seen.



HANGING BASKET.

Another beautiful subject, easily available for decorative purposes is found in the dark evergreen leaves and trailing stems of the well-known ground laurel. It needs no previous preparation, and may be used as soon as gathered. It is beautiful for twining about picture cords, festooning brackets and walls, and filling vases and hanging baskets. Combined with



PROPAGATING BOX OR FERN CASE.

the scarlet and orange bitter-sweet, or the brilliant red berries of the so-called black alder, it makes beautiful wreathes, crosses, and mottoes for Christmas. Unless the room in which it is placed is kept very warm it will retain its beauty for a long time, and when at last it becomes discolored and unsightly it may be easily removed and its place supplied with fresh material.

HAZEL GRAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The Illustrations of the present number bring to our view most delightful scenes of rural and social life. Upon page 1 is the sketch of the residence of a German prince. Observe the elegant mansion—so broad, so capacious, so architecturally attractive, with such charming surroundings, it affords many suggestive ideas to our American rural gentlemen how to adorn their country residences. Upon page 4, are two pretty sketches of "Bryn Mawr, Penn." This is a very pretty little suburban resort, only eight miles from Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. We have often passed by it, and admired the exquisite, tasteful little depot, and the grounds in the vicinity laid out with enticing beauty. Philadelphia is surrounded by neat little country villages, capable of just as great improvement.

Upon this page is a sketch of a pretty bulb and parlor propagating box, or a fern case. It is 17 inches long, 14 inches high, and 13 inches wide. It costs from \$4 to \$6 and is the cheapest fern case, of that form, which we are acquainted with. It can be placed on the table or mounted upon a stand in the window. Another illustration on this page is a hanging basket of the Saxifraga Fortunei Tricolor, a plant often very serviceable for such purposes.

The remaining illustrations describe themselves. What more cunning and home-like than the little "Peep Scene" between the sharp little girl and her mother, as they play and dodge out and in behind the curtain and the veil. What would home be without such wee treasures as this sweet little innocent. The contrasts of life, among the lofty and the lowly, find a sharp incident in the picture of page 13. When Christmas comes, the daughter of the lofty shakes her stocking to find it filled with jewels and bon-bons; but the little girl of lowlier life—who went to sleep the night before with full faith that Santa Claus would not forget her—awoke to find the stocking and shoe still unfilled, and with streaming eyes bewails her loneliness.

Reader; how many poor have you comforted this winter? Remember that "The blessing of the poor maketh thee rich."

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Grecian Painting.—C. S. J., writes us to say that she can not give any private lessons in painting, her time being engaged—but it is probable her articles will be published this year in some convenient form, which we will duly announce to readers of The CABINET.

Greenhouses and Conservatories.—To any person possessing a Greenhouse or Conservatory, we will send a specimen of the *Horticulturist* free. Its Greenhouse and Floral Departments are the best of any journal in America.

A Publisher's Complaint.—The Publisher requests all subscribers, sending to him plants, or returning to him any books, papers, chromos, goods, &c., never to seal the ends, only tie them. If the end is sealed, or pasted, or tied so it cannot be opened, it is charged at letter postage, and the deficiency collected of us; after a subscriber has started an article at 2 cents postage, but from some inadvertence, has sealed it so tight, when it reaches us, we have had to pay 25 to 40c. With such large mails of letters as we receive, the bill of deficient postage to pay is a great tax upon us, especially as we are not at fault. Often we receive letters asking for specimen copies, with 3 cents postage to pay for over weight, upon opening we find only 3 cents inside—one big copper. Another point is worth notice, never write anything outside or inside of a wrapper, but the address, never put the name of the sender—nor even mark the contents. Any mark, but the address of the party to whom it is directed, subjects the article to letter postage. Any package tied or sealed so it can not be opened, must be prepaid at letter postage, or else the deficiency is collected here. Subscribers therefore will save us much inconvenience by a little attention to these points.

Christmas Presents.—Very many orders reached us too late to fill in time for Christmas. The demand for goods was unprecedented, and manufacturers' supply was exhausted. We sent off as fast and promptly as possible, as far as we had supply.

The Little Gem.—It is a pleasure to say that our new Young Folks' Paper is a success. Subscribers to it being so well pleased and have responded so nicely that its permanency hereafter is beyond question.

Aggravating.—Fancy our feelings when we receive a beautifully written letter from a lady who proposes to send us a big club of subscribers. We immediately called for paper, &c., to send her, and help her. Alas! just as we got ready to write the address, discover she left off the name of the State. We can do nothing. Two or three weeks later she writes in immense disgust because we did not attend to her letter. If we had, she could have got so many subscribers, but now she will not work at all. How much we have lost, and yet not our fault. Again, we receive an interesting letter from one of our club agents, she sends us a club of many new names—but alas! forgot to sign the letter. We can not send her her premium, and tread out with waiting for it, she resolves never to get up any more clubs. Alas! how much we lose because she forgot. Subscribers blame publishers constantly for missing papers—but they forgot to give us some necessary direction, and we can do nothing till we hear from them again. From twenty-five to fifty letters a day reach us with no State mentioned in the letter. Sometimes we identify them from the Postmaster's mark on the envelope, but that is too often unintelligible. Subscribers need a lesson to be more careful and more charitable.

Prizes.—We need the address of some successful competitors to whom to forward prizes.

Stories.

[FOR THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

THE WHITE ROSE.

A TRUE STORY.

It is not often that flowers find their way into a court of justice; but I remember reading once in a French paper of a White Rose, that played a prominent part in a Parisian police report.

Madame Dufour was a dressmaker, whose high privilege it was to fashion the garments of the most aristocratic dames of Paris. On one occasion, in the month of January, there was to be a court ball at the Tuileries—for it was before the days of the Commune, and that stately palace, so full of grandeur, so replete with historic associations, still graced the delightful gardens to which it gave its name—and Mad-

the messenger arrived only to find its fragrant petals scattered on the floor. Elise was very sorry, but it could not be helped.

"But there is another flower on the bush. That one will do as well."

"That one is not for sale," said the girl. "It was the other one I sold to Madame."

"Well! what of that? Madame will pay you double price for it, rather than disappoint her customer."

But the girl firmly refused to part with her rose; it was too late to seek for another; and the dressmaker, chagrined beyond measure, was obliged to send home the dress without it.

But how describe the indignation of the noble countess, when the *costume de bal* was brought to her, destitute of that which was to have been its crowning glory? It was in vain that Madame Dufour, for whom she at once sent, expatiated on the richness of the satin and the fleeciness of the lace—the rose, the

"Why?"

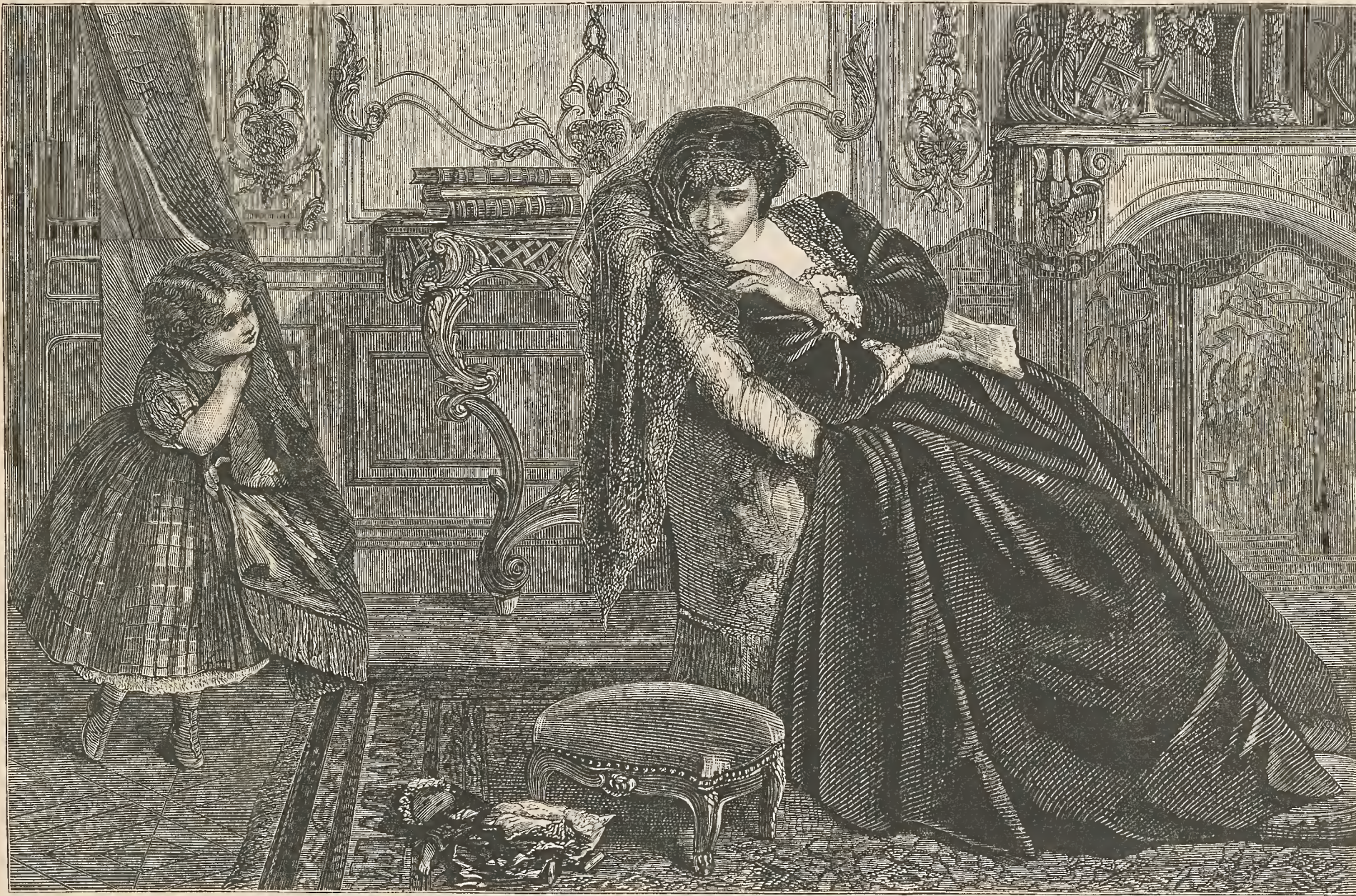
"It was my mother's."

"Now, your honor," cried the dressmaker, "just see the impudence of this girl! She says the rose was her mother's, and to my certain knowledge her mother has been dead these six months."

"Yes, she is dead," said Elise, bursting into tears, and for some moments sobs impeded her utterance.

"Explain yourself, my poor girl," said the magistrate, kindly. "If your mother is dead, how could the rose be hers?"

"My mother," said Elise, "was passionately fond of the white rose; and it was my custom always on her birthday to present her with one. She prized it more than anything else that could be offered. Seven months ago she died; and as I could no longer present to her the flower she loved, it was my intention, on her birthday—this very day—to lay it on her grave. For this I nursed and tended it; for this I watched it day by day; for this I moved it from place to place, that



PEEP!

ame Dufour received orders, from a certain noble lady, for a dress of white satin and lace, whose sole ornament was to be a White Rose on the bosom.

The culture of house plants was not then so well understood, or so common, as it is now (for people had no FLORAL CABINET to direct them), neither were professional florists so plentiful. It was, therefore, somewhat difficult to procure a rose, and especially a white rose, in the dead of winter. But, after some search, a white rose bush, on which were two beautiful buds, was discovered in the garret room of Elise Bertrand, a poor sewing girl; one of which, when it should have opened sufficiently, Madame Dufour bespoke for the adornment of her distinguished customer's dress.

The evening of the ball arrived; the dress was finished, and about to be sent home; and at the last moment, that its freshness might be unimpaired, the rose was sent for. But alas! how vain sometimes are human expectations! The much-prized blossom, so frail and delicate, had expanded a little too soon, and

pure white rose, so lovely in its sweet simplicity, was wanting, and nothing could supply its place. So enraged was she, that she refused to take or pay for the dress; and Madame Dufour found herself with the costly garment left on her hands. It was now her turn to be angry. Fuming with passion, she, on the following morning, caused Elise Bertrand to be arrested, and taken before a magistrate. Here she stated the facts of the case, as they have been detailed above.

Elise was asked what she had to say in her defence. "It is all as Madame has said," answered she; "I am very sorry, but I could not help it. The day was mild, and I set the rose in the open window that it might get the sunshine, and while I was gone to my work, a sudden gust of wind arose and scattered its leaves on the floor."

"But there was another rose," said the irate dressmaker, "and she would not sell it to me, you know, though she was offered double price for it."

"No," said the girl, "I could not part with that rose."

every ray of sunshine that found its way in at the little window of my attic room might shine upon it, and bring it to maturity. No, no! I could not sell that rose! Not all the gold in Paris could have purchased it! Pardon me, Madame Dufour, but I could not part with my mother's rose."

"You poor, dear child," exclaimed the warm-hearted dressmaker, throwing her arms around the girl, "why did you not tell me all this before? Do you take me for a brute—a beast—that I should want a flower that was vowed to the dead?—Your mother's rose!—And she shall have it! You shall go this minute and lay it on her grave; and I will go with you, and mingle my tears with yours; for the mother of so good a daughter must have been a worthy woman."

The complaint was withdrawn; the case dismissed; and the good dressmaker, calling a carriage, accompanied the young girl, first to her humble home, and then to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where lovingly and reverently the white rose was laid on the mother's grave.

I. M.

Ladies' Bonhair.

MY TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, AND WHAT I DID WITH IT.

We were poor, but both had strong hearts, willing hands, and firm faith that we could make us a home, so we were married.

I had been a school-teacher, had earned enough to keep myself comfortably clothed, but no more, excepting the price of a first-class sewing-machine, a few books, and two unframed pictures which I had just purchased, and these, together with a few plants, twenty-five dollars in cash, and my wedding gifts—which were a set of glassware, a scarlet and black table-spread, a canary bird and cage, a pair of gold-fish when I had something to put them in, bedding for two beds, a few tablecloths, napkins, towels, &c.—completed my worldly wealth. Harry was only a day-laborer in a large manufacturing house—with good prospects, to be sure—but were I to tell you how small his daily wages were, you would scarcely believe it, and would rate us a foolish couple for marrying on so small an income.

Harry had purchased the little furniture we could afford, and while he unloaded it at the door, he handed me the key, and I entered to survey my new home.

The house had been built for two families, each part entirely separate from the other. Here was my half: You entered a small hall, out of which the stairs led to an upper hall and two dirty chambers, in which were collected old clothes, hoop skirts, boxes, barrels, and, in fact, all the debris that a careless family will leave behind them when they move. You passed from this front hall into a good-sized room, with three large windows; from this, into a bedroom and closet, or by another door, to another room, used, I suppose, as a kitchen, from this into the woodshed, or into a store-room eight by twelve, one end fitted with shelves and cupboards (this, I decided immediately, should be my kitchen); you passed into the woodshed from this room also. That woodshed, I wish I could describe it, but "it begs description;" but I will tell you of some things I found there, and what I did with them, by-and-by.

But oh, the quahn of homesickness and almost despair that settled down upon me as I looked at those bare rooms, and thought how little we had to make them cosy and homelike. Harry asked me how I liked the place, and, hypocrite that I was, I smiled outside and told him, "first rate," and I guessed we would soon have it cosy and pleasant; he called me a brave little woman, and my courage rose several degrees.

Harry stayed at home four days, and by the end of that time the lower part of the house was white-washed and thoroughly cleaned; the prospect was more cheerful; we did not need the upper rooms, so decided—as Harry's time at home was so short—we would do nothing with them at present.

My story has to deal chiefly with the front room; it had one advantage: it was not crowded with furniture. It contained, beside the plants, four common chairs, two rocking-chairs, one round stand, a sewing-machine, two albums, and a few books.

A carpet was the first thing to think of. I decided to make a rag one, if I only had rags enough; I had had some experience in that line, so knew just how to go to work. I looked over our wardrobes, and found quite a number of garments we could not wear again; in fact, I was surprised to find so many old clothes. I washed all I could find up stairs, and worked every

minute when Harry was not at home (I had not told him what I was trying to do), when he was there I made scarlet and black rugs, pieced scarlet, black and green cube-work for footstool-covers, crocheted scarlet and white tidies, &c. I told mother what I was doing, asked her to "douce," and the dear soul did, giving me twenty pounds rags and six pounds warp that was left when she made her last carpet. In three weeks I was the proud possessor of fifty pounds carpet-rags, colored and ready for the weaver. I colored twenty pounds black, ten pounds brown, eight pounds green, eight pounds scarlet (this was red flannel colored over—it is a hard color to get good), left four pounds white, took my receipts from Chace's receipt-book, colored my warp drab, allowed one and one-fourth pounds rags for one yard of carpet, and one pound warp for four yards.

Sent it to the weavers, and paid her in sewing, which was her own proposition. She wove enough for the stairs, about half the usual width, and I found myself the happy possessor of forty yards of bright, serviceable carpet, costing me (not including the sewing) seven dollars.

The day before it was brought home, Harry was sent by the firm into another State, to be gone three weeks. I sent for an old schoolmate to stay with me; unfolded my plans to her, and the very next day the necessary measurements were taken, and we chose paper for that front room. It (the paper) was a light chocolate ground, with a scarlet maple leaf on it; the bordering was scarlet maple leaves; we made a table out of barrels and boards, cut and trimmed the paper, and laid one breadth above another in the order in which we wished to take them up, washed our wall with vinegar, and pasted. Even if it was the first paperhanging we ever did, it was a success. We papered the front room and bed room, and it cost five dollars. Bought fifteen yards curtain muslin, white; made curtains with brown lambrequins trimmed with scarlet fringe and tassels; crocheted double maple leaves, scarlet; added cord and tassels to match the upper ones, and put the curtains up to the windows, and put down the carpet; but our work was not yet completed. I had a brown merino dress, not very much worn, and mother gave me one just like it of hers—we covered the rocking chairs with this, cording every seam in the cushions with scarlet. My brother made a sofa frame, we covered this to match the chairs, padding it generously, and coloring all parts not covered, with prepared stain and varnish. Made footstools to match, with cover of cube work. My brother made a box to fit into the window—six inches wider than the window seat, three inches lower at the front than the back, and supported on plain brackets; in this was plunged pots containing Roses, Coleus, Fuchsia and Geraniums, and in the centre a magnificent Calla, the interstices were filled with moss, and the top covered with the same, with here and there a tiny vine of the Partridge, or Squaw berry, and other "woody" vines. Back of the Calla I placed a large glass fruit dish, with the foot broken off (I found it in the woodshed)—this was sunk in the moss, and tiny Ferns, wood Violets, etc., planted around the edge, this held my gold fish, and was quite an addition to my plant window; it was emptied by a syphon.

We made three hanging baskets, one in particular was the admiration of all; it was an old water-pail sawed off above the upper hoop, covered with rustic work (raisin stems, etc.), and filled with Ferns, etc., from the woods. Two broken goblets on each side of it, hung in a network of crochet of scarlet, held vines, leaves, and flowers.

We framed half a dozen photographs by making

rough frames, covering them with grape vines, tendrils, and raisin stems, then crystalizing them in a strong solution of alum. Two rustic frames for the large pictures, two sets of hanging bookshelves, two or three home-made brackets, a hoopskirt basket for papers, an hour-glass work table, covered with lawn to match the paper, two or three tidies and rugs, and my room was done—and still enough of that twenty-five dollars left to buy oil-cloth for the hall.

We took a small sink we found out of doors, filled it with rich earth, and planted Ferns in it; this stood in the hall, and was "a thing of beauty" all summer.

Harry's joyous surprise would have paid for all my trouble, even if my pretty room had not already done so.

BETH DAY.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

One often hears the remark, that the old ways and manner of doing things are good enough. I beg leave to differ with such persons. We live in an age of advancement and improvement, and let us profit by the spirit of the time in which we live, and do all we can to further it.

Witness, for instance, this charming visitor to our homes, the FLORAL CABINET, and, I add, welcome friend to so many farmer's wives, who have so little to relieve the tedium of their daily routine.

I saw an inquiry in the CABINET a short time since, "How to color Mosses?" The mineral dyes will do so, very nicely—also everlasting flowers, and shells; do not make the dye too deep-colored, but of course that is as your fancy dictates. The dyes can be obtained at the druggist's and at most country stores.

Very pretty bracket lambrequins can be made of pieces of thick pasteboard, the shape of a half circle, say three for a bracket—the two side pieces to be cut the same size, the centre piece a little larger and longer, to lap over the side pieces—tack all on the edge of a corner bracket, which is made of a piece of thin board cut three square, front side a little rounded, on which you tack the sections of pasteboard; on these you must spread a cement, made of equal parts of fine whitening, wheat flour, pounded gum-arabic, a little gall or alum, enough water to make the cement the proper consistency for spreading on the pasteboard, on which you can arrange shells, seeds, cones, etc., in any way you choose.

Very cheap lambrequins for bedrooms may be made of strong muslin instead of pasteboard. Cut it the same way, sew on dress braid, in imitation of the rainbow hues, finished at the top with plaited braid. The cement spoken of above I find to be the very best for shell work, or mending broken china; when hard it is like china.

I make a very pretty kind of worsted work, it can be applied to cloth, velvet, or merino—handsome for lamp mats, cushion covers, tidies, etc.: Take zephyr worsted, cut six or seven equal lengths, about a yard, sew them together to form a flat braid, the braid must be shaded before sewing. For leaves, commence with dark green, so on to very light green or straw color. For the flowers, in the same way, from dark red to pink, from dark blue to sky blue, and so on, colors to suit the desired flower or bud. Now cut the strip sewed in little longer than inch pieces, bring the ends of the cut pieces together with a twist, and you have a leaf or petal. These are formed into flowers, buds and leaves, which will admit of a great variety of arrangement; it is quickly done, durable, and very effective.

Elwood, L. I.

MRS. D. BUFFETT.

The Ladies' Work Basket.

KNICK-KNACKS.

Such pretty card-receivers, with vases combined, as can be made in imitation of coral, every one who wishes something pretty and inexpensive should make one.

The necessary materials are white bonnet-wire, a spool of strong white cotton, a little rosin, beeswax, a tiny bit of tallow, and some vermilion. To form the solution, place in a tin pan three parts rosin, one part beeswax, and a wee bit of tallow; let it melt slowly; then stir in enough vermilion to make it the color of coral. For white coral use the best plaster of Paris and white wax in proportion of five ounces of the plaster to one-half pound of the wax; melt the wax slowly, then mix the plaster well into it. The solution should not be made until the ornament is ready to dip. Take an iron spoon, and pour portions of this mixture over every part, holding the ornament in every direction, so that it may be well covered, and turning and twisting it so that the fluid may equalize itself. Before the wax is quite cold, bend the ends of the wires so as to represent the various branchings of the coral. Articles done in this way closely imitate coral. For a card-receiver, cut the wire in various lengths, and then tie the pieces securely together to represent branches of coral of different sizes; form the standard of wire according to your fancy, taking care to have it strong and secure; then form a vase of wires, and tie securely in the centre of the basket form; then wind the branches you have prepared on to this frame, taking care to place them in natural and graceful positions. When all is arranged to suit your taste, it is ready to be dipped in the solution. A variety of articles can be made in this way; vases, goblets, crosses, harps, baskets, wall-pockets, picture-frames, and many other articles which a tasteful person will devise.

For imitation moss crosses, make a wooden or pasteboard cross, cover with finely-fringed paper—tissue is best; cut the paper into strips about one and a half inches wide, then fringe with scissors as finely as possible; wrap closely round the cross, until the whole is covered like moss, none of the foundation being visible. They may be made either of pure white tissue, or several shades of green, or brown and drabs, to represent wood-moss. The effect is pretty if a few autumn leaves, or bright berries, are mingled among the mosses. A wreath of windsor fern on a pure white cross is beautiful.

Shaving-cases are easily and prettily made by taking pink and white tissue paper, drab pebbled paper. Use as follows: Take two pieces of pebbled paper, the size you wish to make the case—seven by nine is about right; cut a square or round piece out of the centre of one piece of the pebbled paper; pink the edges of this aperture; then take bristol board, the size of the paper, and in the centre put an initial or pretty picture; put this underneath the paper, and glue it on to it, taking care to have the picture come directly in the centre of the aperture; then pink the pebbled paper around the sides and ends, and in the ends designed for the top punch two holes, about one inch apart, half an inch from the pinking—have them at equal distances from the sides. Now cut the tissue paper half an inch smaller each way than the covers; take about a dozen sheets of pink, then as many of white, and alternate in this way until you have as many as you think necessary; then pink these all around, and punch holes in the top to correspond with

those in the covers. Take the top cover, lay in the tissue sheets, then the under cover, draw a ribbon through the holes, and tie in a bow on the upper side; hang up by the loop left by the ribbon on the under side and it is completed.

A MEDLEY.

I have a medley, size 32x36 inches, made mostly of fine engravings. It contains between one and two hundred figures. I have a matched board large enough to contain my canvas, which is firm, bleached cotton cloth, in size an inch larger each way than the frame for the picture. This I stretch each way, and tack firmly on my board. Having my plan perfected, with my figures all nicely cut, so as to present a clear and distinct outline of the figure only, with no white to be seen on the outline, I begin my work. I use with these frequently uncut engravings, upon which small figures can be placed to advantage. With my flour-paste-pot on hand I commence at the top after the size of the picture is marked off, and space for the margins left all around. Landscape with clouds and water, or a few objects with foliage, or a country view with hills in the distance, for the sun views at the top, and some central object in the centre, as some fine building in the distance. Then, as taste and judgment dictate, I proceed to paste on my smaller figures with vines or foliage, to aid in covering the lappings. Then larger ones as I ascend, being particular to have the faces on the right look toward the centre of the picture, and those on the left look toward the centre also.

Abraham Lincoln and Washington, pictures of medium size, are my central figures. Around these are grouped many important personages, not forgetting to mix in the little people with birds and kittens, and even the heads of fine horses and dogs in their appropriate places. And the wonder is, they all look as if they "grew" there. I get large sheets of white paper from the paper mill, for the margin, which I paste on. Then let the whole stand thoroughly dry, and it will draw up from the board with a gentle effort, and can be then trimmed and put into the frame "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

E. A. WARNER.

LAMBREQUINS.

I have lambrequins of shell-work, which are very pretty. Three, graduated in size, grace one corner of my parlor, where small ornaments and specimens of gold and silver quartz and mosses from Colorado and the Snowy Range are kept. I made my own patterns of fancy shape out of pasteboard, which I stiffened by sewing small wire around the edge. Then I oiled my pasteboard with linseed oil, and let it dry. Then I laid on my putty after it was well worked, and then laid on my shells, making a border of even sized ones, and arranging the larger ones according to taste—then let it lie till it was perfectly dry and hard. A shell can be left out when you want to nail it to the shelf, and the shell put on afterwards. The shelf should first be put up securely.

E. A. WARNER.

FANCY WORK WITH LEAVES.

Vases and dinner ornaments may be very prettily filled with leaves properly preserved.

Brackets may be made to resemble carving, and also picture-frames. The bright tints of autumn leaves are

excellent for this purpose. Gather a good assortment, which may comprise every tint from crimson to scarlet, from scarlet to yellow, and from yellow to green. The red beech and the sumach are very useful, so are the oak and ferns.

Smooth every leaf on the wrong side with a hot iron, holding it down a few seconds, not long enough to injure the color. Any leaves that are not flat must be soaked in water first, then oil them over on the right side.

Next take a number of fine wire stems, and fix every leaf to a stem. Lay the leaf over the wire, which should extend the entire length of the leaf, to support it. The leaf is attached by its stalk to the artificial stem. Use the fine, green-covered reel wire necessary in wax flower making. Afterwards, cover the stems with green tissue paper or brown Berlin wool, and join them together in sprays. The individual leaves on each spray must be of the same kind and color. Afterwards mix and arrange the sprays according to taste.

Oak leaves and acorns, gummed on a cardboard frame, make good brackets, boxes, and picture-frames. Acorns and berries used in this way ought first to be cut in half.

How to Keep Silk.—Silk articles should not be folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth India is the best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as laying in folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened with gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut; but dresses of velvet should not be laid by with any weight above them; if the nap of a thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it can never be rectified. The way to take wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs, is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins to a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared. The reason of this is obvious to every person. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out with a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

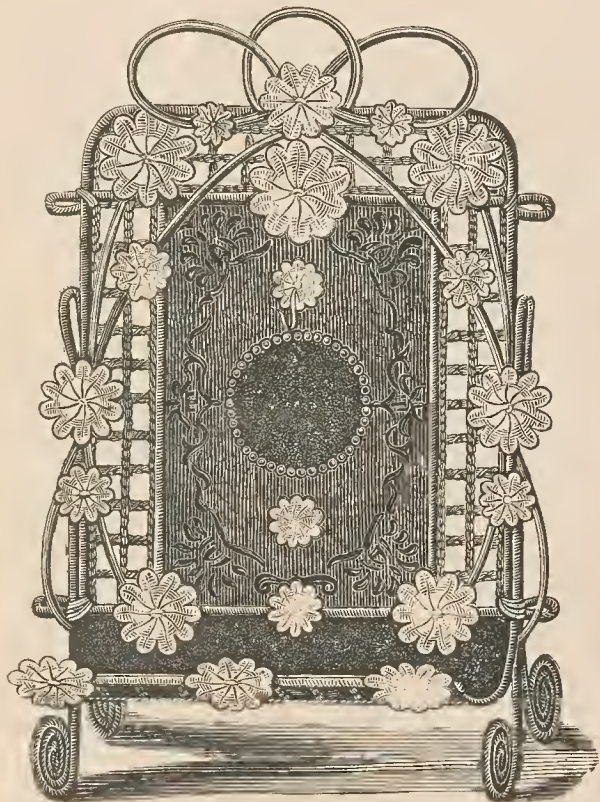
Daisy Tidy.—Materials: Three rolls of white tape, common width; half ounce of bright-yellow worsted. Measure off the tape into thirty-four pieces, each eighteen inches long; then take one piece, and make a dot with a pencil at every inch, on one edge, and on the other edge, make a dot every half inch. Next take two needles, threaded with very strong, coarse, white thread, and gather each edge, putting the needle in at every dot, sew both edges at the same time, and draw up just as tightly as possible, fasten on the other side. Do the same with all the other pieces. Make a little tuft of the worsted, by winding over your finger, and draw it through the centre of the Daisy on the right side, fastening on the under side by sewing. This will make thirty-four Daisies. Sew six together in a row, then another row of seven, then six again, then five, and so on, one less in each row; put together in the order they are sewn. Finally, make cord and tassels of the worsted, and suspend from the three corners, two tassels to each corner. This makes a very handsome tidy.

Household Elegancies.

WATCH-STAND.—FANCY PATTERN.

The arabesque pattern of watch-stand, here given, is four and a half inches high, three and a half inches wide, and can be made with a small saw, the shapes being cut out in black glazed paper and put with thick gum upon wood like that of cigar boxes.

When the arabesques are *transparent*, and made with the saw, the whole wooden plate is lined with colored silk or velvet, but when not, only the middle space, intended for the watch, has a round, velvet cushion, edged with a leather border. The edge part, going around the wooden plate, is of large wire bars, and is to be sewn down through the small perforated edge. For the inner part of the outer frame, crochet over with gray drilling thread. The wire bars cross each other everywhere at the corners, each bar projecting about one inch and a half; at the upper end, each bar in the length stands out always by three-quarters of an inch; at the lower end, however, on account of the holder for the watch-chain, each bar in the length is to stand out one inch and a half.



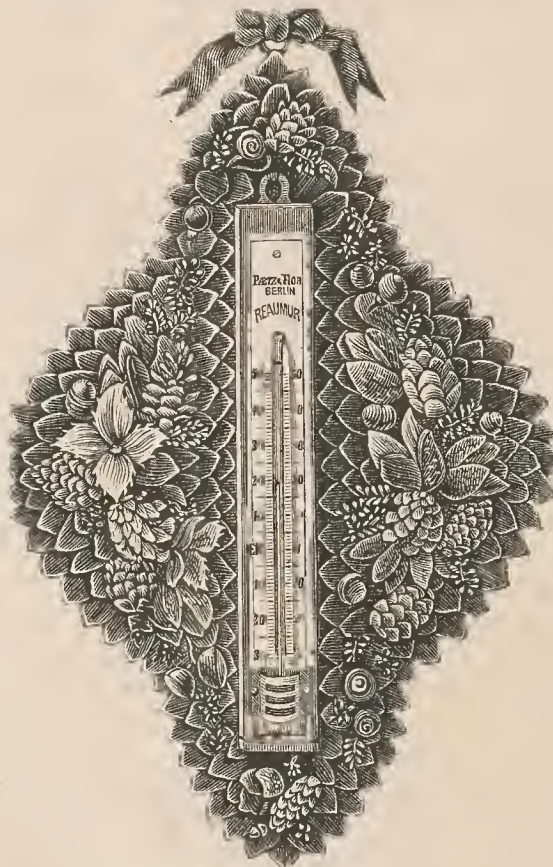
WATCH STAND.

Two rows of open double crochet, arranged in the way seen, go around the inner frame edge; for the holder, three rows across are to be crocheted at the lower edge, a piece of wire twisted over close, laced as all around, with a piece of thread, joins on from the outside. The cords of such a boundary wire stalk are about fifteen and three-quarter inches long, rolled out in coils from one and a half to two and a quarter inches large, and make the double feet of the frame. Bend them close together in the middle, then tie the double wire tight to the side edge. The lower part of the frame slightly curved, has inside a covering to agree in stuff and color with the foundation for the watch.

The frame is then decorated with thin looped pieces of cane, such as used for bouquets, and the dried *star capsules of poppies* sewn on, which, in different sizes, imitate fine carving *en relief*. Lastly, the whole is to be carefully brushed over with copal varnish to make it more durable.

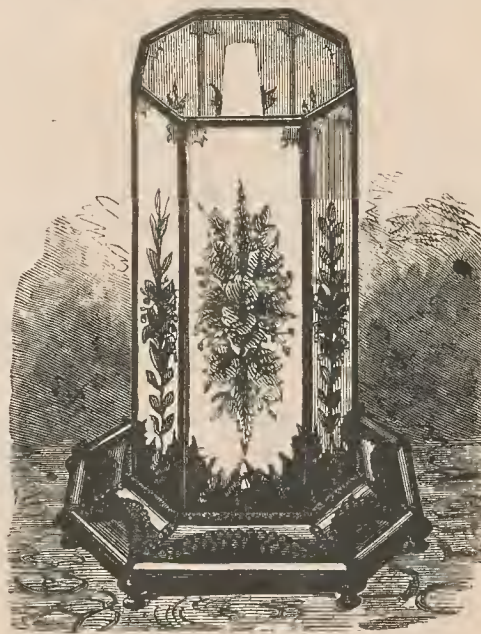
THERMOMETER FRAME.

Mosaic in pine cones, fir apples, acorns, &c.
The material for this new pattern of a thermometer frame is easily obtained from the woods. Take the



THERMOMETER FRAME.

best flakes of large pine cones, fir apples of different shapes and sizes, empty husks of beech-nuts, the foliage of alders (commonly called lambs), whole and half-cut acorns, and clean them, with a small brush, in water. The foundation of the frame is of strong pasteboard, eleven and a half inches high and eight inches wide, and cut out in curves; the pasteboard being covered on both sides with brown silk paper. The different materials, still damp, are now sewn with brown silk on the outer and inner edges of the frame, in a mosaic pattern, edged on both sides with two rows of leaves, leaving a space in the centre seven and a quarter inches long and one inch wide for the thermometer. Group the mosaic parts in any taste; the illustration suggests a neat arrangement. To hang up



ORNAMENTAL SCREEN FOR LAMP.

the frame, there is a yellow brass ring fastened with a brown ribbon loop at the back; this is put on before covering the left side of the pasteboard with silk paper to hide the stitches.

ORNAMENTAL SCREEN FOR LAMP.

An exceedingly pretty standing-screen for a lamp can be formed of eight oblong transparencies (made of glass and autumn leaves) tacked together with strong sewing-silk, so as to form an eight-sided hollow column, as shown in the accompanying illustration. To hide the candlestick, the screen should be lined throughout with oiled tissue paper—either white or of a delicate rose-color. A better plan still, is to get the effect of ground glass, by rubbing each strip of glass on a flat paving-stone, plentifully covered with white sand. The grinding process, of course, must be performed before the leaves are inserted, and then only upon the inner sides of the glasses. The completed screen may have a simple border of heavy chenille at the base, or be placed upon an unvarnished black-walnut stand, decorated with acorns, pine cones, &c. The screen is, of course, left open at the top. It must be set over a lighted candle—a small lamp to give it best effect—though it is also a very ornamental object in the day time.

A BEAUTIFUL TRANSPARENCY.—NEW STYLE OF SIDE-LIGHTS FOR HALLS.

The exquisite transparency represented on this page is made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses, and



A BEAUTIFUL TRANSPARENCY.

autumn leaves on a pane of window-glass, laying another pane of the same size over it, and binding the edges with ribbon, leaving the group imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edges of the first pane, and dried before the leaves, ferns, &c., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty. To form a loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galloon along the upper edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the centre, afterwards to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or against a pane in the sash. In country halls a beautiful effect is produced by placing them against the side-lights of the hall door. The effect of the light passing through the rich autumnal colors is very fine.

Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.

Fireside Readings.

FROST PICTURES.

O say, have you seen my new pictures,
All shining in silver and gold?
They say that Jack Frost was the artist;
He paints with the wind and the cold.
He snatches his hues from the rainbow;
His pencil, a ray from the stars;
He enters our doors and our windows,
Regardless of bolts or of bars.
He pinches our fingers and noses,
And savagely nips at our toes,
And then, for a moment, he lingers,
While at us, the pitcher, he throws.
And now, having done with his mischief,
And watched till we're soundly asleep,
He steps softly up to the window—
I wish I might just take a peep—
And paints there such beautiful pictures
Of mountains, and bridges, and trees!—
O say, among all your bright treasures,
Are any so lovely as these?
O star, with your silvery pencil!
O sun, with your crimson and gold!
O wind, with your sighing and moaning!
To me the strange secret unfold.
And now, may I keep my new pictures,
All shining in silver and gold;
The pictures Jack Frost, the bright artist,
Did paint with the wind and the cold?

M. H. E.

Mending the Feelings.

— Cecilia Burleigh says, in one of her lectures, that "calling on a friend one day, I found the usually sunny-faced pet of the household convulsed with sobs. A glance into the play-room, where I had many a frolic with the small mamma and her large family of dolls, showed what was amiss. 'The destroyer,' in the shape of a big brother, had 'come down, like the wolf on the fold,' and all the dollies were doing duty as Blue Beard's slaughtered wives. Some were suspended by the hair, others by their necks, while several had been beheaded, and were scattered in ghastly confusion about the floor. 'Never mind, darling,' said the mother—'never mind, brother Will has only ripped off their heads; I can easily mend and make them just as pretty as they were before.' 'Yes, mamma,' sobbed the little one; 'but you can't mend their feelings.' And just here is the trouble; a child's feelings, wounded by injustice, are difficult to mend. I once saw an elegant woman draw herself up proudly, on hearing the name of a gentleman who had asked to be presented to her: 'Excuse me,' she said, ignoring the proffered hand; 'when I was a very little child, I received at your hands the one injury which I have never forgiven. You may have forgotten the jest of coiling a dead snake about a little girl's arm, but the little girl has not forgotten it, and never will.' It would be well to remember that no impressions are so enduring, as those made upon the mind of a child."

How Lieut. Fitch Got the Consent of Minnie Sherman's Father.—Since the marriage, says a Washington paper, we have been let into the secrets of the courtship a little. The young man was not over-sanguine, when the young lady referred him to her pa, and he approached the awful presence, feeling uncertain whether he would succeed, or be tried by a court-martial. However, he managed to ask for what he wanted, and stood waiting for the verdict. The General heard him, and then turned upon him abruptly with the question, "What can you do?"

"Do? Why, I can build an engine, put it up and run it!"

"Give me your hand. You are the boy for me. Now go and ask Min. what she thinks about it."

That is the way the General got rid of that application. It is almost too late in the day to speculate as to what Min. thought about it.

"Another Husband."—A lady was reading to her five-year old boy the story of a little fellow, whose father was taken ill and died, after which the young-

sion robes were in order, and all were listening for the chariot-wheels, a good couple had retired one night—the man somewhat visionary, but his wife practical enough. In the ebb of a midwinter night he awoke, hearing a slight noise, and gently nudged his sleeping partner. "Wife, I hear the chariot-wheels of God." "Lie still John, you old fool; the Lord would not come on wheels, with such good sleighing."

"**Everything** goes wrong," said an Illinois farmer, wiping his eyes. "The grasshoppers cunn, the hired man broke his leg, wife died, the barn burned, and I've rid for three days and can't find a woman who wants to marry!"

A Baptist church in Newark, N. J., is called the "Aquarium." The pastor is H. C. (sea) Fish, D. D.

A man, who was taking the registry of births in a neighboring city, went to the house of a somewhat coarse, hard man, and not finding any one at home, asked a young lady, who was just coming out of a neighboring house, if there had been any births in that house the past year? "No," she replied immediately; "but the man who lives there ought to be born again."

A little boy in Springfield, Ill., after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma, and Jerry, and Uncle Benny," adding, after a few moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

A youngster, seven years old, who happens to be one of a dozen bright children, was saying his evening prayer, a day or two ago, while in a rather sleepy condition. It is his custom to begin with, "O Lord, bless father and mother," and

then go through the rest by name. On this occasion he got as far as father and mother, when his sleepiness overcame him, and he finished up as follows, "And I'm in a hurry, bless the whole crowd;" and, in the twinkling of an eye, was between the sheets.

A schoolboy spelled "sob," and when asked to define it, blundered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as "a period with a tail."

"How much is your stick candy?" inquired a boy of a candy dealer on Tuesday.

"Six sticks for five cents."

"Six sticks for five cents, eh? Now, lem'me see. Six sticks fer five cents, five fer four cents, four fer three cents, three fer two cents, two fer one cent, one fer nothin'. I'll take one." And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.



SOCIAL CONTRASTS.—CHRISTMAS STOCKING OF THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY.

ster set himself diligently to work to support himself and his mother. When she had finished her story, she said:

"Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, would not you work to help mamma?"

"Why, ma," said the little fellow, not relishing the idea of work, "what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in, and everything so nice?"

"Oh, yes, my child," said the mother; "but we can't eat the house, you know!"

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" said the young hopeful.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother; "but they will not last long—and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the little incorrigible, "ain't there enough to last till you can get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.

Long ago, during the Millerite fever, when ascen-

Housekeeping.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Why it should be so I cannot tell, but it certainly is a fact, that women are much slower than men to adopt labor-saving machinery, and new and improved methods of doing their work. They usually take for granted things that are opposed to reason, without attempting to prove them, simply because they have been handed down from the dark ages; and condemn new recipes, methods and machinery, because their mother and grandmother did before them. If a chemical preparation for making washing easier is recommended, nine women out of ten will say, "Oh, it rots the clothes! Anything that will take out the dirt will injure the clothes; besides is expensive." Now I know, from my own and other people's experience, that many of the washing recipes are good, and many of the "crystals" sold for that purpose not only save the clothes from being worn, time and labor, but nearly soap enough to pay for the washing.

Clothes should be brought in just as soon as dry. Many cents and dollars, too, are switched out of sleeves, and the corners of sheets and tablecloths, by leaving them carelessly in the wind.

"How pretty your new felt hat is! I wish I had one; but I can't afford it," said a neighbor to me, while she sat and let a large two weeks' wash flap on the line all the afternoon. Women should read more; nearly all newspapers, now-a-days, contain helpful hints by which they might profit. It is generally supposed that, being born a woman, she is born with a capacity and love for cooking. That this is a mistake, nearly one half of them can testify. They despise it; and, as necessity compels them, they year after year get up the same old dishes, without caring particularly as to their excellence. If women would buy more recipes, and cook a greater variety of dishes, they would become more interested; take greater pains, and become better cooks, which would, of itself, make them like cooking better. Any woman with a particle of the right kind of pride about her, is proud of her table, when set with nice cloth, good dishes, bright knives, forks, spoons, and well-cooked victuals—and is ashamed to be caught with soiled cloth, rusty-looking dishes, and nothing cooked fit to eat. This need never happen if the matter is attended to as it should be. To keep a good supply of table linen, always buy new before the old is quite worn out, and put the old away in good order, to use in case of emergency. It is not necessary that table linen be fine, but it should be nicely "done up." The half-bleached is good for every-day wear, and will become white after washing a few times. To take out fruit stains, before wetting wash out in sweet milk, or hold the part stained tightly stretched over a basin, and pour boiling water directly upon the stain. Tablecloths should be starched and well ironed; then, when used, always folded in the same creases, which will keep them looking fresh. In clearing up the table, never lay a greasy knife or spoon on the cloth, or set down a dish with anything on the bottom that will soil. If the family set their cups on the cloth, use cup plates; the same cloth can then be used much longer. Never use a cloth with a hole in it; darn with knitting cotton while the holes are small, or if you should neglect this, patch with muslin, which will not look so bungling as a piece of the same. Dishes are cheap enough and last so long that none need use those broken or discarded. One such will spoil the look of an other-

wise tempting dinner. Never warm over meat on the plate; it ruins the plate, and has by no means a pleasing appearance. Put victuals left over on clean dishes before putting them on the table again.

Butter, if little mussed, can be put on a clean plate, but it is better put away in a crock kept for that purpose, and worked over again.

Always keep something on hand with which to get up a meal on short notice in case of unexpected company; you will, by so doing, avoid much annoyance. Such things as oysters, canned salmon, lobster and sardines, are very handy, and not much more expensive than many other things we use. These, with canned fruit, preserves and pickles, which every housekeeper should have, you must be sure are keeping nicely. If you are likely to run short of these last, do not use them when you have time to cook; for then you can make many nice dishes for dessert which will answer in their stead. You will find plenty of recipes for these if you will try, which are cheap and good. Many can be prepared in the morning when you expect company to tea. In preparing them use different spices for flavorings. It cost no more to keep a variety than to use one kind for everything.

There are many little devices for producing variety and pretty effects for the table, such as color of jellies, blanc-mange, etc. Polk berries will color these a beautiful rose, and they will keep in a dry place all the winter.

Make your kitchen an attractive place. A clean floor and well-blackened stove will do much toward making it so. Keep a brush with your blacking, so as not to soil your hands; brush your stove every day, and when you have to wait dinner a few minutes give it a few extra touches. Don't have old things hanging around the walls week after week; if not wanted, put them away. Have your kitchen as handy as you can. Many women work, year in and year out, with their furniture so arranged as to make them take hundreds of extra steps in a day, without taking a thought as to how they could arrange it better. There are women who do without things really necessary in the kitchen all of their lives, which a little energy might have procured. A kitchen cupboard is indispensable, and, if you have none, one can be made of a large goods box. Two, one top of the other, is better. You can paint it yourself. Then paint all of your shelves, and your whole kitchen if it needs it, and your porches. A little paint will brighten things up amazingly, and will save a great amount of scrubbing, and is much easier done. Mixing and applying paint is not so difficult as most people think. Chemical paint, of any color, can now be procured, ready for use. Any body can apply it. To mix paint, use white lead, boiled linseed oil, and a little benzine or patent dryer; the more of this you use the sooner the paint will dry. Colors can be found at the druggists, mixed in oil, and put up in small cans.

Put down your carpets so that the wear will come on the widths lengthwise. Then, when they become thin, the seams can be ripped, and the thin widths put next the wall. Allowance should be made for this when making the carpet; cutting the widths all the same length, and turning those which need to be shorter. A double strip of strong cotton cloth should be basted along the under side of the edges, to keep the tacks from tearing the carpet. Carpet ravelings of different colors should be saved to mend them with. Where it is necessary to put on a patch, select one of as near the color of the carpet as possible, and put it on straightway of the stripes, or the way it is woven. You will get tired of contemplating a crooked patch before next house-cleaning time. Clean

all spots of the carpet before putting down. This is easily done by procuring a piece of clean, smooth board; slip it under one spot at a time, and wash with soap, hot water and a cloth. A piece of oil-cloth, two yards square, is much better for the sitting-room than the usual size. The carpet will wear so much longer, and will not get so full of dust, as the oil-cloth can be cleaned every day, and, besides, is something like charity—will cover a multitude of holes when necessary. Oil-cloths, when not in use, should be well scrubbed, then varnished, and put away in a clean place.

Nothing helps the looks of things, when cleaning house, as much as a bottle of varnish. Old scratched furniture, not fit to be seen, can be made to look as well as new by its help. Picture and looking-glass frames, books with leather backs, the clock, and numberless other things, are improved by an application of it. Fifty cents worth of varnish, with turpentine enough to make it thin, will make your house shine from top to bottom.

Gleue is another article which is very cheap, and should always be kept on hand. The common brown is best, and should be made fresh when wanted for use. Many articles of furniture are spoiled which might be saved if mended in time.

Many persons, living in old-fashioned houses, would like to have their windows lengthened. This can be done in appearance, if curtains are used. Make them with a standing ruffle, or puffed at the top, and fasten on to a strip of board as long as the window is wide. Nail this to the wall as high up as you want it, using a stout nail in each end. The shades can also be attached to the strip, under the curtains.

Don't hang pictures (or anything else) lop sided, nor hang some lower than others. It is torture to some people to sit in a room so arranged, especially if they are sick. Pictures can be hung in groups and pleasing forms, but there should be some order about it.

Receptacles for soiled clothing are often necessary in bedrooms. A box, three feet high and the same length, and about a foot wide, made with a lid, and papered like the room, does not look badly.

This article will not be complete, I suppose, unless I say something about footstools, ottomans, &c., covered with chintz. Now I am not an advocate of chintz, although I am of stools and ottomans. They are prettier made of some nice plain woolen goods, like merino, and I have seen some made of striped material which were very pretty. Have your box made with the top extending over three-quarters of an inch, pad with the wadding out of an old coat, cover smoothly, and where the top cover joins the sides tack on a bias fold with tin tacks with star heads, or carriage tacks. It is wiser to use parts of old dresses for these than to wear in the kitchen, where they soon become too much soiled for anything, and use the price of the chintz to buy a new calico. AUNT MINERVA.

Potato Salad.—Boil some new potatoes, and let them get cold; then cut them in slices, and arrange them neatly, in some sort of a pattern, or a dish, with hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, slices of beet-root stamped out into shapes, and olive stones. The dish should be slightly rubbed with a shallot. Make a sauce with two parts oil and one tarragon vinegar; pepper and salt, some capers, chervil, parsley, and a few leaves of thyme, all finely minced; beat the sauce well together, pour over the salad and serve.

Toothache Drops.—One ounce of alcohol, two drachms of cayenne, one ounce of kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing. It cures the worst case of toothache.

TO THE READER.

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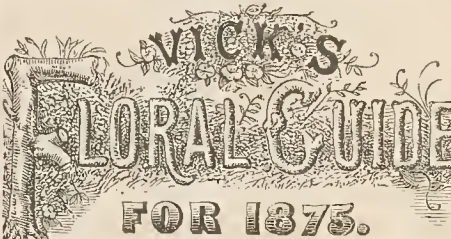
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SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

1. Torn from home, I'm sad and wea - ry, Far from scenes that once were bright; Wan-d'ring neath the sky so
 2. Gone for me the sounds of glad - ness, Gone the joys that once I knew; Help, O help me in my
 3. Beam no gen - tle smiles to cheer me; Once I gazed in eyes so fair: Dear and lov - ing ones were

drea - ry, Pi - ty the home - less one to - night! Dark - ly dawns for me the mor - row, Cold - ly now the stars look
 sad - ness, Kind - ly hearts so good and true! Lone - ly in the cheer - less ci - ty, Storms a - round me fierce - ly
 near me, Now I've nought but wild des - pair! No soft moth - er - hands to bless me, No fond kiss ar close of

rall. **Chorus.**
Soprano. Torn from home, I'm sad and
Tenor. down; Noth - ing left me but my sor - row, I'm be - neath Mis - for - tune's frown.
 blow; Who will on me now take pi - ty, While I wan - der all for - lorn.
 day! No wee dar - lings to ca - ress me, Home - less, help - less, now I stray.

pp colla voce.

f wea - ry, Far from scenes that once were bright; Wan-d'ring neath the sky so drea - ry, Pi - ty the home - less one to - night,
pp
colla voce.

THE LADIES' *Floral Calendar*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by HENRY T. WILLIAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 38.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

APPLE GERANIUM.

In reply to Mrs. Thurlow, I can tell her of my success. I have a splendid apple, just a year old, raised from the slip. I kept it in a four or five-inch pot, all

night. I watered it frequently, almost daily, with tepid water; it stood "dressed in living green" all the time, but did not grow till spring, when I put it in a large box and it grew like Jack's Bean Stalk. I keep

Tritoma.—I have a Tritoma Uvaria which has remained in the ground undisturbed for the last two years. It was planted on the south side within eight or ten inches of the house, and with a covering of dry leaves



A CHINESE FLOWER GARDEN.

last winter, in a south window; the soil was fine wood-pile manure. The sitting room, where it was, had a large wood fire all day, but it was allowed to go out at

the flower buds nipped off, as the flowers add little to its beauty, and this makes the leaves grow to huge size.

C. I. G.

the earth around it freezes but a very little, if any. It grows and blooms as beautifully as it did when removed every autumn to the cellar.

S. A. D.

Floral Contributions.

CYCLAMENS.

Among those fortunate sisters who write to the CABINET about their window gardens, I find but few who mention the Cyclamen. They are such delightful plants and so easily raised, that I feel sure it must be only a want of acquaintance with them that prevents them from being as common as Geraniums. One of my little plants is such a satisfaction to look upon; it is in a three-inch pot, which is entirely concealed by the pretty spotted leaves, and has four flowers expanded and fourteen buds in various stages of growth. The blossoms are white, tipped with red, delightfully fragrant, and of an indescribable shape similar to the Dodecatheon or Shooting Star of our prairies, excepting that they grow singly upon the stem instead of being clustered. Each flower remains in perfection a month, so I think I am likely to have a durable plant. I have also another plant of the same age that has not such fine, thrifty leaves, but has fifteen buds. These two were raised from the seed. Ten seeds were planted in a paper box upon my sitting-room mantel-piece, in company with many other things too numerous to mention. In the course of two weeks something green made an appearance, and they were removed to the bay-window, which opens to the floor and is too cold a place for seedlings in April, but it was the best I could do for them. In the course of another two weeks five of something else came up in the pot which I knew instinctively were the Cyclamens, so the first arrivals were pulled up.

After the garden was made and everything else disposed of, I potted these tiny little plants, which had only two leaves apiece, in three-inch pots, and kept them on the flower-stand on the porch all summer, watering when they seemed to need it. In the fall they were moved into the house with the other plants and placed on the lower part of the flower-stand (a cold place), where they remained all winter, being watered very sparingly. They were not very ornamental, as there were still but the two leaves slightly increased in size, but then they did not take up much room, two being given away and one dead. In the spring they had achieved four leaves, and went out on the porch again. I was strongly tempted to throw them away they seemed such poky things, but concluded to wait until fall. In August they took a sudden start, leaves came quickly, grew large, and were beautifully spotted. The first tiny bud was discovered early in September, and on Thanksgiving day it was fully expanded. It quite repaid me for waiting a year and a half for the bulb to grow. Next summer the pots will be sunk in the ground on the north side of the house until August, when they will be repotted, taking care not to cut off any of the roots, and the bulbs set fully half way out of the soil. I find that it injures the buds to have water standing among them, even for the few moments it takes to soak into the soil.

I don't see but that any one can raise Cyclamens who will let them judiciously alone and have patience. Those who are not blessed with the latter commodity can buy the bulbs, but it is far better to raise your own house plants, if possible, since it takes greenhouse plants so long to become accustomed to the change of atmosphere. I shall try Cyclamens again in the spring (they seem so indifferent to heat that it don't seem necessary to start them early), and shall hope to have some red ones if the seed can be obtained; they ought to be prettier than the white variety.

Washington Heights, Ill.

Mrs. F. N. B.

HOW SHALL I LAY OUT MY GARDEN?

This is a question often asked. Can I answer it satisfactorily? I will try. It must, however, be remembered, that the plan for laying out a garden depends a good deal on the size of the grounds, and their exposure to the sun. As practical knowledge is considered of greater value, I will describe the ground of a small place which I have in mind. The lot is 60x100 feet. The house faces the east, is of two stories, and measures 22x28 feet. It is located twelve feet from the eastern, twenty-six feet from the southern, and twelve feet from the northern boundaries.

On the north side is a driveway twelve feet wide. This allows space for a bed three feet wide, next the house, where are planted Fuchsias, Ferns, Begonias, and all plants requiring partial shade. Here, too, are placed Azaleas, Smilax, Hydrangeas, and other plants in pots, preparatory to removing to the house for winter decoration. Ivies and other ornamental vines are trained over the house, making a rich green background. On the opposite side of the drive, against a high board fence, are trained Clematis, Solanum Jasminoides, Wisteria and Sweet-scented Honeysuckle. Farther back from the street are grapes and blackberry vines.

The front door is near the north corner, and faces east. A trellis is built around it, over which are trained two rosebushes; on the north side a Gem of the Prairie, on the south side a Baltimore Belle. Opposite, and but twelve feet distant, is a gate opening upon the street.

Between the doorsteps and the south corner of the house is a flower bed four feet wide and edged with turf. On the inside of the bed, and a few inches from the edge, is a row of *Nierembergia gracilis* and *rivularis* placed alternately, and a few inches apart. These were started in a little propagating bed in the house, early in the season, and after they got well established, the ends were nipped off to induce them to branch. Beyond these, and nearer the house, is a row of variegated Geraniums. In the centre of the bed is a half-hogshead filled with earth. Within this rests a piece of pipe (colored brown) twelve inches in diameter, the flange end uppermost. This pipe extends twelve inches above the hogshead, and is filled with earth. In the centre is planted a *Dracena terminalis*, and around it *Nierembergia*, Variegated Ivy-Geranium, *Lobelia*, *Alternanthera*, *Tradescantia* and *Moneywort*. In the hogshead, between its edge and the pipe, are set ten or twelve Geraniums, of as many different kinds. On the back side, next the house (in the hogshead), is planted a *Cobaea*, which, as it grows, should be trained around the outside so as to completely cover the hogshead. After midsummer, this central ornament is an object of beauty, and attracts a great deal of attention. The pipe and hogshead should be watered thoroughly twice a day, in the morning and evening. On each side of the hogshead, in the bed, are planted *Deutzia gracilis*, *Bee Larkspur*, and such plants as will bear dryness, as the summer rains do not wet this bed much, it being on the east side and close to the house. A row of *Cannas*, mixed with *Gladioli*, is used for a background.

The side gate is south of the front gate, on a line with it, and twenty feet from it. Between these two gates, and next the fence, is a bed about twenty feet long and five feet wide. The corners next the walk are rounded, and the whole bed is edged with turf. This bed is filled with shrubs: *Spiraea prunifolia*, *Weigela*, Tartarean Honeysuckle, Snowberry, and Pink, also White Flowering Almond. The higher growing shrubs are placed in the centre. Between

this bed and the one next the house is a walk three feet wide.

Directly in front of the side gate, and five feet from it, is a circular bed, three feet in diameter. This is turfed entirely over, as the walks all around it being drained, no plants would grow there on account of the dryness. Upon it is placed a stump (made of a barrel covered with bark, which is nailed on.) On this stump rests a cheese-box (painted brown and ornamented with rustic work) containing plants. There is a walk all around this bed three feet in width.

The side door is on the south-south-west corner of the house. There is a piazza in front of it (14x4 feet.) At the east end of the piazza, and, as it were, a continuation of it, is a bed four feet wide, which extends east far enough to meet the bed in front of, and next to the house. The corner is rounded to correspond with the bed next the fence. A walk three feet wide, on either side of the circular bed, connects the side gate with the piazza and back yard. If desired, the vegetable garden back of the house may be entirely concealed from view by a Trellis covered with vines on the west end of the piazza, and a shrub, perhaps an *Althea*, at the end of the above mentioned walk.

The remainder of the ground on the south side of the garden is all in one bed. The flower garden on this side should extend only as far west as to be on a line with the back end of the main house. A row of shrubs or tall growing plants (like Dahlias) should be planted so as to conceal from view the vegetable garden beyond. The edge of the bed next the walk is bordered with turf; within, and a foot distant from the turf, is a row of dwarf *Iris*.

In the centre of this flower-bed stands a pole six inches in diameter at the base, and twenty feet high. It is surmounted by a bird-house. This bird-house is made of a butter firkin, with a conical roof, and the whole covered with bark. A plant of *Bignonia Radicans* will in three years entirely cover the pole.

In this bed are placed *Dielytra*, *Peonies*, *Spiraea Japonica*, and other hardy herbaceous plants and bulbs, which remain there permanently; but every Spring, Geraniums and other bedding plants are brought from the house, and Dahlias, *Gladioli*, and other bulbs and roots from the cellar. Each year one can arrange them differently, as, with extended experience and the addition of frequent novelties, one continually makes new combinations.

With so small a lot, if one wishes a successful garden, few ornamental trees can be allowed, as most plants require an abundance of sun, and those which do not, cannot bear the drip from trees. Still, one shade tree at least, is desirable, and a good place for it will be between the front and driveway gates, as there is a space of three feet between the two. This is placed inside the fence and will cast a shadow only on the front walk and driveway. The best tree for the purpose is the Rock or Sugar Maple, which has a fine form, is free from insects, and its roots do not run in the ground so as to interfere with the plants.

That portion of the ground back of the house which is not necessary for a clothes yard, &c., can be devoted to vegetables, peas, beans, corn, cucumbers, tomatoes, &c. These are better fresh from one's own garden, but potatoes, beets and turnips, for which there will scarcely be room, can be readily obtained either from the market or a neighboring farmer.

I have thus given a mere outline of the plan for a garden on a small scale. It can be varied according to differing tastes, and will perhaps suggest to plant-lovers other plans more appropriate to their respective grounds, which, in size, location or exposure, may differ from the one I have described. KITTY CLOVER.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Apple Geranium.—To Mrs. R. S. Truslow—Would be glad to exchange some of my plants for Apple Geranium seed. I had a fine one presented me by a friend. It flourished finely for three or four years when, like yours, it dwindled away and died, to my great grief, for I loved it very much for its own sweet self as well as for my dear friend's sake. Cause of death: I moved it to a place where it got too much heat from the stove. A cool place near the glass is best for Geraniums; that is my experience. Last winter I kept my conservatory quite cool. The result was I had the most healthy looking plants I had ever possessed. They are much less care, too, for they are not so apt to be infested with all manner of insects that house plants are heir to, neither do they require water so often.

To Mrs. R. H. Blake—Do not know whether I have the White Rose you speak of or not. I have three hardy White Roses. Two of them are June Roses, one is larger than the other and more double. They are both fine but never sprout; could try layering one for you next spring. The other is the old Musk Cluster; it begins blooming a little later than the others but is a constant bloomer until the frost checks it. It blooms in large clusters. I have counted thirty-five buds and blooms on one stalk. It is also very fragrant and grows readily from a slip. Would be glad to exchange with you for some of your Pitahaya or Turk's Head Cactus. MRS. M. A. WHITE.

Petersburg, Ills.

Tea Plants.—In answer to Miss S. Willingford, the best way to start the Tea Plant seeds is to plant them in a box about three inches apart, and transplant when in the second or third leaf. Don't give too much water or you will rot the seeds. They will bloom the second or third year. G. N.

Canna.—If Medora Askew wishes to have fine specimens of Canna, let the ground be dug four feet deep, and put in two feet of fresh cow or horse manure, or mixed is better, and cover with soil. In a month put in the Canna roots eight inches deep, and the plant will grow from ten to twelve feet high and be covered with bloom until frost. G. N.

Bugs.—You want to know the best thing to keep bugs from plants. I have tried many things, and during all my experience with plants I find that onion water sprinkled over the plants and poured on the earth, is the best thing to keep off the bugs.

Peterboro', N. Y. MISS LAURA BOSWORTH.

A Big Cactus.—J. S. Lewis of Southport, L. I., has a Cactus, McDonaldi variety, strap leaf, seven feet high, with eighty blossoms and seventy flowers. Is eight to ten years old, is grown in a large tub in the house during the winter and kept near the light. In summer, when blossoms appear, it is put under a tree and watered regularly. It is very hardy and requires no trouble in managing it.

White Rose.—R. H. Blake, Las Cruces, New Mexico, questions, "Where can I find the old-fashioned White Rose of our grandmothers' time?" I have it and will send it early in the spring. I have a good many Roses, but the slug bothers me. I try every remedy of the CABINET. If any one of our friends want a White Peony, let it be known through the paper and I will send it. The seeds I would like are Petunias, Pansies, Diadem Pink and Double Portulaca. MRS. Z. M. HINMAN.

Sparta Centre, Mich.

German Ivy.—I have lately noticed several communications in the CABINET and elsewhere, concerning the blooming of German Ivy. Some say it requires age, two years or so, others say considerable exposure to the sun. I have one not quite six months old which has always been kept in the shade, but which I unexpectedly find budding at every joint. It was started with two main shoots, crossed and recrossed on a trellis about four feet high until they reached the top, when they were nipped off. This caused it to branch freely, and many branches were nipped off or shortened in. I am not very learned in window gardening, but I have thought it was probably this "shortening in" that has caused such early inclination to flower, just as lima beans bear better trained on short poles and broken off when they reach the top. The soil was a rich black loam from the woods, with a little sand and charcoal and no manure. Charcoal for drainage. MRS. F. E. BRIGGS.

Pansies.—I would like some one who has good success in raising Pansies, to state whether they trim them. Mine grow and blossom nicely but all mat together, some of the branches being a foot or two long. How are they to be trained that each plant may stand by itself?

Roses.—It is more than forty years that I have lived among my flowers. I love them very dearly. Some of them seem to understand me as well as I do them, and are quite obedient and interesting pupils. My roses, for instance, not caring for them so much in midwinter as in spring, I put in the cellar in November and let them remain until the 10th of March or thereabouts. I wash them nicely in common soft soap and say to them, "Now in just six weeks I want you to pay me for my trouble with some of your precious blossoms," and I am seldom disappointed. My Carnation Pinks I serve pretty much as I do the Roses. You will always observe the grass of the Pink curls up just before the buds appear. I perfectly agree with Anna Griscom. In order to be successful in the cultivation of any plant, we should learn "its habits" and its "native soil." To be sure, much depends on the culture of plants, and constant care must be paid them. All plants require much care when coming into flowers. Can any one tell me why the leaves of the English Ivy decay and drop off, when it is having its accustomed treatment under which it seemed to flourish? F. G. Y.

How to Keep Flowers in Winter.—Answer to Hattie G. Davis—The Geraniums will all keep dry in a dry cellar from which the frost is excluded. The Coleus would only keep in a warm, light room. The Heliotrope might keep in a warm, light cellar, if it is an old wooding plant. Petunias could be raised from seeds each year. But all these plants, excepting the Coleus, should do well in a room in which the fire goes out, if there are shutters or thick curtains to the windows, in your latitude.

Coloring Grasses.—Please request C. N. E. to give directions for coloring or painting grasses for a winter bouquet as she proposed in the September number of the CABINET. I have a plant similar in flower to the Feverfew, is perfectly hardy, blooms freely all summer. Will you give me the name for it and oblige.

MRS. F. W. S.

Answer.—Achillea Ptarmica fl. pleno. Will any of our lady readers furnish information on coloring grasses. We think them most ornamental when of the natural color.

Plumbago—Eranthemum—Eucharis.—How do you propagate Plumbago? From seeds or slips or

root cuttings. I have tried to propagate from cuttings and have not succeeded. Is Eranthemum (Johnson) a hot-house plant? How do you propagate it? Can you keep it during winter in a good pit or cellar? Can I keep Eucharis Amazonica in a pit during winter? If so, shall I put it away in the pot of dirt it has grown in during the summer, or shall I take the bulb out and take care of it like Gladiolus bulbs? I know that the Eucharis is a hot-house plant, but I think I can manage mine and get it to blooming next summer if I can keep it during winter. I have one each of the above plants, and they are in a fine, healthy, growing condition, and I am anxious to propagate them if I can keep them during winter in a good pit.

C. J. CONSTANTINE.

Answer.—Plumbagos all root freely from cuttings of the half-ripened wood. Eranthemums are all hot-house plants; root freely from cuttings; will not winter in a cellar, but would keep with other tender plants in a light room. Unless the foliage is kept in a healthy condition all the year the Eucharis will seldom or never flower, it being an evergreen; it might be possible to keep it during the winter in a warm light room, and it would then flower during the summer. We have the plants in flower all the year, but they are grown in a hot-house never below 60 deg. There are now, Nov. 10, hundreds of flowers open.

Japan Plum.—What is the proper time of the year to plant the Japan Plum seed? G. A. N.

Answer.—As soon as ripe.

Susan Wanted. Who is She?—Will some of your readers be kind enough to tell me what "Black-eyed Susans" are? Do they belong to the vegetable or mineral creation? F. C. M.

Answer.—Can any of our readers inform us if the above question can be answered horticulturally? We give it, and refer our correspondent to some of our young lady readers.

Medeira Leaves.—I noticed in your last Medora Askew wishes to know if any one has seen Madeira leaves larger than seventeen inches. I enclose one which is twenty-two inches; the vine is full of them the same size. What do you consider a large number of flowers for one Aster? I have one that I counted sixty-five on this morning.

Answer.—The Madeira Vine leaves are very fine. Sixty-five flowers is a large number for one plant of Asters, which is probably one of the variety known as Bouquet Asters.

Begonia.—I would like very much to know how to treat my Begonias. Last fall I had five varieties; now I have but two. My prettiest died, although I tried very hard to save them—repotted them, kept them in the shade for a while, then put them in an east window, but leaf after leaf withered and dropped off till all were gone; now my others seem to be going in the same way. What can I do? Must I give up in despair, or will some kind friend inform me through the CABINET how to save them?

MRS. S. C. STEWART.

Answer.—The Begonias are probably kept too wet at the root and too cold. They may also have been potted in too large pots where the roots were bare. Give little water until fresh roots are formed, and then if the soil is sour shake all away without breaking any fine roots that can be avoided, and pot in fresh soil in clean pots and give little water until they commence to grow. Begonias should not be exposed to a lower heat than 50 degrees.

Vallota.—When does the Vallota Purpurea bloom?

JOHN F. BRENDT.

Answer.—From July to October.

Flower Gardening.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

I mention a few facts that I have learned in regard to blooming flowers, without a single one of the many appliances the professional gardener or wealthy amateur can command.

With only a piazza for my flower garden I have, at different times, had nearly two hundred plants in bloom. The Japan Lilies, *Lanceifolium album*, roseum and rubrum bloomed finely in boxes for two seasons. By shading as soon as the buds were ready to open, the plants remained in beauty for some time; and one season, during a week of splendid moonlight nights, the humming-birds often came in and regaled themselves from my lovely Lilies. I also had Auratum and Longiflorum, but although very beautiful, their perfume was almost too overpowering for a piazza.

The Bouquet Dahlias bloom quite freely in tubs, and do best if mulched.

I have tried Gladiolus but never felt satisfied with them; they are much finer planted out of doors.

Of Asters for such a garden as mine, I prefer the little Bouquet Aster; it keeps in bloom a long time, and the high winds are not so apt to injure it as is the case with the taller kinds. Another season I hope to try some of the new Dwarf Asters advertised by Briggs & Bros., and although quite out of the way of floral exhibitions of any kind, there is in our little community not a little rivalry in regard to the finest kinds of favorite flowers.

I would not advise any one to try the new Japan Cockscumb. It may do well in a garden, but does not repay the trouble of planting as a piazza plant. Neither did I succeed with the much praised Fountain plant. But the Abutilons will bloom and look very finely in such a place.

My plants are on the east and south sides of the piazza. Petunias, Verbenas, Maurandia and Tropæolum vines do best in large boxes on a southern shelf. I never could get the pretty little Canary Bird flower (*Tropæolum Perigrinum*) to bloom until I planted it in a southern exposure. Geraniums and Heliotropes do best to the east; all plants that are in pots do best if the pots are placed in long boxes of sand, and this may be covered with moss.

I have found that Balsams bloom very satisfactorily in tin cans (the three-pound cans in which tomatoes are put up), in fact, the blooms were finer this season in the cans than those planted in boxes of a foot square, or those in seven-inch jars.

I kept them to a single stem; they were the "Smith's Prize." Some of the plants gave me three successive blooms. I prefer the self-colored

flowers, they are far finer than the variegated, I think. The pure white, uncolored, and dark crimson are the handsomest. Once I had some fine yellow Balsams, but the next year the seed saved did not come true.

The Tradescantia and Maurandia vines will grow very nicely in tin cans.

A home-made stand has looked very prettily all summer with plants grown entirely in tin cans. The stand has a little wire work on the edge, and the cans painted stone color with several holes in each, are placed within. Vines of Maurandia, Ivy, Oxalis, Tradescantia, Ice Plant, Moneywort, intertwine and fall over the wire edge. In the middle, White Begonias, Iresine Gillsoni, Ferns and Geraniums grow and mingle very pleasantly.

Another use to which I put these cans, is to convert them into forcing arrangements. I take a starch box and put as many cans in as I wish to use, then fill all around the cans with sand. Twice a day I put boiling water into the cans, and place my pots with seeds or cuttings, or whatever I wish to start in the can, taking care not to let the water touch the bottom of the pot. By packing the sand well and slightly moistening it,

will hold up quite a large jar. I always save all the cans that come in my way; they are useful for many purposes. Once I made a nice little tobacco fumigator for my plants. I took the bottom and top from a three-pound can, and slit the sides a little way up and turned them up, tacked this on a light lid of board, first cutting four round holes in the side of the can near the bottom edge with an old gun-wad cutter; then I made several holes in the bottom of the two-pound can with a nail, inserted the bottom of the two-pound can into the top of the three-pound, and my little fumigator was ready. By placing a few bits of burning coal in the two-pound can and then a little tobacco, the plants were kept free of insects. I used it in a close room in which the plants were wintered. I generally put it in the room in the afternoon and allowed it to remain during the night. Fresh air was let in daily.

I saw in a back number of the CABINET that "Achimenes" needed a greenhouse. I will give my experience with a few I have bloomed this season, remarking, at the same time, that I have seen some bloomed just as well by the friend who gave me them, with far less care than I bestowed on mine. Perhaps

it will be as well to mention that I reside in South Carolina. Very often plants require a very different mode of treatment in different latitudes, and if those who write on this subject would always state plainly their locality, a great deal of disappointment would be spared. In May a friend sent me some little dried up looking things with the single word "Achimenes" written on the paper envelope inclosing them. I looked at them and thought "them poor miserable looking little scaly tubers, certainly none will grow; neither do I know what treatment they require."

But, fortunately, I have the volumes of

The Horticulturist, published by the lamented Downing, and in one I found a piece on "Achimenes." "Very beautiful, and to be started in heat." Oh, dear! here was trouble, but I had no idea of giving up anything beautiful in the way of flowers. I planted them in three-inch pots, using good rich soil, put the pots in my hot water arrangement. In a few days I saw some little green sprouts coming up. I was surprised. From this time they grew rapidly.

They grew so rapidly that I found the pots were too small and shifted to six-inch. Soon they commenced blooming, and are only now (October) on the decline. The colors were very rich; royal purple, lilac, dark maroon, white with pretty feathery markings of purple, etc. My experience is that they need shade after they begin to bloom, and much water.

I forgot to shade them on one or two occasions, and feared I had lost them, but I watered freely and set the jars in deep plates of water, and removed from the piazza to a cool shaded room. In less than an hour, every flower was fresh and bright. M. M. M.



AN ENGLISH VILLA GARDEN.

the cans can be easily removed and emptied and filled again.

It takes but a few moments each day to do this. If you have a kerosene stove, which is now a necessity with us, and have one of the light tin kettles belonging to it, while you are washing up your breakfast things the second supply of water can be heating. As soon as you finish, if the kettle is boiling, go out and refresh yourself by filling your tin cans, then refresh your green children with the warm soap suds you have washed your enps, etc. with.

In the afternoon fill again, and if any plants are dry, give them some more warm, not hot, water. Late in the evening give all a liberal shower-bath of clear water; the plants will repay you at early morn with bright fresh foliage, and smiling flowers will greet you. In using these cans to force plants ("bottom heat," the gardeners call it), it is best to use the two-pound can for three or four-inch pots and the three-pound for larger. By carefully hammering the edge down when you open the can, you will form a strong rim which

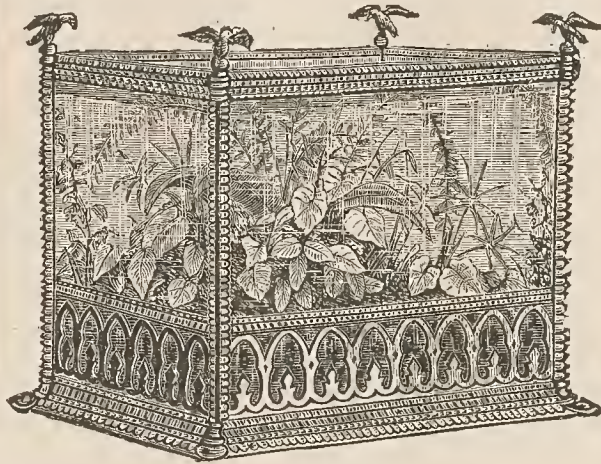
Floral Gossip.

THE GERANIUM.

Among the many plants for garden or house decoration, nothing will surpass the Geranium in brilliancy and abundance of bloom. Many err in starting their slips, giving them too much water, thereby causing them to damp off and die, especially if they are not well ripened, but seem succulent. For the past two or three years, I have tried the following plan and have never lost a cutting. About the middle of August I look over my Geranium plants, and after selecting suitable branches, I take a sharp knife and cut slanting upward about half through the stalk just below a leaf, being careful to make the cut about two or three inches from the end of the branch, as they will root more readily at that point and make better shaped plants than if the slips are taller. I let them remain on the plants about a week after being cut, as by that time a callous is formed, and the slips can then be wholly severed from the plant, and placed in saucers of sand or small pots to root. For soil, I use one part sand, two parts good loam, and two parts leaf-mould. The latter is two years old, well rotted, upon which had been turned the first year washing suds and other slops. I find this excellent for plants, and do not use manure in the soil, as this leaf-mould is sufficiently rich without it. Sometimes I start my slips in saucers of sand, keeping them very wet; sometimes in the soil in which they are to grow, in small pots. In either case they root readily and make fine plants. If rooted in sand they must be removed as soon as roots are formed, which can be readily ascertained, and placed in two or three-inch pots. Young plants of the Geranium will soon blossom after their pots are filled with roots. Last winter I had clusters of blossoms the largest I ever saw, and I kept my plants (those started in August and September) in these three-inch pots all winter, taking them out when I thought it necessary; shaking off an inch or more of soil at the bottom, putting in fresh, being careful to disturb the roots as little as possible. After the pots were well cleaned and the plant replaced with fresh earth at the bottom, it is well to scrape away a little of the old soil at the top and put on new, which will soon cause them to start with fresh vigor and reward you with many buds and blossoms.

Last year I had given me a plant of the ever-blooming variety, and thus far it has been true to its name, blooming continually, whether in a little three-inch pot in winter, or in the garden border in summer. It has immense clusters of bright cherry-colored blossoms, and I find the cuttings taken from it show buds almost as soon as they get rooted. It gives me much pleasure, and pays "better rent" than any other variety I have, and seems naturally to run to blossoms rather than growth of leaves. I removed my old plant carefully from the garden several weeks since, while full of buds and blossoms, and it still goes on as if nothing had happened, with the exception of dropping a few of the lower leaves. I did not have much faith in the name, or the Geranium, when it was given me (thinking they all must have a rest), but this has proved so free and generous with its blossoms, that I prize it above all the Zonalis varieties. The variegated sorts, Madam Pollock, Sophia Cusack, Beauty of Oulton, Black Prince, &c., are extremely beautiful, but should have a place close to the glass, in order to reveal their manifold beauties. While my plants of double Geraniums, started in August, bloomed very freely in small pots, my old plants did nothing of the

sort 'till nearly spring, as they must rest from their labors, being exhausted with their summer blooming in the garden. I find it better to keep them in the cellar for another season than out-of-doors, as it does not pay to keep them in the winter occupying space which had better be filled with other plants. My Geraniums of the sweet scented and fancy leaved varieties,



A WINDOW FERNERY.

I allow more pot room, as a good growth of foliage is desirable in their case.

When my plants show buds, I water them with liquid manure, once or twice a week. Geraniums are not much subject to insects, but frequent sprinklings, with an occasional smoking with tobacco, will keep them free from these pests. It is best to water



PLANT CASE.

them early in the morning, using warm water; do not give too much through midwinter, but gradually increase as the season advances; neither should they be kept too warm through the day—should be cool at night. Give air on pleasant days, and stir the soil occasionally but not too deep. Powdered charcoal is

good to mix with the soil, and helps to keep it sweet, also gives brilliancy to the blossoms. Geraniums are said to be of the easiest culture, but how few are the really good shaped, free blooming plants one sees in cultivation. Some persons give them such large pots that they never get much except leaves from them. Others let them grow in awkward ungainly forms, instead of trimming them into symmetry and beauty. A few, well cared for, are better than a regiment of skeletons, and I wish those who have never tried small pots, would experiment a little in that direction.

LADY CULLUM.

MY FLOWER-ROOM.

It is on the east side of our living-room. Size, 4 x 9 feet inside. You say too narrow, but every inch in width would detract from the warmth. As it is, in a cold sunny day, it gives a good temperature for ordinary plants, without artificial heat. The window which belonged to our room (2½ x 4½ feet) was left unchanged for warming in very cold weather, but we never open it. The small sized door on the same side is seldom shut, except when we steam or fumigate the plants. What do I mean by steaming? I have a water-tight box, 2½ feet long, 1 foot wide, and 4 inches deep. Twice a week, on a sunny day, I have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and putting 3 or 4 pretty good sized red hot stones in this trough, pour the water on them, rush out and shut the door. Of course, after such a foggy hour or two, the watering for that day is done, and of course the red spider is nowhere.

The room is made as nearly as possible frost-proof by partitions of tarred paper, and the old man who built it did good honest work; hence, when shut up it is almost air-proof. It has two east windows of the size above mentioned, and one south window 2½ x 8 feet, reaching to the floor. Each casement is furnished with patent springs (or whatever you call them), so that they can be used easily and handily for ventilation.

The other windows have common outside blinds; this one, close shutters. On account of limited room, we decided against double windows, and for two winters we have had no occasion to move pots away from the window day or night. The floor is of 2 inch plank, 5 inches wide, laid down rather open without nailing, to allow slops from sprinkling to drain off; under the floor is my place for stray pots, &c., and for sand and compost for winter use. It is easier to take care of this room full of plants than to tend a common plant-stand full in a living-room. My plants flourish splendidly; at this writing, there is not a bug, fly or worm on any of them. In short, my flower-room is a complete success. It costs, all painted inside and outside (by the way, it is coiled up inside,) fitted out with shelves, brackets, &c., only between 27 and 28 dollars. Don't you believe it pays?

M. J. GOLDER.

Ferneries.—I would be thankful to learn how you treat Ferneries—if you keep them perfectly air-tight or give them air?

MRS. L. C. U.

Eaton, Ohio.

Answer.—Ferneries should have air when the interior appears to be too damp.

Onion Lilies.—In Vol. III., No. 36, Isabel Bethel asks where an Onion Lily can be got. I have one to spare, and should be pleased to change for some other plant. I don't think much of Onion Lilies.

43 Gold street, N. Y.

B. GRIMSHAW.

Window Gardening.

WINDOW GARDENING.

As I have neither conservatory nor bay-window, and nothing but the common family living-room for my plants, perhaps I cannot compete successfully with those who have these conveniences; but other flower-lovers may be in the same position, and perhaps the bits of knowledge that I possess, may serve to encourage some one to make home bright and pleasant, so that loved ones may find more pleasure at home, and love home better than any other place.

If we would have early flowering plants in the winter, we should make our plans in the spring. Slips may be started even without a hot-bed. I start mine in spring, in small pots; after the usual piece of crock has been placed in the bottom of the pot, I put in an inch or so of rich soil, fill the remainder of the pot with sand, pull the lower leaves off the slip, insert it in the sand, pressing it firmly around the slip. It will root more readily if it touches the bottom or side of the pot; place it in a sunny window, and keep the sand wet; I sometimes place a tumbler over my slips, they do not need repotting till the pot is filled with roots. I have a sort of compost heap, which I make by scraping up the cattle droppings and putting them in a pile, mixing them with sand scraped from the side of the road where the rain washes, I also put in pieces of sod and weeds pulled from my beds, and add leaf-mold; when this is well rotted, it is excellent for plants. In potting plants, after cleansing the pots and putting in the usual piece of crock, I always fill in an inch or more (according to the size of the pot,) of charcoal; it serves for drainage and keeps the plant healthy. I prepare the soil for my plants by mixing the above compost with leaf-mold and garden earth, baking it in the kitchen stove to kill worms, &c. In June I set my double Petunias in the border where they grow and bloom profusely.

Thinking it better to have new plants for winter blooming instead of bringing in the old plants, I start slips from them in summer, by taking a box so shallow that the slips will touch the bottom; fill with sand, insert the slips, place a tumbler, goblet, or any other thing that is made of glass, over them, keep the sand wet, and place the box in a shady situation. The slip will scarcely ever fail to grow when these directions are followed. Other slips, such as Verbenas, Coleus, Heliotrope, Fuchsias, Geraniums, Rose, &c., root readily under the same treatment. These slips should be potted as soon as rooted; if left too long they grow sickly. As soon as they get growing well, I pinch off the terminal bud that they may branch, well knowing that the more branches there are the more flowers I shall have. The Chinese Primrose is a lovely window-plant; I think I may safely say this is one of my pet plants, blooming as it does from October to June, I do not know how much longer it would bloom, because I then cut off all the flower stalks, pinch out all buds, and set it in the shade that it may have a season of rest. In potting it I use leaf mold largely; it does not require so much water as many plants, I let the surface get dry before watering; I keep mine in an east window. If you would have healthy plants, you must examine them daily, pick off the dead leaves and keep everything about them clean; the foliage should be kept clean by sponging once a week with soap-suds, and rinsing with clean water; give them all the sunshine, never mind if it does fade your carpets, it will not only make your plants bloom, but will bring the bloom of health to

your own cheeks; air is very essential to the healthy growth of plants, they should have air every day, but do not let them stand in a draught of air.

One lady wants to know about *Peperomia maculosa*; from the experience I have had with it, I should judge that it required very little water; when I first had mine, all the leaves rotted off except two, I concluded that I gave too much water, so I tried the drying process; new leaves soon started, I gave full sunshine, and have watered very little since; it thrives with this treatment. I occasionally give my plants manure water and soot tea; once a week, on washing days, summer and winter, I water my plants with the dirty suds. I never water in dribblets, but give them a good watering and let the surface get nearly dry before watering again. I always use warm water both in summer and winter, using warmer water in the winter. The soil in the pots should be loosened quite often; a stiff hair-pin is good for the purpose. I never use tobacco on my plants in any form; the use of tobacco and its kindred evils cause so much misery, that I think it wise for the ladies, and especially for flower-lovers to see that they do not give their influence in its favor. If plants are kept clean and potted as often as they need, there will be no trouble with insects, at least I find it so. Every plant should be examined when it is brought into the house, and both plant and pot thoroughly washed in soap-suds, and always rinsed in clean tepid water. When the frost comes and my plants can stay out no longer, I bring them into the house nights, and carry them out in the warm part of the day, till they get accustomed to the change. I carry large Geraniums and other large plants for which I can find no room, into the cellar. Fuchsias (except the winter blooming varieties,) are allowed a few weeks rest.

MRS. CHASTINA J. AGARD,

Staffordville, Conn.

MY SITTING-ROOM.

I think our editor is very kind to let us have such familiar chats with each other on our household pets and pleasures, and perhaps the pleasure of this kind of chat is increased inasmuch as it is all on one side; and you, dear reader, are taken at a disadvantage and have not the opportunity to put in a word even edgewise, but must restrain your patience for at least one month. It is considered quite an accomplishment to be a good listener during conversation, an accomplishment which requires a large amount of patience; we are all so eager to empty our little budget of news and information. A similar feeling I have had in reading the different experiences of flower-lovers given in the CABINET.

I do not write of my sitting-room because it is a marvel of beauty, for it is not, but that I may give some suggestions that may perhaps be found useful to those whose purses are not very deep, or those who prefer simple adornments to the more elegant and costly. What is there that money can purchase more beautiful than flowers? How interesting to watch their growth, and when a bud appears, what joy it gives. I know there are many who cannot appreciate this love for flowers, call it all nonsense, but they are not readers of the FLORAL CABINET; we are all brothers and sisters of a family of similar tastes, enjoying infinitely more than those who can derive no pleasure from the beauties of nature. But to return to my sitting-room: I have suspended behind two of my pictures, bottles out of sight filled with water, the water having to be replaced as it evaporates, in which is the Joint-plant growing. Last winter for some three months I had

the Irish Ivy growing in the same manner which did very nicely, until thinking to hasten its growth, I put in the bottles a few drops of ammonia which caused the leaves to wither almost immediately, so beware. On one side of the room on a bracket is the English Ivy. It was a slip late last Spring; it has now one branch twenty-four inches high, and another ten inches. I have had an Irish Ivy for several years, but have become out of patience with its slow growth. I think the English Ivy gives better satisfaction on account of its more rapid growth, and I do not think they can be told apart unless one is very well acquainted with them. I have heard of trimming the Ivy vine with autumn leaves which I should think would be very pretty. I have some autumn maple leaves pressed for a few days in a book, then ironed with a moderately hot iron, which looks as well and as bright now as they did immediately after being prepared a year ago.

My flower-stand by a window contains some two dozen plants; one or two of them I would like to introduce to the reader. Last summer when cherries were ripe, a neighbor sent me a slip of the Oleander; I rooted it in a bottle of water, then I placed it in a six-inch flower jar in almost wholly leaf mold; it is now thirty-nine inches tall, has been in blossom two or three months, had upon it as large and handsome a cluster of flowers as I think I ever saw upon one. I have a balm Geranium a year old, forty-nine inches tall; I think in some respects a balm Geranium gives more satisfaction than a Rose Geranium; I think it makes a finer show, but its leaves being so large are not quite as useful for bouquets. My plants do not do remarkably well, yet they are healthy and I am not troubled with insects as many are. They have a west window. When I sweep, that they may not receive so much dust, I keep my broom damp by dipping in a pail of water, and I also take sweeping time to give them a good supply of fresh air by opening the window a short distance from them, not letting the cold air directly upon them; I keep the earth well stirred up, and I sometimes have to smoke my roses with tobacco, but not often; sprinkle them as often as convenient, which is not very often in the winter. Wire saved from old brooms is good for making frames for vines to run upon. Take a small stick any length you choose; with a gimlet, bore holes about every two inches down its length; take your wire, put it through the top hole, bring it half way through, then draw each end from opposite sides through all the other holes, leaving the loops any length you desire, and bending them in any shape to suit your fancy, paint the whole with green paint, and you have a support which will be very acceptable to such small vines as Smilax and Murrandia, &c. A very pretty fernery can be made with but little expense in the following manner: Take a board the size you wish your fernery to be, around this board make a box of four-inch moulding, using the board for the base of the box, line the box with zinc, and give the inside of this zinc box a coat of tar; now make a glass box that will fit in this zinc box, with common flour paste and a narrow strip of cloth, fasten the glass together at the corners, pasting the cloth on the outside and a little way down the inside from the top, cover the cloth with paper the color of your moulding, also bind the glass to cover the top with the same, this top to be a little larger than the box; in this you can place your small jars of plants, or fill up with one inch drainage, with moss over it to prevent the earth washing into it, and then fill the zinc box up with soil suitable for your plants, and set your plants in it.

Fenton, Mich.

MRS. F. A. SMITH.



NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1875.

FLOWERS FOR THE WINDOW.

One of our most noted men of the present day affirms that he finds among his friends, the love of house plants to be an unfailing test of neatness, order, and various other virtues. However this may be, every one will allow the enlivening and cheering influence of flowers in a home.

Leigh Hunt, whose taste was considered unquestionable, once said, that if one could have but a single plant, let it be a Scarlet Geranium. Let us have a few plants, well kept, rather than a dozen sickly, neglected specimens.

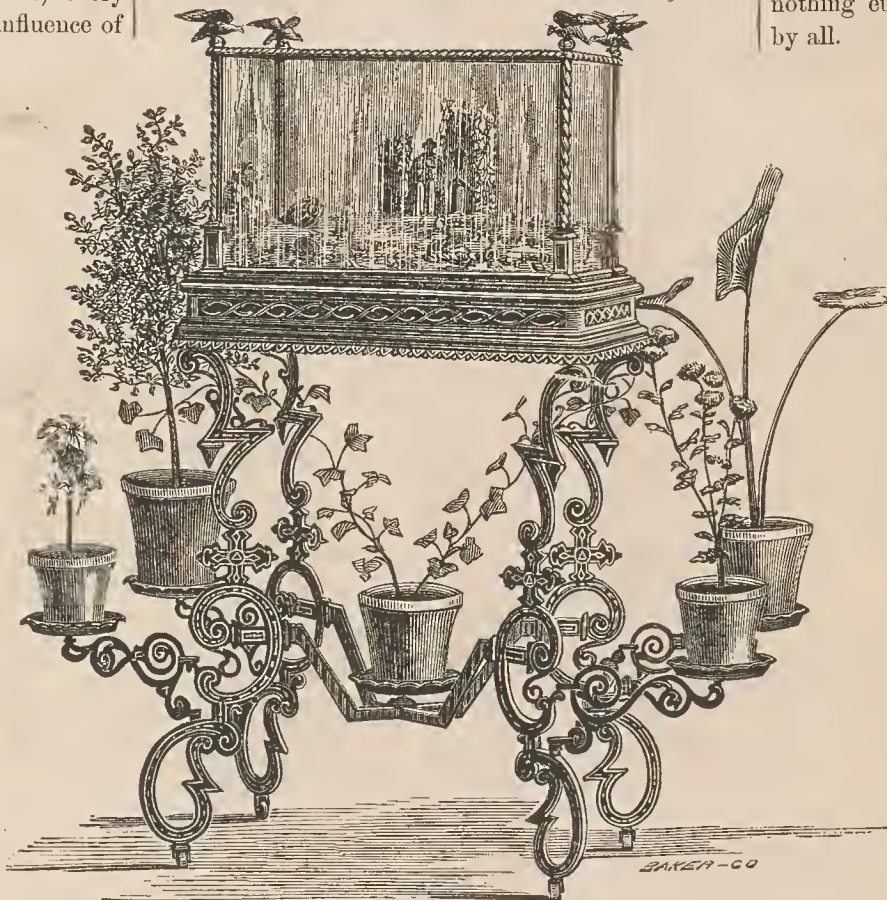
The first requisite with plants, as with persons, is pure air; one of the commonest errors of those who attempt the culture of house plants, is over crowding; the pots should not be allowed to touch one another, room should be given for the free circulation of the air through the foliage. An occasional showering, once or twice a week, is greatly conducive to their health.

The temperature of a room should never be above 65 degrees Fahrenheit, nor below 40 degrees, a mean temperature of about 50 degrees is desirable, although it should always be lower after dark; otherwise it has a tendency to make plants weak and sickly.

Among the most satisfactory plants for winter blooming are Roses, Geraniums, Callas, Begonias, Heliotropes, and of Carnations, the varieties President Degraw and La Purite, are free bloomers. Verbenas, if exposed fully to the sun and treated to frequent showerings, will be a mass of bloom from January to May. The aphids and small black fly, so troublesome on house plants, may be removed by using in every quart of water, a drop or two of liquid ammonia, apply every day. If they prove refractory, a little carbolic acid in water, sprinkled on the leaves, will speedily remove them. Let no one

overlook Mignonette in selecting other more showy plants. It is very easily grown, requiring only a sandy soil and little water; the fragrance of one blossom will fill a room, and a pot of it should always be found in the smallest collection of plants. In Barbary, this little plant is quite a shrub, instead of a tender annual as with us. It may be grown, however, as a tree, if kept in a pot and pruned to the requisite shape; in this case the buds must be nipped for two summers, after which the stem will have bark like a real tree.

Perhaps, every one does not know how much can be made of "the Passion-breathing Heliotrope," it may be successfully bloomed as a window plant if the air be not too dry. When placed out of doors it must not be exposed to the full blaze of the sun, but set in a damp and partially shaded situation. The writer has seen a plant, treated in this manner, grown, with the aid of a wooden trellis, to the height of five feet during a single summer; it was a most beautiful sight, being covered with large clusters of fragrance. The Lily of the Valley, *Lilium candidum* and *longiflorum*, may be treated as the Calla; plenty of warm water must be given as soon as they commence growing. If one wishes a specialty, nothing is lovelier than some of the many varieties of roses, with less care than almost any other flower, they will charm the possessor with a profusion of blossoms all winter long. Among the freest bloomers are Louis Philippe, velvety maroon; Agrippina, scarlet; Lucullus, large and full, with the color and fragrance of the first roses in June; then some of the more delicate sorts, Madame Damazine, a most exquisite blending of fawn and salmon, shaded with amaranth at the heart of it; Aristides, pale flesh color, streaked with carmine; Celine Forrester, Count le Barthe, and countless others, all equally beautiful.



AQUARIA AND FLOWER STAND.

Very showy hanging baskets may be had by rooting cuttings of *Tropaeolum major* and *minus*, and setting them out with the White Maurandia. Cuttings are very easily rooted in coarse sand.

In arranging flowers regard should be paid to the contrast; white flowers, Tuberoses for instance, should be placed in a vase of contrasting color, never in a

white one, as they lose their waxen fairness by contrast. Masses of color should always be avoided, and high colored bouquets can be relieved by the introduction of plenty of green. A charming effect is produced by a few flame-colored Nasturtiums in a dish of pure white Verbenas. Miss M. G. F.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

We introduce this month several charming illustrations of flower gardens and floral elegancies. On the first page is a curious scene of a Chinese garden, in the grounds of the Villa Pallavicini, Genoa, Italy. The curious swing, bridge, and Chinese temple are perfect imitations of the Chinese style of architecture. Page 20 introduces a scene of rare beauty in the flower gardens of an English rural estate at Stoke Rochford, near Grantham, England. Observe the elegant lawn and flower beds on the terrace, with grassy borders, box edges, and lovely evergreens. Life amid such treasures of rural taste must indeed be charming. On page 21 are two pretty sketches of parlor and window ferneries. The smaller one is now made in the United States, and costs from \$8 to \$12; the larger one is copied from an English design and would be quite expensive. On this page is a pretty design of an aquaria and flower-stand. This is an American design, now manufactured and sold for about \$15 to \$20, is very strong, made of beautifully bronzed metal, and altogether a splendid ornament for any window. Page 25 introduces us to a capital picture of an old-fashioned "Tea-Party." How the old gossips are enjoying themselves. Such a time in picking other people to pieces. How natural they look. Page 29 caricatures one of the weaknesses of human nature—troubled with an imaginary malady, trying everything, nothing curing, cared for only by servants, laughed at by all.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Bound Volumes, 1874.—We now have for sale volumes of THE CABINET for 1874, bound in handsome cloth, with side stamp in gilt, for \$2.00, sent postage paid. To those who wish to bind their volumes, covers for this purpose will be sent for 75 cents. Volumes previous to 1874 are too large for binding and mailing.

To Club Agents.—Keep good look out for stragglers. Don't stop working. Many who did not have their money ready in January will sometime in February or March. Do not lose sight of them. If they really want to take the paper, help them to get it by waiting till their money is ready. That is the way big clubs are made up, a little at a time. We like to pay a club agent a good premium for all he can get. Every one who works for THE CABINET we are bound to treat as liberally as we can afford.

Silk Book Marks.—Our readers can form no idea of the beauty of the Silk Book Marks we offer in our paper. They are simply superb. Every one who has purchased one has been the means of selling another. Agents can do well with them. In lots of a dozen to any one we will sell at a discount. As birthday presents they are especially appropriate. They are specially imported from England.

Back Volumes.—The demand for back volumes from our new subscribers has been very great. Nothing is newer and more entertaining than these back numbers. So cheap. So interesting.

We still can supply them as follows: \$1.00 for volume 1873, postage paid; \$1.25 for volume 1874 postage paid; 50 cents for July to December, 1872, postage paid. These prices are for volumes unbound.

The whole set, from July, 1872 to December, 1874, make a grand Floral and Pictorial Encyclopedia.

To New Subscribers—Back Volumes.—Many new subscribers will desire all back volumes to be obtained. We will send them as follows if purchased singly: for \$2.00 back volumes 1873 and 1874; for 50 cents from July to December, 1872.

No numbers can be obtained prior to July, 1872. The above offer does not include chronos.

To Subscribers in Clubs.—All subscribers in a club should receive their papers in one bundle at the same time. Enough papers are sent from our office to supply every club. Sometimes the label may slip off—yet the papers arrive at the post office. Before writing to the publisher always ask the postmaster, and claim any copy not labelled, as it properly belongs to any subscriber who has failed to receive his own with the rest of the club.

Missing Numbers.—Should any subscriber fail to receive all his numbers properly, a postal card directed to us will be sufficient to remedy and supply the deficiency. We are anxious that every one should get just what is paid for, although we suffer greatly from failure of the United States Mails.

Home Life.

A VOICE FROM "FIVE OAKS."

BY DORWOOD.

Jack Frost was abroad last night, and this morning I awoke in Fairy Land. Each tree and shrub glistened like silver in the early sunlight, and the brown grass wore a mantle of the purest white. But I must not loiter, for I am late and the breakfast is to get, so, while I busy myself about said meal, the children amuse themselves with the frost-pictures upon the window-pane, and first one and then the other calls to "mother" to tell them about this pretty picture, or else describe them to me in their own quaint way; and many times they chide Miss Baby (who also is interested in whatever is said), as she spats her chubby fist upon some of their frost-pictures, thereby causing a ruin.

Challie is fond of wheat cakes, so I conclude to give him a pleasant surprise for breakfast. I take one pint of good, sour buttermilk, one tea-spoon of salt, the same of soda, one egg, and enough flour to make a thin batter. I then beat it well, and when the griddles are hot I drop three small cakes upon each griddle. These, eaten with butter, honey and a good cup of coffee, "is a breakfast fit for a king;" at least, that was the complimentary remark Challie made as he arose from the table.

I went down to the spring to get some moss. I never saw it so beautiful as now. I gathered my basket full of great feathery bunches and found some which looked like a star, while an old log gave up some of its ornaments to beautify my one small south window, where already I have quite a collection of beauty in the shape of Geraniums, Verbenas, Roses

and vines, the loveliest of all being the German Ivy. Every wash-day (which day I try to have come on Monday), I put them, pot and all, into the tub, let them soak up all the water they will, while I dig about their roots gently with a fork; carefully sprinkle the leaves with clean rain-water, having it as near the same temperature of the room as I can get it. I then place them in the sink until all the water has ceased to drip. I find this method much the better way, as by so doing I do not have to water them during the week, except to sprinkle them lightly once or twice, and they fully repay this scanty care of them by their luxuriant growth and fresh, bright beauty, it is such

and aprons on, which they have worn during the week, these pillows, by a great stretch of imagination, look not unlike a baby. The children enjoy Saturday night very much for then I let them have the pillows to play with, for the cases have been soiled with use through the week. They count the days until Saturday. Miss Baby is quite as busy as any of them, tearing up the dolls or pulling down cob-houses, which rough handling calls forth some remonstrance from the older ones; but, as they are immediately sent to bed as soon as they begin to disagree, try very good naturedly to put baby off in her box and go on with their play.

It may not be out of place just here to speak of "that box." Our baby is just old enough to climb up by chairs, table and stove, crawl around under foot and getting into mischief every moment, and with all our care, is in danger of getting hurt every hour in the day when she is not asleep; so a happy thought struck me one day. I had a box in the wood-shed about two feet long and one foot high. I scrubbed and cleaned it nicely, put a rug in the bottom, and placed Miss Tike-a-nike (as the children call her), into her narrow prison, and she is warm, comfortable and happy as she sits there playing now with a small vial and a corn-husker.



THE TEA PARTY.

a pleasure to me to watch the unfolding of each tiny bud and leaflet, and the children welcome each new blossom with shouts of delight.

I do not have much leisure to devote to my window, so I shall put this moss away in layers in the cellar and it will keep nicely until I shall have arranged it all to suit my fancy.

"Saturday night in this farmer's cot." The children have been bathed, and now in their night-dresses, are building cob-houses, anon are playing with the pillows—they call them their fat babies—for with a string tied around near one end, and one of their own

Challie sits here reading. Whenever he comes across a choice morsel he shares with me. As for me, I am content with my scribbling, and when the little ones have said their prayers and are snug in bed, I shall read aloud to Challie as he sits back in his chair with his feet on a level with his head, or else lies upon the lounge with his eyes half closed, watching me as I read.

In the case of a Kansas man being struck by lightning the coroner's jury rendered a verdict: "He was killed by the Lord, but the Lord is all right."

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE ART OF GRECIAN PAINTING.

[No. 2.]

STRETCHING AND VARNISHING.—WHITE SPOT
PLAGUE.

Numerous subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET, having expressed an earnest desire to receive lessons in the art of Grecian, Oriental, and other fancy painting, the writer cheerfully accedes to the request of our editor, to furnish frequently, a lesson in one, or other of these arts; and although every effort will be made to render the explanations as clear, and the descriptions as lucid as possible, there may sometimes, perhaps, be certain points which some may not perfectly understand; in such a case we earnestly request that any one desirous of further information will candidly say so, when, either by private letter, or through the columns of the CABINET, the matter will be made the subject of clearer explanation.

Before proceeding to give any directions, we would urge all those about to practice in these branches of art-work, to make up their minds to much patient and persevering effort; for although a fine picture is a beautiful object, painting is not an art to be prosecuted with merely a few hours application.

Grecian painting presents many favorable points, which must recommend it; for although (as in all art), one who possesses a certain natural genius and rare artistic discernment has very much in his favor, still as the engraving to be worked up has all the lights and shades blended and pencilled upon it, the artist, if only a tyro in painting, can so touch the parts as to produce a very pleasing picture; and one with even an average idea of color, by examining a good chromo, oil painting, or even a colored lithograph, can scarcely fail to make something even far more beautiful than this; while the patient and untiring devotee who will practice perseveringly, and carefully and industriously touch and retouch, day after day, and week after week, will in the end produce a painting so fine and so artistic withal that none, save an experienced artist, will be able to detect that it is a Grecian painting, finished upon the outside, instead of a genuine oil painting. Is not such an issue worth striving for? From a long and varied experience we can answer "it is!" and assure you that you may, by closely following the directions to be given you month after month, be able to wreath your Grecian "Madonna Della Scala," or "Beatrice de Cenci" in laurel, and cry "Eureka!" in an exultant voice, and our last words of salutory are "never say die."

The implements and articles necessary for Grecian painting, are Tube paints, (Windsor & Newtons; are, we believe, the finest,) viz: Flake white, Naples yellow, raw and burnt umbers, Indian red, Venetian red, vermilion, rose madder, crimson lake, Vandyke brown, raw and burnt sienna, Italian pink, chrome yellow, deep chrome, yellow ochre, ivory-black, verdigris, emerald green, Prussian blue, cobalt, and megilp. The colors must be the fine English oil tube paints, and may be obtained with all other materials and implements named, at almost any art-material emporium. Beside the colors, are required Grecian varnish, mastic varnish, spirits of turpentine, drying and pure sweet oils of best quality, palette, palette knives, one-inch flat varnish brush, one-inch flat bristle brush, for the varnishes, (never use one for the other,) half-dozen sable or camel's hair brushes, soft sponge, cups for cleansing brushes, hand rest, and if possible, a regular easel; also some soft cloth, or rags, for cleansing the

palette, &c. Varnish costs from 25 cents to \$1 per bottle, according to size; bleached oils, from 15 to 25 cents per bottle; brushes can be procured by the dozen in assorted sizes, averaging 12½ cents per piece, the miniature pencils, 5 cents, the large flat varnish brushes, 25 cents. Boxes of materials for Grecian and Antique painting, can be procured for \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, and \$8, according to size and number of articles contained. The varnishes, &c., may be made if preferred, and we will add the formulas, although, it will be wiser to procure the regular varnish, unless it is certain the ingredients are pure and fresh.

Grecian Varnish.—3 ounces fir-balsam; 2 ounces fourth-proof alcohol. Mix well, and add 1 ounce pure spirits turpentine. (If the alcohol is not pure, it will not cut the balsam.)

Mastic Varnish.—Dissolve (without heat) six ounces of bruised mastic in twelve ounces of rectified spirits of turpentine; when well dissolved, strain into another bottle, cork it, and place it in the sun; after a few hours, if examined, a precipitate will be found; pour off the clear, upper part in another bottle and keep corked.

The engraving having been selected, have a stretcher made of pine about one inch thick, and from half an inch to two or more in width, according to size of picture, (as in oil paintings,) have one side made smooth; the inside of this frame must be exactly the size of the engraving, showing no white margin; but upon no account, cut away the margin until the frame has been laid upon it, when cut carefully away to the outer edge of the stretcher; now paint the smooth side of the stretcher with nice flour paste, in which a very little dissolved glue has been stirred; and having the engraving laid upon a table face down, press the pasted side of the frame firmly upon it, then turn it carefully over, and with a pad made by rolling a cloth or napkin firmly together, press every part of it until all wrinkles are removed, and the entire wet surface is evenly pressed all around the edge of the frame, then having made a napkin or piece of muslin quite damp, lay it over the picture, that it may be as damp in the centre as around the edges, and dry off simultaneously, in order to prevent cracking from the shrinking. This done, lay the whole away until perfectly dry.

When this is accomplished, pour on the back of the engraving some Grecian varnish, rubbing it in with a stiff bristle brush, until the entire surface is wet, but not enough so as to filter through in spots upon the engraved side; (the whole success of the operation depends upon this stage of it being done properly, and it is therefore highly important to attend to it carefully;) saturate the entire surface, but do not let it be dripping wet; rub it in thoroughly, yet so gently as not to tear holes in the paper; repeat this at intervals of ten minutes or so, four or five times; when thoroughly transparent, place it in some place secure from dust, heat, or molestation, for eight or ten days; during this interregnum however, examine it occasionally, and if any opaque spots appear, saturate with spirits of turpentine, and then with the varnish, persevering in this until there is no sign of a white spot, which is the terror and plague of the Grecian painter, inasmuch that it is called the "white spot plague." The only remedy for this dire disease is, doses of turpentine administered freely; then a thorough rubbing with varnish.

Frequently this disease will appear long after the varnish has dried; and sometimes after a picture is entirely finished, framed and hung, the proud artist will be amazed some bright day, when upon the point of exhibiting the charming achievement of his or her artistic skill, to find that her lovely Madonna has been attacked suddenly with the "plague," which has made

a distressing scar upon her ruby lips, or turned her waving brown hair to a grizzly white. Now do not let this warning frighten you, nor make you less anxious nor eager to commence your cherished plan of possessing some rare gems, but do let it make you exceedingly careful in the matter of preparing your engraving; in this you cannot be too diligent, in this you cannot be over careful nor over particular, for upon it depends (as I said before,) your future success, (in a great measure.) It is no light matter to carefully finish a beautiful painting, and months after, find it full of blemishes, all arising from the one hasty or careless step taken in the beginning. I speak what I do know! and it were time and space well devoted, did this entire article only succeed in preventing one single aspirant after artistic honor in the field of Grecian art, from the chagrin, disappointment and real sorrow which must follow the failure in a pursuit upon which one has perhaps spent many hours, and expended energy and ardent anticipation! Once again, therefore we repeat the warning, never to hurry over this portion of the preparation in order to GET ON to the more pleasing part of coloring. Clear the engraving thoroughly; examine often and closely, and repeat the bathing with turpentine and rubbing with varnish, until the entire picture is perfectly transparent. When ready to paint, the under or wrong side will appear like one even glossy surface, and when held to the light, not a single thick or white spot, nor even a hint of one must appear. When the turpentine is applied, allow it to remain on for a half hour, then examine and repeat if necessary; doing this until the spots disappear, which they must and will do eventually; then apply a generous coat of varnish and dry once more for a week or two.

MRS. C. S. J.

PRETTY ORNAMENTS.

Make a cross of wood, just as large or small as you like, with a square piece of wood for the base, cover with dry green moss, or green and gray lichens, put on with glue; around the edge of the top of the base, put a row of small white shells, and you will have a very pretty thing to see. To make a cornucopia, cut out of pasteboard the shape of a cornucopia, two pieces alike, sew them both together leaving the top open, then cover with lichens, glued on one side only, and tack to the wall. This is very pretty filled with dried grasses, pressed ferns and autumn leaves, with the bright berries of the bittersweet. A star cut from pasteboard and covered with moss or lichens is also pretty. Wreaths and crosses made of bittersweet berries, make very neat little ornaments. Butternut shells sawed in round pieces, are very handsome glued on any wooden ornaments and varnished. Grape stems tied on something firm and dipped in melted white wax in which is vermilion, make very handsome picture frames, looking like coral. Pressed ferns in groups of three are very pretty pinned on the wall, just over or under a picture. The gray wreaths of the clematis are very pretty to twine around or over the top of picture frames. A moss cottage cut from pasteboard pieces that will form a house when put together, with places cut out for door and windows, and sloping roof, one side of the roof to come in front, cover all with dry moss or lichens glued on, put a gay piece of woolen or flannel on the floor for a carpet, and paste some pieces of colored paper inside of the windows for curtains, to come half way down, glue the house to the centre of a square piece of wood, cover this also with moss, cut out of pasteboard in long strips, a fence, or better still, make a rustic one of small twigs, and put around the edge of the board. Make a fine pebble path, from the door to the gate, and it is complete.

Parlor Decorations.

DRAWING ROOM WALL DECORATION.

A drawing room in the usual acceptance of the term is substantially a lady's room. It is there she presides and reigns supreme as mistress of the mansion and queen of her company. As a rule, she fills it with articles of bijouterie and knick-knacks—articles which ladies of taste are sure to admire. The style of its decorations should be in accordance with its general aspect when in use—light, cheerful and rich.

*The ceiling, if it be a moderately sized room, and not enriched with ornament in relief, may be tinted buff. A stile may be added next to the cornice, which may be tinted a warm gray; an ornament may be stencilled at each corner; and a smaller one in the centre of each side, between corner and corner, and connected by lines either broken and stencilled or run continuously.

In the designing and connection of the corners and centre ornaments, care should be taken to cause the lines to flow out of the corners and form a part of them. A broad line and a fine line look better than a single line, or than two of the same width, either fine or broad. They may be either broken lines with stripes or dots, or interlace one with the other. The color for the broad line may be a dull warm gold or a golden brown; the fine line may be either a tint made from vermilion and white, or a reddish mauve. The broad line should not be more than three-quarters of an inch broad on a ceiling of ordinary height, and the fine line about one-eighth.

The ornaments may be done in two or three tints, as may be desired. When only part of an ornament is gilt, the rest of it should not be a cream or gold color, or other tone of yellow, as these tints blend with the gold, and we thus avoid an abrupt line.

The walls may be done in several ways; when the room is large, a good style is to divide the walls into proportionate panels, with stiles and pilasters and gold mouldings. The centre panel on each wall may be filled with a mirror of the same dimension, and finished in the same manner as the other panels. Much care is required in the selection of glass for this purpose, especially in cases where two glasses are exactly opposite each other; for if they are not perfectly level and equal in surface, they distort everything in the room; the cornices of the room and doorways will appear broken and falling down, and as there is a double reflection which causes as it were an endless vista of rooms, the distortion is multiplied each time, but if the mirrors are good and true, the effect produced is excellent.

Ornaments should never be attempted, except they can be well and carefully done, and they should always have a meaning. The wild flowers of the months are a very suitable decoration, unpretentious and well adapted for arrangement. Large masses of flowers are objectionable. Colored ornaments, enclosing medallions, either of the seasons or classic heads, is also a good style. A less pretentious style of treatment is to paint each wall or side of the room into one panel, with gold mouldings as before, but in this case each panel should have a centre ornament of proportionate size, placed exactly in the middle of the top lines of mouldings, in order to give elevation, and break the long straight line which is always objectionable.

The form of these and of the corner ornaments must

be determined by the style of the room. The centre of the panel may be either tinted or filled in with a suitable diaper pattern paper.

The color of the stiles of the room will depend upon that of the paper of panels. A good way is to color the walls of some light, pleasing tint in distemper, then decorate with a floral border around the upper part of the room, about six inches wide, enclosed in simple gold beads and forming a frieze; a narrow ornamental border in one color may also be put around the bottom of the wall, about six inches from the skirting.

Many paper hangers make a practice of running borders, and even gold moulding, around the door casings and around the chimney piece; this is a vulgar practice, something in the paper trunk style and should be avoided.

And remember this, that it is not always the most expensive work which looks the best.

M. QUAD.

WAX FLOWERS.

A sheet of white tissue paper is best to work on. Place this on the table before you. Now, obtain the various petals, calyx, stamens, &c., in the following manner: Taking the flower to be imitated, gently remove one of each size petals, beginning with the outside. From these cut a pattern of white paste-board; now select the proper color and thickness of wax, and from it cut with a pair of scissors the number of petals and calyx required. The wax should be held in the left hand, with its dull side upwards; on this place the pattern with the longest part of the petal running lengthwise of the sheet of wax. The scissors should be frequently dipped in water to prevent the adhering of the wax. Letting them stand in warm water a short time before using is an advantage.

In cutting out a round petal, as the rose, the lower part of the scissor blades should be used, not the points; these should never be allowed to meet, except in cutting the finer parts, as stamens. The modelling tools also require moistening, except on a colored surface, when no moisture is required. Hold the modelling pin in the right hand with the petal to be molded in the palm of the left; allow the stem to revolve freely, taking care not to crush through the wax. The pressure should be gentle and steady, and the wax quite soft. The wax only requires warmth and pressure to unite the different parts. Great care is necessary to prevent color or moisture coming between parts to be united, therefore, in painting a petal, the end to be united to the seed vessel should be left uncolored. Great care should be taken in obtaining a thin edge to the petals; this is done by using the head of a small modelling pin. Many flowers have a glossy texture, which is given by painting the petals, after they are formed, with moist coloring, using a sable brush, for instance the sepals of the red fuchsia. A thin solution of gum water is also used, applied with a soft camel hair brush. In some cases use the powdered colors dry and mixed with arrowroot, as the white pond lily, allowing one part flake white to two parts arrowroot. The pale colors may be rubbed on dry with the finger, but the richer ones succeed best mixed with ammonia. The following are good directions for mixing the colors:

In light blue, use French ultra-marine and flake white. Torquoise color, such as forget-me-not, cobalt and flake white. Crimson carmine, such as is in verbenas, roses, &c., carmine deepened with violet, or should it be of a scarlet shade, add extract of vermil-

ion. Primrose, use lemon yellow. Laburnum color, use chrome No. 1. Amber, use chrome No. 2. Pink for roses, pink madder deepened by crimson lake or carmine. A bright geranium pink, carmine and flake white. Pale lilac, flake white, carmine and French ultra-marine. A deep purple, carmine and violet carmine. Burnt sienna is a useful brown, deepened by sepia or paled by chrome No. 1 and 2. Green is produced by one of the three chromes and Prussian blue. Pale pea green, chrome No. 1. A warmer green, chrome No. 2, and a deep olive green, chrome No. 3. The whitish green, in the carnation calyx, is formed of chrome No. 1 and Prussian blue, adding a rather large portion of flake white. All colors must dry on the wax before any decision can be obtained as to the correctness of the tint. The moist colors will be used for such flowers as geranium, picotees, passion flower, &c., the difficulty is their tendency to mix with the body color, as for instance, the violet carmine used to imitate the rich velvety appearance on a pink geranium petal. To insure this perfect distinctness, no second touch must be given, until the first is perfectly dry, and the brush must not be dragged, but if possible stippled on. If wished to use moist color on the wax, without any body color, breathing on the petal will remove the repellant property of the wax. These moist colors should always be mixed with ammonia and applied with a sable brush, which should always be kept clean. In conclusion, let us try to faithfully imitate these beautiful creations of our Heavenly Father, for in no way can we add to the loveliness of their form and coloring.

Pequonoc Bridge, Conn.

M. A. J.

WAX ORNAMENTS.

In the September No. Mrs. E. W. Jones wishes to know how to make brackets, also designs for wax work. A cross or harp is very pretty; may be bought or made to order; if not painted it must be covered with white paper. Then cover with white sheet wax, smoothing the edge or seams, coat with silver white and sprinkle with diamond dust. Make a wreath of ivy leaves of white silvered wax; these are lovely when twined gracefully on the cross. Frame in a deep frame lined with blue velvet; it casts an effective shading on white, making it look like marble. Small brackets can be made from cigar boxes with the aid of a leaf saw and a penknife. A pattern can be had by laying a bracket on cardboard and marking it off, pieces to be glued together and varnished or left plain and draped with velvet or cloth ornamented to suit the taste.

M.

STARS.

A lady asks in the December No. of the CABINET, how to make stars out of paper. I have a paper holder trimmed with stars cut out of gold paper, which I cut in the following manner, taking my idea from a florist's directions for making a flower bed in the shape of a star:

First draw a circle, then divide the circumference into five equal parts with dots, from each dot to the second one from it each way, draw straight lines. These lines form the star. Cut away the surplus part of the circle and the star is made, which can be used as a pattern to cut other stars from. The size of the star of course depending upon the size of the circle. Describing the circle, the size of a spool or thimble will make a very pretty sized star for ornamenting many things.

Household Elegancies.

RUSTIC PICTURES.

A few remarks appear necessary before giving the directions for making the beautiful ornaments called rustic pictures. This work will be found, I think, something entirely new, although, perhaps, many will suppose, upon first reading the name, that they have seen or made such work before. I would state here, that this work is not like the kind named in Art Recreations, and other works, as moss work and moss pictures, mine being worked entirely by the skill and taste of the operator, and not simply built upon a painting or engraving as in the works named. Great neatness is necessary, as well as a certain amount of artistic taste and skill in making these pictures, that they may please the eye and give an idea of perspective as clearly, almost, as the paintings in oil or water colors or engravings. This is done by placing certain objects high or low, far back or near, and by using various colors of moss, dried and pressed leaves, grasses, &c. The materials and implements necessary for each picture will be given with directions, and should there be any information wanted at any time, that is not published with the piece, it will be cheerfully and gladly furnished.

No. 1—EASTER CROSS.

The materials necessary for this picture are white cardboard to fit and cover a recess frame of any desired size. The one from which this is taken is one by one and one-half feet. An oval or arched mat to surround the picture, a flat wooden cross of size to suit frame, white moss, such as is found upon old fences and trees, green moss, dried grasses, everlasting flowers, the scarlet berries or balls called crabs eyes, autumn leaves that have been pressed and varnished, dried ferns, white frosting, mucilage of best white gum arabic, white glue, arrow root. The white stainers used for wax or paper flowers, and a few green leaves, wax or paper, or dried natural ones, a few crayons of green shades, are serviceable, but not indispensable.

The implements are a mucilage brush, a small sash brush for glue, sharp knife and scissors, two dredging boxes for arrow root and frosting, such as are used for pepper, &c. in the kitchen, the latter with large holes, and boxes to hold the various materials, in order to keep them from getting broken and mingled together, which causes much trouble and discomfort.

Having all these articles ready and the cross made, wet it well with rather stiff glue and place it upon the white cardboard, back of the recess, the middle rather above the centre of frame, in order to allow for the ground-work, as seen in the design. Cover the cross with white moss and bark, commencing at the top and covering carefully, one piece slightly overlapping the other, until entirely covered. Take a card box, about half as deep as the recess, cut away the one side and make a hole in the bottom that will admit the bottom of cross, glue it to the recess and cross, and when dry, cover with green moss. Place grasses, flowers, leaves, &c. in tasteful groups around and on it, and train a piece of vine-like fern or vine around the body and over the arms of cross, with drooping sprays falling carelessly from the arms. When dry touch lightly with mucilage, dust a little powder and a great deal of frosting upon it and

it is done. After the frosting, &c. dries, tap the back of frame lightly to remove loose particles of frosting, &c., then frame carefully. AUNT CARRY.

PICTURES FOR HOME.

Our ideal home is always well stocked with pictures, for nothing else adds such an air of elegance and refinement to rooms. Our chairs and sofas will yield to the tooth of Time, but our pictures, like the faces of tried and true friends, only grow dearer to us as the years flee away.

It is not necessary to our happiness that we have oil paintings and costly engravings. Most of us must be satisfied with less expensive pictures, and we can



EASTER CROSS.

minister to our love of the beautiful without great outlay, for are there not lovely chromos, charming photographs and beautiful and inexpensive prints within the reach of every one?

We like a few large pictures better than many small ones, though the small ones are not to be despised. We want landscapes to look at when we tire of people, and we want the faces of good people to look at when we are tired of landscapes. We grow to love the pictured faces of Raphael, St. Agnes, the Mater Dolorosa, Evangeline and Beatrice, as if they were our friends beloved. Picture stores are full of them, waiting for us to adopt them.

Ingenuity and skill will lessen materially the cost of framing. Frames of gilt, walnut or walnut and ebony polished, are always pretty. A flat frame covered tightly with velvet to correspond with the furnishing of the room is elegant. Such a frame should have a gilt moulding upon the inner edge, especially if the picture is dark. The outer edge might be sawed in graceful curves, if preferred, and the effect might be still further heightened by putting over the velvet a very delicate wood carving of the kind called Sorrento carving.

Unmounted photographs of statuary and paintings are very cheap. Mount them yourself with great nicety, and then get suitable paper, and make your own mats. An oblong opening, with rounded corners, is easily made, or an oval. To gild the edge, use gum arabic and gold powder, or which is easier, use a gold saucer that costs only twenty-five cents and lasts for years. At a little distance from the edge draw and gild another line. Sometimes carmine ink is used on mats over photographs, and sometimes India ink. A small landscape with an inch of white margin, and then a tinted mat giving two more inches of margin, looks very pretty. Of frames made by the Sorrento saws, the name is legion, and nothing can exceed them in delicacy and beauty. Old magazines often yield choice little pictures, which, properly set, become a daily pleasure. As for seed catalogues they are doubly welcome to those who have ever thought to cut out the beautiful flowers very neatly, and transfer them to brown, gray or even white paper. On dark papers, with a light coat of varnish, they do very well for dining-room chromos. Sometimes several groups may be cut out and arranged together with good effect.

For fruit pieces, one may make something really pretty with the pictures from fruit cans and from cloth. One that I see often has a plate drawn on large buff crayon paper; the plate is shaded and the edge gilded; on the plate are heaped peaches, plums, cherries and strawberries with their leaves; a water lily rests against the side, and over it a humming bird hovers. Little pictures do nicely in *passe-partouts*, and for making them, black cambrie does better than paper; pretty gilt ornaments for corners are often found in wall papers.

Hang the pictures low enough, and hang them evenly, grouping them so as to make the best possible appearance. White brackets under them, with vases of ivy, ferns or vines, add much to the beauty of our friends upon the wall.

Rochester, N. Y. DORE HAMILTON.

BLEACHING FERNS.

Gather them after the first frost, in October, has turned them brown or yellow; then put them in a solution of chloride of soda, not lime, one-third soda and two-thirds water, and let them stand in the sun until white; then rinse them in clear water; float them on a piece of glass; carefully wipe them with a soft cloth, and press them between blotting paper; when dry they are ready for use.

Cabinet Varnish.—To one gallon of alcohol add six ounces of gum sandarach, three ounces of gum mastic, and half an ounce of turpentine varnish; put this in a tin can in a warm place, shaking occasionally. In ten days or two weeks it will be dissolved. Strain it, and it will be ready for use. It is good for any kind of woodwork, violins, &c.

Hireside Readings.

THE "BEST ROOM."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom,
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed to be a ghost in every chair;
Each looked as it had scuttled to its place,
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
While the black sofa, with its horse-hair pall,
Gloomed like the hier for comfort's funeral.
Two pictures graced the wall in grimmest troth,
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth—
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
Half wish I dared, half Edwards on the will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic colic on the face.
Between them o'er the mantel hung in state
Solomon's temple done in copper plate;
Invention pure, but meet, we may presume,
To give some scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two samplers you might see,
Each with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
Cut paper decked the frame against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who
were wise,
And blushed asparagus, in fading green,
Added its shiver to the Franklin clean.
When first arrived, I chilled a half hour there,
Nor dared deflower with use a single chair;
I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.

DEACON BARNES' SUNDAY.

"Beautiful! beautiful!!" mentally ejaculated Deacon Barnes, at the close of a morning sermon about heaven. "Those are my ideas exactly."

And so enwrapped was he with his thoughts, as he passed out of the church, he forgot to ask lane old Mrs. Howe to ride home with him, as was his usual custom.

"Perhaps it is well," he thought, "for she is a worldly old woman and would probably have drawn my thoughts away from Heaven."

At the dinner table, his son exclaimed: "Oh, father, I have got a situation at last!"

"Have you forgotten that it is Sunday, John?" asked the father, sternly. "Don't let me hear any more such talk."

John ate his dinner in silence. How could his situation be a wrong thing to speak of on Sunday. He was so thankful for it that it seemed to come from the hand of God. God knew all about the restless months in which he had answered an advertisement every week.

When the minister gave thanks in church for all the mercies of the past week, John's heart gave a grateful throb, and he determined now to acknowledge God in all his ways.

John ate his dinner in silence, while his father thought about Heaven.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnes' nephew, a stranger in that place, came over from his boarding place opposite, and sat on the piazza talking with John.

"I can't allow this, Tom," said Mr. Barnes, coming to the door with his Bible in his hands; "you must not sit here breaking the Sabbath. Go back to your boarding house and read some good book."

Tom started up angrily, and spent the afternoon fishing and bathing with an old colored man, his only acquaintance in the place, while Deacon Barnes sat in a large rocker on the piazza, with a handkerchief over his face, and thought about Heaven.

Presently his two little daughters came out on the piazza with a picture book and sat near him. There

was a flutter of leaves and a great deal of buzzing as the little yellow heads bent over the book, and finally laughed outright.

"Children, where's your mother?" sternly demanded Deacon Barnes.

"Ellen, Ellen," he shouted. "I think you might keep these children quiet on the Sabbath. They won't allow me to think."

Ellen had been awake all night with a fretful baby. She had hushed him, and had just fallen asleep when her husband's voice aroused her and woke the baby.

"Please send them up-stairs," she said wearily. And all that sultry afternoon she amused the three children in a close, upper room, while her husband rocked and fanned himself, and thought of Heaven.

A Christian man was dying in Scotland. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the Scotch kirk was ringing, calling the people to church. The old man in his dying dream thought that he was on his way to church in his sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said: "Hark, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!"—He shivered, and then said: "Pull the robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there! And he smiled and said: "Just there now!"—No wonder he smiled. The good old man had gone to church. Not to the old Scotch kirk, but to the temple in the skies. Just across the river.

The Detroit Free Press tells about an archin who was seated on the post-office steps of that city going through a water-melon, when a man halted and asked: "This is a great town for hogs, isn't it bub?" "Wall, no," drawled the lad, as he filled his mouth again and kept his eyes on the man; "you'll be awful lonesome here!"

Hard on Pimpkins. Pimpkins. Don't you know Pimpkins? Then you don't know the daintiest, darlingest, most fashionable and most fastidious self-admirer that ever lisped and languished in a drawing-room. Pimpkins was at Mrs. Bonycastle's party last winter. One of the company was a blooming damsel from the country—a fresh, rosy-checked, bright-faced girl, over whom the impressible bachelors were in ecstasies. Pimpkins saw and admired. Pimpkins determined to make an impression; stared at her through his quizzing glass until he stared her out or countenance. Then he approached her. She was knitting over socks for one of Mrs. Bonycastle's children. "Aw," said Pimpkins. "Knitting, 'pon houna. Twooly industwious. Now, do you know I like to see a young lady industwious. It's a good sign. I like to encourage industwy. Aw—what would you charge to knit me a pair like that?" "Socks or stockings do you want, Mr. Pimpkins?" "Aw! deuced if I exactly understand—but, aw—I want 'em to come up over the calf, you know." "In that ease," replied the blooming damsel, smiling a sweet, innocent smile, "I should have to estimate. I never knit a pair to cover one's whole body." Pimpkins was observed at the side-board shortly afterward trying to eat a half-melted ice with a fork.

One night, recently, a Detroit policeman, passing a certain house about 10 o'clock, saw a man drop from a window, and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well, replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I take to get out of the house."

In giving geography lessons down East, a teacher asked a boy what State he lived in, and was amused at the reply, drawled through the boy's nose, "A state of sin and misery."



LE MALADIE IMAGINAIRE.

Leaning a Little.—A negro once said in a prayer meeting: "Bredren, when I was a boy I took a hatehet and went into the woods. When I found a tree dat was straight and big and solid, I didn't touch dat tree; but when I found one leaning a little and holler inside, I soon had him down. So when the debil goes after Christians he don't touch dem that stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are holler inside."

"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he had encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh! y-a-a-s," replied the youth; "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt she and I we've about got the old dog so he don't."

Housekeeping.

A GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

I have yet to find in the entertaining columns of the FLORAL, a letter from one of its many girl readers, narrating her experience in housekeeping. We can relate our experience in floriculture, or tell the other girls how to make all kinds of fancy work, &c. &c., *ad lib.*, but in practical housekeeping, we girls are minus quantities.

Of course there are always exceptions to general rules, but still there are lots of girls situated like me, for instance:

Just graduated from school, having nothing particular to do, and a mother who would rather work herself sick than teach us how to take charge of the domestic machinery. So we play croquet, wash the dishes, make beds, keep fresh flowers in the vases, sweep, receive company and flirt a little, "for Satan," &c., and sometimes when it is rainy, we study if we don't fall asleep.

Now I should like to inquire how we girls can be expected to rule our own households when we get them? For of course we expect to come into our kingdoms sooner or later. When I propounded that inquiry to my maternal ancestor, she said: "Oh! when that time comes you'll learn by experience. These are your best days now, I can't have you tied down to housekeeping!"

"But mamma," I returned, "I don't intend to be tied down to it, ever. I've a plan which will, I think, do away with this everlasting tying process. Now do let me keep house for a week; I think I have a little common sense, and I should like an opportunity to exercise the iota in my possession; finally and lastly, you need the freedom and rest I'm so anxious to give in exchange for your housekeeper's seeptré."

But ma laughed at me, and I ran up stairs in a regular huff, and made the beds all humpy in my fit of petulance; then happening to think if mother should see them, she would point it out as evidence conclusive of my unfitness for the position to which I aspired, I took the broomstick and penitently smoothed them down again.

Now that you may understand my exact position, I'll inform you that we are neither poor, nor worse yet, rich; having but five in the family, we keep no servant, preferring to do our own work.

Mother's ideas, however, of performing the household duties, necessarily place the heaviest burdens on her shoulders, when they should be equally divided.

It is so tedious to lounge around the kitchen, after the dishes and sweeping are done, to be in readiness to beat the eggs or sift the flour (a child's work,) for the cake one is not supposed to be competent to mix.

But the worst of it was—things are different now—I had no time I could really call my own, for if during a lull I went in the parlor to practice, or up to my room to write, I was sure to hear mamma's tired voice come winding up the stairway with, "W-i-n-n-i-e, will you pare the potatoes?" or, "won't you come down and wash the cooking dishes before dinner?" for this blessed mother of mine believes in washing dishes as soon as dirty.

So with my conscience reproaching me for leaving the lower regions at all, I would hasten down, congratulating myself that the call came before I had perched Arabella Jane on the edge of the balcony, because her lover might grow tired of waiting for her to fall into his

arms and run away, thus leaving her and myself in an awkward position, for Arabella's lovers were scarce, and it would spoil my story to leave out the elope. This is the way things stood three weeks ago.

I have seized the reins of government since, and now am chief magistrate of our home phalanx of home duties.

It was a long battle, but I came off with flying colors at last. I'd like to give you all the particulars, but the editor would snip them out, for he said not more than six pages. Such sights of mistakes as I did make at first! But mamma was patient, and always near to give advice when I was puzzled; I've given her credit for Job-like patience.

The other members of the family have ceased their sarcastic remarks on Winnie's new departure, and by the respect they manifest, I think they have decided that good can come out of the family good-for-nothing.

I made many innovations and no one rebelled; though I did have a short skirmish with mother on the subject of washing dishes all the day long. I was victorious!

Girls, do you remember Mrs. Whitney's book, "We Girls?" It tells of the Holly-birdies who had a fashion of washing dishes but once a day. That's my way now, and its just super-splendid!

After dinner I pack the dishes neatly in two deep pans; one will hold the tea things; pour on water, and let them sit and soak in the pantry until the next morning, when I wash them with the breakfast dishes.

Things balance better at our house now-a-days. Mamma gets the freedom from care she should have had long ago, while the responsibilities I have assumed do me good, and are not hard to bear, now that they are systematized.

I have certain days for baking, sweeping, &c., and a bill of fare for every day in the week. Knowing just what to get for each meal saves so much time, and time saved is oil for the domestic wheels. You've no idea how much easier they'll run, unless you've applied the test.

Somehow, there is no call to do everything all at once, making one flustered or mad as a March hare!

Better than all the rest, I have some time I can really call my own, and am in no danger of leaving the future Arabella Janes in uncomfortable positions on balcony edges, while I go down stairs to pare potatoes.

Mamma is just in from a walk, with her face reflecting the hues of the bright autumn leaves she has gathered; one would hardly recognize her as my mother of a month ago. The experiment has been successful.

WINNIE WILDWOOD.

WASHING DISHES BY RULE.

What a topic, I hear some one say, and I don't know but what it is rather an homely one, but I think it one very essential item of household work to have the dishes washed, and washed as they should be.

I presume some housekeepers think it one of the most disagreeable duties they have to perform, and I do not wonder, if they do it the way I have heard some of them do. Imagine one washing dishes in the wash basin; but enough, it may not be so; I should hope not.

But this I do know, that there is not one girl in a dozen that "live out," as they call it, that can or rather does wash dishes properly.

It does seem so strange that people who call themselves so neat and very particular, can be content to wash their dishes in a little mess of greasy water; how they can do it is more than I can tell, but they

do, and I wish you could see how beautifully they are streaked, striped and spotted.

Now, although I do not say that every one's way is wrong, and mine alone is right, I do say, if they would follow my advice, they would be sure of having their dishes clean and glistening, and I am sure the looks of them, to say nothing of cleanliness, will amply repay them for their trouble.

Now, then, in the first place have a good large tin dish-pau, one with handles both sides; fill it about half full of real warm water, not boiling hot, as I do not wish to scald you. Have ready, also, another pan as large as the first or smaller as may happen, only have it large enough to hold a part at least of the dishes at once. Now, have some nice clean soap, and a small white towel; wash your teaspoons first, laying them in the empty pan, then your tea cups and saucers, not merely dipping them in the water, but wash them just as though they were dirty; put those in the pan, and pour some real hot water, no matter if it is boiling, only look out for your fingers; next have a clean soft white towel and wipe them as fast as you take them out of the hot water; set them one side and wash your creamer, and be sure and scald that and all pitchers and dishes that have had milk in them with boiling water, not merely hot, but boiling; next wash the large spoons and forks, then take the plates and other dishes, placing them also in the pan and pouring hot water over them the same as the rest. Now the knives; wash them nicely, then scour them bright with Bristol brick, or even sifted coal ashes, rinsing them thoroughly, then wipe dry. Of course all glassware should be worked first, and never on any account pile cups, saucers, plates and knives and forks all in together, as I have seen people do.

Some may think this is making "Much ado about nothing," but let them be tormented as I have been with poor help, unclean dishes, and all that sort of bother, and they would try as hard as I have to make each daughter of the Emerald Isle, be she Biddy or Katie, to wash dishes by rule, if she does not know enough to wash them properly without.

Now, although I presume my precious epistle to the heathen will have to be consigned to the waste basket, yet I have had my say, and relieved my mind on the dish question.

Bristol, R. I.

MRS. B. T. MUNROE.

Sweet Pickle of Apples.—Take three pounds of sugar, three quarts of vinegar (not very strong), ten pounds of sweet apples; pare, quarter and core the apples, put sugar and vinegar together, boil and skim it, then take half the syrup out into another vessel, put so many of the apples into your preserving pan as will boil conveniently, and boil until tender; then skim those out and add more apples and syrup, till all are done. Spice with whole cloves and nutmeg. Keep in a cool dry place.

Sweet Potato Corn Biscuit.—Three large potatoes boiled and mashed into a pint of meal, one tablespoonful of lard, one of sugar, one egg, and salt to taste. Bake in pone or as plain biscuit. They are a delightful dish.

Minute Sponge Cake.—Beat three eggs two minutes; add one and a-half cups of sugar, beat two minutes; one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat one minute; add half a cup of cold water with half a teaspoonful of soda and a spoonful of extract of lemon, beat one minute; add one cup of flour, beat one minute.

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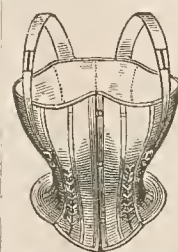
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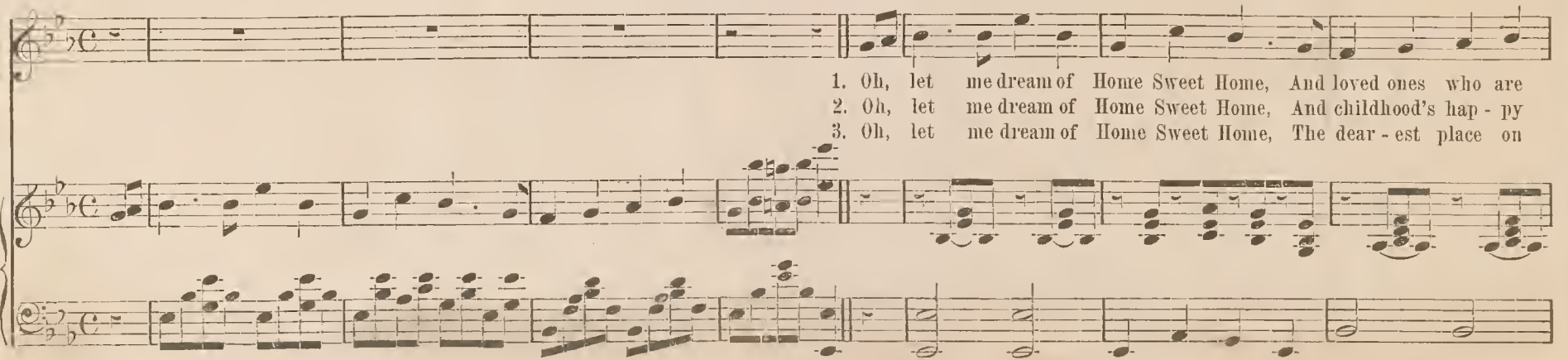
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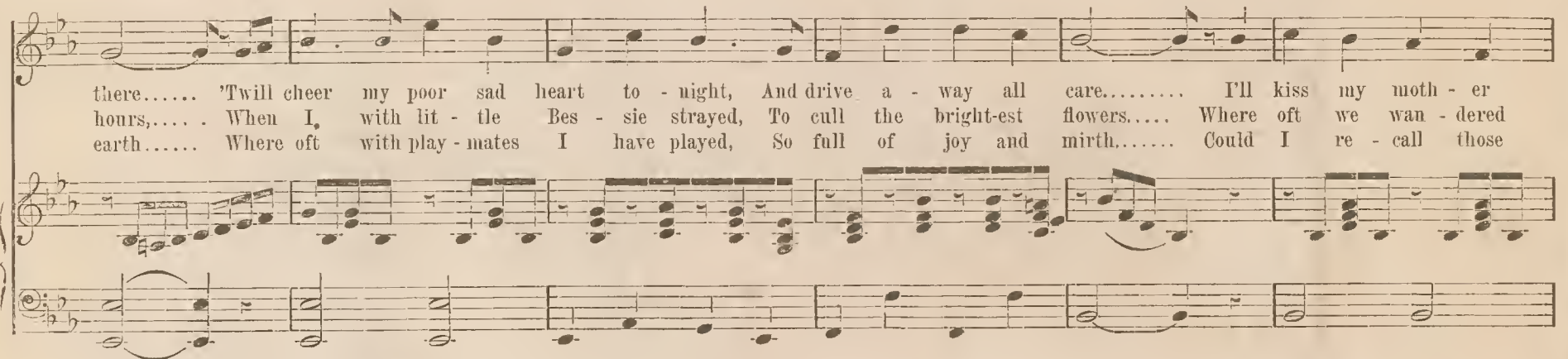
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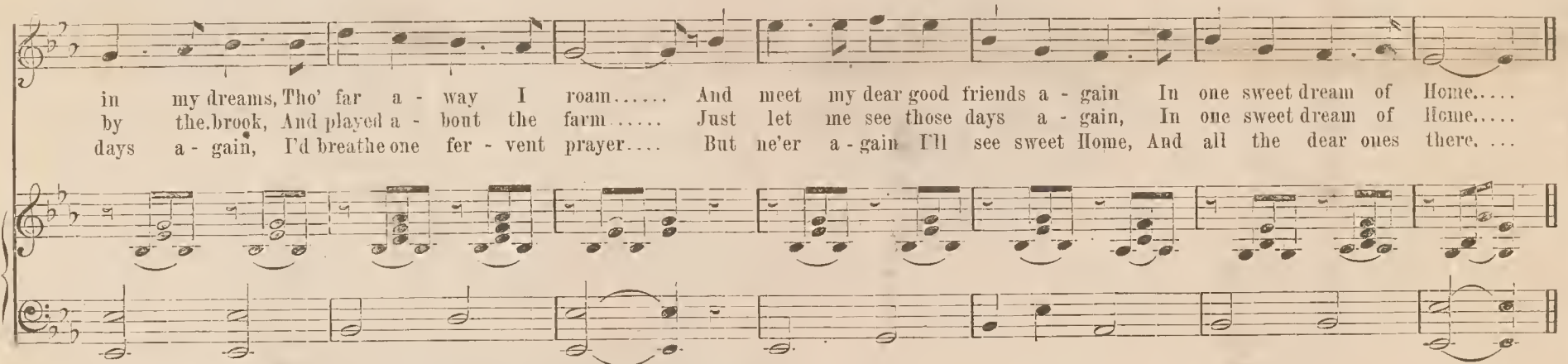
Music by W. T. PORTER.



1. Oh, let me dream of Home Sweet Home, And loved ones who are
 2. Oh, let me dream of Home Sweet Home, And childhood's hap - py
 3. Oh, let me dream of Home Sweet Home, The dear - est place on

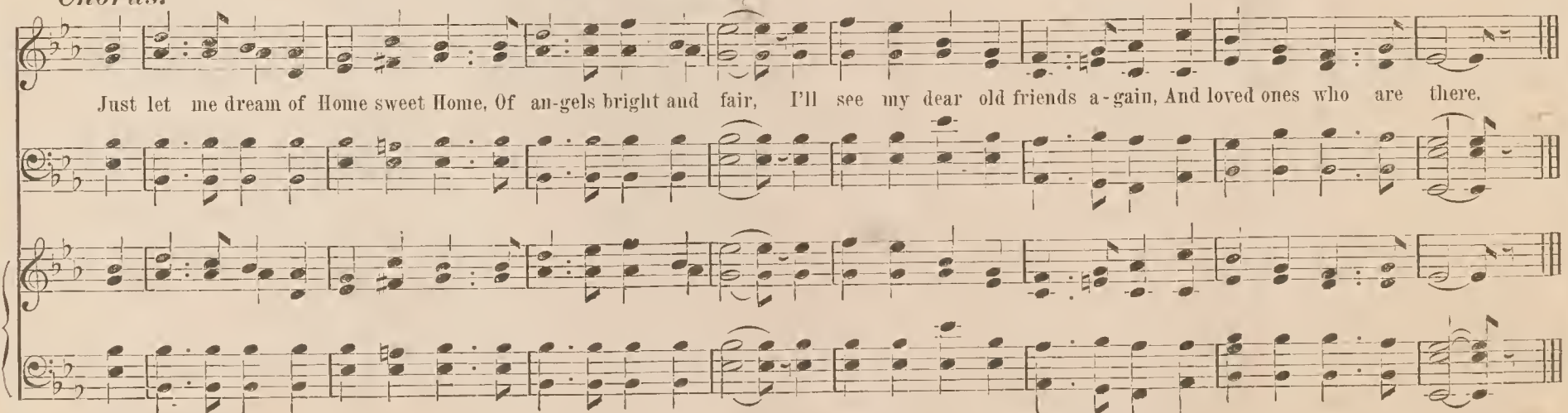


there..... 'Twill cheer my poor sad heart to - night, And drive a - way all care..... I'll kiss my moth - er
 hours..... When I with lit - tle Bes - sie strayed, To cull the bright - est flowers..... Where oft we wan - dered
 earth..... Where oft with play - mates I have played, So full of joy and mirth..... Could I re - call those



in my dreams, Tho' far a - way I roam..... And meet my dear good friends a - gain In one sweet dream of Home....
 by the brook, And played a - bout the farm..... Just let me see those days a - gain, In one sweet dream of Home....
 days a - gain, I'd breathe one fer - vent prayer.... But ne'er a - gain I'll see sweet Home, And all the dear ones there. ...

Chorus.



Just let me dream of Home sweet Home, Of an - gels bright and fair, I'll see my dear old friends a - gain, And loved ones who are there.

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VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1875.

No. 39.

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OUR HANGING BASKETS.

"Dear, dear!" said Auntie, one day last summer, "how I wish I had something to put my Kenilworth Ivy in; it is crowding my Oxalis to death. "So do I. If we only had an old tin basin!" Whereupon we started on a search which ended in the workshop.

Now you must know that we live in the country, where none but home-made baskets could be obtained. As we were sitting there talking, I espied an old cracked glue kettle, and jokingly held it up and said, "Why won't this do?" "It will," said Auntie. "I wonder what we will cover it with?" "Moss," said I; and immediately I started to search for some, and found on an old board fence some beautiful gray-brown lichens, which were very soon deposited in my basket. We commenced by glueing them on the bottom and then covered the sides, trying to place a dark one by a light one, not forgetting to cover the bail. It was completed by the addition of a few groups of small hemlock cones, which added to its beauty greatly. It now hangs in a north window, and has grown a yard in length all around. It is now a mass of beautiful green, admired by every one who beholds it. We also have a log-cabin basket, a description of which may be of use to your numerous readers. There are twelve round sticks, fourteen inches in length, laid up cob-house fashion, overlapping each other three inches at each end. A board was put in for the bottom, and the whole was then lined with moss. In it were planted a magnificent Coleus, two German Ivies, two Acharanthus Gilsoni and Aurea, two flowering Begonias, scarlet and white; a Dusty Miller, Tradescantia Zebrina and Linaria. The basket is a perfect beauty in every respect. It is now hanging over our window garden. We have another pretty ornament, which I would like to describe. It was

made by fastening a periwinkle shell on the standard of a broken goblet. A small piece of the goblet remained on the standard, which we covered with white

over the shell, and it is now one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. I would write about our window-garden, but I fear this is too long already. Will do so another time if the editor would like to have me.

L. E. D.



FLORAL DESIGN FOR ROOM DECORATION.

paint. The shell was then glued on and left to dry. In it was planted some Kenilworth Ivy and grass, the name of which I do not know. The Ivy has run all

POINSETTIA.

I was much gratified by the article in the December number on Poinsettia Pulcherrima. I became interested in the plant two years ago, but on inquiring of a florist, was told that it would be impossible to grow it when the heat fell below 70 degrees at night. Consequently I did not procure one, but the experience of your correspondent seems very different. It is very desirable to have all our

Floral cousins as clear and definite as this one, but I wish to ask one question more of her. When pinching in August, are the shoots merely to be stopped or well shortened back? I have two Vincas, a pure white and a pinkish with crimson eye. The leaves drop off and do not appear stiff and flat as in the open air. I have sprinkled them, given much sun and little, but cannot make them do right. Can any one prescribe? I think people after trying some mode of cultivation are too apt to ascribe some particular virtue to that mode, when another season may show a very different result. I know some winters it seems as things grew without any care, when another time the utmost pains will not avail. I have often wished queries could be answered near the time of writing, as wisdom often comes too late. I would like to recommend a Geranium, dark red nosegay, Mr. Gladstone. It is bushy, free flowering, easily grown, and large trusses. A very distinct shade. F.

Calla Lilies.—When is the proper time for the Calla to rest? *Answer.*—In the summer.

Floral Contributions.

HOUSE PLANTS—USEFUL HINTS.

Time is necessary for all plants in order that they may establish themselves and form wood before they will bloom. For Geraniums, and for nearly all soft-wooded plants, my preference is very decidedly to root them by Henderson's method of aerial layers, which I give below whenever possible, as it always is when the plants are one's own. With Geraniums I consider his method almost infallible. Select thrifty, symmetrical shoots, cut them half way through, leave them on the plant for a few days till they form a callus; as soon as the callus is formed, remove from the plant, and pot the cuttings at once in small pots, watering moderately. No greater care need be given them than is given other plants, and I seldom find a cutting that fails to root treated as above. They rarely droop, and begin to put forth new leaves in a time surprisingly short to one who has tried propagating them only by the old methods of water, sand or earth. Care is needed to remove the cuttings from the parent plant as soon as the callus is formed, else the straightest shoot, but partially supported, will grow warped and crooked, as I have found to my cost. Now I am more watchful. Carnations have heretofore been very difficult for me to propagate, but by the above way I have good success. Last summer, on going to remove some cuttings of them, I found not only calluses formed, but tiny rootlets projecting from the callus. They began to grow, with but a single exception, at once; thus, not only saving time, but much anxiety, also, as to whether they would live at all, as they often look green long after they are dead. All plants require to have the soil placed closely around their roots, but Carnations in special require to be very firmly potted. A rich soil also suits them. Hard-wooded plants being of slow growth, must necessarily be lifted. Many of them do best if they are simply plunged in the ground, and for those that have been thus treated, to repot them is all that is needful; but for those that have been planted out great caution is needful, lest they sustain so severe a shock as to take weeks to recover from it, and perhaps cost them their lives.

With all plants I find it much better to cut them in more or less closely, shading them for a week or more as they show signs of drooping, and give very little water till they get well established. For the past two years I have prepared mine for the change by digging about one side of them, then carefully lifting them partially out of the ground, passing the trowel beneath the roots on the side I have dug about till I am sure most of the roots and fibres are detached, then press them firmly back into the ground as if I were setting them out, water freely and leave till they have time to recover; afterwards I repeat the process on the other side, and again leave them for two or three weeks, and then, when I repot them, I find the shock is very much less, hardy plants scarcely drooping at all. It is a little more work, but the plants amply repay one for it. In this way the roots have time to form callus and send out healthy working fibres before going into their winter quarters. Roses, for me, do much better to be put in the cellar and given a complete rest for a couple of months, then bring up, give them a good bath and plenty of sunlight, and they will soon be covered with foliage and buds. In repotting plants one point I often see deemed of no consequence, which I think important. Old pots will be used without first being cleansed in the inside. This is a mistake, as

the old soil left hardened and adhering to the sides becomes sour and, besides, hinders the free transmission of moisture and air through the sides, thus helping induce a yellow, sickly growth of the plants. Another advantage in having them clean and dry when you use them is that you can at any time readily transfer the plant from one pot to another without detriment, even when it is in bloom, the ball of earth, if pushed a little from the bottom, coming out as easily as a mould of jelly leaves its shape. The unglazed pots of common earthenware all intelligent observers of flowers will readily concede are the best for the plants, their greater porosity allowing the freer transmission of superfluous moisture. Many object to them as being unsightly in a well-kept parlor; but that objection may readily be obviated by using some of the many pretty pot covers now in vogue, by placing them in fancy ones of a larger size, or, if you please, by letting some pretty trailing plants grow about their edges, thus economizing space, and gaining a lovely screen at the same time, care being taken to select those of delicate growth for the smaller pots, and the stronger growing varieties for the larger ones. Last winter I had one of those lovely, profuse flowering Pink Oxalis in a hanging pot, edged with Tradescantia repens vittata. Both grew in lovely harmony, the vines drooping below the window sill, so as to compel me to loop them up. Another pot was draped with a variety of Sedum, whose lovely, variegated rosettes of leaves were admired by my visitors. I had some magnificent Callas, three bulbs placed equi-distant about the edge of a large pot; in the centre I put a tiny one filled with Lobelia. The partial shade given it by the broad leaves of the Callas, with the abundant moisture, caused it to grow luxuriantly, almost concealing, with its rich dark green sprays, the tall sides of the Calla pot, and the contrast between the pure white of the golden-hearted Lilies, with the multitudinous bright blue blossoms of the Lobelia, was very fine, forming, to my fancy, a more lovely screen than one ordinarily sees, and without any trouble on my part—an item of some importance to a busy house-keeper. I have seen much said recently about the different varieties of soil needed for different plants, of chemicals to be used to enhance their color and add vigor to their growth, of drainage with potsherds, etc., enough to dishearten any one of limited resources unacquainted with plants and their wants. I had raised plants successfully for years before I read so much was needed, and so was not frightened. Let any one give them good soil; I find three-fourths soil from the kitchen garden, incorporated with one-fourth thoroughly decomposed manure (cow I prefer,) a good mixture for all plants, to which, for bulbs and delicate fibrous rooted plants, is added just enough sand to permit the easy passage of the roots, plenty of sunlight, a weekly shower bath and a well ventilated room, and I think, till towards spring, when they have exhausted themselves by blooming, they will find no need of other stimulants, and will have many blossoms. Then weak liquid manure is beneficial. I have but a small space to give to flowers, yet I do not think there is a day in the year but I have buds and blossoms—often am able to cut a little bouquet.

HETTIE L'INNCONNUE.

GARDEN RAMBLINGS.

I will take you to walk through the garden of my sunny home, a peep at it in each month, for we have flowers all the while. In *January* the Hyacinth beds are green and they are beginning to bud. The spring annuals, which were sown last fall, are now beginning

to bloom; Candytuft and Heartsease are all over the beds. *February*.—This month we have but few; the Narcissus buds will soon reward us for all care. The dear little blue Violets are laughing up at us from shady nooks, and their delightful fragrance meets us as we bend over them. I wish I had time to tell you of our work this month. If you desire it I will give you the work of each month. *March*.—The garden is now gay, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus, Jonquils and Snowdrops seem to vie with each other. The Tulip bed is now dazzling; they must be "seen to be appreciated." *April*.—Azalea Indicas are now doing their best; also, the Spiræas are almost like pyramids of snow. The Roses are coming into bloom—also the Magnolia and many others. *May*.—This is the month for flowers. Would I had descriptive powers to tell you all you would see; Clematis, a pink family, and too many others to mention. *June*.—The sweet Mignonette is now charming us with their delightful fragrance; with many others, this is the time for the Rose family to do their best. *July*.—Japan Lilies, Auratum, Lilium Lancifolium, Tiger Lily—what a treasure are the entire Lily family to the garden! The Gladiolus are now in bloom. *August* is the time for putting out cuttings of plants to be bedded. We have also many flowers. The Zinnias, Dahlias, Altheas, gorgeous Sunflowers must not be forgot. If you want a thing of beauty bud several colors of Roses (you see I cling to the Rose) upon the same root. With Running Rose this mingling of color is charming. I think the large Cloth of Gold, Champney's Pink Cluster, Fortune's Yellow Lamarque, &c., are beautiful for the summer-house. *September*.—This is also a work time preparing for next year. Plant out the winter-blooming bulbs; it is not too soon; they will produce the finest heads. The Thrift, or Seapink, makes a nice bordering for beds; Chrysanthemums are in budding. *October* will find them in all their glory. Don't think we have no others. I have mentioned only a very few, such as any one that loves flowers, with but little time for cultivating, can have. All the good qualities are not to be found in my favorite, the Rose, so you must have a variety. I can better explain by quoting the words of a German in the *Agriculturist*: "I have so much trouble with the ladies when they come to buy mine Rose; they want him moudly, they want him fragrant, they want him nice goulder, they want him every thing in one Rose. I have to say to the ladies, 'Madam, I never often see the ladies that was beautiful, that was rich, that was good tember, that was youngest, that was clever, that was perfection in one ladies. I see her much not.'" So, wishing you much success, I remain, Georgia. LOVER OF ROSES.

To Mrs. S. G. King—Answer.—We carefully examined the carnation leaves sent, but found no insects upon them except the genuine "Red Spider" (*Tetranychus telarius*, Linn). Several of these little mites were alive, and moved about quite briskly. Besides, their minute webs were quite abundant over nearly the entire surface of the leaves. The atmosphere of your conservatory is too dry, else these little pests could not thrive. Moisture is death to the red spider and health to the green aphid; but the latter can readily be destroyed by tobacco smoke. Scatter the sulphur freely about the infected plants, and then water overhead every night. Fill the air in your house with moisture for a few days, and these pests will disappear, for they cannot long survive in a humid atmosphere.

Gossip with Correspondents.

FLOWERS.

Dewy, fragrant flowers,
Heaven's messengers of love,
Purely brightening every life
With sunshine from above.

Sent to cheer the weary heart,
Bowed down by grief and pain,
They comfort, hasten, sweet inspire,
And hope comes back again.

Bright-eyed little comforts,
The purest ever given;
Dear as a guardian angel's smiles,
Or dew-drops just from heaven.

You know the angels are so good,
Of course they love the flowers,
And so they drop them everywhere,
To brighten lives like ours.

LILY S. JONES

Flower Gossip.—I want to thank "G. S." for her article in the January No. It seems to me to supply the information I have been wanting, and experimenting for, the last three or four years. Over and over again I have read that if I took up Salvias, or Geraniums, or Carnations, as the case might be, before frost, and potted them, they would bloom all winter. I never believed it, and when I have tried it and failed I have only said to myself, "I told you so." "G. S.'s" suggestions sound so commonsense-y and practical that I am going to try them next summer, with perfect faith in their success. I always have some flowers blooming in the winter, but have never yet had enough to satisfy me. Primroses, Begonias, Callas and Camellias I can do nicely with. This winter I have succeeded for the first time in coaxing a Heliotrope with a succession of its beautiful flowers; but Carnations, Bouvardias, and even Geraniums, which are said to bloom so easily, have always mocked at all my efforts. Some one in a late number gives directions for cultivating Poinsettia in an ordinary sitting-room. My verdict, after three months' experience, is, "it don't pay." I thought the reason why it did not answer my expectations was owing to the uncongenial atmosphere of the sitting-room, but this winter I saw for the first time a number of them in a greenhouse, and I came home thinking mine a fine specimen. In a greenhouse, where plants can be arranged above and below, so that only the scarlet bracts can be seen between masses of green, they are effective, but in a small collection, where the whole plant is shown, it seems awkward and out of place. Smilax is a favorite vine and of the easiest cultivation; but, oh! my sisters, who are looking forward anxiously to its fragrant flowers and beautiful red berries, do not set your hopes too high. When mine first bloomed I could have cried with disappointment, but the vine is lovely enough without flowers, and I don't care whether mine ever has another blossom. German Ivy is another vine about whose flowers, I think, the less said the better. To all who want fragrant white flowers in early winter, I would recommend Jasminum grandiflorum, or Catalonian Jasmine. I kept mine in a pot in the summer, on a light wire trellis, pinching off the flower buds until fall. It bloomed two months or more after it was brought in, then rested, and is now putting out new shoots, to bloom again I hope, before spring. Can any one tell me if the Pilea needs a season of rest like the Lycopodiums? I have one which grew and flourished, to the admiration of all who saw it, for two years. It was really splendid, the gem of my collection, when I brought it in last

fall; but a month ago, with the same treatment to which it had been accustomed from its youth up, it began to droop, and finally looked so forlorn that I put it down cellar to take a nap or die as it might think best. It seemed to like a light soil, shade and plenty of water, and I found it would root readily from the tiniest slips or ends of leaves. E. E. R.

Pansies at Christmas.—I wonder if any of the readers of the CABINET ever gathered a nosegay of Pansies, on a Christmas day, that had bloomed amid the snow. I did it this Christmas, from a bed that has no protection but a few leaves strewn over the top. Is there such a plant as a hardy Petunia that will withstand a winter of snow and ice? I had a bed of very handsome Petunias, late in the fall, that were somewhat sheltered by a neighbor's house, and the fallen leaves have covered it pretty well. Only this morning (Jan. 4) I was looking at them, and found them standing as erect and looking almost as green, with the snow and ice clinging to them, as they did when in bloom. How must a white Water Lily be managed through the winter—must it be kept covered with water, or only moist? I wish Aunt Leisurely would tell us how to make more of the beautiful things that she saw in her afternoon out. JEANNE.

Fertilizers for Plants.—With much pleasure I have read and re-read the prize articles already published, but I would like to be enlightened a little more in reference to the use of guano-water, spoken of in the articles on "Hanging Baskets." My experience is, that Heliotropes will not bear it. The article to me seems a little obscure, for I am not certain whether the writer means that the "Ivies, Geraniums and Heliotropes flourish" under the use of the ammonia, guano, or bone-dust, or each in turn, as "gentle stimulants." I used a solution made from our own hen-house, warmed to the temperature of the room, perhaps a little more. Next day the leaves of the Heliotrope began to dry and turn black. I have not given it any more, and it is beginning to look better again. In fact, I have used the solution sparingly, and on some plants not at all, fearing to, until I knew what plants were benefited by it. I would like to know the best stimulant for Heliotropes, to make them bloom. MRS. M. J. S.

English Ivy.—F. H. Hubbard, M. D., of Sacramento, in an article in June No. of CABINET, on "Window Gardening," says, "Two feet in a year is a good growth for English Ivy, but ambitious California does better by her plants than that;" he has one that has grown, by actual measurement, 5 feet since the previous November. Mrs. J. R. G., of Lyne, Mass., writes in August No. that she has one that has grown 11 feet 7 inches since November last, some of the leaves measuring 4 by 4½ inches. Now the old Granite State can do still better than that. I have an English Ivy, trained around the walls of my room, that from July, 1873, to July, 1874, has grown 20 feet, by actual measurement. Some of the leaves measure 4½ by 4¾ inches. It then rested for three or four months, till about the first of November, when eight new branches started out, and, cutting off two for slips, during the last month to the time of writing, December 26, the growth of the remaining six branches, taken together, amounts to 3½ feet.

Hillsboro', N. H.

B. C. PRIEST.

Frozen House Plants.—House plants that have been frozen may be so thawed out as not to sustain any injury from the freezing. Florists and gardeners are not supposed to need any information in this line; but there is many a woman, striving to protect her

plants from the encroachments of winter, who thinks that of necessity she must give her treasures over to their death when once they are frozen.

One evening I neglected to remove a few choice plants that I kept, for their beauty, in the dining-room. A sudden cold change during the night made me remember them very early in the morning, when, to my dismay, I found my plants were frozen stiff. I had recently learned, from a fruit-grower's experience, that he never lost the sale of any fruit from freezing, because he always thawed it out rapidly in the dark. The frozen fruit was put into a heated room and covered closely with blankets, quilts, or anything that would keep out the light. This report affirmed that fruit when perfectly thawed out in this manner, was beyond suspicion of frost.

My plants were so badly frozen that their foliage I considered beyond the hope of recovery, at least for that season, and thought I should risk nothing in making them the subjects for experiment. So I arranged my poor frozen pets on the floor in the warm kitchen, as near the stove as convenient, and covered them with empty barrels, tubs or boxes, according to the height or size of the plants. The room I kept well warmed all day. At night the coverings were removed, when, instead of the limp, blackened, unsightly mass I had been fearing to find, lo! every plant was as fresh and green as on the day preceding the frost; the leaves rustled responsively to the touch, and looked bright enough to demand a reason for being locked up in the dark. Nor did these plants turn yellow, or drop their leaves afterwards, but grew and thrived all winter, in utter unconsciousness of their narrow escape.

This was two years ago. I have had occasion several times since to test how thoroughly plants may be restored in this way; but they must be covered up before they begin to thaw or wilt, or the restoration will not be complete. D. B. H.

Sowing Seeds—A Little Girl's Questions.—Would you please give me a little advice about my flowers? I don't succeed very well with them, particularly with my seeds. How soon ought I begin to raise my seedlings, and is it necessary for me to have very rich soil for them, or not? I think I must have begun too late last year, for many of my seeds did not come up, and those that did presented such a dilapidated appearance I gave up all hope of ever being a good flower-grower; but I am determined to try again this spring, and perhaps I will get along better. Do you think it forces them too much to lay panes of glass over the boxes? And is it better to raise Mignonette, Sweet Peas, etc., in the house, and transplant, or sow in the open border late in the spring?

LILY S. JONES.

Answer.—See this number of CABINET for good floral hints as to growing flower seed in-doors. Generally it requires good experience to start seed in-doors and transplant to open air. Most flowers, we think, grow larger by sowing in the open border and then thinning out. Seeds like Cilanthus Dampieri do better when started in-doors and then transplanted. Seeds to germinate well in-doors must have a moist temperature, not less than 70 deg. Use panes of glass over the boxes. The temperature should be uniform, never falling. Your seeds may have failed last year from various reasons—the soil may have been too wet, or too dry; you may have sowed too deep. Thousands blame seedsmen for poor seed, when the fault is in the soil, weather, or in the sowing. From April 1 to 15 is the best time to start seeds in-doors; May 1 to 15 for out-doors, unless the season or ground is cold.

Flower Gardening.

FOLIAGE PLANTS.

BY MRS. L. M. McFARLAND.

Everybody gathers autumn leaves. It must be this innate fondness for the bright frost-given tints which beautify but one season of the year, that makes foliage plants everywhere so popular. These candidates for favor are yearly increasing, and amid such diversity each may choose favorites. The great need is limitation to one's surroundings. Where grounds are ample, beds of foliage plants bordered with contrasting colors, produce a fine effect. Walking through the grounds of the Blind Asylum, Indianapolis, last summer, I particularly admired this arrangement. Beds of richest crimson and maroon, edged with filmy gray; groups of Columbines in shady nooks; tall clumps of Cannas interspersed. But most noticeable from the street were the brilliant beds of Achyranthus and other foliage plants. These were mostly dwarf-growing or carefully trimmed. It was well laid out to please the passer-by, and the sightless indwellers could not complain. And yet, it is not well to crowd the borders of a small door-yard, with as many bright-leaved plants as would require an acre of green to tone them. A single color, or a small group in mixture, is very beautiful, but one at length tires of leaves and seeks old-fashioned, genuine, sweet-scented flowers. Foliage plants are even more desirable for the house and conservatory than for the open ground. Among the most beautiful are the Columbines, so richly veined with scarlet, spotted and marbled with white on a green ground. Then there are the kingly Rex Begonias. The richest foliage plant I ever saw was called the Velvet Plant, probably one of the Rex Begonias. The Coleus affords many beautiful varieties of easy and rapid growth. It is objected to them, that planted in the open ground they become too unwieldy for transfer to the flower-pot, and are besides too sensitive to cold for parlor culture. But those who love the Coleus will continue to winter a few cuttings taken in summer, and they soon replace the old plant left for the frost to gather. The Achyranthus in its several varieties is one of the most desirable of bright-hued plants for the ordinary kitchen or sitting-room. Put a bit of it in the hanging basket, intersperse it here and there amid the greenness, and it will give you a conceit of flowers while you are watching for buds during the gloomy days of winter. It retains its brightness in shade and sunshine better than many others, yet like nearly all foliage plants, it loves a little shade. It does better planted out than the Coleus, as its habit of growth is not so rampant.

Among our special pets we always find the silver-edged Geraniums. Somewhat slow of growth, they yet repay our waiting. All the Zonale

Geraniums are favorites with leaf lovers. The Achyranthus Salicifolius has some reputation among professional florists. The seeds germinate very readily. Most people raise the plants easily enough, but fail to see any beauty in them. The common error is in transplanting to the open border, or setting the flower-pots out of doors. Here the plants spiddle up three or four feet in a few weeks, flower and go to seed, all the while exhibiting a dull, dingy crimson, the laughing stock of beholders. Sometimes a happy thought of the owner suggests cutting off the top of one of those weedy looking plants before it goes to seed. Something is gained in appearance if this is done in time to retard the flowering; yet even then it is odd rather than pretty. The secret is, it must be kept in the house summer as well as winter. One who has succeeded says: "The Fountain Plant cannot bear the air." I set mine out door one day and the leaves all began to droop and curl up. Then I brought it in, and we just sat there and watched it to see the leaves



ORNAMENTAL PLANT—LATANIA BORBONICA.

straighten out again." Kept in the house, it not only assumes the graceful, willowy form shown in pictures, but the colors are really beautiful. Let those who have thrown this plant away in disgust give it one more trial. The colors of the Alternantheras improve by exposure to the sun, and are consequently adapted to the open ground in summer. Hardy perennial shrubs with variegated foliage are growing more and more in favor. Ornamental leafed plants are so numerous one cannot even mention them by name in a brief sketch like this. But at the risk of omitting your favorite Abutilon we must just allude to the variegated Calla (Richardia Alba Maculata.) This can be kept with the Dahlias during winter and planted out in summer. The flower resembles a small Calla with a little chocolate color in the throat, while the green arrow-shaped leaves are beautifully spotted with white.

FLOWER MEDLEY.

The love of flowers is understood by many, the culture by few. I think more fail by too much care than with neglect. In nothing else had experience and experiments taught me as with flowers. Without a gardener, conservatory or hot-bed, I have what is called a "perfect Paradise." About the middle of April I have a small bed with southern exposure prepared with one-third coarse sand sifted, then mixed with common garden mold, worked very fine, and plant all my flower seeds here in drills. Water in the evening when the ground shows it is required; they very soon vegetate.

I purchase seeds just as it may happen. No difference where they are purchased. I always expect them to grow and they always do. I cannot understand why so many of my lady friends complain of having poor seed sold them. As soon as the plants can be handled I water and transplant, pressing the soil close about them, then give another good watering. I never shade them. Many have told me plants would grow for me if I would reverse the order of things and put them in the ground with the roots up. The most interesting plant I now have is a Nephrodium exaltatum, planted in a wire basket lined with moss from the woods and filled with light soil. The leaves or fronds are over two feet long, of light green, every few days reproducing itself in every direction, growing just as well down at the roots or up at the leaves, and yet exactly the same. I do not presume to assert that I have made any new discoveries in horticulture, but I have certainly taught myself how to cultivate many choice flowers to perfection. For instance, the Pansy, I had heard, should not be allowed to bloom during summer. I purchased a paper of Dreer's premium seed, planted them about the middle of April, transplanted them early in May, and the last of July they were a mass of bloom, the flowers as large as a silver half dollar. There was

Faust, King of the Blacks, and so dark with that peculiar yellow for a tiny center that it contrasted perfectly. Then there was a pure white one that was much admired, and a dazzling yellow with many others quite as fine. It was very hard for me to try experiments where it costs so much self-denial. But there is such a fascination in the power to do these things one's self, that it helped me to overlook the present and wait for the future. I cut off every flower and bud and kept them cut from July to the middle of September, after which time they came rapidly into bloom and surpassed anything I ever imagined. I wish some of our friends of the CABINET would try the plan. All my choice seed, that is greenhouse seed, I start in small pots of sand, water freely, and place them in the sitting-room. This room is light and well ventilated. I have fine plants now that were started in this way.

BESSIE.

Hints for Spring Work.

CULTURE OF ANNUALS.

Annuals are so beautiful and so easily cultivated, and there is such a great variety of beautiful flowers, that I often wonder why so few try to cultivate them. A genuine love for flowers, a little time and seed, and any one can have beautiful annuals.

I have three ways of sowing seed. If the seeds are small, or I have only a few of a kind, and wish to raise every plant, I take soap, starch, or candle boxes, or any box large enough, and set them close to the east side of the house, and fill with good rich earth. I draw the end of my finger across the box, making a little furrow across the box; draw the furrows as thick as you can, so as to leave a ridge of loose dirt between each one; sprinkle the seed even in the furrow, each furrow a different kind, and have paper and pencil; as I sow each row I write it on the paper, something like this: first row, north, Aster; second, Ten-week stock, and so on, until I have them all sowed and labeled. Cover the seed with the ridges very lightly; now take a tablespoon and water carefully, and you have them done; your labels will not wash off, as you have them in the house; you need not move the boxes. I plant them in April; have a board alongside the boxes, and cover them with it cold nights or rainy days; plant them in the garden as soon as danger from frost is over, as they will be large enough. If I have plenty of seed, or the seed is large, I sow them in furrows, the same as in the boxes, only instead of sowing in boxes, sow in the garden, where you want them to blossom. The other way is to rake a round spot with the hand, as large as a pail; scatter the seed all over the spot, and cover with earth lightly. If the seeds are small, sow thick; if large, sow thin; transplant when they have six or seven leaves. Zinnias, Everlastings, Asters, Four-o'Clocks, and Marigolds, and all such flowers can be sown in the bed where you want them to blossom. Sow Four-o'Clocks about a foot apart; they make a lovely border for the back of a bed; sow Everlastings thick, and pull out all weak plants, leaving strong plants about six inches apart each way, if you wish a whole bed of them, or nice for a hedge, left the same distance apart in the row. Zinnias I sow where I want them to blossom; sow seed thick; when they come up, thin

out weak plants; leave about one inch apart, until the first flower shows; then, if double, let it remain; if single, pull it up; serve them all so, and you will have Zinnias as nice as Dahlias. Keep thinning out the poorest until about ten inches apart; tie a string around the stem of the most double and perfect flower of each color, and save for seed when ripe; save the seeds nearest the outer edge of the flower; throw the centre seed away, so it will be nicer every year. Scabiosa, Poppy, Clarkia, Erythrum, Eschscholtzia, Sanvitalia, Salpiglossis, are all very pretty. I sow the seeds of them all in a round spot, and rather thin; do

cellar. Celosia, Ten-Weeks Stock, Amaranth, Pansies, Balsam and Pinks, and all grasses, I always sow in boxes, and transplant grasses eight or ten inches apart; good for front edge of beds, and for winter bouquets. Pick when green; tie in small bunches and hang up to dry in the dark. Soak Amaranth seed in warm water, by placing the warm water in a tumbler, and stand it on a south window for two days, then plant; pick Everlastings and Amaranths, and dry the same as grasses, the long buds on Ten-Weeks are single; the round, double. Leave one single between two double, for seed roots, and pull all other single ones

up; save Aster seed the same as Zinnia; Marigold the same; sprinkle a thin sprinkling of ashes on Alyssum and Ten-Weeks, if troubled with the black flea; three times will make them leave. This is my practice with annuals, and I think very good, as I succeed very well. Pansies and Daisies grow best in the shade; California Poppy and Portulaca, in the sun. I save seed from the centre flower of a well-shaped bush and perfect flower, if not marked, and save like Zinnia, as the centre stem of most flowers grows the same shaped bush as the seed root. Sometimes I plant Balsams four or five inches apart, and pinch off all branches, or except three or four, or plant ten inches apart, and leave all the branches on. Save seed from the centre stem of double flowers—Pinks and Snap Dragon—tie a string on the stem of the best flowers; pick off poor ones; save seed from those marked. All annuals can be grown successfully by these rules, according to habit of plant. Keep out the weeds, and you will have no trouble, and have large handsome flowers.

S. E. GAY.



INTERIOR VIEW OF AN ENGLISH FERNERY.

not move them, but make the spots as large as a pail. Wherever I want them to blossom they look very nice. You can save seed very easily; some of them—the Poppy and Eschscholtzia—will sow their own seed after the first sowing, if left alone. I always save some, but have many self sown. Poppies sown thin in spots look like so many roots of Peonies. I like a whole bed of Petunias and Verbenas; I give Portulaca and Phlox Drummondii a bed apiece; also, sow the seed in spots, and transplant where you want them, six inches apart. Verbenas, sow the last of May; if you want Petunias and Verbenas early, root slips in October, and keep in the house or a light

ion Calla Lily. It succeeds so well in the window, needing very little care, excepting an abundance of water and an occasional dusting of the leaves. A writer in a Detroit paper gives a very sensible summing up of the requisite methods of culture: 1. After blooming, dry off very slowly but thoroughly. 2. Keep the roots simply from drying out entirely during the season of rest. 3. Start slowly in light, rich soil, with little water at first, increasing as growth increases. 4. Plunge, if possible, in stagnant water until wanted for the house, or there is danger of frost. 5. Re-pot in rich mucky soil. 6. Plenty of water while the plants are growing and blooming. 7. Plenty of light and sunshine.

The Calla Lily.—We do not know of a more beautiful winter-blooming plant than the old-fash-

Answers to Correspondents.

Fuchsia—Carl Halt.—I have a Fuchsia. Is it a rare one or is it not? It is certainly a novelty to me. The blossom is very large, has double sepals; the four outside ones of the usual size, and four inside ones alternate, forming a regular star. The Corolla has ten petals, striped, rose and white. The sepals are white. The plant is one I purchased for a "Carl Halt," and this is the first of its bloomings. The flower is altogether a very beautiful one, and has gained the supremacy among a choice collection of Fuchsias.

MRS. B. M. ROGERS.

Answer.—The Fuchsia mentioned is no doubt correctly named. It is a well known and excellent variety.

Dianthus.—Please tell me the best way of keeping Dianthus of all kinds, Carnations, Canterbury Bell, and Monthly Roses through the winter.

Swedesboro', N. J.

HANNAH OWEN.

Will some correspondent tell their experience.

Chance Flowers.—I have found a little plant in my garden which I do not know the name of, and nobody else seems to, but I love it, and will be very thankful if you can tell me its name in the next paper. I have several Maurandia vines growing in an old jar under a tree. Can't tell how they got there, as I never had any seed or vines. And again, I found two Sensitive plants and a dozen Ice plants in the garden—in a bad place too. I cannot account for these either, as I did not have any seed to plant, and none of my friends had any. It's strange, but delightful. Everybody laughs at my odd hanging basket, but the plants are happy and do grow nicely. My German Ivy won't bloom, but grows all over everything. What will I do to it? I inclose a leaf and flowers of the plant that puzzles me so, and would be greatly obliged if you can give its name.

Blue Island, Ill.

MISS LIZZIE E. SQUIER.

Answer.—Specimen crushed in post-office. Seed probably dormant in soil or rubbish, which, on being disturbed and brought under the influence of sun and air, vegetated. The German Ivy is not a free bloomer. It is usually grown for the foliage alone, the flower not being very ornamental. Reserve some cuttings for another year.

Cut Worms, &c.—I have had pretty good success with my flowers this season. After resetting the Petunias three times, the cut worms troubled me. Is there no way to prevent them? I had to get up early and kill them at the root of the plant. Will they destroy Lilics, Rubrum and Roseum? Do they require shade? I used sulphur on my rose-bushes early in the spring; sprinkled them when the dew was on. It destroyed the insects on the foliage; they bloomed beautifully. I tried it on a Jerusalem Cherry Tree, for green lice, with good success. Quassia bark tea is excellent for the same purpose. My window garden is outside on the portico. It looks like a little plant house. A lady called to purchase it one day. I have a few leaves of plants. I would like to learn their names, but they are not well preserved. No. 1 is a perennial with me, and blooms in June. Is pretty for bouquets with roses. It has a small white flower. Is there another color of the same variety? No. 2 is used for bouquets, does not flower, and is light green, five or six inches high. The two red leaves are from a foliage plant, very common here, but has no name. The mulberry-colored leaf with green edge is from a slip of a plant I had given me. The leaves

on the main plant are much larger, and of a beautiful shade. It has a small blue flower, not very pretty. The lady wished to have it go to seed so as to get another kind, but I think it doubtful. She is very fond of trying experiments, and has nice flowers.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

E. R. ALLEN.

Answer.—We know of no plan for destroying cut worms other than that adopted by our correspondent. We have not known Lilies destroyed by these pests. Lilies do not require shade. No. 1. Astilbe Japonica; No. 2. A variety of Artemisia; No. 3. Coleus Verschaffeltii; No. 4. Coleus Sandersii; No. 5. Achyranthus Acuminata. Spirea palmata is less hardy, and grows something like No. 1.

Plants for a Window.—I intend having some window boxes shaded with glass, to protect my plants from the dust and dry atmosphere next winter. I keep my plants in the sitting room. We burn wood in the stove. My plants did not do well last winter. I think some of them would do better in a glass case. I will write a list of my plants. Please tell me which would be benefited by being kept in a case, and you will oblige one of the most ardent admirers of your paper: Abutilon, Eupatorium, Bouvardia, Primroses, Libonia, Begonia; Geraniums, Scented, Scarlet and Zonale; Fuchsias, Smilax, Tradescantia, Moneywort and Vincas. I send you a leaf of a plant that I bought last spring. The label was lost. What is its name? Please reply by letter or in the next number of the CABINET.

Liberty, Mo.

MRS. LAURA F. TAPP.

Answer.—All the plants named ought to grow well in a room in which wood only is burnt, if properly watered and the room is not kept too hot and dry. They would also all do well in a glass case, if not kept too close. In this case very few flowers would be produced, and the growth would be weak. The inclosed leaf might be a Pomegranate, or it might be any one of a hundred other plants. If our correspondents will please send at least a shoot with flowers, if possible, we will endeavor to give them names, but cannot undertake to do so from a single leaf.

Night-Blooming Flowers.—Inclosed find leaf and flower of two plants. No. 1 I bought two years ago for a Night-Blooming Jessamine. It was then three inches high; now it is four feet, and is in blossom the third time. I never could discover any reason why it should be called night-blooming, except it always opens at night; but when once open it remains so until it withers. There is nothing peculiar in its fragrance, a little spicy odor. Looks rather pretty in full bloom. No. 2 a floral friend gave me at the same time. It was about two inches high, now it is three feet, and is in blossom for the first time. It commences to open about 4 P. M., and by 8 P. M. is in full bloom. There is no great beauty to the blossom. By lamplight the greenish white blossoms contrast finely with the dark green, shiny foliage. But oh! such fragrance! It is beautiful, splendid. I think in a close room it would be almost overpowering. It commences to close about daylight, and remains closed all day. The same flowers open every evening. Please tell me through the next FLORAL CABINET their names, and which, if either, is the Night-Blooming Primrose, and whether they will live in the cellar through the winter. Both are woody plants.

Spencer, Mass.

MRS. W. M.

Answer.—No. 1. Cestrum Aurantiacum; No. 2. Cestrum Nocturnum. Both will winter in a light, dry cellar, free from frost.

Vines.—I inclose a flower and leaf of a beautiful vine that I have. Will you please give me the name? Does the Smilax require very rich soil? Mine were raised from seed sown in April, and have only grown three or four inches, while the Cobaea Scandens, sown at the same time, is over six feet. Can the Adlumia be left out of doors during the winter with safety? What growth does it make the first season? Mine has sent out no runners. Are ants an injury to flowers? I made fruitless endeavors to destroy them, as they are in such quantities here, until I read an article in the last CABINET in which a correspondent seemed to think them quite an assistance in destroying bugs, etc., that are enemies to flowers.

West Joplin, Mo.

MRS. R.

Answer.—Maurandia Barclayana, name of vine. The Smilax will grow in a moderate rich soil, and are probably large plants now. The Adlumia is hardy, and would not get to flowering in the first year from seeds. Ants are best away, if possible. The good they do, in many cases, is imaginary, while they loosen the soil and carry dirt on the flowers.

Guava.—I inclose the branch of a plant of which I would like to know the name, what kind of flower it has, and how old it must be before blooming. Can you inform me through the CABINET where I can obtain a Guava-Cattleyanum and a Daphne plant, and the price of each?

MAUD.

Answer.—A few shrivelled leaves for names cannot be guessed at. The Guava, Psidium Cattleyanum are not generally grown by the trade in this country, but might probably be obtained in Washington or Baltimore. Any florist could supply Daphne at about fifty cents each for small plants.

Question.—What is the name of the plant I inclose? The flower stalk springs up about two feet. Mine has from 25 to 35 flowers on each stalk. Please give me some directions how to grow Calla Lilies. Will the Lilies Auratum and Rubrum bear winter protection?

FRIEND OF FLOWERS.

Answer.—The flower inclosed is the common Day Lily, Funkia subcordata. The Calla Lily can be grown in stiff, rich soil in pots, with abundance of water while growing, and to be placed in full sun without water for two or three months in summer, then shaken out and repotted same as before. It can be grown as a water plant, the pot being placed in a pond or aquarium. It is not hardy. It seeds occasionally. Liliun Auratum and Rubrum are hardy. Plant them in the fall, or immediately the frost is out of the ground in spring. The seeds probably did not vegetate for want of moisture. These seeds should be sown early and shelved until they vegetate.

Fuchsia.—Is the accompanying Fuchsia a Speciosa or not, as I am very anxious to have a winter blooming one, and also what others are. Is Carl Halt? And also please say whether the pot should be large or small. The plant now is about two feet high. Some here say it should be small with little earth, and a florist tells me it should be large with plenty of earth. I shall abide by your judgment.

LIZZIE C. ATKINSON.

Answer.—The inclosed specimen is Fuchsia Speciosa. Dominiana and Serratifolia both flower in the winter. Carl Halt does not usually flower in winter. The pots should be well filled with roots, but not so much as to entirely exhaust the soil before the flowering time.

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NEW YORK, MARCH, 1875.

FERN GARDENING.

Thoreau says that "Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line." And then, most bountiful mother that she is, she sets them with no sparing hand to adorn her wide realm. They grow for all, and they grow in all places; along cool streams, dripping down the walls of glens, in clefts of the barren rock; tufts of ferns crown the old stone wall; they nestle in the sides of the open well; they grow by highways, by-ways, and hedges, beautiful in their tall strong greenness, and beautiful in their delicate lowliness.

We must go to them in their homes if we want them to lend their beauty to us; we must see how each chooses a place for itself, and then providing similar accommodations for them, you shall see what they will do for you.

My ferns are along the northern side of a high board fence, which has Woodbine and Clematis completely covering it. Next the fence I set the Cinnamon Fern, Ostrich Fern, Sensitive Fern, and the Royal flowering, botanically known as *Osmunda Cinnamomea*, *Struthiopteris Germanica*, *Onoclea sensibilis*, and *Osmunda regalis*, which are the most stately of our native ferns. These are usually found in quite damp locations, but took quite kindly to the shadow of the fence in place of their lost moisture. Among loose stones which I arranged so as to make pockets for moss, I set all the ferns I could get. The larger varieties I transplant in the spring, before the frosts begin to unroll, or the new roots to grow; or they can be moved successfully in the autumn months, after the fronds are formed.

One likes to transplant in the spring I think, for then the sun and rain gives one such quick payment for all trouble. I have always been careful to take plenty of earth about the roots, and to water thoroughly after setting, and I have lost very few plants. Year after year these ferns have grown together, making the place a veritable garden; they have spread over the whole space allotted, till the ground cannot be seen for their luxuriant leafage. Under their shadow, delicate mosses are beginning to grow, and so many seeds

and roots have come in the wood soil, that flowers rival the ferns without any especial care on my part. I cannot tell yet which of these ferns is the best. I admire greatly the sturdy habit of the Common Brake; (*Pteris aquilina*). I rejoice in the wind-blown Maidenhair; the Ebony Spleenwort is one of my favorites; the Bladder-Fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) is always lovely; and when I come to the *Aspidium* list, I cannot choose among its beauties, the spinulosum with its exquisitely cut foliage; cristatum and marginale upon which I may always depend, and that dear rough-and-ready old fellow who smiles at us so early, and laughs all winter long at the snow, and whose name is *Aerostichoides*.

"The dearest, bravest, He hath made,
Of all the ferns that grow
In shaded dells, on mountain side,
By gentle streamlet's flow."

There is the Polypod family too; and the *Asplenium*, with many of the Adder Tongue family, that look so little like real ferns. There is beauty enough here to satisfy any one, and yet I am trying hard to domesticate the walking and the climbing Fern among these others to the manor born.

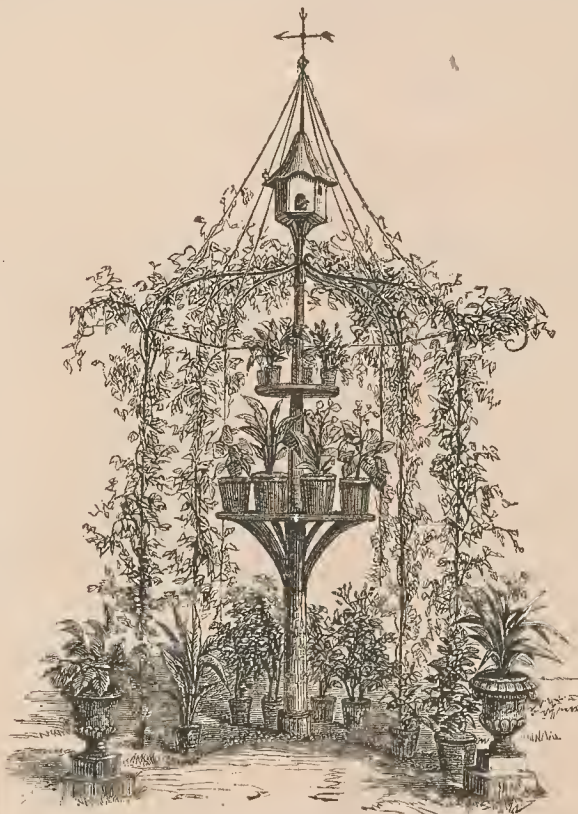
I take pains to shower my garden in very dry weather, otherwise it takes care of itself; the stones and the beds of moss mixed with soil, seeming to afford everything needed, except in the times when all signs fail. I have my Wardian case filled with Exotic Ferns, but I take the greatest possible pride in these natives; I never tire of them, and they never tire of growing for me.

DORE HAMILTON.

Rochester, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The illustration on first page is suggestive of a very attractive way of decorating rooms with plants of ornamental habit. The plant here figured is known to florists as the *Welfia Regia*, and could be grown only



RUSTIC ARBOR AND BIRD HOUSE.

by those who have greenhouses; but in its place any amateur can use any of the Ferns which are so frequent and so generally known. Few know what a charming appearance is given to a dinner table by placing upon it several large vases containing strong plants of Ferns, whose broad-reaching fronds and branches add a grace nothing else can give.

Page 36 introduces another plant used largely for greenhouses, and in the summer time is transplanted to the centre of flower beds, the *Latania borbonica*. It is very large in growth, and where used for indoor

decoration is suitable only for large halls. In the open air in summer, on the lawn, it gives a strikingly tropical appearance to the scene.

On page 37 is given the interior view of an English fern house at Hillfield, England. The Ferns are mainly of tropical growth, the largest in the foreground being the *Woodwardia radicans*. Among the smaller ferns we recognize many found in the wilds of our native woods. Probably the equal of this Fernery cannot be found in America.

All the other pages explain themselves easily. On this page is a little sketch by our artist of a pretty rustic structure for the flower garden. Wire trellises are trained toward a little pole whereon is a bird cage. Pots of flowers at the base and climbing vines up the trellis, will suggest to any lady an easy way to make a summer house or arbor.

What more sweet and home-like can there be than the little children, on next page, coming to greet mamma on her birthday with the evergreen sprig! We never tire of looking at faces so pure and lovely as these. On page 45 is a welcome to spring. Birds are near us, and the bees begin their flight.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Special Offer to Agents and Club Agents.—The unparalleled cold weather of January and February has retarded subscribers and prevented our friends from working as much as they desired. Pleasant weather will soon come, and now is the time to finish the clubs. It is not too late; thousands are ready to take the paper if it is only shown to them. To any one sending a club of five, at \$1.30 each, we will send the sixth copy for fifty cents extra. To all our club agents who will make special effort during March and April to send us new names, we will allow a premium of twenty-five cents for each name towards selection of any article in our Premium List or Illustrated Catalogue. We hold this offer open only till May 1st. Now every one can find us additional subscribers, we think.

Special Notice to Trial Subscribers.—A large number of Trial Subscriptions for three to six months or 1 year, expire with this number. To all such who now renew we will send, for \$1, all the remaining numbers of 1875, together with chromo, "My Window Garden."

Names of Flower-Lovers.—To any one who will forward to us the names of twenty or more ladies who are lovers of flowers, we will make a present of a pretty chromo, which we guarantee will be appreciated. See that the names are of choice families, people who really like flowers, and will appreciate a specimen of the *FLORAL CABINET*. Any who feel interested in the success of the *FLORAL CABINET* can help us very materially by sending us these names.

Caution.—Subscribers are cautioned to pay not a cent of money to agents they do not personally know. Always demand of them their certificate of authority, and likewise a receipt of subscription, signed by the Publisher. If the agent cannot furnish these, do not pay him until he does. Local agents, who live in the subscriber's vicinity, can generally be trusted, and are already well known to the subscribers of their club. These do not need a special authority or receipt, but all traveling agents must have the necessary authority; and all who pay such without getting from them a Publisher's receipt, do so at their own risk. The *FLORAL CABINET* has become so popular that we desire to caution all against loss of money by giving it to irresponsible parties. You can always hand your money to your postmaster, who will forward it safely for you; and there is not the slightest need of any country reader being swindled. If he does, it is his own fault. We have received complaints about several agents who have collected money from unsuspecting people and never remitted to us. They are unknown to us, never were employed by us, and have no authority to receive money for us: W. Clouse, Zanesville, O.; William Jones, Northport, L. I.; M. Staples, Northern N. Y. and Vermont; G. H. Williamson, Goldstein, Tenn. We give no certificate of authority to any agent until he has first given us first-class references and certificates of character.

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Home Life.

HOME PETS.

What a blessing is it that a variety of tastes are given us in the selection of objects upon which we may bestow our daily "love pats!" Even in *one* household we find the different members showing unlike preferences. One loves the dog, another fondles the cat; some care most for the canary, or other caged birds; many delight in a brood of chickens. Even the troublesome rabbit and restless squirrel have their admirers. Others bestow all their attention upon flowers and plants, and in each case the objects chosen receive the peculiar love and guardianship of their possessor; and in their care no one must interfere. The dog may bury its bone in the mellow flower border, and have a warm bed in its rustic kennel; the cat must have a warm place on the rug, and not be disturbed, even if, Mahomet like, a piece of a garment were to be cut off; the canary must hang in the sunniest window; the chickens may rove and scratch at will in the yard and garden, thereby rousing the temper and sadly trying the patience of the lover of flowers and vegetables, who truly has more to contend with in gratifying a love for the pets of a garden, greenhouse or window, than those who care only for the animate creation. They are active resistants to their enemies, while the beautiful roses are submissive, and bow their heads meekly to the ravages of the worm, that leaves only

skeletons behind. The scaly insect works at will on the smooth bark of the splendid Australian and other shrubs, despoiling them of life. The earth and wire worm perform their deeds of darkness, until the beautiful plants hang their drooping heads in despair. The sun will scorch, the wind blast, and (direst of all) the frost kill; yet those who love and care for these pets of the garden will never tire of the unceasing vigilance necessary to have them in all their beauty and perfection, and will call to their aid all the remedies given



THE CHILDREN'S MORNING WELCOME—MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

in the especial pet paper of all—the FLORAL CABINET—which comes as a monthly blessing to our homes, and will surely be rewarded by the renewed health and beauty of the delicate vines and the graceful plants.

All home pets have a mission to perform in leading the mind, for a time, from toil and trouble to purer thoughts and higher aspirations than are found in the mere routine of daily labor.

DELAWARE.

LITTLE ELEGANCIES.

I think that the CABINET is a great necessity, for it not only helps you to make your home neat and cheerful, but it gives also many recipes and hints which are very useful; and in getting up a club I think I succeeded a great deal better by mentioning the good recipes and hints contained therein, than by keeping quiet while they were looking at the paper. I very often go into a house that looks quite empty and lacking something, you hardly know what. There is as much furniture in the room as people generally have in a common room, yet they cannot tell what makes their rooms so blank looking; but if they would read the CABINET, and act upon what it says, they would have their house looking quite different to what it did before, for you would see such things as dried flowers and grasses, frames made of leaves, cones, plum-pits, or peach-pits, or perhaps a hanging basket, &c., which look very pretty, besides seeing the CABINET chromo neatly framed and hanging to the best advantage. There are a number of things that a person can make that will take very little time and money. You can utilize many old things which you have often before thrown away, such as making an easy chair out of a barrel, or covering an old picture-frame with cones. And, again, if you go into a house that has different little elegancies here and there, it would seem so bright you would think you had happened into the right house, and would like to take up your abode there.

BRUSSELS, ONT.

MARY M. MORRIS.

Ladies' Boudoir.

HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

A LETTER TO COUSIN HATTIE—MY HOME.

You wish to know how to improve your home in an inexpensive way. Perhaps the experience of an old woman, whose principal capital is a small stock of feminine ingenuity, may be of some service. Expecting a visit this summer from my young nieces, I was anxious to make some improvement in the old home, and "with malice intent" made a descent upon George in his post-prandial nap to beg the "filthy lucre" necessary. Surprising the garrison, I came off with flying colors and a modest sum snugly nestling in my purse to be expended for straw matting, paint and paper. Do not picture the old home a grand, grey, gabled mansion of fretted stone and hanging balconies garlanded with ivy green. Ours is but a small cottage, with vine-clad porch, hall, four rooms, and that eminently southern luxury, a back gallery. In the porch are two hanging baskets of my own construction. One is the half of an old powder-keg that I begged from a friend, and converted into a thing of beauty by tacking on bark, twigs, and roots, the whole covered with two coats of varnish and planted with Ferns, whose fairy foliage, half disclosing, half concealing, veils the burning heart of the scarlet Geranium. The other basket was once a tin basin, that in its humble sphere had done good service. Now I have painted it green and pasted on bunches of fruit and flowers cut from the wrappings of old fruit jars, the edge finished with a band of gilt paper, the whole varnished, you will never recognize the *ci-devant* basin, now covered with the blooms of Portulacea and tossing on the breeze its graceful pennons of Maurandia. Adopting an idea found in that little treasure, THE FLORAL CABINET, I oiled my hall floor in imitation of oak and walnut; every alternate plank is rubbed with boiled oil, the other planks with burnt umber and linseed oil. On the inside of the shade of my hall-lamp I have pasted red tissue paper, and the ruddy light falls on a pot of luxuriant Ivy which stands on a bracket that George, in a leisure moment, carved for me. Our little parlor is the pride of my foolish old heart, so much of its comeliness is due to the work of our own hands. I expended a small sum in the purchase of paint, and, after several successful failures, I succeeded in painting my ceiling at the small cost of what my sable handmaid calls "a creek in the neck." George and I were our own upholsterers; I selected the wallpaper, which is without figures, in color a pale blueish grey; my fashionable niece calls it mauve; the bordering is crimson and gold. My three windows are curtained with snowy muslin, looped with crocheted bands of crimson. Searching through my treasures in "Noah's Ark," which is an old oak chest, I found a piece of crimson cloth which I had owned longer than the prescribed "seven years" without finding any use for it; this I ent into lambrequins, which, fringed with crimson and gilt, excited the admiration of many who knew not that their chief claim to consideration lay in their antiquity.

In the front window hangs a basket of simplest materials. It is constructed of vines, twisted into shape, confined by wire and draped with our lovely Spanish Moss. It holds a pot of the Vinea, whose blue petals, harmonizing with the sober hue of the mossy drapery, makes a graceful union of "the blue and the grey." My three brackets George carved,

and I stained them with burnt umber and oil, in imitation of walnut. One holds a basket of fresh flowers and creeping vines, placed under a painting of the fair young face of "Beatrice Cenci." On the second bracket is a mimic forest tree, a crooked moss-covered twig fastened to a box which is concealed by mosses, lichens and autumn leaves, kept in place by bits of putty. Bracket number three holds a miniature turreted castle made of cork, and painted the melancholy brown of "storied ruins." In the east windows I have made a mimic window-garden, the jest of my young nieces, who call it "Auntie's play-house." Having an old work-table, a little the worse for wear, I had the top removed, a deep box put on to fit the window, filled it with earth and surmounted it with a frame for vines, the whole stained with umber and varnished. In the centre of the box I placed my fish globe, with its brilliant little navigator Capt. Kidd. Around it I have planted Ferns, Begonias, my Calla and trailing Coliseum Ivy; above, my canary warbles in his gilded cage. On one side an ambitious Madeira vine hangs its leaves of "soft bright green," and delicate scented blossoms. On the other hangs my favorite Smilax, contending for mastery with a sturdy English Ivy.

At the third window is a small stand, for which I have made a very pretty ornament. The glass shade of an old astral lamp I turned upside down and had a tin bottom soldered on. I painted the interior dark red in imitation of Bohemian glass. After the paint had dried I filled the vase with earth, and planted with Ferns; so, with small expense, I have a graceful Fern case.

I hope, dear Hattie, these suggestions may be of some use to you. With your birthright of woman's wit you will need but little money to beautify your home.

I have gleaned many valuable hints from the columns of my little companion, THE FLORAL CABINET, so, in conclusion, I shall recommend you to its kind editor for future assistance in "Household Topics."

NELLIE.

A WORD FOR OUR PETS.

Canary birds have become so common within the last few years that it seems as though something were wanted in a house where there are none. They are certainly very beautiful, and their singing is so sweet, and all their little cunning actions endear them to such a degree that, when they die or are lost, we feel as though some dear little friend were gone, and we really mourn them.

But every one who has had the care of a bird for any length of time knows what an anxiety it is, as the little creature is so very delicate, it must have the greatest attention. They are subject to a number of diseases, all of which are easy to cure, compared with the feat of ridding a bird of mites when it is once affected; and, in regard to this, is the piece of information which I would contribute, for I know it will be very acceptable to bird-lovers, or at least we would have found it so six months ago. We have eight birds, five of them beautiful singers, and when we bought them we knew literally nothing of their care. Soon after getting them here their singing gradually became less and less frequent, until at last we might have stayed in the bird-room for hours without hearing even a chirp. We were very much disappointed, for we expected to take a great amount of pleasure in their sweet little songs, but we comforted ourselves with the assurance that they were molting and would

soon begin to sing. Time went on, however, and they seemed to get more and more gloomy, and we also noticed they would pick frequently at their feathers. We at last sent for a bird-book, and on reading it found that our canaries had all the symptoms of being covered with mites; and it also gave us the comforting assurance that there was no way of getting rid of them. We resolved to make a trial, however, and at the suggestion of a friend placed a piece of flannel over each cage at night, and the next morning found them completely covered with these tiny red insects, so minute we could scarcely see them move. We thought then we had surely discovered a cure, so the flannels went on every night, and every morning millions of mites were brushed off, but day after day this went on, and there seemed to be no visible decrease in their number, and we concluded some stronger measures must be taken, for they multiplied faster than we could destroy them, and seemed to breed in the cages. Our cure therefore must begin there, so all the cage doors were opened, the birds flew out, and their deserted houses (plenteously inhabited by mites) were taken to the laundry, and there met with a warm reception from a kettle of boiling water; but, for fear that a few little insects had survived their hot bath, the cages were then thoroughly scrubbed with a strong solution of salt and water, and dried in the sun, and the birds housed.

The little homes were draped with flannel again that night, but the next morning no mite appeared and the birds, visibly improved, began to sing joyously. Now the combined songs of the five are so very deafening we think of importing a few mites to quell their too risen spirits. I forgot to add, we wash the perches every other day, in salt and water, to prevent any reappearance of our trouble. This may seem a very simple and unimportant fact to many, but to those whose little pets have been almost driven wild by the ravages of these bloodthirsty insects, it will prove invaluable.

Flushing, L. I.

CLARA CHASE.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.

Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend of what people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but he adds, with characteristic candor: "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero—not for myself, but for my wife and little ones. I have now as much work to do as I can execute, unless I can find some more assistance in the marble, and I have a prospect of further commissions." The truth here expressed by the gifted sculptor is like a similar remark we heard not long since by a gentleman who tried matrimony in the same way, and found afterward that the loose change in his pocket, which he had before squandered foolishly and idly—in young men's whims, as he called them—was enough to support a prudent wife, who, by well-regulated economy, had proved a fortune in herself, and had saved a snug sum of money for her once careless husband. "A wife to direct a man toward a proper ambition and to a general economy," he said, "is like timely succor at sea, to save him from destruction on a perilous voyage."

Parlor Decorations.

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE?

"I cannot understand, Lucy, how it is that your parlor always wears such a home-like look, while mine is as stiff and straight as a poker. I am sure I try to have pretty things in my house, but it never looks any way but simply horrid, while everybody is talking about what a pretty home you have."

Thus ungrammatically and inelegantly, but with truthfulness, does my friend complain. We went to house-keeping at the same time, she with money, I with none. As the years have glided, one by one, away, a goodly number of bright dollars have fallen into my till, but that early experience I would not exchange for worlds. I learned that rich furniture and costly carpets do not give a home-like look to a room. Nay, not always an elegant appearance.

Here is a city parlor, gotten up on the regulation pattern—you will all recognize it if I draw a picture of its accompaniments: A velvet carpet, dark or light, small or large figured, according to the existing fashion, three or four chairs and one or two easy rockers, perhaps a "sleepy hollow," all elegantly upholstered to match the carpet, several large pictures in rich frames on the walls, a light stand or two with some costly piece of statuary or heavy vase thereon, lace curtains, with perhaps rep lambrequins, and a marble centre-table with a few handsomely bound, but unreadable, books lying about on it. Have you not seen such rooms? Do they not bear a strong flavor of furniture stores; and more than all, do they not savor of dollars and cents?

I set out to furnish my room with as little expense and as much beauty as possible. I bought a lovely ingrain carpet with a three-ply figure, and no one would have known the difference. My carpet being gray and scarlet, I found some beautiful gray and scarlet chintz at forty cents a yard with which I covered my sofa and all my chairs. The furniture was second-hand hair cloth, but my neighbors supposed it to be the finest material covered for protection. I next purchased my curtains—Nottingham lace, full enough and long enough to be dainty and pretty, though they were but sixty cents a yard; I looped them up with scarlet cord and crowned them with scarlet lambrequins, which I made at a slight expense, cutting them out of merino and lining them with stiff cambric. I bought some velveteen, the shade of the gray in the carpet, cut it into leaf shapes, and transferred these around the edge, forming a vine. Every one who came in admired and wondered where I bought them. I had two or three splendid chromos, instead of a great many pictures, without name or fame, and upon these I spent all the money I had to spare for that purpose. Raphael's Holy Family hung in the best light and changed the whole aspect of the room; a lovely Madonna and the prettiest Beatrice I could find adorned two other sides. I had a small round stand in one window with a large dish of flowers always upon it, when I could obtain them. I brought as many pretty trifles to the parlor as I could find, placing them on the several brackets, mantel, and table, which stood in the centre of the room. I was true to my colors, admitting only scarlet and gray; consequently there was a general air of fitness about the room, with never a discord in the harmony. Somebody says that a parlor portrays the character of its owner. Let us put forth an effort in this direction and our houses will become homes.

E. E. DICKINSON.

SEA MOSSES.

An album of these lovely sea flowers will be an acquisition to your treasures, and a few directions for pressing and arranging them may prove acceptable. August is the best time to collect and dry them.

Collect them carefully and put in a tin box or pail, with sea water, for these sea flowers fade marvelously fast, when roughly gathered. It is best to gather them in the morning, as then you can arrange them during the afternoon, and they look nicer if arranged when fresh. The finest and rarest specimens are found in the lowest tide-pools, and after a storm, but even at high tide you will find many pretty ones. When ready to arrange them, fill shallow pans with fresh water, take a piece of the moss and rinse until clean, then float it gently in the pan of water until it resumes its natural position, then gently slip a piece of the best drawing paper or bristol board (cut the desired size) under the moss, and with a needle mounted on a small stick arrange as you desire them to lie, thin out all superabundant branches with small sharp pointed scissors; when all are as you desire them raise the paper carefully, so as not to disturb the position of the moss, let the paper rest in a slanting position until the moisture runs off; while the paper is yet damp, cover with old soft linen or muslin, then a sheet of blotting paper, place in a book, with sufficient pressure to keep smooth and even, change every day, and in a week they will be ready for the album. Some weeds which are glutinous must not be pressed now, but laid out in the desired form on the paper until perfectly dry, then moisten the underside of the paper, and give a gentle pressure only. Others will not adhere to the paper; and these, when dry, brush over with a preparation of one ounce of oil of turpentine, in which some gum mastic the size of a nutmeg has been dissolved; this gives a rich gloss and helps to preserve the color of the specimens. The larger mosses will be ready for use in ten days or so, if changed to dry papers every day. Tiny specks of bright worsted may be fastened among the mosses with good effect, as they look like buds and blossoms. There are some varieties of weeds which need only to be washed clean and hung up to dry, and are pretty for many uses.

A very pretty way of arranging the small mosses is to imitate flowers, etc. With the shades of green and pink you can arrange exquisite Moss Rose-buds, feathery Pinks, Geranium blossoms, etc. With green, purplish, and yellow shades you can simulate Pansies and Violets; with the variety of shades you can form different flowers. Trees are pretty imitated with these mosses. Harps, anchors, crosses, initials, and a variety of other forms can be made of the brown shades, and ornamented with the green and bright ones to represent vines and flowers twining around them. These form beautiful ornaments for an album of mosses. They are greatly admired and sell readily in cities at good prices.

The pretty album of these treasures I have, justifies me in saying, any one who tries these directions will feel rewarded for all trouble in collecting and arranging an album of Sea Mosses.

FLORA DAY.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

In the good old days that we have heard so much quoted, every young lady was expected to qualify herself to be the mistress of a home. Girls lent a hand in household arts and sciences and helped to make the happiness of the home circle.

Our girls must be better educated than their grandmothers—and we do not question their right to this—

but the better education seems to take so much of their time. About forty weeks in each year is given to books—only twelve remain for other uses—since young girls of my acquaintance are almost always obliged to study out of school. Mother wants her Katy and Sue to stand as well as her neighbors' daughters, and so urges the study.

Nobody denies that each lady should be competent to manage the affairs of her own household, whether she may have a score of servants, or no; and the mother should teach her own daughters, since no one else can do it so well. It requires systematic effort upon her part, but no pains should be spared to form in the mind of her girl a love for home and all that pertains to it. This can be done if they are trained from their early years to minister in small things to the comfort of others, to remember birthdays, holidays, etc. If a mother is wise she can invest the homeliest domestic trifle with a charm.

Almost all little girls like to watch the mysteries of cake and pudding making; the kitchen is a never-failing amusement to them. I know one mother who made a large apron for her active Martha, when the child was four or five, and regularly took her into the kitchen on baking days; with a little board and rolling-pin she made delightful pies and cakes from her mother's big pans of dough, till she could be trusted to mix for herself. When old enough to value it as a privilege she laid the tea-table nicely, and afterwards ordered the teas alone. When older she was taken to market and given many practical lessons to be learned in no other way. After she left school she spent a certain length of time each day in doing some necessary task. She was taught the most healthful way of preparing food and the quickest way of doing things. All the wisdom that had come to the mother by experience the daughter had to begin with. The year before her marriage the entire housekeeping fell to her share, and when she went into a home of her own she went fully ready for those cares that so often rise like mountains before an ignorant young bride.

The kitchen in which Martha learned her delightful lessons had east and south windows, with shades, painted walls with pictures on them, plants in the windows, a cooking form with all conveniences, and the tins she used were always bright and pretty. She had a pretty cocoanut dipper, a blackwalnut butter stamp, a carved crumb brush, and all manner of little elegancies that made the compounding of stews and soups, and creams and jellies, more like artistic work than the hateful drudgery that it seems to most of us. The kitchen was fully as pleasant, in its way, as the parlor.

To be sure, the mother was an artist, and we all may be artists if we will. No one needs mental discipline, self-control, common sense, faith, cheerfulness, and health more than a house-mother. I cannot think of another calling that needs so varied an array of talents as the housekeeper's and mother's calling. The purity of our homes, their happiness or their misery, lie mostly in the mother's hands. Happy is the woman who can so live and mould the lives of her children, that they shall rise up and call her blessed.

Rochester, N. Y.

DORE HAMILTON.

PAPER STARS.

If I. E. Newton will send her address to Miss Fannie Harford, Morris, Grundy Co., Illinois, I will send her some paper stars, from which she will have no trouble in making some that are suitable for baskets, frames, etc.

F. M. H.

Household Elegancies.

SKELETON LEAVES.

The art of skeletonizing leaves is among the many items of household elegancies which deserve to take high rank. The history of the art is a curious one, worth relating. The figure of a skeleton leaf was published at Naples, Italy, by an anatomist, as far back as 1645, and created great curiosity at the time. Many attempts were made to discover the secret, but it does not appear to have become known, and for a time the method was lost. About seventy-six years afterwards, a Dutch anatomist turned his attention to the subject. Having been in the habit of procuring skeletons of animals by allowing insects to eat away the flesh until the skeleton was clean, he tried his method on leaves, and failed. Not to be beaten, he persevered, trying other methods, until rewarded by success. The beautiful specimens he produced caused so many others to attempt the discovery of the means he used, that after some years, finding he could no longer keep his secret, in 1727 he published it. This method is, with very little difference, the same that is now used, and the art has grown into one beautiful, extremely simple, inexpensive, and has found hosts of admirers.

1st. Lay the leaves in water until they partially decay, allowing the skin and fleshy matter to become decomposed, but stop the process before it attacks the fibres. Perfect leaves must be gathered, for a very slight scratch or blotch in the leaf will make the skeleton imperfect.

2d. Gather the leaves in June or July; choose large ones, well matured, and not the young ones at tops of branches; gather a good number, soak them two weeks in rain-water in some tub, exposed to the sun. Examine twice a week, or oftener if the weather is warm, and any leaves found soft or pulpy, remove to a basin of clean water.

3d. The pulpy matter must not be removed with the finger, but with a fine brush or coarse comb. Slip a card in the water under each leaf you try, brush one side with the brush, then return to the water and reverse the leaf on the same card, and brush the other side. The cleansed skeleton must be again put in another basin of clean water until time for bleaching; the sooner this is done the better.

4th. Bleaching.—Get some chloride of lime, mix well with the water in proportion of two table-spoonfuls of chloride to a pint of water. Allow it to settle, and pour off the clear liquid for use. The card with

the skeleton on it should be dipped in the solution and the skeleton allowed to float off. The time for bleaching varies; a strong solution bleaches quicker than a weak one. Some skeletons take longer to bleach than others; a delicate leaf, such as the ivy, will often be beautifully white in a couple of hours, while an obstinate saw leaf has been in the solution until it has fallen to pieces of a whitey-brown color. When the leaves are sufficiently bleached they must be lifted out again on the card, and immersed several times in clear water, and then finally left for, say, half an hour, in a fresh basin of clear water. After that again float them on to a clean card, nicely arrange them on the

green separating from the skeleton. Leaves containing tan cannot be done by this process, for tan resists decomposition. Poplar leaves are easy. Silver poplar is especially easy and beautiful; so is the aspen. The apple and pear of the orchard, the crab-apple of the woods, and the various ivies are also easy. The willow requires some care, as it is very delicate; gathered early it decays quickly. The maple, another beautiful leaf, must be gathered young and cleaned with the hair-brush and a tapping motion. The wild poppy, Canterbury bell and columbine, tulip-tree are all easy subjects. Oak leaves cannot be used, also none of the firs, or the walnut, hazel, chestnut, elm, in fact no leaves which contain tannin. Once started in the process, the learner has an unlimited field to experiment in; the fields, woods, farm, garden, greenhouse, all have treasures for him to choose from.

7th. Arranging.—After bleaching, mount in various ways according to taste. If well bleached they are beautifully white, and their appearance is much improved by a dark background. If arranged as a bouquet under a shade, the bottom should be covered with black velvet, and some delicate leaves displayed about it. If forming a group to hang against the wall, the back should be covered with black velvet.

The process of macerating the leaves can be accomplished in a few hours by boiling them in a preparation of lime and soda, but common sense prefers the other more natural but slower way. Soft water will help the process faster than hard.

Flower-Box.—Take a strawberry box, left of the summer, and cover it with the fine green moss that you can find in the woods, nestling close to the roots of the trees. To fasten the moss on, you must take brown cotton, and wind it round and round and round. The thread will sink into the fibres of the moss, and will not be seen. Now if you have holly berries or tiny shells, arrange them, here and there, upon the moss. Stick the coral berries



GROUP OF SKELETON LEAVES FOR A GLASS SHADE.

card, lift out and let them drain; then dry them off as quickly as possible, to prevent dust settling on them. They may be dried in front of a fire or may be put in a warm oven for a short time, only see that they do not get baked brown. They are now sufficiently strong to bear handling with ordinary care.

5th. Time for decaying.—No rule can be given; older leaves take longer time than young ones. A properly matured ivy or aspen leaf will generally be ready to clean in a fortnight of warm summer weather, while an old magnolia leaf has often lain eighteen months and then wholly decayed without in any de-

in, stick the shells on, with mucilage. Inside your box set a low tumbler, fill it with water, and in it place plentiful sprigs of the basket-plant *Tradescantia*, commonly known as the "Wandering Jew," or "Creeping Jacob." It grows rapidly when potted; and even in water, which must be changed once a week or so, it will put forth shoots, and make a most refreshing greenness. Such an arrangement as this, the moss-covered box and the trailing vine, set on a bracket, will make one corner of your sitting-room a source of interest and delight.

Fireside Readings.

A SPINSTER'S CHANCE.

It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more the offers they refuse. One is too tall, another too short; this not wealthy, and that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth and opportunity.

Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town, but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or another discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggard of their gifts are obliged to submit. But Harriet, as we have said, was handsome and very rich.

Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune, you know; even in this scandal-loving town not a creature can breathe an imputation against her."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done. It is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and as wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with her uncle. On the way home he thus addressed her:

"Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Col. Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But, Uncle——"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels and whatever else you need your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to accept the one that was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words in private to his future nephew.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."

"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections——"

"Nothing of the kind, my niece is sincerely attached to you."

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

An enterprising superintendent of one of our city Sunday schools was engaged last Sunday in catechizing the scholars, varying the usual method by beginning at the end of the catechism. After asking what were the requisites for the Holy Communion and Confirmation, and receiving very satisfactory replies, he asked: "And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism?" Whereupon a lively urchin shouted out, "A baby, sir." Fact; followed by sensation and laughter.

Old bachelor uncle:

"Well, Charles, what do you want now?" Charlie: "Oh! I want to be rich." Uncle: "Rich! Why so?" Charlie: "Because I want to be petted, and Ma says you are an old fool and must be petted because you are rich. But it's a great secret and I mustn't tell!"

A high-school pupil in a cross-town car reciting her geometry lesson to a fellow-girl, recently, as follows: "If the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angle cone, then the rectangle of the diameter of a circle is equal to the square of the—ah—to the—ah—is equal to the—ah—to the square—to the—ah—oh, bother! Gimme that book! I wish pa 'nd let me take dancing lessons instead of these horrible squares, and angles, and hypotenuses."

According to the entertaining London correspondent of the New York Times, the Duke of Somerset lately told a good story: "When Bishop Burnet was at Rome he met Christina, Queen of Sweden, who, though born a Protestant, had become a Roman Catholic, and asked her what she thought of the Pope's infallibility. She replied that she did not know much about his infallibility, but that she had a firm faith in the Popes being under supernatural guidance, because she had herself known four of them, and they were all such consummate fools that if they had not had Divine assistance she could not see how they could ever have got on at all."

The Hebrew Leader tells a good story and appends a moral: "A young lady of big accomplishments (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I thought I heard music; on which instrument were you performing, Miss?' 'On the grid-iron, sir, with an accompaniment of the frying pan!' she replied; 'my mother is without help, and she says I must learn to finger these instrument sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons.'"



SPRING TIME—COMING OF THE BIRDS.

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter then?"

"A joke—an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in good humor; we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."

"What! Colonel Lumley living?"

"No, no; she is a spinster."

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had ever conceived himself, and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

Housekeeping.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

I have been a constant reader of the CABINET from its first number. We there read of beautiful flowers to gladden the hearts of all with their never-failing sources of interest, of pretty arrangements to beautify apartments otherwise homely, of dainty receipts to tempt the appetite, of quaint sayings, and bits of merriment for the young; but I do not remember having seen any mention of some articles which I regard as a great blessing to those who have much of their own household duties to perform. I allude to the Union Kerosene Stove, and its light and convenient articles for cooking, and to the patented Warren's cooker. In summer, when the heat enervates terribly, and all cooking is a great trial, these articles are invaluable.

I do not intend to delude any housekeeper with the too often seen remark, without much trouble or fatigue, for all household work must be attended with some of these. But I do affirm from five years' experience with the stove, and some months with the cooker, that far less fatigue, far less soiling of hands and garments, far less heat, is endured in the use of these articles, than with any stove for wood or coal.

For the benefit of young housekeepers, I will give my experience: I have met with so much trouble in getting bread properly baked that I determined to get a four-burner kerosene stove and patent baker. I was delighted with the perfect manner in which bread, biscuits, cakes, potatoes, and meats and poultry, could be cooked. It is essential to be certain that the lamp be properly filled, and the wicks nicely cut; avoid a draught on the stove, and do not raise the wicks too high or they will smoke and spoil your cooking. Note the time it took to bake your first loaf of bread, and after that you need but put your bread in, and sit down to your sewing, or go to your other duties, without fear. For quite a large loaf, I find an hour is the usual time; it is thoroughly baked and very nice.

I was so well pleased with my first purchase that after that I added to my articles a tea-kettle, sauce-pan, preserve-kettle, waffle-iron, coffee-roaster, broiler, etc.; all of which I find very satisfactory. There is also an iron-heater, which is useful; but with this my experience is less than with the other articles. The coffee-roaster is very quick and satisfactory in the performance of its duties. I now have two stoves in daily use in a small pantry, and would on no account be without them. In sickness these stoves are very convenient and useful. I use the cooker on one of these stoves; ham, corned beef or pork, and fish, are much finer cooked in it than in any other way. I prefer the baker, myself, for meats or poultry that is to be roasted, but many prefer the cooker. The steamer for vegetables is excellent. Beets, beans, corn, cabbage, pumpkin, squash, potatoes, and peas, I have cooked without loss of flavor. The water used in the lower vessel to create the steam is ready for you to wash up your utensils after cooking.

There is one mistake, though; the makers of the cooker affirm in their notice of its merits that no odors of cooking can be perceived; this is not so; but I do not think it is quite as much so as in other modes. A ham cooked in this way is far superior to one boiled in water; and to those who must look closely into the economy of the kitchen, it is a great saving; for from each ham so cooked a good deal of pure essence and lard is obtained, which is lost when boiled in water. This is very useful in preparing many other dishes.

The great advantage of not having to watch the

articles while cooking can only be appreciated by those who know how trying it is to have sewing work and dinner both to accomplish in a given time; to see if the fire is burning, the pot not boiling over, the bread or meat not scorching, etc. Who that must do this daily work does not know its trials, and how difficult to sew under such circumstances. But by using these utensils and timing them you can close the door upon your cooking and sit in peace in another room until the time is up.

I think, as a general rule, it requires a longer time to cook meats and vegetables than the printed directions sent out with the cooker mentions. Perhaps my using it on a kerosene stove may be the reason. I am not prepared to say, if used on any other, if this would be the case. If these few notes assist any young housekeeper, who has not found it easy at a moment's notice to find a Bridget or a Dinah, I shall be pleased. With these articles we have felt independent of the whims of the too often pretended helps of the present time.

M. M. M.

SOME IDEAS TO SET YOU THINKING.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," and all I intend to even attempt in this paper is just to give you some few ideas to set you thinking, and mayhap at some more favorable moment I shall give you some bits of my experience in this noble calling—housekeeping. It is a noble calling if we will only make it so, and bring all our energies to bear upon our work.

But, to begin; firstly, as some speakers will persist in saying: save steps; how many unnecessary steps many a housewife takes, never thinking of how she could save her time and strength by a little head-work and devising ways to save steps. If you go for a dish to lift the meat on, be sure to get every plate and dish you will need in lifting dinner, taking all at one load, thereby saving many steps; if you go to the pantry to sift meal or flour, grind the coffee while there; when the things are to fetch from the cellar, bring as many as possible at one load, and in many a little way like this we can manage to save ourselves trouble, time and steps, thus doing more work with only half the worry.

Secondly, be economical; save all the scraps of bread, cold meat, potatoes, etc., and work them into desirable shapes for another meal; for instance, I shall tell you of two dishes we have had to-day, composed of scraps; the first we call Brown Betty: crumb two tea-cups of stale bread, have ready two tea-cups of good tart apples chopped fine, butter your pudding dish, and place a good layer of the crumbs on the bottom of it, then a layer of the apples, sprinkling them with sugar, and seasoning to taste, then another layer of crumbs, and another of apples, sugar and seasoning, and half a cup of water, then more crumbs, place in a warm oven, turn a plate over it, and let it bake one hour; serve with pudding sauce. The other we call Potato Scone: take cold mashed potatoes, add a little cream, some salt and pepper, mix well, and place in a conical shape on a well-buttered dish, put in the oven, and let bake until a light brown.

So many scraps are thrown away that would work over so nicely, and it makes me feel bad for the experience of the housewife when I see such things go to the swill-pail, or worse still, thrown on the yard; I long to give them some of my plans, but it won't do to talk too much, especially to people who think themselves as wise as you, and when I go to such houses I have to remember that I have "two eyes and only one tongue," therefore look, but hold my tongue.

And another hint. Young housekeepers should try to be neat; for what is more provoking than to have

to come home to a slovenly house and a slovenly wife, with tattered, soiled, and draggled dress, unkempt hair, and no collar; what would be more apt to cool a loving husband's affection than this same thing?

Try to keep everything about the house bright and shining, spotless and pure; mind you, I say try, for how well we know that if there are little fingers to mark the walls, scratch the furniture, tarnish the windows, and get into everything generally; how well we know, I say, what a next to impossible task it seems to the worn mother to keep it anyway but cluttered up and everything at sixes and sevens; show the children how papa wants things, and they will be more careful. Teach the household that there is a place for everything, and that everything must be in its place. Try to snatch a minute or two to brighten up before husband comes in, and see if you are not well repaid by a loving smile, if nothing more demonstrative. Ah, well, I know of a young wife and mother that is content to let things go as they will or can; she has two little ones, and nothing but her little light housework to do, but she seems to be ever on the worry, always fretful and flurried, but still never getting anything accomplished. How I pity her husband; he must get almost discouraged!

We always get breakfast over soon as possible, and then to the real work of the day. At night we set the breakfast table, grind coffee, get flour and meat in, ready for cooking; or, if we want chicken, kill it and have ready, just for frying, and then we soon finish the next morning, having nothing much to do. My space is all gone, so I must quit; may be I will write you again ere long.

CARRIE LEE.

To Make Tough Beef Tender.—Put into the pot a trifle more water than will be finally needed. Set into the top of the cooking-pot a closely-fitting tin pail or pan, and fill it with cold water. If this gets boiling hot, dip out some and add cold water from time to time. Boil the meat until it gets so tender that the bones will drop out, even if it takes five or ten hours. The steam and aroma or flavor of the meat will be condensed on the bottom of the covering pan or pail of water and drop back, and thus be retained. When thoroughly done, remove the cover and slowly simmer down thick enough to jelly when cold. Dip out the meat, remove the bones, place it in a pan, pour over it the boiled liquid, lay over it a large plate or inverted tin platter, and put on fifteen to thirty pounds' weight. When cold it will cut into nice slices, and if lean and fat or white meat be mixed it will be beautifully marbled. The juice will jelly and compact it firmly together, and you will have nice juicy meat, good for breakfast, dinner or supper, and so tender that poor teeth can masticate it.

Cleaning Stoves.—Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy, and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

To Cement Wood to Glass.—Make a solution of isinglass in acetic acid so thick as to be solid when cold. Heat this and apply it. This had been tested by fastening the end of a glass tube to pine wood; the wood gave way sooner than the cement.

Croup.—A lady correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* says the following is an effective remedy for croup: "Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum in a little molasses. It is a simple remedy, almost always at hand, and one which seldom fails to give relief. If it should, repeat it after one hour."

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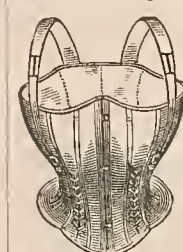
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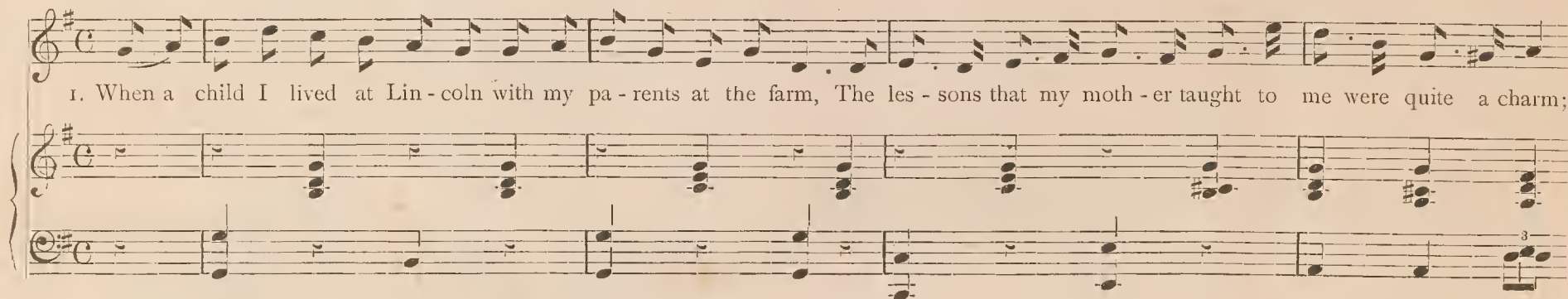
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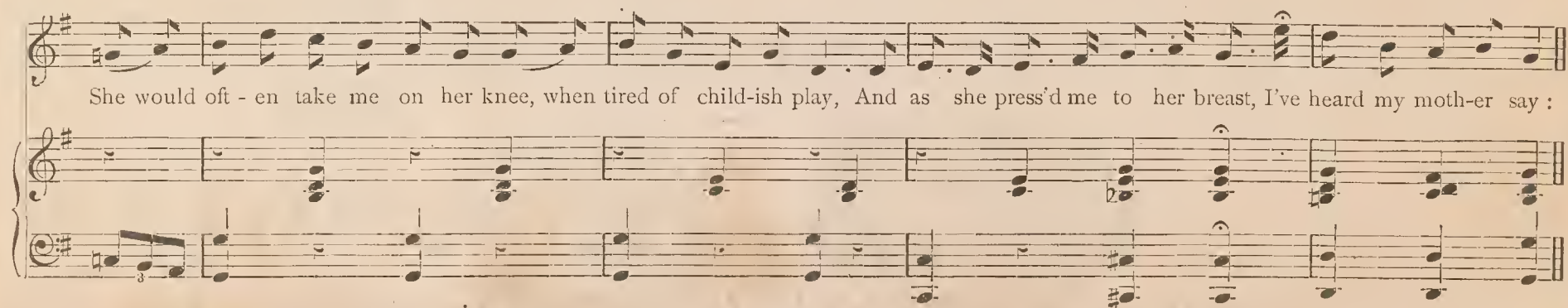
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The Well runs Dry.

ROWLAND HOWARD.

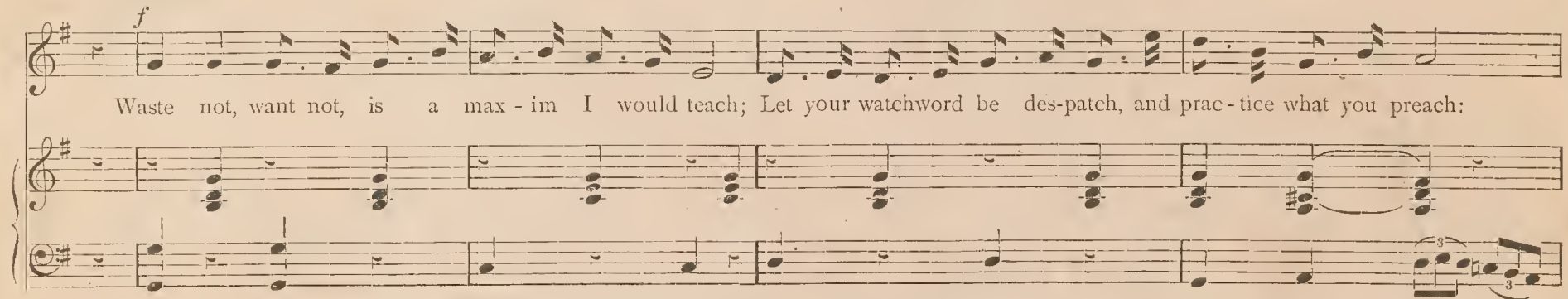


1. When a child I lived at Lin-coln with my pa-rents at the farm, The les-sons that my moth-er taught to me were quite a charm;

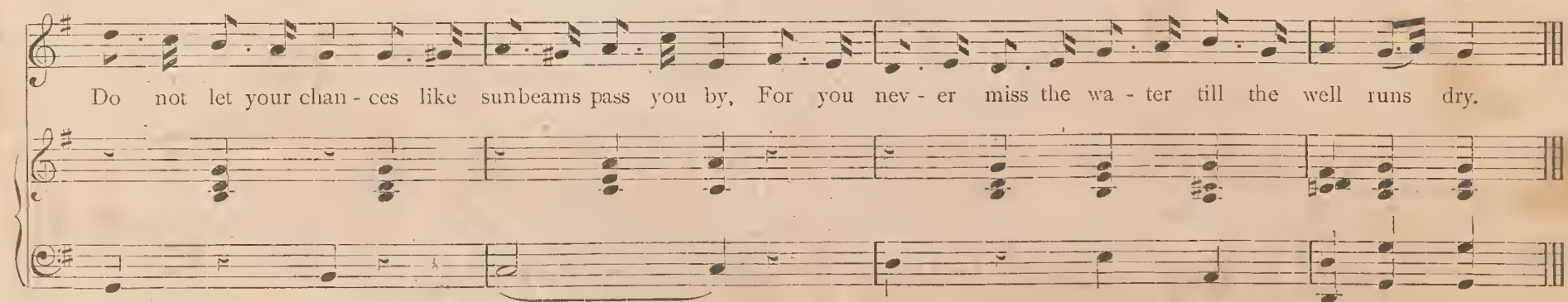


She would oft-en take me on her knee, when tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth-er say :

Chorus.



Waste not, want not, is a max-im I would teach; Let your watchword be des-patch, and prac-tice what you preach:



Do not let your chan-ces like sunbeams pass you by, For you nev-er miss the wa-ter till the well runs dry.

2 As years rolled on I grew to be
A mischief-making boy,
Destruction seem'd my only sport,
It was my only joy.
And well do I remember when
Oftimes well chastised,
How father sat beside me then,
And thus has me advised:—CHO.

3 When I arriv'd at manhood,
I embark'd in public life,
And found it was a rugged road,

Bestrown with care and strife;
I speculated foolishly,
My losses were severe,
But still a tiny little voice
Kept whisp'ring in my ear:—CHO.

4 Then I studied strict economy,
And found, to my surprise,
My funds instead of sinking,
Very quickly then did rise;
I grasp'd each chance, and always "struck
The iron while 'twas hot;"

I seiz'd my opportunities,
And never once forgot;—CHO.

5 I'm married now and happy,
I've a careful little wife;
We live in peace and harmony,
Devoid of care and strife;
Fortune smiles upon us,
We have little children three;
The lesson that I teach them,
As they prattle round my knee:—CHO.

THE LADIES' *Domestic* Calendar

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1875.

No. 40.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

OUR GARDENS.

Our springs are late; the ground is damp and soft up to the prescribed time for planting, so that one can not so well go about; then with me I am always so impatient to see the garden planted, that it is done without any plan, and I fear often presents a jumbled appearance; scarlet and pink are brought too near neighbors, for the good appearance of either, not being in bloom when set out; whereas if it were on paper, each plant would have its own reserved place, and a harmonious grouping of colors be obtained.

From my reading I was induced to try bedding out varieties of Begonias, such as Hybrid, Multiflora, Carnea and others; poor shabby things; those that live to come indoors, shall not be so treated again; by experience we learn. *Lobelia Cardinalis* I put in the open sunshine; it reveled in the heat; fairly dazzling were its long spikes of scarlet blossoms. Two long lanky specimens of *Abutilon Thompsoni*, were planted out; and contrary to the rules for variegated foliage, instead of fading, their blotches are of golden hue, and the slim sticks, young trees; so next season I will use them for shade trees, to screen my too sunny garden. Last spring I found my large house Ivy almost covered with scaly bug; it was planted in the ground and trained up along a shaded piazza. There must be an old feud between the

scaly bug and ant, for, where but few had been seen before, they came in droves, whole settlements turned out, and made thoroughfares of the Ivy's branches; the bugs were no more, and the ants returned to their former quarters, so that will be stowed away for future reference. One portion of the garden is planted in thicket, with early blooming shrubs, but soon after the spring renovating, the weeds became so trouble-

and their bloom will not be retarded by moving. The Lilies were not planted deep enough; the roots which give support to the blossom are at the base of the foliage, and if not well covered may not bloom, or cause the blossoms to be very inferior. Unlike most bulbs the Lily will not bloom well in rich earth. Another year I shall give more attention to vases, for they certainly add very much to the appearance of the

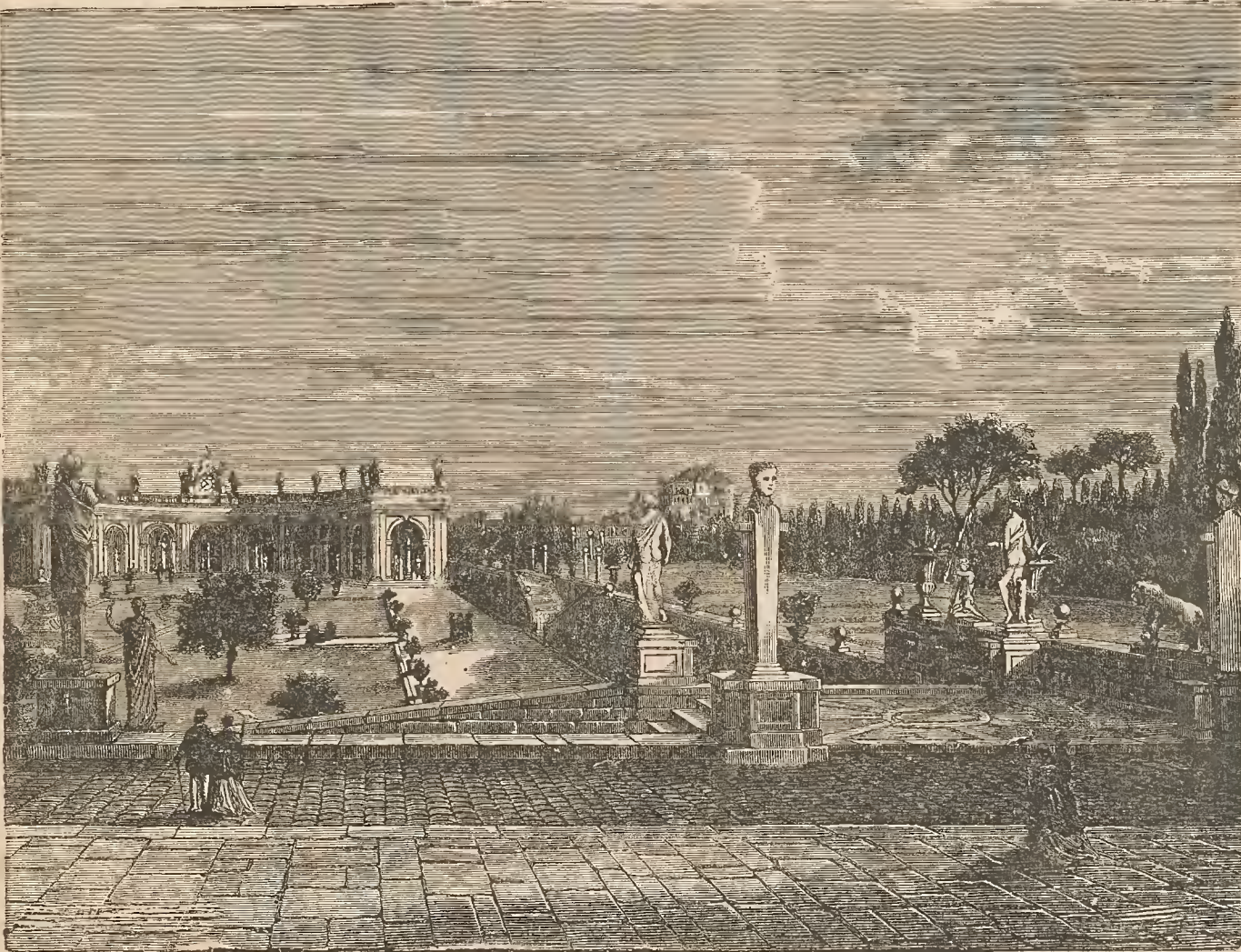
garden. I planted in one a *Begonia Sanguinea*, around it Ivy Geranium, varieties of white-leaf plants, *Maurandya* and *Convolvulus minor*; in another, the variegated Madeira Vine of shrubby nature, around it the deep red *Coleus* and an edge of *Moneywort*.

Among the basket plants I was much pleased with *Begonia Glanophylla scandens*; it has light green, pointed leaves, salmon-pink blossoms and trailing habit. Another extremely delicate and graceful-looking plant is the *Pelargonium reflexum*, slender black stem, small round leaves, reminding one of the Maidens-hair Fern; the blossom is waxy white, with tiny black dots.

In a very shady spot, a wire moss-lined basket, filled with wood Ferns, to which were added a few Lycopods, really made one feel cool to look upon it, so suggestive of a shady sequestered spot in the woods, gurgling water, the song of wild birds, and a feeling of calm and peace.

Madison, Wis.

IRENE H. WILLIAMS.



AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

some I thought I would give something a grade higher a chance, and sowed *Petunia* seed plentifully; they grew wonderfully, needed no care, and have looked quite gay.

The *Chrysanthemums* I put in pots much larger than they then needed, sinking them in the ground. When frosty nights come they are ready to come in,

Floral Contributions.

(This article received Second Prize.)

CLIMBING VINES.

BY MAY MIGNONETTE.

The number of vines climbing by the aid of tendrils is large. Some are called creepers. Among this class may be found many bearing edible fruits, as the squash, melon, cucumber, and the luscious grape—and I must not omit the pumpkin. These creep along on the ground until they find an object upon which they can climb, and then, grasping it with their tendrils and raising their heads, up they go.

I think if these vines were grown upon frames their fruit would be much nicer and ripen better. Some years since a squash seed was accidentally dropped near the corner of my piazza. As it grew it was trained along the edge of the roof, and in the course of the summer it attained to the length of forty-four feet. The bright green leaves afforded a grateful shade, and the large, goblet-shaped flowers, in color a delicate buff, threw out a sweet perfume. It bore several squashes, one of which hung directly over the well, and proved to be excellent food. One of the best squashes I ever tasted was ripened on the roof of my shed. Others are cultivated for the beauty of the foliage and fruit. Among the gourds are the curious, the ornamental and the useful, some of them bearing fruit large enough for dippers. From these are formed the calabashes about which we read in stories of West Indian life.

The fruit of the Mock-Orange, so called from its resemblance to the real orange, when arranged on a plate of green wedgewood ware, in shape imitating a cluster of vine leaves, is a cheerful and also a tantalizing object on the centre-table.

The pear-shaped gourd is very handy in darning stockings. The gourd fits nicely into the heel or toe, and one can hold on to the neck and mend the hole (often a large one) with much more ease than when the hand is within the stocking. The seed must be planted early, in order to have the gourd ripen and mature in this northern climate. The blossom is white, and has a somewhat musky odor.

Bryonopsis I can recommend as a graceful, rapid growing annual climber. The leaves are pretty, and its little marbled fruit is very attractive. The flowers, which are of a pale straw color, are small. The seeds are enclosed in a small capsule of the size and form of an agate marble, pretty in their green state, and when ripe, a subdued scarlet color and striped with white. They grow in pairs, and, if they were hard like a gourd, would be valuable for making a variety of fancy articles. They remain fresh for some time, and then shrivel in drying. It is a pretty vine for the house or conservatory.

Cardiospermum is light, airy and graceful; the foliage and tendrils of a bright green. From the axils of the leaves are thrown out slender, thread-like stems, on which are borne its tiny white flowers. One can hardly believe that such little flowers will produce seeds in such large capsules (but some small women are mothers of tall sons). The seeds are brown, with a white spot on one side, and are enclosed in a green capsule, looking like a little airy balloon, dancing in the wind and ready to soar aloft as soon as the tie is broken that binds it to the plant. The seeds are hard, and if one could procure them in a sufficient quantity they might be strung on thread or wire and used for necklaces, hanging baskets, and a variety of pretty ornaments.

Abroba viridiflora is thus described in Mr. Washburn's catalogue: "A rare and extremely pretty tuberous-rooted perennial climbing encubitaceae, with elegant cut, glossy dark green foliage, and small, vivid scarlet fruits, &c."

Certainly, thought I, the plant that will bear the weight of so long a string of adjectives must be worth cultivating. I forthwith purchased and planted some seeds. The vines grew well during the summer, and the foliage answered the description given above. A friend, to whom I gave one of the plants, tended and cared for it during four or five years. At last it died, and gave no sign either of flowers or fruit. The root is tuberous and may be kept in the cellar during the winter. It is worth cultivating for its pretty foliage.

There are some vines that deserve the name of *pedestrians*. One of these is *Hadianthus Dubia*, not nearly so pretty in its leaves and manner of growth as *Abroba*, but described as a vine bearing "yellow flowers and vivid scarlet fruit, the shape and size of an egg." These scarlet fruits glowed in my imagination, and I sent for a package of seeds. Four of them sprouted, and I planted them near together by my south door. I would not give any away, as the pistillate and staminate flowers grew on separate plants, lest by so doing I should lose my chance of raising fruit. The third year they blossomed plentifully; the flowers upright, a bright lemon color and resembling in form a Canterbury bell, though somewhat smaller. The season passed on, but no scarlet eggs appeared to gladden my sight. Whether they were spinsters or bachelors I do not know. Since then I have been trying to get rid of the roots, as I could not spare them all the room they wanted. How they get from one end of the bed to the other I cannot tell. "They all run up to the parson's wife," but cutting off their heads with a carving knife does not kill them. I have had the bed dug over every spring and the bulbs taken out, but every year one or more rears its head. They look somewhat like a potato. I wonder if they are fit to be eaten? If they are it might be profitable to raise them. They seem to travel under ground from one end of the bed to the other without going through intermediate space. If *Dubia* means dubious, doubtful, the name is well applied. I am beginning to be shy of "novelties," for those scarlet eggs still rankle in my imagination.

The sweet pea, climbing by tendrils and bearing flowers so deliciously fragrant, is so well known to all lovers of plants that it needs no description.

Now we have come to a more delicate assortment of vines, which are beautiful for foliage and flowers. Some are called hardy, but require protection in these northern latitudes during the winter; others are stove plants, flowering only in a high temperature.

Cobaea scandens is valuable because it will grow in the shade, where many plants would languish and die. It is a rapid grower and will climb almost without support, catching and clinging to any rough spot on wall or paper. There are several varieties. Flowers purple and green.

The *Passifloras* are all beautiful flowering vines—some blooming in summer, others, as *Volxemi* and *Trifasciata*, in winter; the latter has variegated leaves. It is a stove plant, and requires heat and more moisture than can be given it in a parlor.

Cissus Discolor is a very beautiful vine, with which I have had some experience. Five years ago Mr. Henderson sent me three plants about two feet in length. Everybody was delighted with them. I put them on a shelf in my parlor window. In the winter all the leaves except two fell off. I waited impatiently till spring to see what would happen. Though they

are called stove plants I believe the roots would live through the winter in the cellar. In April, getting out of patience, I carried one of the plants into a room in the barn; sometimes I watered it, but mostly let it alone. When I was in want of a pot I would seize it to throw it away, but always, on cutting the end, found it green and alive. After cutting it until there seemed to be no joint from which a leaf could start, I put it into a cup of earth and placed it in a sunny window. In time it began to grow, and in the autumn it was an elegant vine, nearly two yards in length. I have one in my conservatory, in a hanging pot, from which the leaves dropped in the early part of last winter, the mealy bug having had a taste of them. There it is—a bit of brown, dead-looking stump. Not a shoot or leaf has started during all these months, and yet it is not dead. I have come to the following conclusions: That some stove plants are not easily killed. That they require heat and moisture to make them flourish; more moisture in the atmosphere than can be given them in a parlor, and that it is tantalizing to try to raise them. It is best not to give them much water whilst they are in a dormant state, but all vines when growing require much water and must not be suffered to wilt.

"Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green."

Hedera or Ivy does not climb by curling tendrils, but rather by little rootlets, which force themselves into crevices in walls and buildings. There are many varieties. The English and Irish are most cultivated. The *Chrysoscarpa*, or golden-berried, has a beautiful leaf and is my favorite. They are good for growing in halls or large rooms, but lighter vines are better adapted to small apartments.

Let us look now at another class of vines, climbing by the stalk or stem, after the manner of Jack the Giant Killer's bean. In this class belong the runners; *Phaseolus*, scarlet and white beans and purple snail plant, the Morning Glories, the pretty *Ipomœas* and the little wild Ground-nut, with its whorls of pretty pink, pea-shaped flowers. Also Japanese Honey-suckle, the pedestrian *Callistegis* and the delicate, glossy, fashionable *Smilax*. Give these vines a stick or string and they will continue to wind around it, making spirals with their stems, until they come in contact with something that does not please them, when they will turn away and sometimes wind back upon themselves.

There is still another method by which vines attempt to support themselves. The *Lophospermum scandens*, *Maurandia* and *Tropæolums* cling by the leaf stem, as the human arm sometimes hugs around the arm of a friend. It is very interesting to watch them, and I have been surprised to hear people who have cultivated them say they did not know that they were leaf-climbers. And I have heard people, who have raised *Zonale Geraniums* for years, say, "Why, I did not know that *Geraniums* bore seeds!" They must be very generous in cutting their flowers, or deficient in observation.

The *Tropæolum*, an emblem of patriotism, is gorgeous in its coloring; orange, scarlet, crimson and gold, and very sweet-scented.

The *Maurandia* is an elegant, graceful vine, with small leaves and foxglove-shaped flowers of various colors. If the leaves did not wither sooner it would be a rival of the *Smilax*.

If you have but little ground room grow vines. You can have a vine if you have a foot of ground and a wall or beam on which to fasten a string. They like long runs, prefer contra dances to quadrilles, and would doubtless excel in practising the scales.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Flower Seeds—How to Plant.—Answer to Bessie.

We promised to tell you how to grow the seeds, the names of which we mentioned in January, and will now do so as briefly as possible. Full directions for each would require quite too large a space in our paper. First we will name them, beginning with the most hardy, which you may sow as soon in the spring as the frost is out of the ground and the earth has somewhat dried: Sweet Pea, Sweet Alyssum, Morning Glory, Mignonette, Candytuft and Portulaca; then those less hardy, as the Phlox Drummondii, French Marigold and Balsams; and lastly, the most tender, the Hyacinth bean, which must not be planted until the days and nights are quite warm. Seeds of different sizes may be put at different depths in the ground, some an inch or two and some as near the surface as you can place them and still have them covered. You will have some of each of these kinds in your garden, and if you will look at the names in order written above we will tell about the depth, beginning with those that may be the deepest: Nos. 1 and 10, about one and a half inches; Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 9, one-half inch; Nos. 2, 8 and 7, one-quarter inch; and lastly, No. 6, the smallest of all, to be barely covered. Now we will call them off again in the order of soil they want, those that will like the poorest soil first; now look at the names as before, and see Nos. 4 and 6; all the rest will want rich soil. How about sunshine, No. 1 wants but little; Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 want more; and Nos. 5, 6, 9 and 10 a great deal; now you will want to know how thick to sow them; you cannot get them sown just where you want, as to handle each seed of Mignonette or Portulaca, would exhaust even your patience. If you have room make two or three patches each of Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, and each patch as large as two pages of the CABINET, and when they are 2 or 3 inches high thin them out, leaving 4 or 5 inches between each plant, except Nos. 9 and 8, which must be one foot apart; you may set out again in other places those plants you have thus removed; No. 7 does not transplant well; Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 8 do better; and Nos. 6 and 9 very easily, wanting no protection from the sun; and No. 9 may be moved even when in flower; sow the seeds of the climbers where you want them to remain, the Sweet Peas about 4 inches apart; and the Morning Glories and beans about 9 inches.

Now if you can figure all the above out and do not get your numbers mixed, you will no doubt have some nice flowers. The Sweet Alyssum, Sweet Pea, Phlox D., Candytuft, Marigold, and Mignonette can be cut for nosegays. The Balsams can, without stems, be laid tastefully in a saucer of water; the beans are good any way; while the Morning Glories and Portulaca perish in a few hours even without being cut.

All the plants named are annuals, living only one season, so you can gather some ripe seeds for your next trial if you wish.

Everblooming Geranium.—Will Lady Cullum in the February CABINET, page 21, please tell me in our next the name of that "everblooming Geranium," for I wish to get one, ours in this part of the country don't bloom so much.

Fall River, Mass.

D. DAVIS.

Onion Lily.—What Isabel Bethel calls Onion Lily, I call Star of Bethlehem, which I think the right name, as no Lily has a bulb like that.

O. R. W.

Susan Found.—In answer to F. C. M., would say that *Thunbergia Aurantiaca* is very often called Black Eyed Susan. A word in reference to raising and blooming Geraniums from seeds. I had fifty good plants last summer, from seed which were planted on the 15th of November, in a box about three inches deep, and about as large as our dear little CABINET. The soil was light chip dirt from the woods, to which was added a potful of sand, filling to within about an inch of the top. I sprinkled this with warm water through a fine nose, planted the seeds one at a time, equal distance apart, placed a board on top, and put under the bench of my greenhouse, where it remained until they began to peep through. Then placed on the bench where they would get the morning sun. They grew nicely, and as soon as the third leaf made its appearance, planted them off into two-inch pots, and kept changing them as often as they required, until the last of May, when I set them out in the border. By the last of August were all in bloom. One was from seed of the Gen. Grant, grew seven inches high, and bloomed as handsomely as the old plant. My secret in having Geraniums bloom from seed the first year, is to plant the seed early. Miss G. H. W.

Smilax.—I have a Smilax that vines, but throws out no leaves. When the vine is about a foot high, it shrivels and dies. What is the matter?

Syracuse, N. Y.

M. L. S.

Answer.—Probably too wet and cold.

Cuphea.—What treatment does the Cuphea (cigar plant) require? Mine grew and blossomed finely in the garden, but after taking it in the house the leaves dry up and drop off. Do they need to be put in a cellar for a rest?

Mrs. J. P.

Haverhill, Mass.

Answer.—The Cuphea should not be put in cellars, if taken up carefully it will flower all the winter. Your plant probably got very dry when it was lifted.

Floral Ornament.—A curious and beautiful ornament can be made by taking the bowl of a broken goblet, covering it with red flannel, wet thoroughly, roll in flax seed, then place into a saucer, which must be kept filled with water. The seed, if kept in a warm room, will sprout in a few days and will soon become a mass of living green. LIZZIE RAINS.

Yellow Verbena.—I notice in January No. the question, Who ever heard of a blue Rose or yellow Verbena? I never saw a blue Rose, but know of a lady who had a yellow Verbena. It was a seedling, and came up in the bed where she had Verbenas the year before. She did not save it for I suppose she thought it would come up the next year, but I never have heard of it since. She used burnt seaweed for enriching the soil. Last fall my hanging basket looked rather bare, so I took some branches of German Ivy, put the ends in a bottle of water, which I sunk in the dirt, and twined the branches around the basket. They looked just as if they grew there, and several of the pieces blossomed. The bottle is now full of roots. MABELLE.

White Jessamine.—Will White Jessamine live out doors all winter; also Cape Jessamine? Will Crape Myrtle bloom all winter in the house?

Felicity, Ohio.

E. A. P.

Answer.—The hardy White Jessamine will live out of doors. Cape Jessamine is not hardy. Crape Myrtle will not flower in winter.

Oxalis.—Is the Oxalis Valdiviana, annual or perennial? I sowed the seed of it last spring and it is in blossom now.

Will it blossom next winter if I take it up? When is the best time for putting hardy bulbs, as *Lilium Auratum* &c., into the ground? I have some pretty single Petunias which I wish for the window garden. Shall I take slips or take up the whole plant? I have a Pelargonium which is two years old, three feet high and has never blossomed. Shall I cut it back.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Massachusetts.

Answer.—The Oxalis all have bulbs or tubers, they will probably flower next winter if grown in pots. *Lilium Auratum* can be planted as soon as frost is gone in spring, but will not succeed so well the first year. Petunia cuttings should be rooted late in spring and grown in pots for flowering in the winter; old plants are not worth taking up. The best time to cut down Pelargoniums is in July or August, after flowering.

Acacia.—Please inform me through the CABINET what treatment the Acacia needs, and also what soil &c., is best for Ferneries? What Ferns are best for small cases?

MRS. N. H. BEEHER.

Answer.—The Acacia is best out of doors during summer, it requires abundance of water; most of the species being trees soon out-grow a moderate space; the plant only requires being kept in a light place free from frost in winter. Peaty soil from the woods is best for Ferneries; the small-growing Adiantums, Lomarias and Selaginella are best for small cases.

Black Eyed Susans.—In answer to the question in February No., Susan wanted, who is she? please tell F. C. M., that I know of a number of "black-eyed" Susans who belong to the animal kingdom. Probably those F. C. M., has reference to are the little red beans with a black eye, which came from the West India Islands, and are commonly called West India beans.

MISS. K. R. HOLWAY.

Mignonette.—Please tell me the name of the enclosed flower, the seed of which was obtained from Messrs. Briggs & Bro., for Mignonette. If the seed were genuine why is not the plants raised from them fragrant?

L.

Answer.—The Mignonette seed probably failed to grow from drought, and the specimen you inclose is a sprig of some weed of a more accommodating nature which might have been in the ground before.

Lily Seed.—Will some one be so kind as to tell me the best way to get Lily seed to grow, and how long should the Smilax rest and what time of the year?

F. M. H.

Answer.—Lily seed should be sown as soon as ripe and kept in a frame just moist; it is often two years before coming up, and several more before flowering. Smilax need not rest at all.

Tree Peony.—Mrs. W. Ballard, of Jesse's Store, Ky., desires to know something of the nature of Tree Peony; also the names of the prettiest hardy climbing Roses, that bloom all summer?

Answer.—Tree Peony is shrubby and would no doubt succeed well in your district; the flowers are handsome and very fragrant. Marshal Niel, Lamarque, and Devoniensis, ought to be hardy in your district and are among the best continual blooming Roses.

Questions.—1. How is the *Caladium Esculentum* propagated? 2. Will the *Gladiolus* flourish as a pot plant, in the window? 3. Will the *Oleander* grow from seed, and when is the best to plant the seed?

St. Louis.

C. M.

Answer.—1. From roots. 2. Yes. 3. It does not usually seed, is grown from cuttings and grafts.

Window Gardening.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD HOUSE PLANTS.

"Flowers, scattered unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and woodland sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step, the hand of God."

To grow plants to perfection is not an easy thing to do; still, the pleasure we derive from them amply repays us for the time and labor given. In the selection of plants great care must be exercised to procure those we have the best accommodations for. The amount of heat, light, water, and ventilation, needful for the well-being of plants, varies with different species, and it is necessary to thoroughly understand their peculiarities to be able to raise such as will be to us both a pride and pleasure.

After selecting plants, particular attention should be given to preparing the soil, most plants requiring it to be very rich. There are four kinds of soil in use, viz.: leaf mold, loam, sand, either common or silver, and peat; these are generally mixed. As a general rule, one part loam, two parts sand, one part peat, two parts manure, and four parts leaf mold, I have found best for most plants; a few requiring it a little richer and a very few thriving best in poorer earth. Sunlight and ventilation are absolute necessities, and if one has neither a western or a southern window, it is almost useless to try to grow anything except Ivies. And herein lies one of the unknown obstacles that lovers, but not understanders, of flowers meet with. We often hear persons exclaim, "It is no use for me to try and raise flowers; they die in spite of all the care I take of them!" when, could the truth be known, the plants only need air and sunshine. But though we may give them light, fresh air, and proper soil, still, if we neglect thorough watering and washing, our plants soon show their need of both. The proper time for watering is either in the morning or evening, once a day being usually sufficient. The earth should never be either dusty or muddy. The water should be lukewarm, and had better be too warm than too cold, heating being less injurious than chilling.

When washing plants, use water of the same temperature as you would for watering. If they are very dirty, add a little hard soap to the water. Wash both sides of the leaves, using a soft sponge or small syringe, about once a week; the stems and branches, if hardwooded, should be sponged once in three or four weeks. Never let your plants stand in the sun while the foliage is wet, for fear of scorching it, and avoid wetting the flowers.

The insects that infest house plants are a source of trouble and annoyance. The most troublesome are the green fly, mealy bug, scale, and red spider. The mealy bug and scale, though differing in appearance, require the same treatment, namely, each of the little pests must be removed separately, and the plants washed frequently with warm soapsuds. To the green fly, tobacco smoke is certain death. Place the plants to be smoked under a keg or barrel, according to their height, and with them a dish of burning tobacco; let them remain about twenty minutes. This being the most troublesome of the insects, persons should be very careful not to allow a plant troubled with them to be anywhere near clean ones, or in the course of a day or two they will all be in the same condition.

The red spiders are caused by dryness, and are destroyed by removing the cause. Water plants, especially Calla Lilies, suffer oftenest from them.

Now, if you wish fine, healthy plants, give them plenty of sunlight, fresh air, and water, wash them regularly, keep them free from insects, and you surely ought to be successful.

HENRIETTA G. BRIGGS.

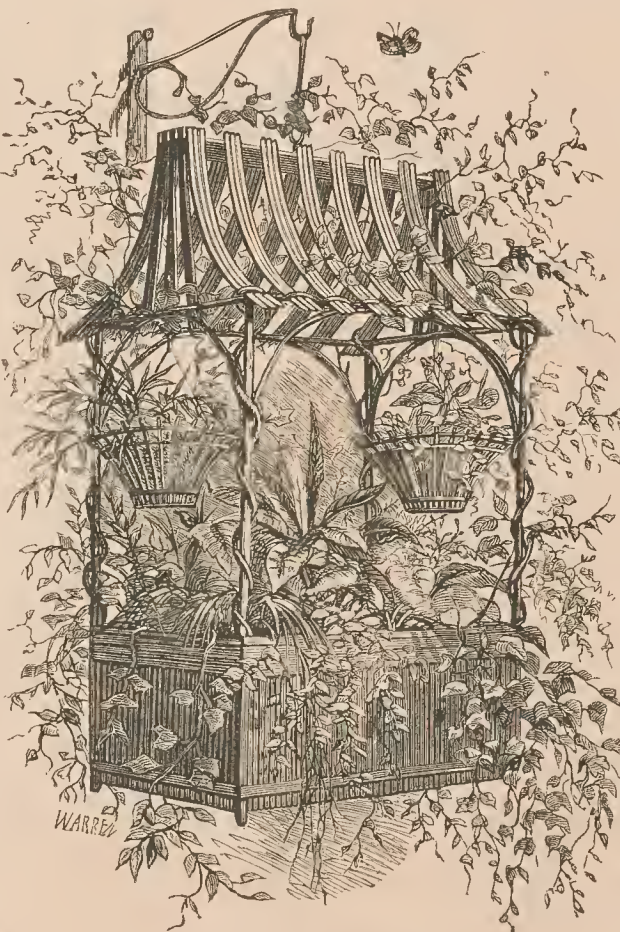
Howell, Mich.



FLOWER VASE AND BORDER.

BOUVARDIA.

In looking over some old numbers of the CABINET, I noticed some questions on the Bouvardia, in answer to which the statement is made that "it may with safety be said to be the most unsuitable plant for house culture." Mine have given me so much pleasure that I cannot resist presuming to correct that statement, for some may by it be induced to overlook a flower which, I think, will add greatly to the beauty



RUSTIC HANGING BASKET.

of their collection. I have a pink, a white, and a scarlet, the two former just coming into flower. The latter bloomed constantly and freely from November to July, flowered indeed all summer, but not so profusely as in the winter.

I am careful to clip off the blossoms as they begin to fade, and they soon put out new shoots and

blossoms. It is the least troublesome of all my plants, my only objection to it being its inclination to grow high and not keep in as pretty a shape as I like. I have no greenhouse or conservatory, not even a bay window, but I contrive to keep about one hundred and fifty plants in the house by having shelves placed at the windows in sitting and dining rooms. The former has what is sometimes termed a twin window, facing the southeast. Its shelf is wide enough for two or three rows of pots, and contains about forty, almost all large. There my Callas, Geraniums, Roses, Pinks, Heliotropes, Azaleas, Bouvardias, Browallias, and a Daphne Indica revealed in the bright sunlight, supplying me with flowers all winter. At this same window are four hanging-baskets, one in the middle of each frame and one on each side, about two feet from the top; these two, from the nature of the moulding, hang in towards the window, and not straight out, as usual; their vines are long and almost unite with the tops of the plants on the shelf. One basket is filled with the tiny French Morning Glory, and its delicate blue flowers greet us brightly every morning; another rejoices in a mass of Ferns, brought from the Water Gap two years ago; they rest about twice a year, then spring up, and now it is a real beauty. The others have vines of the Tradescantia, Yellow Ivy, and the ordinary plants used for baskets. The northeast windows have narrow shelves well filled; in one hangs two baskets of Oxalis and Kenilworth Ivy, two things which do best without sun; in the other a canary bird, who, from its leafy bower, gladdens our hearts with its sweet music. All the shelves are placed below the window, that the sun may shine on the plants and not on the pots. In very cold weather I slip paper between them and the window.

The pride of all my collection was the beautiful Lily of the Valley, which filled the room with its delicate fragrance in mid-winter. It was my first experience in forcing it. I procured a box about four or five inches deep (any ordinary soap-box cut down will answer), bored holes in the bottom, filled it with a mixture of garden soil, leaf mold and sand, which I use for nearly all my plants, put in my roots, and set it in an iron pan (a baking-pan), which I filled twice a day with boiling water. I kept it in the kitchen till started, then brought it to a stand before the sunny sitting-room window. A better plan would be to have a stand made with a zinc pan set in, furnished with a faucet, that the water may be drawn off when cool. Then a box may be made with perforated bottom to fit the top, and in the centre a pipe or funnel placed through which to pour the hot water. Such a box could be made quite pretty and an ornament to any room. My friends say, "What a trouble these must be!" They are a great pleasure and comfort. I love them, and they simply repay my love. I give them their breakfast as soon as possible in the morning, always using rain water and quite warm, looking closely as I give it for the little insects, which, in spite of all one can do, will show themselves; and here, let me say, I have found nothing so efficacious as the thumb and finger for destroying these little pests. I must confess though, after one of your correspondents gave the result of her examination with the microscope, it required some courage to make the attack again. Every good thing seems to have its enemies and to be obliged to battle for its life. The flowers of the heart, planted by the great Gardener, are always in danger of being choked with weeds and their leaves eaten by their almost imperceptible enemies, which are like the green flies, mealy bugs, and red spiders infesting our earthly gardens.

LEAH.

The Flower Garden.

FLOWER GARDENING.

Perhaps some of our friends would like to know how to lay out their gardens, and for this purpose I will send the design of ours. Of course any one can plant the flowers as their fancy dictates, and not adhere to the arrangement of the design, though if you do you will find your garden will look beautiful.

The first two beds, as you will perceive, are grass; in the centre of these are planted rose bushes. The next two are geraniums. These, we find, do better a little shaded. Some have sent up a continual bloom all summer. We also find that the younger ones have larger bunches on, though not so great a number as the older ones; and another thing, they are splendid for the centre of a hanging basket. We had two in baskets this summer; the one had eighteen bunches on, while the other had fifteen. The former was the salmon color, the latter was scarlet. Experience, no doubt, is a great teacher. In regard to breaking off slips for your friends, or whoever may call for them, I would advise the ladies to have one bush of each kind for this purpose, as breaking slips off continually will cause the bushes to relinquish blooming. The sap seems to run out, as in the grape. Any one having a garden will have to adopt the rule to give to everybody; for whoever does not is soon christened "the stingy old thing."

Now come the Phlox and Verbenas. These are very fond of the sun, and cannot have too much. The hotter it sends down its rays the better they seem to like it. Our Phlox bed has come to perfection this year. It is truly beautiful. They need to be set closer than Verbenas, as the heads are not so compact, and they are not so much inclined to spread. The Verbenas, in our estimation, form most beautiful bouquets, and we were somewhat disappointed to have only seven seeds germinate from a whole packet from Henderson, and not one scarlet one among them all.

The miscellaneous bed we must contrive to have somewhere, as the Heliotrope and Mignonette, with Alyssum, are indispensable in arranging button-hole bouquets. How pretty the tulips look in spring time; and so early, too. It is a good plan to dig up the bulbs the latter part of June and lay them in a dry place till September, when you can spade up the bed and replant them. We do not think this really necessary every year, and as it is rather early when they die down, they can be replaced with annuals—Phlox, for instance.

Next on the list comes the Pink bed. I do not know the name, but it is the kind that blooms quite early, and, if cut down immediately after, will blossom the second time.

Opposite this bed are the Petunias. They are quite an exhibition when planted in a clump; so much

handsomer than when set promiscuously. There are some who admire them very much, while others seem not to like them at all, as one lady said, while passing by, "See the Petunias; they're such a common flower." Well, if they are, they send forth a delightful perfume. We candidly admit they are not as suitable for bouquets as some others, but they form a beautiful bed in a flower garden. There is no flower that blooms longer and is of less care than the Petunia. They are equal in every respect to the Sunflower, to which we are confident she is partial.

What can we say of the Gladiolus? They are of

of the care we so freely bestow on others. I think no garden complete without them, whether large or small.

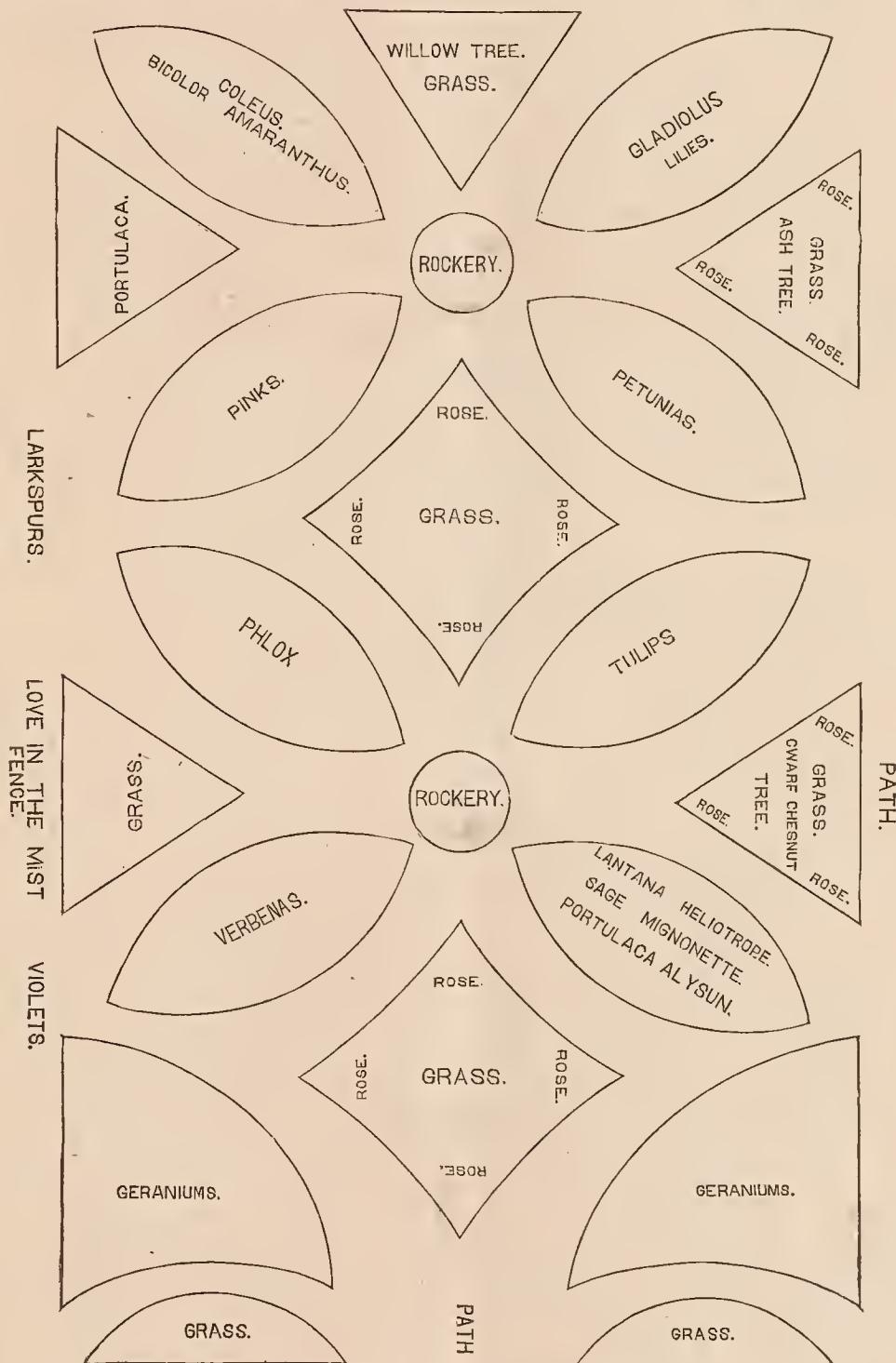
Throughout our garden, in the different beds, we set Sweet Alyssum, Mignonette, Forget-me-nots, Pansies, Daisies, etc. The latter two I think better for a border plant, as they do not make much show when planted alone. On the left hand side we have as much ground as we have in flowers. It is not laid out, and is principally devoted to shrubbery. In our rockeries we plant anything to make them look pretty. As our garden is comparatively large we are obliged to cultivate annuals.

To have success I would recommend planting the seeds in boxes in the house, in February or March. They bloom somewhat earlier than when let come up out of doors where the seeds dropped last year. But if you ever try the latter plan, let the beds remain undisturbed till the plants have grown large enough to be pricked out with the trowel; then have the bed dug up, and carefully replace them. They do better if planted on a cool, cloudy day, or just before a rain. Verbenas can be set out middling early, as they withstand frost. Petunias, Phlox, Sweet Alyssum, can all be treated in this manner, if you desire. We also have a great many flowers in pots. Our Primroses we never shift, but let them remain in the crocks where they are planted after being large enough to take out of the box where they were sown. I wish I was better acquainted with the names of the Begonias, I would tell you of ours and how beautiful they are. One has a very large leaf; this is in a basket, and is very much admired. Another, the flowers hang something like a Fuchsia; the leaves are small and waxy. There is the Coral, which blooms constantly, and which belongs to this family; we have still another, the name of which I do not know, but it is so beautiful, blooming the whole summer long, and covered with its pink flowers, which are like the common Coral in shape and size. I almost forgot that we have another, the leaves being somewhat larger than the others and the under surface red-veined. The flowers of this are also larger and different at the base, being destitute of a calyx.

Cuttings of Begonias grow very easily, but must not be set deep.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Hyacinths in Glasses.—An amateur writes to the *London Journal of Horticulture* that the best spikes of flowers were got in this way: The ordinary glasses which are used for growing Hyacinths in water are filled with rotten dung and leaf mold, and about an inch of soil on the top, in which is planted the bulb. There is no drainage. The advantages, I think, are equal vigor with those in pots, but better than in pots, for less evaporation from surface soil, and thus more healthful for dwelling-house, and requiring less attention in watering.



LENGTH OF VERANDAH. 30. FT.
DESIGN FOR A FLOWER GARDEN.

such beautiful colors and variety of shades; besides they are so tall and stately, one can hardly express in language the charming effect they produce in a flower garden.

The last bed, but not least, has invited our attention for a few minutes. This is filled with early spring flowers,—the Snow-drop, Blue-bell, and others, that are welcomed among the first. Next year we set Coleus in their place after they are gone. I am a great admirer of the leaves of plants, and think the foliage will make a greater display than some plants which produce flowers; besides, they deserve a little

Stories.

HOUSEKEEPING MONEY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Mrs. Popham Wing had company to tea. Company to tea meant something with Mrs. Popham Wing. It meant the big silver tea-service, with the twisted silver serpents for handles, and queer clusters of frosted oak leaves on the top—it meant tea that would have made old Dr. Johnson turn over in his grave, and coffee clear as amber—it meant biscuits like magnified flakes of snow, and hot waffles—it meant raspberry jam, lucent honey in the comb, and poundcake that was a mountain of gold underneath a pearly crust of icing—it meant Boston cream puffs, and dainty home-made macaroons—it meant broiled spring chickens and silver-gleaming sardines, dripping with their native oil; and, moreover, it generally meant a touch of mild after-dyspepsia to all who partook thereof.

The six matrons around the table were just beginning to appreciate the flavor of their first cup, mingled with a luscious morsel of current gossip.

"A little more sugar, if you please, Mrs. Wing," said Mrs. Deacon Hyde. "Yes, it's quite true. Ask Mrs. Mowbray if it isn't."

Mrs. Mowbray shook her head until the artificial bees in her cap bobbed around as if they contemplated an immediate swarming.

"Yes," said she, lugubriously; "I believe Sybil has made up her mind at last."

"Not to marry Mark Chesterfield?" cried Mrs. Popham Wing, setting down the tea-pot in such a hurry that the serpent's tail thereon came in violent contact with the side of the sugar-basin.

"Yes, to marry Mr. Chesterfield!"

"She's very unwise," said Mrs. Wing. "Not but that Mark is an excellent man, and a good provider, besides being a member of the Baptist church. I ought to know, for his first wife was my own sainted niece, Priscilla Capsicum. But he's a crotchety man; he's a man that has his own ideas."

"We all have, I suppose," said Mrs. Mowbray, making a feeble attempt to stem the tide of popular opinion, that seemed to be running so strong against Mr. Mark Chesterfield.

"Oh, yes!" said the Widow Munger; "but there's a difference in ideas, you know. Now Mark is very trying about a house. They do say he worried your dear Priscilla Capsicum into her grave."

"Ah—h—h!" groaned Mrs. Wing, helping herself to a pinch of thinly-shaved pink-smoked beef.

"He's an excellent man!" said Mrs. Munger. "I haven't a word to say against him; but I wouldn't let a daughter of mine become his wife—no, not if I buried 'em first!"

"There isn't much danger of that," thought Mrs. Mowbray, who was fully cognizant of the fact that the three Misses Munger were red-haired, freckled, and otherwise not particularly qualified to attract the attention of gentlemen in search of matrimonial partners. But she didn't say so; and just then the attention of the tea-drinking cabal was called to the sight of the new minister, crossing the street to call on Benetta Jones, and the conversation flowed into another channel.

Mrs. Mowbray went home and reported the whole discussion to her daughter Sybil, a plump, brown-haired girl of eighteen, with large, almond-shaped eyes, a short, straight nose, and a chin which, round and dimpled though it was, expressed character in no common degree.

"My dear, do you think you are wise?" asked Mrs. Mowbray, hesitatingly—for she was one of those human dry leaves who are blown hither and yon by every gale of opinion.

"I'll risk it, mother," said cheerful Sybil. "Nobody can pretend to perfection in this world, and I like Mr. Chesterfield."

So the next month there was a wedding in St. Aloysius' Church, and Sybil Mowbray became Mrs. Mark Chesterfield.

Mr. Chesterfield was a tall, well-made man, with pleasant blue eyes, an abundance of chestnut hair, and leg-of-mutton side whiskers, *a la Anglaise*.

Sybil, in her secret girlish heart, thought him a second Apollo.

The wedding tour to Niagara Falls, Montreal and Quebec was delightful; so was the home-coming to the pretty, cheerful house in Larkspur street.

"But there's no piano, Mark," said Sybil, as she fitted in and out of the rooms. "Oh, you must get me a piano!"

Mr. Chesterfield looked dubious.

"I am not a millionaire, my love," said he; "I am only a man on a salary. Pianos are expensive."

"Does it cost so much to live?" asked Sybil, the current of her enthusiasm somewhat chilled.

"I have made a study of these things, Mrs. Chesterfield," said her husband, sitting down before the fire which made the October twilight so ruddy and cheerful. "Domestic economy, in its way, is quite as much of a science as political economy. I have apportioned things exactly. I know to a 'T' how much it costs me to live. I know the exact correspondence between my income and my outgo. I know where every penny goes, and how much it represents. I have ascertained—What is it, Gretchen? Tea ready? Allow me to give you my arm, Sybil, my love!"

Bright and early the next morning, the butcher called for orders.

Sybil was about to lay out the bill of fare for the day, when Mr. Chesterfield came out of the dining-room, his dressing-gown skirts streaming "like a meteor to the troubled air."

"My dear, pray excuse me!" said Mr. Chesterfield; "I always attend to these things. In our circumstances the strictest economy is necessary."

Sybil went back to the parlor somewhat mortified.

"This carpet is a little worn," said she to her mother, who had come around to pass an hour or two with them. "I was thinking that it would be a good plan to put it in our bed-room, and buy a new one for the parlor. Worn Brussels is of all carpets the shabbiest."

But Mr. Chesterfield vetoed this proposition at once.

"Costs too much, my dear—costs too much," he said. "I have studied this sort of thing, and—"

"Mark," said Mrs. Chesterfield, "how much is your income?"

Mr. Chesterfield laughed.

"Now, my dear," said he, "you are getting beyond your province."

"No; but really!"

"Really, dearest, it needn't concern you in the least!" answered he, lightly.

And Sybil, a little hurt, asked no more.

A month went by—two months—three months—and Sybil came to her husband.

"Mark," said she, "I am not satisfied with the way things are going."

"Not satisfied, my love?"

"I want to keep house, Mark. As it is, I am only a mere figure-head at your table. Won't you let me try?"

"Little pass, what do you know about housekeeping?" demanded Mark, satirically.

"But I could learn. Just for one year!"

"You'll ruin me, Sybil."

"If I do, we'll break up house, and I'll go out as housekeeper somewhere else, until I have earned wages enough to set you right again! Just give me the monthly sum you expend for our bills, and let me deal it out!"

"Well, well, if you insist upon it. But I'm perfectly certain you'll be bankrupt before the quarter is out."

"Try me; that's all!"

As the time went by, the Chesterfield table was more amply supplied than ever with the delicacies of the season. Little dainties made their appearance at which Mr. Chesterfield opened his eyes.

"Ruinous—perfectly ruinous!" he commented within himself. "She'll be coming to me in tears, presently, to settle the extra bills; but she never would be satisfied until she had tried the experiment."

But, although he waited patiently for the briny tears and the file of tradesmen's bills, they never came. And at the expiration of six months he came home, just as six porters were staggering up his front steps, having a superb piano on their shoulders.

"Hello!" cried he. "Some mistake!"

"No mistake at all, my dear," answered the voice of Mrs. Chesterfield from the parlor window. "It's ours. I bought it yesterday at Tune & Tinkle's."

"And who is to pay for it?" roared Mr. Chesterfield, the big veins in his forehead growing tense as ropes.

"It's already paid for, Mark. I settled that," said the lady, calmly.

"May I ask where you got the money?" demanded her husband, with dangerous politeness.

"Oh, certainly," answered Sybil. "I saved it out of the housekeeping money."

"Impossible!"

"I'll show you my account, dear, by-and-by—square up to date."

And she did so. Mr. Chesterfield found it difficult to believe that a woman could pay the household bill of their establishment, and save money, out of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

"I saw to things myself," said Sybil. "The cook didn't like it, and gave warning. I cooked myself until I could get some one to take her place; and I have now a tidy little German woman, who is not above being dictated to by me. I discharged the baker, who gave us poor bread at fabulous prices, and did the baking myself, twice a week. I checked off the grocer's account personally, and asked him what he meant by charging us with two boxes of raisins when I only ordered one. Since that time his bills have been materially less. I weighed the meat myself and compared it with the butcher's bill. The discrepancy was so noticeable that I changed butchers. The second month our expenses were full a third less, and they have gone on decreasing ever since. For the future, Mark," she added, "I will be satisfied with a hundred dollars a month for housekeeping money, and engage to buy a new parlor carpet out of it before the year has expired."

"My dear," said Mr. Chesterfield, rapturously, "you are a perfect financier!"

"Every woman is," answered Sybil, if she can only get a chance. And now, let me sit down and play you a tune on my new piano."

And the next tea company at Mrs. Popham Wing's came to the unanimous verdict that Sybil Chesterfield was a happy wife, in spite of their prognostications.

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offered for the first time. The plant is a perennial,
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about two inches long, and the flowers borne on
stalks like a violet, of a lovely blue and white color.
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Arizona but a few years ago, and has been named
after Dr. Palmer by Professor Asa Gray. Since then
it has been found to be a native of Nevada and
Utah. Though a high mountain plant it has been
found of very easy culture in England. It grows
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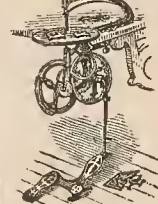
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NEW YORK, APRIL 1875.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The Italian Garden, illustrated on the first page of this number, is rather one of architectural display and statuary. This is one of the gardens of the Villa Albani—Castle Carco, and it is an object of interest as bringing to light one of the peculiar fancies for gardening which prevail in the old world. The vegetation is a subordinate feature, yet here there are vases filled with beautiful flowers, and along the walls grow vines and perhaps moss, which, in old gardens going to decay, make the ruins romantic and suggestive of historic interest. On page 52 is a pretty little sketch of a garden vase and border; within it are planted ornamental plants—Ferns, Caladiums, Camas, Amaranths, and broad-leaved plants generally. The design is an excellent one for any lover of gardening to copy. Also on page 52 is a sketch of a beautiful hanging-basket, or rather little house, which we recently saw at a florist's in this city. Its cost is but \$6, and at a glance any one can understand how to fill it up, and even how to make it. By fitting a zinc pan in the bottom, all dripping from water will be avoided, and plants will thrive far better than in ordinary pots. Page 56 suggests the delight with which every lady will gather her first spring blossoms of flowers loved and anxiously waited for. Speed the pleasant days of spring! Page 57 introduces a beautiful illustration of the new conservatory now being erected on the horticultural grounds of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It is a model of beauty and taste, and is only one of many fully as grand which are to contain treasures of art and science. Without question it will be the grandest Exposition ever seen in America; and will be finished by 1876. Upon page 61 a little pair are learning the mysteries of the photographic art—"Getting her picture took!" The little girl sits patiently too, regardless of all knowledge of mysteries about cameras and positions, while the little artist is fully as absorbed as many older ones who have a difficult task to solve.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Ladies' Fancy Work, Household Ornaments, Elegancies, Parlor and Hall Decorations.—Any lady having hints, suggestions or ideas on the above topics, is invited to send them to us for publication. We want all articles on household topics of this nature that we can get.

Answers to Correspondents.—Correspondents to literary departments must not expect immediate reply in next number of paper. We pay respectful attention to every letter, and select those most important for publication. Yet do not stop your bits of gossip. Tell us something *useful*, something which will benefit other readers. We never leave out anything *good*. Many questions are already answered when sent to us. Correspondents should consult previous numbers before sending to us. We cannot answer inquiries by personal letter.

Missing Papers.—Before writing to publisher for missing copies, ask your postmaster if any paper came without an address; if so, claim it as yours. The labels are printed and pasted on the paper by a machine, and a copy of the CABINET is stamped for every address. Sometimes these labels slip off; still the paper reaches the post office.

Arrest of a Post office Swindler.—From Dec. 1 to Feb. 2 a large number of letters were stolen from our P. O. Box, of which we had no knowledge till the numerous letters and complaints from our subscribers led us to give formal notice to the Postmaster of this city with request to employ detectives to ascertain the cause. On the 25th of February they effected the arrest of a young man, who had procured a triplicate key and was caught in the act of opening the box and taking out the letters. He confessed that he had taken out many letters the past three months in this way and kept all the money. Search was made at his home, and over 2,000 letters were found, all directed to Henry T. Williams. The prisoner was at once committed to jail, where he is now suffering penalties of imprisonment for robbing the U. S. mails, and will probably spend a good many years in reflecting on his villainy. The total loss of money taken is not precisely known, but it probably exceeds \$3,000. We have filled all orders contained in those letters, although the expense to us has been greater than the money recovered, while as much more damage has been done in interrupting our business, destroying confidence in our credit. Our friends who had much trouble during this time will now know the reason why their letters did not reach us. Few can know the embarrassment or anxiety we were subjected to, and we hope our friends and agents will make a special effort this spring to send us business to help us. We never mean our friends shall lose a dollar in their dealings with us.

References.—As so many correspondents now dealing with us, who are new, naturally hesitate to entrust money to a stranger, we give a few references. One lady (whose letter was among the above stolen lot), writing to a party in this city, received the following reply:

"Mr. Williams is a *very reliable* man, and if he has received your money, you may depend upon getting the articles you ordered."

MILLERS FALLS CO.

In addition, another party in this city, having received an order for \$2,000 of chromos from us, went to B. K. Bliss and made inquiries, to which Mr. Bliss promptly responded: "I will take Mr. Williams' order for \$10,000 or more, and be glad to get it. He stands first-rate in every respect."

The Commercial Agency of J. M. Bradstreet & Son have the following to say of us: "Mr. Williams has excellent business credit, and ranks high in commercial dealings."

Mr. Williams has been for eight years and now is the business agent and agricultural editor of the *Independent*, and of him Mr. Henry C. Bowen, the publisher, once said: "There is one man with me whose place I cannot fill. He is the most trustworthy man I ever had."

The Orange Judd Co., in response to inquiries, said: "Mr. Williams has our highest personal esteem. He has done business with us for



THE FIRST ROSE OF SPRING.

years to our utmost satisfaction. We have full confidence in him." A Justice of the Peace in Ohio (a letter from his wife having been taken in above lot of stolen letters) wrote to the Chief of Police in New York, and hinted about looking after swindlers, the Chief replied: "Mr. Williams is all right; we don't interfere with honest men."

Another Publisher says: "I have known Henry T. Williams many years; traveled thousands of miles with him: paid him hundreds of dollars; have always found him strictly reliable and exact, and in business integrity worthy of the highest confidence." S. R. WELLS.

Now we hope every one will recover their courage and not stop correspondence, and we propose to give them their money's worth, and their letters we are now able to attend to promptly.

Cheapness.—The FLORAL CABINET contains every year reading matter which if put into books would cost \$10; its music would cost \$5, and its art premium, a chromo, at modest estimate, \$1; total, \$16, for only \$1.30. Who is there that cannot afford it?

Ornamental Designs for Fret Sawing, Fancy Carving, and House Decorations.—A new book will be issued from our office April 15, containing 125 or more designs of fancy household ornaments, which will be sold at the very cheap price of 60c. The interest in the use of the Fret Saw which we offered in our Premium List has made the subject of fancy carving and the making of household ornaments wonderfully popular. Ladies and young people everywhere are making dozens of beautiful fancy articles at so small cost that they can decorate their homes profusely with hosts of charming ornaments. The demand for new designs is becoming very great, and to meet this demand we commence the publication of a new book of designs, in convenient and cheap form, at moderate price. Will be ready about April 15. Price, 60 cents, sent by mail.

Newspaper Postage.—Congress has made another foolish move by increasing the rate of postage. When will they ever learn that this rebounds upon the people, their own constituents, in the shape of extra taxation. Publishers can no longer give away specimen copies of their paper free. The rates of postage on books and parcels are doubled, and thousands of articles subscribers have been used to buy from distant cities and which the Post office has landed at their doors with little trouble must now be charged additional prices to cover the additional postage. Bound volumes of the FLORAL CABINET, which we expected to sell under the old law for \$2, now cost us 50 cents postage, which we must add to the price. We cannot bear it. Specimen copies of FLORAL CABINET—hitherto we have given free—now cost 6 cents postage. We must charge for them; we cannot give away so much. Books that formerly cost 10 cents postage now cost 20 cents. Seeds, that formerly cost 8 cents postage per pound, and seedsmen willingly paid, now cost so much that the extra postage has to be added to the price. To show the foolishness of the postal law, a copy of the FLORAL CABINET can be sent to Liverpool, England, 3,000 miles, for 2 cents, but to Philadelphia, only 90 miles, 6 cents. A reader in San Francisco can send his copy of CABINET when done reading it to a friend in London, England, for 2 cents, but to a friend in New York, 6 cents, although the former goes through New York and 3,000 miles beyond to get to its destination. Every member of Congress who voted for such a bill deserves criticism. The matter of trifling with postage to please their spiteful whims is a positive injury to the commercial interests of the country and the reading interests and privileges of the people. The people are obliged to pay the extra price for all they want. For whom has all this been done? We answer, in the interest of the express companies. They sent a lobby to Washington to fight against cheap postage, because many parcels now were sent by mail which they wanted sent by their agencies. Hannibal Hamlin, a former Vice President of the United States, first introduced the resolution to increase the rates of postage, and in the confusion of the last days of Congress the bill slipped through. No Congressman who votes like that can be a friend of the people. The beautiful complacency with which Congressmen favored themselves in the same postal law is splendid to contemplate. Copies of their own paper, the *Congressional Record*, containing their own speeches, are permitted to go free through the mails to the address of any of their friends by franking with their names on the wrapper. In other words, Congress taxes newspapers and the people twice over; first, to pay their salaries, and second, adds an extra rate of postage on all articles the people buy so as to pass their own documents free, which nobody wants. The name of a Congressman just now is not half as reputable as the character of a first-class Justice of the Peace in a country town.

Special Premiums of Flower Seeds, Plants, Etc.—Until June 1, we will give the following special premiums to any one who will send us new subscribers during April and May:

- For 2 subscribers, 20 packets of seeds.
- For 3 subscribers, 20 packets of seeds, or 6 plants.
- For 5 subscribers, \$1 worth of flower seeds and plants.
- For 10 subscribers, \$2 worth of flower seeds and plants.
- For 15 subscribers, \$2 worth of flower seeds and plants, with extra copy of paper free one year.

Choice of seeds may be left to us, or club agent may select a list, according to price, as published in any catalogue advertised in our paper.

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The "Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion."—Devoted to Housekeeping, Household Elegancies, Fashions, Music, Ladies' Fancy Work, Social Amusements, Home Pets, Flowers, Window Gardening, Cottages, Garden Decorations, and Illustrated Home Literature. Price, \$1.30 per year, including chromo, "My Window Garden," for 1875; for club of 10, extra copy of paper and chromo to agent.

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Williams' Illustrated Catalogue of Rural and Household Books, Social Games and Home Amusements.—The prettiest catalogue ever issued. Full of attractions to the young folks, and invaluable to every family. 64 pages, beautifully illustrated. Over 500 books and games fully described. Every family that likes games will find hundreds of the best here described. Price, 10 cents.

Window Gardening.—A new book, with 200 fine engravings and 300 pages, containing practical information about plants, and flowers for the Parlor, Conservatory, Wardian Case, Fernery, or Window Garden. Tells all about Bulbs, Geraniums, Hanging Baskets, &c. Price, \$1.50, by mail postpaid.

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Ladies' Cabinet Initial Note Paper.—Rose or Violet Tinted. Your own Initial, Pretty Chromo in each box. Price, 50 cents.

Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER,

46 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Home Pets.

HOME PETS, ALIAS BABIES.

Is not this a subject that reaches every heart?

Baby! Listen to its sweet, cooing notes; stroke softly the velvety cheek, and lay it in its mother's arms to rest. I am writing of no "Ginx's baby," a satire upon government and society; nor no empty sentiment about imaginary babies, but I am talking about pure, living, breathing little cherubs, that have blessed homes and hearts in this weary world of ours. I will tell you of my own little boy, who is sleeping sweetly in his little crib to-night. He is a healthy little fellow just six months old, and has the bluest eyes and sweetest smile, and a lovely little dimple in each cheek. A German lady in our town calls them "sink places;" for the Graces, she ought to add, for a face with dimples has a peculiar charm of its own. Well, this is the liveliest, loveliest, laughingest little laddie that ever nestled in a mother's arms. I recollect seeing a whole sheet of the *Graphic* devoted to babies. "The Mischievous Baby," "The Colicky Baby," "The Screaming Baby," "The Sleeping Baby," and the sheet closed with "Our Baby," which was represented with wings, and if I am not mistaken, he was asleep too. A sleeping angel with wings! I tell my baby very often that I know that the wings are there, only I cannot see them with this mortal vision. But Mr. Williams always wants us to tell how we manage our pets. Ah! there is the rub. Give them a plenty to eat and a plenty of fresh air—that's the whole secret. Teach them to lie in their cribs.

It can be done. Let them "cry it out" two or three times. They are bits of human nature after all, and will yield to the inevitable. Then crying is good for their lungs. I heard an Italian say that the reason his countrymen were such fine singers was because the

mothers did not spoil their babies, but let them scream, and scream, and scream, until there was no standing it any longer. I wonder where the papas were all that time! As soon as a baby is old enough to go the whole night without nourishment, don't take it up at all. It is "a creature of habit," like the rest of us,

ology tells us that flannel absorbs the moisture, making the wearer less liable to take cold. Bare arms and neck and legs look beautifully, and if the child gets through safely it may be hardened by the process, but a learned physician has said that many more are killed by it. Then clothe these little embryo men and

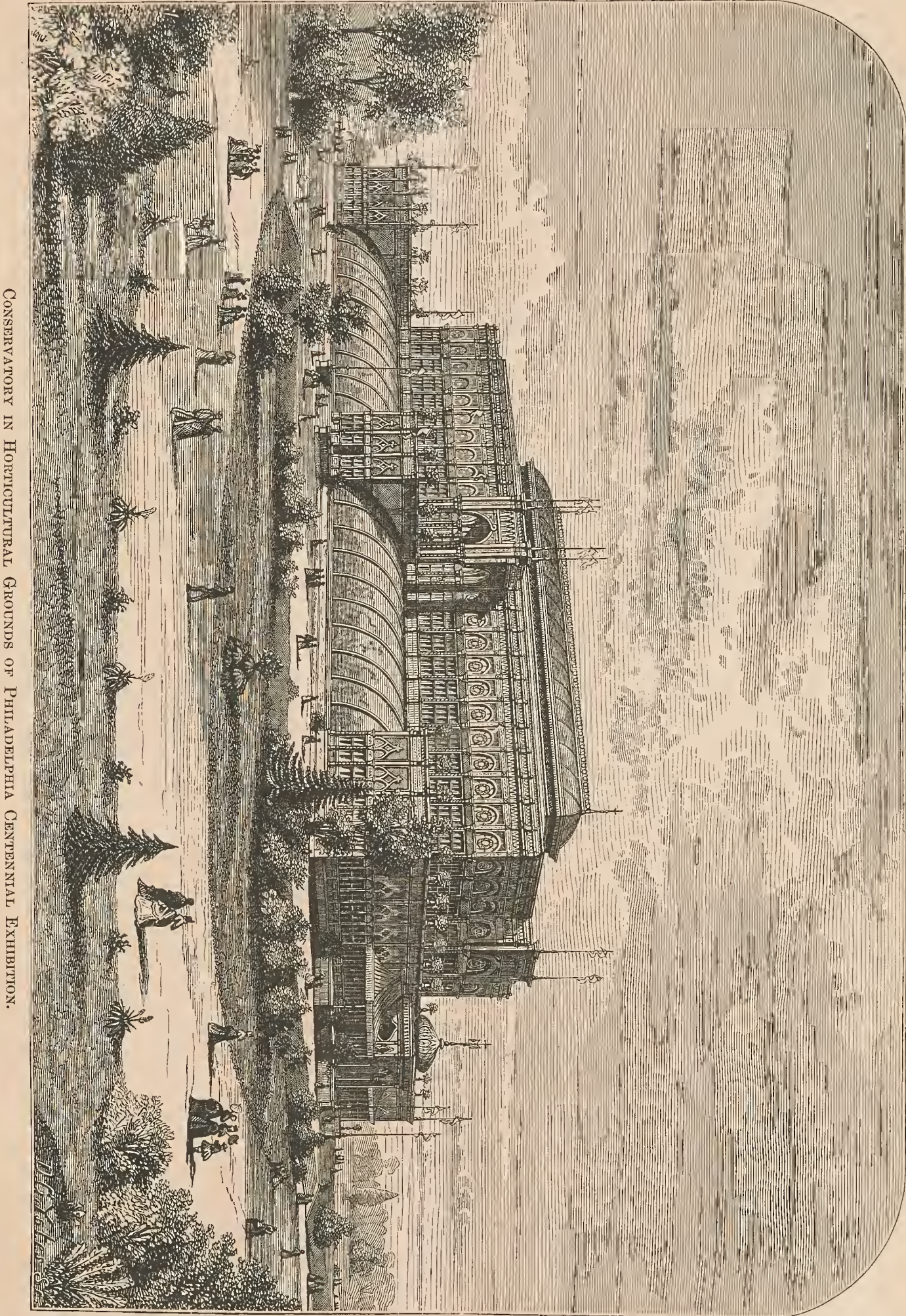
women in good, warm clothing, and let them breathe the fresh air of heaven at least once during each twenty-four hours. Not many years since a dear friend of mine died, leaving a wee, wee baby of two weeks, and I brought it home; and it looked pitiful, with its great, sad eyes, but it was most delicately nurtured, and its black mammy loved it dearly, and we all cared for it most tenderly. Three months afterwards its father died, leaving the little orphan alone in the world. How gladly I would have kept it always, but its childless aunt came for it, and took it to her distant, sunny home, where the little darling is the very sunshine of the house. I have seen her there, with her golden curls, and her precious little feet encased in golden slippers, as she ran to meet "papa," with the blue ribbons flying, and her little black English terrier running beside her; and he catches her in his arms and they come home chattering most gaily. Her nurse says that if any one down the street says she has no mamma nor papa she is very indignant, and says:—

"I is got a papa and mamma, ain't I, Ollie? My mamma is home and papa is at the office, ain't he, Ollie?" Thus God raises up friends to the orphan. Even our blessed Saviour looked kindly upon those little ones, and blessed them, and they are blessed forevermore. Babies! How their tender fingers smooth

and will soon learn to sleep the whole night through; but at the first peep of dawn he must get up. He has his rights, and let him have them. Put him in a tub of tepid water every morning; rub him dry and clothe him properly—very lightly in summer, and with high-neck, long-sleeved flannel shirts in winter. Physi-

over the rough places of life! The pet of the household is "Our Baby." When he laughs, how we all laugh in spite of ourselves! When he "patty-cakes," how we all accept that gentle challenge to join him in his sport! How he scatters dull care and brings joy and peace to our hearts!

MRS. V. L. P.



Ladies' Boudoir.

THE VIOLET.

FROM GOETHE.

Lonely and sweet a violet grew
The meadow-weeds among.
One morn a rosy shepherd-maid,
With careless heart and idle tread,
Came by,
Came by
The meadow-lands, and sung.

"Ah!" said the violet, "would I were
Some stately garden-flower!
Then I might gathered be, and pressed
One little hour to her sweet breast:
Ah, me!
Ah, me!
Only one little hour!

On came the rosy shepherd-lass
With heart that idly beat,
And crushed the violet in the grass,
It only said, "How sweet!
How sweet!" it said with fainting moan,
"If I must die, to die alone
For her,
For her—
To die at her dear feet."

A CHAT ABOUT HOUSE FURNISHING.

ONE OF AUNT MARY'S LETTERS.

I have a dear, wise Aunt Mary, whose experience of life and its work is always at my service, and having received a long letter from her on the important details connected with house furnishing, I have taken the liberty to spread it before the readers of the CABINET in all its minutiae.

MY DEAR NIECE: As you are expecting to begin housekeeping this winter, and have asked me for some bits from my small bundle of experience, that you may not waste too much in experiments, I send you my selection early that you may have time to make the necessary preparations.

In your little house of six or seven rooms the parlor and sitting-room will be one. Let the paper-hangings of this room be plain gray, with the very slightest pink tinge. This is much less expensive than gilt paper (twenty cents a roll), and is very pleasing, especially as a background for pictures. You had best not try to hang this paper for yourselves, as it is much more difficult to manage than common paper. Let the border be a rich combination of gold with green, brown, blue, or crimson, according to the color that is to be prominent in the room. By the way, this paper soils easily, and I would advise you to tack small, thick cushions, covered with cambric, upon the backs of the sofa and large chairs, at the points where they are most likely to touch the wall. Or these exposed points may be covered with small tidies. These tidies should never be made of anything that will lint black clothes.

The dining-room, which opens out of the parlor, should have paper to match the parlor,—a neutral ground, with a small figure or very narrow stripe of the color which you chose for the border. A cheaper border in the same color will do for this room.

The paper-hangings of the chambers are less likely to show soil if of some small mixed figure in grays, with borders to match the *tone* of each room. I must always have a room with touches of scarlet burning here and there, while you, I know, will want yours blue. So suppose you have one of each, and leave the third little chamber for a sewing-room, and a place to put that extra trunk which in your little city house will be sure to be in the way.

Let all the window-shades in the house be of white linen.

The workmen having now finished the walls, your next item will be carpets, and no small one you will find it. Having had some experience in both carpet-

ing and matting, I would much prefer the latter for all sleeping-rooms and the sewing-room, with a bright rug before the fire, and another before the dressing-bureau. Get a good article at once, and select the yard wide, as it will lay better than that wider; only, if there be any quarter or half widths needed do not cut a width, but buy one of a yard and a quarter or a yard and a half, as the case may be. Matting is not lapped in laying, but the two edges laid together as closely as possible and tacked very evenly about five inches apart. Leave the ends of the widths unfastened for a few days, as it will stretch on the floor.

Carpet parlor and dining-room alike with good ingrain at about \$1.25 per yard, remembering "small figures for small rooms" and that very dark carpets are as much to be avoided as very light ones.

These are the foundations; and, as I see my letter is rapidly growing, I will not devote much space to furniture. When you are ready to buy, go around to several reliable dealers and price articles in different stores, taking pencil notes of each, with the name and street number of the dealer;—don't trust your memory. Then with your notes together, compare and decide. Don't select green for the upholstering, for it will soon fade, and black haircloth is so dismal. I saw a handsome set of black walnut in Rochester, N. Y., upholstered in dark brown rep. Gray shows dust less, but brown is richer. In looking at chairs, sit upon them as well, remembering the comfort of those who are to use them.

In the chambers, if you will have black walnut why you must pay for it; while beauty and comfort are as much in a painted set at \$30 as in a walnut set at \$130. Whatever kind of wood you get have *some* kind of springs for the bed to rest on, unless you have a spring mattress. I find here two kinds of springs fastened to the slats; onescrewing *into* the slat, the other fastens *around* the slat. The former is worthless, the latter good. These will cost something less than \$5 per set. Put them closest at the head; about four dozen to a bedstead. Your cheapest mattress is of husks covered with cotton, costing \$5; but the best is of hair, at from \$30 to \$40.

Besides your square pillows have at least one extra pair of narrow, old-fashioned ones, for use in sickness and for old-fashioned people; and as soon as you can afford it, a feather bed for the same reasons. Have plenty of good clean bedding, and over all a white spread, even if it is a cheap one. A *white* bed is the ideal one.

For each bed have pillow-covers of Lonsdale cambric, and let these be as dainty and tasteful as you can make them, with ruffles, tucks, or braiding at the edge, and your initial or monogram embroidered or braided in the centre of each.

Now to the smaller accessories. In your sleeping-rooms do not forget some pretty and convenient cornucopias for hair-receivers; you remember the one that hangs on my dressing-bureau. The materials for one receiver are as follows: A piece of silver perforated cardboard eight inches square, one ounce of blue Berlin wool, and three yards narrow blue ribbon.

With the wool work a simple pattern in cross stitch around the cardboard and a star in the centre, and finish the edge in close button-hole stitch. Join into a cornucopia, and put small bows of the ribbon down the front and a loop at the top. At the printers get a sheet of tinted cardboard, and from it cut a smaller square, binding it with the ribbon, and joining it like the first, slip it inside for a lining. The sheet will make four or more livings. Make also a scarlet receiver for the "red room" in a similar manner. The two should not cost more than a dollar.

By all means have a few pictures, vases, and brackets; but do not put them *all* in the parlor. A package of Prang's flower chromos will place one or two in each room, while steel engravings, and finely-executed lithographs, despite the objection "cheap," will be found very attractive. If you can afford it, have one fine, large chromo over the parlor mantel; but if not, hang there your best bit of brightness, whatever it may be.

YOUR LOVING AUNT MARY.

Miss Sterling Before the Queen.—When Antoinette Sterling was summoned to sing before the Queen at Osborne House recently, according to a writer in the *Musical Gazette*, she adhered religiously to her determination not to bare her arms and shoulders in the "naked horror" of evening dress, and even made up her mind, in her advanced republicanism, not to kiss the Queen's hand. What she did do is thus related: "The concert was not such a fearful ordeal after all. Only the august family circle, with a few ladies and gentlemen in attendance, were present. Everybody seemed disposed for enjoyment; they applauded heartily, and accordingly it was easy to sing. Besides Miss Sterling, if I remember rightly, there was a violinist and a pianist, who were also inspired by the friendly atmosphere. As for Miss Sterling, she sang so that not only was she *encored*, but, after the programme had been fulfilled, she was obliged to add an extra number or two, and then she stood, flushed with triumph and delight, as she saw the Queen coming forward to speak with her. Where was all her rigid republicanism now? Her heart warmed towards the motherly little woman, with her arms crossed on her breast, who was approaching her in the simplest kindness. 'And then,' said Miss Sterling, 'when I saw there was no hand to be kissed, and that all my defences had been erected against a friendly little old woman, all my nonsense gave way, and somehow—I could not help it—I just grasped the pudgy hand, all unexpected as it was, and kissed it, and the Queen seemed to like it, too.'"

Excuse My Glove.—A lady correspondent writes: "Certain kinds of mistaken politeness, sincere as they are, are absurd enough to be grotesque. A common mistake of this sort, with some persons, is to say, 'Excuse my glove,' when they offer the hand to a casual acquaintance, or on introduction to a stranger. It might be inferred from this remark that the wearing of gloves is exceedingly rare in a civilized community, or that the wearer wishes to advertise the extraordinary fact that he has gloves. All he really desires is to appear polite, never suspecting for a moment that he is simply ridiculous. If you offer to shake hands with anyone in a place where it is customary to wear gloves, you certainly need no excuse for compliance with the habit. You might with equal reason, on receiving a visitor at your house apologize to him for not removing your coat, before bidding him welcome. The superfluous phrase, probably, had its origin in the days when gloves were clumsy, and used more for protection than as an essential of dress. Then the naked hand was thought to be an evidence of good will and cordiality. Since gloves have been universally adopted, the idea of asking pardon for wearing them is an anachronism as well as an impropriety. Gloves are now made to fit exactly, so that, were it courtesy to take them off on encountering one's friends or acquaintances, an amount of time and trouble would be required which would inevitably render a social greeting at once a comical exhibition and a bore."

Household Art.

COLORING FLOWERS, GRASSES AND MOSSES.

In answer to a request by the editor, in the last number of LADIES' CABINET, I do what I have for some months thought of doing, viz.: send the following condensed account of some of the processes for dyeing flowers, grasses and mosses.

To color flowers and grasses blue, red, scarlet and orange, use the different kinds of aniline; for yellow use picric acid, and for bright scarlet use borax. The aniline dye should be dissolved in alcohol, and kept in closed bottles. Any kind and skilful druggist will tell you the requisite quantities of each.

Take a porcelain or any other well-glazed vessel, pour in some boiling water, and add as much dissolved aniline as will color the water to the desired shade. After the water has cooled a little, plunge in the flowers or grasses, and keep them in till nicely colored; then rinse in cold water, shake off the liquid, and hang them in the open air to dry. To obtain a fine blue, take aniline blue, boil the color with the water for five minutes, and then add a few drops of sulphuric acid before using. For violet, use one part aniline violet and one part aniline blue; for red, fuchsine; for scarlet, one part of fuchsine and one of aniline violet; for orange, aniline orange; for lemon color, picric acid, which should be dissolved in boiling water and then thinned with a little warm water. Dip in the flowers or grasses, but do not shake off the liquid. All kinds of ornamental grasses can be thus colored, white xeranthemums, and most other everlasting flowers. Immortelles, however, as well as the other kinds of helichrysums, must be treated differently; their natural yellow color must first be extracted by dipping them in boiling soapsuds made with white soap, and afterwards dried in an airy, shady place. The flowers usually become closed when thus treated, but if placed near a stove and subjected to a dry heat they will soon reopen. If not colored, they will remain fine, pure white immortelles. Most immortelles, however, are colored bright scarlet by means of borax. For this purpose dissolve the borax in boiling water; when cool, dip the flowers, but do not allow them to remain in after they have taken the color; if kept in too long they will not again open their flowers. The chief point in every mode of coloring immortelles is to place them first in a warm, dry atmosphere, where they will open their flowers well; and, after coloring, they should again be exposed to heat, by which means they will nearly always reopen. Very pretty immortelles are also produced by coloring only the centre of each flower scarlet, which is done by touching them with a small pencil or a thin wooden splinter dipped into the borax solution.

The following is a cheap and useful recipe for coloring ornamental grass and moss a beautiful green. If a dark green is required, dissolve in boiling water one ounce of alum, and add half an ounce of dissolved indigo-carmin (soluble indigo); plunge the moss or grass into the mixture, shake off the liquid, and dry in an airy, shady place. In the winter, however, they should be dried by artificial heat. For a light green, add to the above mixture more or less picric acid, according to the shade desired.

The above directions I cut from a copy of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, into which they were copied from *The Garden*, a London publication, and therefore think they are reliable.

With our Editor, I think grasses the "most orna-

mental when of their natural color;" but still, when they have become faded it is a nice idea to dye them and mix a moderate quantity with the natural ones.

The best way to dry grasses is to pick them at different times during the season (thus securing many different shades of color), place them loosely and gracefully in vases, and let them dry in that way, instead of in the old-fashioned way of tying them in bunches and hanging them up heads downwards.

We hope the above directions may be of benefit to "Mrs. F. W. S.," as well as other readers of our beautiful and valuable paper.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Jamaica Plains, Mass.

NOTES ON HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES.

BY HAZEL GRAY.

DAISY TIDY.

A very delicate and pretty tidy may be made in the following manner, the materials required consisting of three rolls of fine white tape one inch wide, and a few knots of yellow worsted: Cut your tape into pieces fifteen and one-half inches in width, then by the aid of your pencil and tape measure, mark off upon one edge of the tape dots one inch apart; mark the other edge in a similar way, these dots however alternating with the first, and place a third row of dots mid-way between these two rows along the centre of the tape, join the ends, and with strong white thread gather the tape by taking a short stitch where each dot appears and carrying the thread from one to the next. If done rightly the gathering thread will form a series of points. Draw the thread and fasten it, thus forming a flat ring of quilled tape with a small opening in its centre. For the centre of the daisy, wind a thread of the worsted around your finger fifteen or twenty times, slip off and tie thread tightly around the little cluster of loops; cut open at each end, shear off smoothly with the scissors, it will form a flat furry tuft, one inch across; fasten this over the centre of your daisy and the flower is complete. Make twenty-five of these, fasten together in diamond form, place upon a chair covered with green or black, and you will have an exceedingly pretty effect.

WALL POCKET FOR LETTERS.

Cut from white perforated cardboard a back for your wall pocket of any pretty, graceful shape; cut also a piece for the pocket of suitable size. One lying before me has a back nine inches across the bottom by seven, and has a small projection, if I may call it so, in the middle of the upper side by which it is hung; the edge is scalloped and the pocket is an oblong piece, six and a half inches by four, placed upon the centre of the back. Having shaped back and pocket to suit your fancy, bind both with narrow scarlet ribbon. With scarlet worsted or silk, work a narrow vine pattern about the edge of the pocket and work your initials in its centre. Ornament the back by little figures placed in each corner and in middle of the upper side. Designs for all these as well as the vine and initials may be found in the little French pattern books now so common. Sew the pocket on the back, stitching through the binding of the pocket, and attach it at its top by two little strips of scarlet ribbon; a loop of the same at the top will serve to suspend the pocket from the wall.

PHOTOGRAPH RECEIVER.

From a sheet of silver perforated board, cut five or more pieces each four and one-half inches square, bind each with narrow ribbon, and in the centre of one work an initial or any pretty design. Now lay one of the plain squares upon the table in the position of a

diamond, that is with point toward you; below, but half over-lapping the first, place a second in a similar position. So proceed with the others, the ornamented square being the last and outer one. Still keeping them in this form, tack them firmly together wherever the edges meet; attach tassels to the three lower points, joining them to the card under little bows or rosettes of ribbon, and a loop of ribbon to the upper one. Hang the receiver upon the wall and slip photographs between the over-lapping cards; it will be found very bright and pretty.

CARD PLATE.

Take a small round or oval plate, it may be of coarse common ware, provided it is smooth and of graceful form. Give it three coats of sealing wax paint, made by dissolving sealing wax in alcohol, letting each become thoroughly dry and smooth before the next is applied. When this is nicely done, ornament either with pictures made for such purposes, or with decalcomanie, and finish with one or more coats of clear varnish. You will be surprised at the beauty of your work. A card plate made in this way painted red, with Chinese ornaments in gilt, has often been admired, few believing it to be of domestic manufacture. Vases and antique bowls to stand on corner brackets may be made in a similar manner.

HOME ORNAMENTS.

Never were truer words written than these, "There is no place like home," and as woman is the presiding genius of that hallowed spot, it should be one of her chief pleasures to make it as cheery and "homey" as possible. To effect this, great wealth is not required; a willing heart and tasty fingers can accomplish wonders. In these days of brackets and chromos, who would have bare walls and dismal looking rooms? Brighten your homes for the young folks. I saw a beautiful ornament at a friend's house the other day; it was a cross made of lichen, the foundation was of pasteboard, and the lichen was glued on firmly; over this twined a wax wreath of Virginia creeper; a natural vine of any kind could be substituted. A pretty basket is made as follows: Take wire and form the skeleton of the basket any desirable shape; twine rags around the wire, and then dip in a solution of alum and water; the basket I saw was lined with blue silk and dainty blue bows were placed around the edge; it was filled with choice sea shells. A pretty Christmas present would be a toilet box, made in the following way: Get a box about eight inches long and six inches wide, line, and slightly cushion with pink chintz; cover and cushion the lid with the same, as also the side of the box, then cover the top with lace and quill lace around the sides; have an edge of lace around the lid, and a pink silk bow at each corner; it is a dainty affair; of course you can use silk or satin instead of chintz.

Pen wipers are necessary affairs, and the prettier we can make them, the better; take a doll's head of good size, make a foundation of stiff pasteboard and cover with cloth; to this fasten the head, then make an outside garment of pretty colored cloth, with the initials of your name worked on it, quill a pretty ribbon around the top where the head is fastened, and you will have a handsome pen wiper.

A convenient article is the kitchen wall pocket. It is made about eighteen inches long and half as wide; the pasteboard foundation is covered with cloth or leather, and the edges bound with bright colored worsted braid; one large pocket is made at the bottom, the upper part having two smaller ones; articles which detract from the otherwise neat appearance of the kitchen can be placed in this.

Doylestown, Penn.

AG. APANTHUS.

Household Elegancies.

AN IVY LEAF CROSS.

DESIGN IN SKELETON LEAVES.

The process for making skeleton leaves was described in last number of FLORAL CABINET. The present number introduces a beautiful design, which is constructed as follows: Get a plain wooden cross made in form like the one here figured, but of as large size as you choose, and cover it with black velvet. This part of the work must be done very neatly indeed. The velvet must be cut exactly and evenly. A correct measurement should be made previously of the width required, and then the velvet should be stretched tightly and evenly over the wood. No wrinkles should ruffle the flat surface, and this blemish you will find difficult to avoid if the material is not cut straight, and if the *right way of the stuff*—that is, the selva way—is not taken for the length. When the cross is ready for further adornment, twine a wreath of ivy leaves around it, and let ferns lie at the base. Now, how can this be done? Twigs won't bend; bleached branches will be too brittle for this purpose. We must have recourse to a little deception. Get some very coarse crochet cotton, and stiffen it with gum. When dry, this will be pliable enough for your purposes, and will suit the requirement admirably well. Put the would-be stalk half way up the middle rib, at the back of the leaf, and fasten it with the dissolved isinglass. The making of the wreath requires great nicety, as you will perceive, but the effect of the whole work when completed is very ornamental indeed.

TRANSPARENCIES.

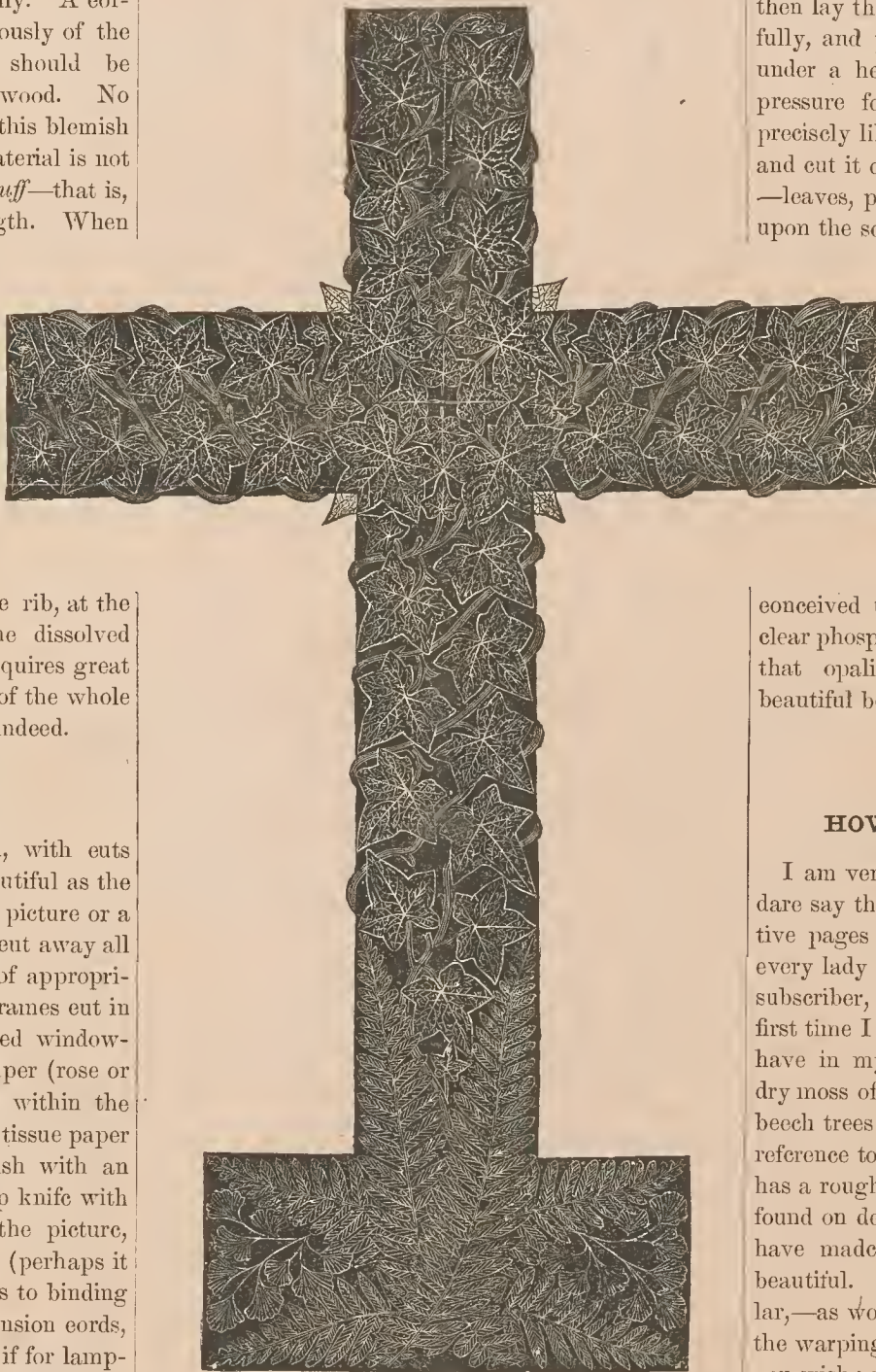
The transparencies made of cardboard, with cuts or slashes to produce shade, are not as beautiful as the kind I am about to describe. Take a fine picture or a set of pictures, either colored or plain, and cut away all the margins. Make frames of cardboard, of appropriate shapes. If for lamp-shade, use five frames cut in Gothic style, to imitate pointed or arched window-frames. Cut pieces of very thin white paper (rose or blue tissue paper) and the picture to fit within the frame, the painting placed outside, and the tissue paper between this and the white paper. Finish with an edge of gilt or silver paper. Take a sharp knife with fine point and slash the deep lights in the picture, using care not to cut into the tissue paper (perhaps it would be wise to cut the picture previous to binding together). Tie knots of ribbon and suspension cords, if the transparency is for the window, but if for lamp-shade, tie at top and bottom with bright-colored ribbons. These transparencies will be found very beautiful, and cannot fail to give satisfaction. Engravings painted in Grecian style are very fine for them.

C. S. J.

CORAL BRACKET WITH FRAME.

Make a bracket of stiff cardboard. Having a suitable quantity of vermicelli, tapioca, sago, rice, and a little carrageen (or Iceland Moss), the latter bleached in a solution of chloride of lime, also some pure white scrapings of cattle horns which have been previously boiled, proceed to cover the bracket first with the soft, fleecy, white horn shavings, upon which sprinkle the rice and other articles, using only a small portion of

vermicelli and tapioca. Have the entire bracket covered. Then prepare some scarlet or crimson sealing-wax by dissolving (or melting rather) in first-proof alcohol. Into this dip twigs, raisin-stems, thorns, and other gnarled pieces, which will appear like coral, and arrange a tasteful cluster on the front of the bracket, also at the sides, or wherever taste may suggest, edge with small shells, and place one or two larger ones at the end of the bracket supports. Upon this place a picture of suitable size and appropriate design—for instance, a sea scene, group of sea weed and shells, or other marine subject. Make the frame thus: form of covered wire and upon it sew thickly



IVY LEAF CROSS.

loops an inch and a half long (more or less, according to size of frame,) of coarse darning cotton. Melt white wax, in which incorporate sufficient vermilion to make a bright scarlet; dip into this a portion of the frame, and, when a little cool, commencing at the end, twist up to the base. Go over the whole frame in this way; then dip and twist a second or third time, or until the sprays are of proper thickness. After the last twisting, arrange into proper form by curling and bending. The appearance of this coral is more natural than by any other process, as it has the rough, crisp appearance of unpolished coral.

C. S. J.

VELVET MAT.

This mat will be found beautiful and appropriate for the passe partout frames, and for some rare and delicate paintings: Take a piece of thin wood or heavy cardboard of size of frame, cutting out an oval of size to admit the picture; cover with bright-colored velvet, and draw upon it a wreath of ivy leaves, convolvulus, or other graceful vine, and clusters of flowers in the corners, or at top, bottom and sides. A tasteful person can easily form a suitable design. Have previously prepared a quantity of bright, clear fish scales, the larger the better (those from carp and shad are fine), by soaking in strong salt and water over night, then lay them on a soft napkin, wiping each one carefully, and press between the leaves of an old book under a heavy weight; allow them to remain under pressure for several days. Have a pattern, drawn precisely like the one on the velvet, on fine cardboard, and cut it out carefully. Place sections of this pattern—leaves, petals, buds, or other parts of the design—upon the scales, and cut it with sharp scissors. With

scissors, or sharp-pointed instrument, vein the leaves and mark the petals, bearing on hard and using care; then, with fine gold thread or yellow silk, sew on each part upon its appropriate place on the velvet. It is a good plan to dip the thread in water, which will prevent the breaking of the scales. A few gold tendrils and a flower centre of pearl beads is a fine addition, and the exquisite beauty of this work cannot be conceived unless seen. These scales glisten with a clear phosphorescent brightness, which, combined with that opaline lustre seen upon pearl, renders them beautiful beyond description.

C. S. J.

HOW TO MAKE MOSS FRAMES.

I am very much interested in the CABINET, and I dare say that every one who has ever read its instructive pages feels the same degree of interest. I think every lady in the land should have it. I am a new subscriber, and have fallen in love with it. For the first time I "speak" to its many readers. Just now I have in my mind a very pretty frame, to be made of dry moss of a pale greenish color, generally found on beech trees and old logs in the woods; I do not have reference to the dark green velvet, but the kind that has a rough and dingy appearance; this is sometimes found on decayed fruit trees as well as in the woods. I have made frames from this moss, and the effect is beautiful. Take soft wood, such as lime, pine, or poplar,—as wood is preferable to pasteboard on account of the warping of the latter; shape it in any fancy design you wish; make it smooth, and do not leave any knots or rough places on the wood-work, as it will destroy the evenness of the surface. When you have done this, gather the moss and prepare the paste. I think common flour paste is the best for work like this. Stick the pieces of moss on as thick as you can, or at least until the woody portion of the frame is entirely hidden. If it is preferred, you can place a shell, a cluster of acorns, or any other similar ornament at the corners. Very pretty baskets can be made of the same kind of moss for holding dry flowers. Ferns in these baskets look beautiful. Place them on a stand near the window, and they present a peculiar fuzzy appearance, which is very striking. These ornaments are cheap, easy to be had, and because they are within the reach of all I am afraid we do not appreciate them.

VICKIE BLUE.

Fireside Readings.

STEWART'S STYLE.

Mr. A. T. Stewart, says an editorial paragraph in the Brooklyn *Argus*, sets an example to the young men of the country, which they will do well to copy. Mr. Stewart is at his place of business at eight o'clock every morning. He rides in an omnibus when it suits his convenience. He goes to parties at an early hour, and leaves at a seasonable time. Yesterday we saw one of his wagons in which his goods are delivered—covered with canvas drawn over hoops, his name painted on the box—passing from Broadway to Wall street. On the seat with the driver sat the merchant prince, as careless of the remarks of others as a sensible man ought to be. Mr. Stewart got out in front of Drexell's banking-house, without the consciousness that he had done anything remarkable or unusual. About the same time some young bloods alighted from a fine liveried establishment. We happened to know the gentlemen as well as the former. One was a young merchant who does not possess \$20,000, and owes five times that amount. His credit is marked D in commercial reports. The other was a gentleman whose father failed in Wall street two years ago, his creditors losing by his failure \$400,000, but his wife had had settled upon her a handsome estate. The carriage and horses, of course, belonged to the creditors. But they, the upstarts inside, the flunky on the box, and the cigars from which smoke was ascending, were shamelessly flaunting and parading the streets, while men like Mr. Stewart were riding in a baggage-wagon or wading through the slush on foot.

Have Music at Home.—A writer in *Appleton's Journal* advocates a more general and thorough musical education. He says:—"The frequently adopted plan of waiting to see whether children have any taste or show any love for music, is a wrong one. No child would prefer practising scales to playing ball; and few boys, if the cultivation of their tastes depended upon the whims of their ever-flying fancies, would turn into educated men. But all parents should first give their children the opportunity of forming a taste, and for its development trust to the æsthetic element of their nature."

The Wives of Eminent Men.—The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of women. Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As

he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with, "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear; I must mend that hole in it." So, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were rambling about their estate, and came upon some playful lambs frisking in the meadow—"Ah," said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," answered her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

In announcing the amount of funds raised for a church festival, a Hoboken deacon said—"and blank \$2, and a friend \$2, and fifty cents from a cross-eyed woman."

"Very Happy."—A good story is told of General Sherman. One winter he was making a call upon a foreign lady, who had learned to say in very good English, "Vary happy, vary." General Sherman had a fall just as he ascended the steps of her residence. As soon as the first greeting was over, General Sherman told how he had hurt himself outside her door. The lady smiled sweetly and graciously said, "Vary happy, vary happy." The bluff soldier stared and said aloud, "D—— it, is the woman a fool, or is she crazy?" "Vary happy, vary happy," was the still smiling response to his last remark. The General abruptly left, and the lady wondered why she had failed to interest him sufficiently to induce him to prolong his call.



THE AMATUER PHOTOGRAPHER.

A few years ago a hungry crowd sat down at the well-spread supper-table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this fish toward him, saying apologetically, "This is a fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his knife into the fish, and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

A Rochester flirt had an offer of marriage the other evening, and rushing to the ball, she called upstairs: "Mother! am I engaged to anybody now?"

country houses, will cast its cheery light over everything.

"I'm going where I won't have to cook beans!" was the farewell sentence of an Ohio woman who left this vale of tears a few days since.

When his wife discovered a bottle of it in his coat-tail pocket, he said it was Sozodont. She said it was all right, "Sozodont take too much of it."

A Maryland man, whose wife dropped dead last fall, had the funeral put off one day longer to get the balance of his corn husked. He said it wouldn't make any difference to her, as she was always good-natured.

The New York *Times* draws an attractive picture of an interior furnished according to the new fashion now prevailing in Europe, and beginning to be adopted in this country. Heavy rugs will partly cover the polished floors. Paper of some neutral tint, free from glaring figures, will stretch from the richly-colored dado at the bottom to the gay border at the top. The picture-rod will not be of the eternal gilt that wearies us now. It will be painted some decided color that will harmonize with the prevailing shade of the whole room. Before the windows and before the doors, which open outward, curtains, heavy in texture and subdued in tone, edged with strong lace, will hang from wooden rings which move freely on a slender wooden rod fastened to the sheathing. Rings and rod will be of the hue of the picture-rod above. The single curtain before each opening will be looped to one side; low book-cases, not over three feet high, of dark wood, relieved by a few chiseled designs picked out in color, will line the wall; no glass doors will disfigure them. One general pattern, varied in each piece, will stamp the furniture. Last and greatest, an open wood fire, either in a fireplace, or in one of the Franklin stoves which still lurk in the garrets of the old

Housekeeping.

HOUSEKEEPING.

The first thing necessary is, of course, a house to keep, and the second thing needful, is—experience. Not that young people cannot acquit themselves creditably in this line, but an experienced housekeeper can do her work in a quiet, systematic way, which is not near so wearying as the anxious, nervous manner that is habitual with most young persons. Many a girl, in the absence of servants, has been compelled to get a dinner. At first she is fired with ambition; she puts on the proverbial “checked apron,” which has been allotted to those unhappy beings whose domain is the kitchen, in a most ecstatic frame of mind. She has repeatedly heard her father tell how his “mother used to cook so and so,” and she determines that her materials shall be prepared that very way. But alas! she finds out that “things are not what they seem,” and by noon she agrees perfectly with the old housekeeper who said “housekeeping ain’t no joke!”

A very good piece of advice to amateurs, in this line, is, not to undertake too much. Of course it would be a grand triumph, when father, brothers and sisters come home hungry, to place before them a steaming soup, a savory roast, well prepared vegetables, and a most delectable pudding. But, alas! “there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip!” Most likely, instead of triumphing in such a brilliant success, we will, if we attempt too much, have the mortification of seeing our beloved “paterfamilias” sitting at the head of the table, patiently eating with his fork a very mushy substance, which came out of the soup tureen, while your less considerate brothers openly avow their disapproval of the “browned and roasted, black and burned” viands. If ever a woman is tempted to commit suicide, it is at such a crisis! I can think of nothing that would comfort me in such dire calamity, unless it were a fresh FLORAL CABINET, or a good “dig” in the flower garden.

An experienced housekeeper can prepare “goodies” out of materials which might be accounted almost nothing. I know of a housekeeper, who, when the cake box is empty, will go into the pantry and mix together a lump of butter, several eggs, a little milk, flour, sugar, and soda, slap it in the stove, and when it again emerges, it is a beautiful, light brown cake. If she has company for tea, the cake is much admired both by word and deed, and if asked the name of it, she confesses that she manufactured it impromptu. A young cook must needs get the receipt book, read the cake receipt carefully over, take exactly the amount of every thing called for, and perhaps the cake is not presentable in the end.

One great help in keeping a nice table is fruit; it ought to be on the dinner and supper table, through the season, for in the heat of summer one scarcely wants anything else. Then a good supply of canned fruit, jelly, and preserves, will give the finishing touch to the table throughout the long winter.

A table should always be neatly set. Preserve me from a table whose soiled cloth looks as though it had been slung on, without the slinger’s caring whether it fell straight or not! Put on a clean cloth nicely, place the covered dishes with some regularity, and whether there is anything in them or not, is of secondary importance.

DOROTHEA.

White Pound Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, and one-third of a teaspoonful of saleratus.

Furmity.—This very healthy and palatable dish is made by boiling wheat in water until soft, which will require five or six hours. I think nice winter wheat the best, it requires a good deal of water to begin with, a bit of salt, and close watching toward the last, that it does not burn. When it is done and the water boiled out as near as it can be with safety, turn it in a pan or crock to be used as you want. It is very good to eat while hot with a little butter, or sugar, or in a bowl of milk. But for a breakfast dish the children used to like it the best with thickened milk made the usual way; an egg stirred with the flour makes it rich. For a dish that holds a gallon, fill it half full of the cold boiled wheat, a teacupful of sugar, the same of raisins, and some nutmeg grated, chop it up a little, and when the thickened milk is ready, turn on the wheat enough to fill the dish, and mix it a little. Then you will have a dish for the little folks they will like very much. The wheat will keep several days in cold weather.

Sponge Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in small half cup of water, lemon; do not beat the eggs separate.

Rice Muffins.—One half cup of boiled rice, boiled soft, add to this three spoonfuls of sugar, bit of butter the size of an egg, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour and a pinch of salt; let it rise over night, if necessary; add in the morning a little soda.

Nice Omelet.—Beat six eggs, whites and yolks separately, add six tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt, and beat all well together. Place in the frying pan a piece of butter the size of an egg, pour in the mixture and cook over a slow fire; when firm at the edges turn half over and cook a moment longer. It will be found very delicate and nice.

Snow Pudding.—Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water, and add to it one pint of boiling water and the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, put into an earthen pudding dish, place in your steamer and steam ten minutes.

Sauce for the above, beat the yolks of the three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one of milk, a bit of butter, size of a walnut; boil a few minutes.

To Andiron Lovers.—If any of our friends enjoy a blazing wood fire, and with it shining brass andirons, we recommend the following method for polishing until the gilded ball on every one will present many phases: First use a cotton cloth saturated with vinegar to rub off the tarnished stains, and then wipe dry; after this is done take a flannel cloth and polish them with dry whiting; and the result will be a white glittering appearance calling forth the admiration of every one who enters the apartment they adorn.

Stewed Cabbage.—Many persons are fond of cabbage, but are not at all fond of the unpleasant fumes which penetrate the entire house during the process of boiling. Therefore we recommend a manner of cooking that renders the vegetable so pleasant to the taste as to obliterate all prejudice against its free use. Reduce the cabbage to small pieces nearly fine enough for slaw, then stew for a half hour in a covered saucepan with not enough water to cover it; when done, drain off the water and season with salt, pepper and a liberal quantity of butter, using vinegar on the table. Served in this way you have a nice vegetable, much more delicate than boiled cabbage, and suitable to eat with any kind of meat you may chance to have on hand.

A Perfect Cure for Diphtheria.—The ravages of diphtheria in Anstralia have been so extensive, within the last few years, that the government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure; and among other responses to this was one from a person who at first kept it secret, but afterwards communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water, to be administered to a grown person, and a smaller dose to children, at intervals. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheria membrane, and its ready removal by conghing. It is asserted that, when the case thus treated has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination, the patient recovered in almost every instance. The same remedy is used by the Board of Health of New York City, and found the most efficient yet known. Thousands in the country may be saved from untimely death by simple notice and memory of this little paragraph.

A Good Hint.—Take a sheet of writing paper, cover one side with gum arabic or the white of an egg, let it dry; it can then be laid away until wanted for use. Strips cut off are very convenient to label bottles or mark dishes that are taken to a festival, or similar purposes, writing on the plain side, and pasting on as you would a postage stamp, simply wetting the mucilage side.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of sugar, one egg and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil the water, wet the corn starch with a little cold water and stir it in; when it boils up pour on it the sugar and butter; after it is cool, add the egg and lemon, bake with an under and upper crust.

Dessert.—Here is a delicious dessert to be eaten with cake. Take two quarts of thick cream, whip to a stiff froth, one ounce of gelatine, dissolved in one pint of water; when milk warm stir in the cream, and sweeten to taste.

Coffee Cake.—This very much resembles black cake, and is very nice indeed. Two cups of sugar, one of butter, one of coffee, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of soda, one nutmeg, and one pound of raisins. You can use either sugar or molasses. Prepare the coffee as for the table, no eggs, three and a half cups of flour. Let it remain in the pan in which it baked, to cool.

Bread Pudding.—One pint of grated bread crumbs, one quart of sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, grated rind of one lemon, butter size of one egg. Bake nearly an hour. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir in nearly a cup of white sugar and the juice of a lemon. After the pudding is baked, spread jelly over the top, then the frosting, and bake until it is brown. If you have not the jelly, it will yet be excellent.

Apple Float.—Take one pint of green or dried apple sauce, made smooth by passing through a sieve or colander, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sugar and lemon to suit the taste; beat all well together, then send to table, dish out, and eat with rich cold cream.

Johnny Cake.—Two cups of corn meal, two cups of wheat flour, two and a half cups of milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus and salt.

Graham Gems.—Two eggs, one pint sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, butter size of an egg, soda and cream of tartar, one cup white flower, three cups graham.

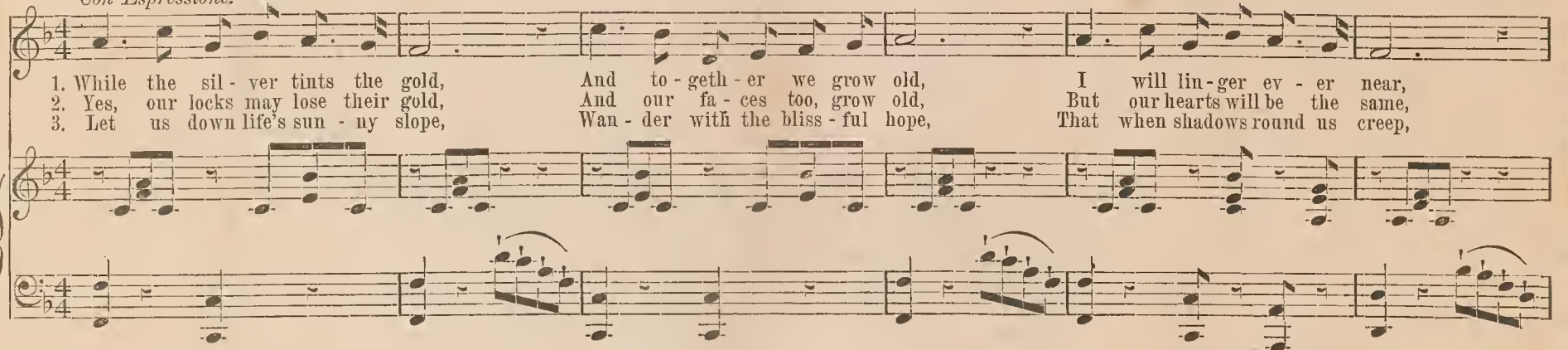
Companion to "Silver Threads among the Gold."

WHILE THE SILVER TINTS THE GOLD.

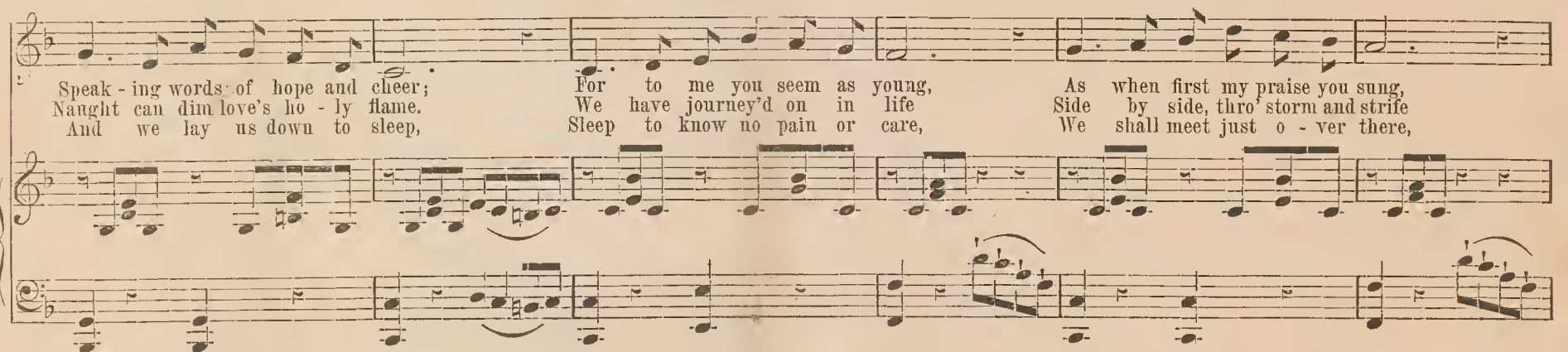
SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ARTHUR FRENCH.

Music by CHARLES D. BLAKE.

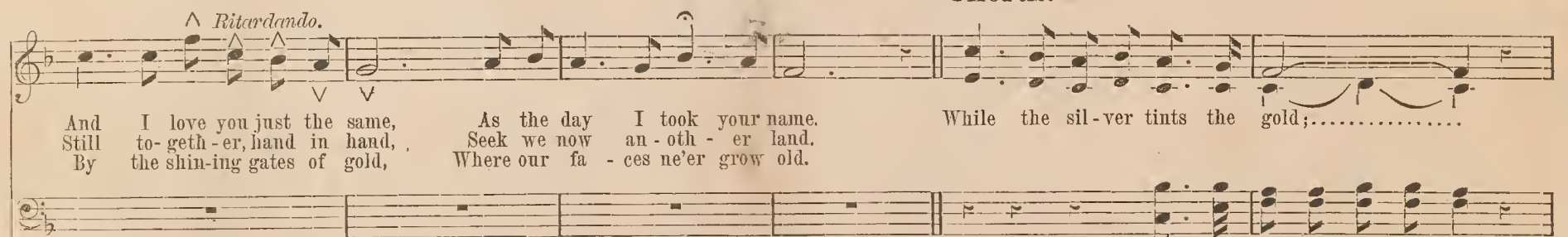
Con Espressione.


1. While the sil-ver tints the gold, And to-geth-er we grow old, I will lin-ger ev-er near,
 2. Yes, our locks may lose their gold, And our fa-ces too, grow old, But our hearts will be the same,
 3. Let us down life's sun-ny slope, Wan-der with the bliss-ful hope, That when shadows round us creep,

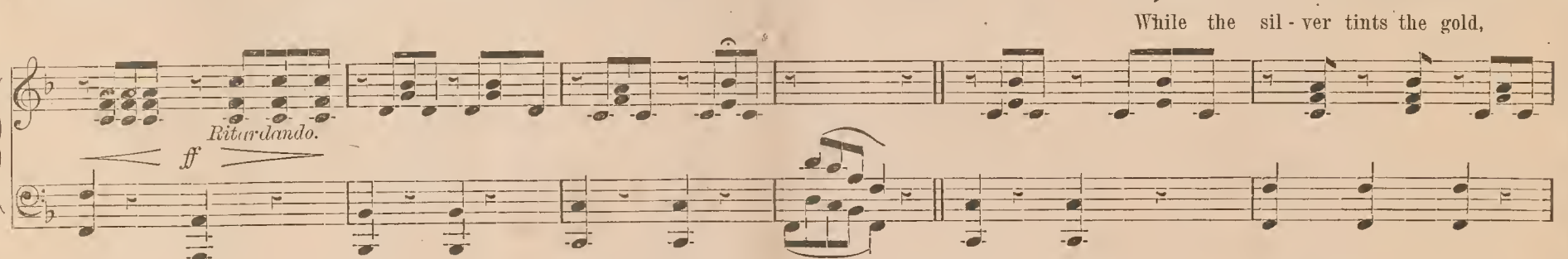


Speak-ing words of hope and cheer; For to me you seem as young, As when first my praise you sung,
 Naught can dim love's ho-ly flame. We have journey'd on in life Side by side, thro' storm and strife
 And we lay us down to sleep, Sleep to know no pain or care, We shall meet just o-ver there,

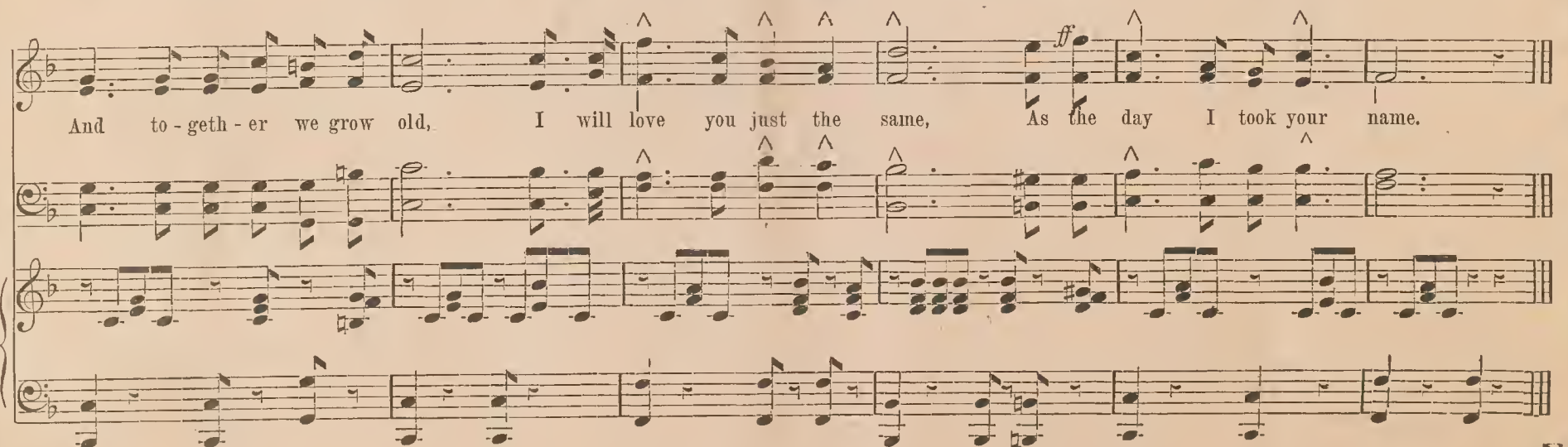
Chorus.



And I love you just the same, As the day I took your name. While the sil-ver tints the gold;.....
 Still to-geth-er, hand in hand, Seek we now an-oth-er land.
 By the shin-ing gates of gold, Where our fa-ces ne'er grow old.



While the sil-ver tints the gold,



And to-geth-er we grow old, I will love you just the same, As the day I took your name.

THE LADIES' FRONTRAIL COLUMN

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

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PEONIES.

It would seem as if so hardy a plant as the Chinese Peony might be cultivated by any one who had ever possessed flowers, without requiring any further information. Yet behold me, an earnest inquirer! I have all my old-fashioned Red Peonies placed singly on the lawn and elsewhere in the grass, where they increase yearly, with no care except a mulching of dressing in the fall. When I bought some of the new kinds, Pink, Fringed, &c., I placed them likewise in the grass, hoping they would do equally well. I am not sure but that they are doing as well as they could do anywhere, but the growth is not so strong as in the red kind, and I am afraid they are not in the most desirable place. I wish to know if it would be better to have them removed to the flower border; or whether, with care in enriching, and a little scratching about each spring, they will eventually form strong stools as they stand in the grass?

Ans.—The Peonies will grow as well as the old-fashioned variety. When established, if the soil is rich enough, the light-colored varieties do not usually grow so strong as the red ones, although they will flower from each shoot when strong enough.

Lilium Auratum.—Last spring I purchased two bulbs of this Lily, and was much disappointed that early in August they did not appear above ground. On looking for them, I found one wholly decayed and dried—a little of both. The other had gone, and in its place were three little bulbs, the size of corns. I replanted them about four inches apart, in a triangle, and three inches below the surface. I have not disturbed them since, and now one little leaf, an inch long, is all that has come up. I have tried this Lily once before. Of four bulbs, two bloomed the first year, one the second, and all disappeared the third summer. I thought then a worm which was

in the stalk destroyed the root also. And I begin to fear it is some fault in the care of them, and

young bulbs decaying after flowering. Are they planted deep enough? They should be six inches deep; and if the soil is wet, cover the bulbs with some sand or light soil. There should be no fresh manure used in planting Lily bulbs.

Lilium Candidum.—I purchased one of these also, last spring. It was planted six inches deep. As it had made no show in July, I searched it out, and found it thrifty and well started; at least the bud or crown was swollen. I covered it again and waited. I am waiting still. How long before patience will cease to be a virtue? Is the bulb planted too deep?

Ans.—In some soils the *Lilium Candidum* becomes diseased, which may be the case in this instance. Plant as recommended for *Auratum*, and we know no reason for failure.

Day Lily.—Please inform me also if the common Day Lily, or *Funkia*, will do well in the grass, and if it requires deep planting wherever placed?

Ans.—The bud of *Funkia* should be level with the surface; it is best in a border, but would succeed planted in the grass.

Laurestinus.—I would like to ask, through your columns, some of the wise ones what treatment I should give the *Laurestinus* to make it bloom? It grows well, but there it stops. Also, why *Hyacinths* bloom so close to the earth, instead of growing up tall? Half of the buds do not get a chance to bloom; have followed the most approved method of planting.

SUBSCRIBER.

Madison, Wis.

Answer.—Plant out the *Laurestinus* in the open ground for the summer; you probably grow it too much in the shade. Your *Hyacinth* bulbs are either poor, or you plant too late; the bulbs should be planted in October.



BOUQUET OF SPRING FLOWERS AND GRASSES.

would like more information before purchasing again.

Ans.—Fresh imported bulbs of *Lilium Auratum* are liable to decay, but there must be another reason for the

Floral Contributions.

PELARGONIUMS.

When properly cultivated, nothing can excel the Pelargonium for the decoration of the window-garden or conservatory. Mr. Henderson, in his "Practical Floriculture," gives it his first choice. I agree with Mr. Henderson—(in short, I think we have excellent taste). What is more lovely than the Pelargonium, Pet of Cambridge, covered with its magnificent clusters till the green leaves are nearly hidden in blossoms, and in pleasing contrast with the dark-spotted and brilliant scarlet and crimson varieties? Since the introduction of the double tri-color and new Zonale Geraniums, their lovely cousin, the Pelargonium, has been quite neglected; but for late winter and early spring blooming, nothing can equal it in beauty. It is one of my pet plants, but before telling my manner of treatment let me say this is not for those who have hot-houses and conservatories, so they may pass it by without reading it; for, be it known, I belong to what Mr. Vick calls "that highly respectable class who have more taste than money to gratify it." Now, my more favored sisters, please don't pity me, for I have a bay-window, and am happy.

But to business, beginning with the cuttings: About the middle of July I cut back all my old Pelargoniums to about three or four inches in height, selecting from the branches cut away such slips as look well-hardened or ripened, starting them in two-inch pots. They will root in saucers of sand, but I am quite successful rooting them in the soil in which they are to grow. When new shoots have started on the old plants that were cut back, to about two inches in length, I repot those that I wish to keep for winter in pots one size smaller than those which contained them before, shaking off all the old soil, and putting them into pots clean inside and out. These old plants, if well trimmed and the ends of the branches occasionally pinched off, will make fine, showy, bushy plants when the blooming season arrives. By old plants I mean those one year old that have bloomed one season. Last year they were magnificent, and kept in bloom a long time.

For soil I use two parts good loam, one part sand, and two parts good rich leaf mold, the latter being two years old, well rotted, upon which had been turned washing suds, slops, etc. I always bake my earth to kill the worms, insects, and larvæ. Some persons think best to start their Pelargoniums in September, but I like best to do it in July. It is so much gained, for they get well rooted with side branches formed by September. I put my slips in two-inch pots in the above-named soil, and place them in warm, sunny windows, close to the glass, being careful not to keep them too moist, as it causes them to damp off. After the cuttings are well rooted I pinch out the centre at the fourth leaf, which induces side shoots to form. As soon as these two-inch pots are full of roots I repot into those from three to four inches across, according to the size and vigor of the plant. I use nice, well-cleaned pots, and after the usual piece of crock at the bottom put in sufficient earth to lift the plant the desired height, putting in the ball of earth entire, after first picking out the old piece of crock which has become tangled with the roots. Do not disturb these white, working roots, but fill in carefully around the sides with a potting stick; give a few smart raps on the bench or table with the pot, which will settle the earth. It is best to leave a space of half an inch at top unfilled to facilitate watering.

As the side shoots continue to grow pinch off the ends, which will cause two to come in place of one. When these pots become filled with roots, I shift again in those five or six inches across, in which they are allowed to bloom. When the buds are well formed, and never before, I water the plants once a week with liquid manure. If used before they show buds it will stimulate to growth of foliage, and not to blossoms, and has the same effect as over-potting has upon them. This is why so many fail with their Pelargoniums, getting few if any blossoms.

It is best to keep them rather dry through November and December; after, give more moisture, but not enough to saturate the roots, as it causes them to decay. They do not like a warm, dry atmosphere, but do best if kept about 50 to 55 degrees in a warm, sunny window. I keep mine in south windows in a chamber which is warmed slightly by means of a register in the floor, through which passes the warm air from the sitting-room. I kept some of my plants there all last winter. It seems just suited to Pelargoniums, Verbenas, and plants of like nature.

As fast as my Pelargoniums in the chamber window show buds I begin to give them liquid manure, and bring them down to the sitting-room and place in the sunny bay-window, a few at a time, so as to prolong the blooming season (for I like to make the most of all my pretty things). I give them air on mild, pleasant days, but never in such a manner as to place them in a draught or let the air directly upon them.

They are seldom troubled with insects; a good smoking with tobacco in the fall and a weekly washing and sprinkling keep them under subjection. Some of my friends have given up the culture of the Pelargonium, and I very nearly did so during my early acquaintance with it. The first one I ever possessed was years ago. I was in the city shopping, had spent most of my money, had a little more than enough to pay my fare home, when I spied a splendid Pelargonium for sale, in full bloom, in a shop window. I said to myself, "I want that plant" (at the same time giving my porte-monnaie a slight squeeze, for I knew there wasn't much in it). I went in and asked the price; it was very dear. I thought I could not afford it. I went out, but soon returned, feeling that I must have that plant, even though I had to do as a friend of mine once did. She, too, had been shopping; had just ten cents left for her fare home in the horse cars (it was when silver ten cent pieces were more plenty than they are now). It was new and clean. She put it in her month for a minute while she adjusted her bundles, and accidentally swallowed it, and had to walk home!

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, I know it is a great jump from Pelargoniums to swallowing ten cent pieces. I fear you'll think me something like the old man's minister "who was a long time coming to the point, and when he did he didn't stick to it worth a cent."

Well, about that Pelargonium: I bought it and enjoyed it amazingly for awhile. At length it ceased to bloom, and I thought something must be the matter with it. Perhaps its shoes were too tight, and its feet all cramped up in that little pot, and so in my good-natured "greenness," I gave it a pot about four times too large, then wondered why it did not bloom again; but it never did. At about the same time I took a cutting from it, and to insure success, as I thought, I put it at once in a six-inch pot, and it grew, and grew, and grew, till it was nearly as tall as I am, with never a side branch or bud, but leaves most as large as a hollyhock's.

I had not then paid much attention to floriculture, but I loved flowers, and that was all I knew about it. I had read nearly nothing on the subject, and when some one advised pinching back my Pelargoniums, I was simply astonished. I should almost as soon have thought of pinching off my children's arms and legs for their benefit as of doing good to my window pets by pinching off their branches. But, suffice it to say, I never got so much as a bud on my first Pelargoniums; and what wonder, with such treatment! At last, "hope deferred" made my "heart sick," and I let the great overgrown things go, thinking "their room better than their company." I did not indulge in Pelargoniums for several years; but at length, reading and learning my mistake, I again renewed my acquaintance with them, much to my enjoyment and their profit, for their pansy-like blossoms seem like so many faces crowded together to smile upon me in gratitude for my kind care and attention; and with their smiling faces peeping out amid the scarlet Geraniums, drooping, graceful Fuchsias, and bright-flowering bulbs, make my bay-window a "bower of beauty."

Well, I've told my experience, and "what I know" about Pelargoniums; and as I never talk after I've nothing more to say (which does not happen very often), I'll make my most graceful bow, and bid you all a very good-morning.

MRS. POLYANTHUS PERIWINKLE.

Weston, Mass.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I see by Mr. Vick's catalogue that he recommends imported bulbs of the Lily of the Valley for winter bloom, and as there are many who would like to have the blossoms, but feel unable to be at the expense of purchasing imported bulbs, I will send you an account of my experience this winter, that you may use it, if you choose, for their benefit.

Two weeks and a half before Christmas I had a clump of frozen earth containing the bulbs that blossom yearly in the garden, chopped out of the ground with an axe. They were left in a warm place to thaw, and the next day I selected some of the largest bulbs, with some of the little roots left on, although not all that belonged to each bulb, and potted in rich, warm, moist earth. I kept them on the warm water tank attached to the cooking stove during the day, and kept them very wet with warm water. Sometimes they got very hot. At night I removed them to a warm spot near some stove, my only care being to keep them very wet and warm, regardless of light. On Christmas morning one bud opened, and there were a number of spikes of buds formed that opened gradually, with all the fragrance of summer, though not quite as vigorous in growth. I have had a succession of blossoms, and have some now, coming on nicely, that have not been forced, but out of the ground since New Years. After the blossoms came, I removed the pots to the light and window gradually, not subjecting them to a sudden change of temperature.

I would like to ask, through your columns, advice as to the best treatment for the English Ivy in summer, whether to keep it in the house in a darkened room, or to remove out of doors; whether to sink the pot in the garden or not, or if it is still better to put the root into the ground, and how to treat it in the autumn if kept out of doors in the summer.

M. G. P.

Keeseville, N. Y.

Gossip with Correspondents.

A Remarkable Vine.—I wish to tell of a remarkable vine of last summer's growth—at least I think so. I planted seeds of the Goose Egg Gourd; I know that, because I took them from the egg myself, and put them directly in the ground. In due time one plant made its appearance, and I watched its wonderful growth. It branched off in a dozen ways, and ran as if for life, or to see all that there was to be seen in a single summer. It seemed to have not only an inclination to spread itself as much as possible over the ground and across the walks, on an investigating tour, but evinced an ambition to get up in the world, and, accordingly, made its way over the currant bushes, over the asparagus, and along and over the fence, to get a peep outside. After a time the blossoms, and then the gourds, showed themselves, and I was congratulating myself upon my success, when I discovered the eggs were not egg-shaped in the least, but perfectly round. While watching and wondering at this, still believing they would prove themselves in the end genuine egg gourds, some of them had become as large as a medium-sized apple, and I discovered they were all turning yellow instead of white, as a well-behaved egg should do. I was disgusted, supposing in some way I had been deceived into giving all that care and thought to a common pumpkin vine. It received no more attention from me until quite late in the fall, some time after we had severe frosts, and when there was little in the border or garden to attract, I noticed my pumpkins, or whatever they are. There were twenty of them on the one vine, besides some that had not fully grown. The twenty were from sixteen to eighteen inches in circumference, evidently having stopped growing because they had attained full size. I had them taken in, and commenced experimenting, and am prepared to say from the evidence of my own taste, and that of others, that pies made from them are most excellent—far more delicate than the ordinary pumpkin. The rind is very thin and tender, the texture and grain of the meat fine, and the seed small. Can you tell me what they are? The hot weather did not affect it in the least, and when other vines in the vicinity were dried out and dead, this was as fresh and green as ever, as indeed it was when finally cut down by the frost king. It is decidedly a novelty to me, and I shall give it a place in my garden in the future. I saved all the seeds, and can supply them to others, if any wish.

MRS. SARAH S. WINSLOW.

Waterloo, Ind.

Fuchsias.—In January No. of CABINET, C. R. S. says he has grown slips from single and double white Fuchsias. Now, as I have never been able to find a white Fuchsia, and have been told by many florists that such a thing did not exist, you cannot wonder that I am anxious to know if he really possesses one, and would ask him to please inform us where he procured his treasure. I make Fuchsias and Carnations a specialty, and have had them in profusion since the first of December. Speciosa, Carl Halt, Gem and Serratifolia are all winter blooming, and form a desirable collection. I repot all plants in May, and place Fuchsias on the north side of the house, in their pots, giving but little water. During summer they drop most of their leaves; so much the better; bring them in before frost, and water freely, giving liquid manure about once a month; soot-tea is excellent, as it sweetens the earth. Do this and your plants will repay you by blooming all winter; they

will grow so rapidly after a season of rest as to astonish you. Carnations do equally well by keeping them in the ground in summer in their pots, and pinching off the buds until August. All Carnations do not bloom in winter; the three varieties of La Purite, with Edwardsi and President Degraw, I find good winter bloomers, and are truly splendid. I was a subscriber to the first No. of the CABINET, and hail it with pleasure; it is a much needed work, and is doing much good in many households.

S. E. R.

East Saginaw.

African Lily.—I have several so-called in my garden. They grow four feet high; have bright yellow flowers, with black spots on them; are very showy and present a fine appearance. I will send some bulbs to any one in exchange for Calla Lily or Amaryllis. I also have a blue Lily, which is considered beautiful. Where can I get a Rhododendron, and is it hardy? I also would like to get a root of the Passion Vine. I got some slips of double Geraniums in October, and put them in a box; they have grown finely, one fourteen inches high. I don't know when to pot them. I have two of the finest of old-fashioned white Roses, one very double, the other half double.

Rockport, Ind.

MRS. C. P. LAIRD.

Answer.—Pot your Geraniums in new pots every other month while they grow so vigorously. Pots should not be smaller in width than one-third the height of the plant.

Calla Lily.—I have had very good success growing the Calla, but not much prosperity in having them blossom. Will some one tell me if I can do anything to make them blossom?

A. B. S.

Answer.—Your Callas will no doubt flower in spring; if not, in July. Place them for two months in full sun; after that shake them clean out and repot; grow on as usual, and they will flower well next year.

Hanging Basket.—Mrs N. W. wants to know if her hanging basket will be over-burdened as it contains three Tropæolums, one Canary Bird Flower, five Nolana, five Abronia, two Portulacas, one Convolvulus Minor, one Sweet Alyssum, two Lobelias. The basket is large, but a few leaves are turning yellow on the Tropæolums, which are about ten inches high; all the plants look well and were started from seed. As they grow shall she pull up some, or let them all grow? The baskets are lined with paper muslin, instead of moss, and many like it better, as it gives more room, and does not let the dirt sift out of wire baskets.

Answer.—Yes, your basket is very full; better thin out one-third the number.

Begonia.—1. How is the beautiful, large variegated leaf Begonia Rex propagated; what treatment does it require? 2. How large a pot should a medium size Calla have? 3. How are seeds of Begonia raised? 4. What is to be done with Begonia Rex when the leaves begin to decay at the edges, and finally die? Mine does so. I am sure it is not too wet.

ANNIE.

Answer.—1. Begonia Rex is propagated from single leaves. 2. A six or seven inch pot will grow a moderate sized Calla well. 3. See note on raising Begonia seed in December CABINET. 4. Keep the Begonia dry until spring; it will then make new leaves.

Green Fly.—My plants are lovely! I have a beautiful white Heath, a double Chinese Primrose, and a Carnation in full bloom, and a Calla nearly out. My Roses were troubled with the green fly, so I procured

some waste tobacco at a cigar manufactory, for which I paid the small sum of "thank you, sir." I then put my Rose bushes under the sink, took a red-hot stove cover and placed it on a pan of earth, and sprinkled some tobacco on it and closed the door and left them about twenty minutes, when I took a look at them, and the green flies were in their last agonies on the earth in the pots. Fearing they might rise again I gave them a dose of tobacco tea, which soon put an end to them, and now my Roses bid fair to have some blossoms.

Roses.—Are the Prairie Roses, Baltimore Belle and the Gem of the Prairies, hardy? Do they need any protection in northern Vermont, and what height do they grow in one season? How long does it take them to bloom?

R. F. M.

Answer.—The Prairie Roses are hardy, but need protection in Vermont. They grow three to four feet each season, and will bloom freely the second and third year. In middle States they will do better still. The charcoal used for plants is wood charcoal.

Immortelles.—Can any one tell me where I can get seed of the Immortelles? I have often seen notices of the flower in catalogues, but no seed has ever been offered. I have seen the flower, and would like very much to obtain seed, or a plant or plants.

MAGGIE.

Answer.—Ask any florist.

Window Plants.—Will the CABINET please tell me what plants will do well in east and south windows, partially shaded? The Chinese Primrose is the only thing that blossoms freely for me in a north window.

JULIA.

Answer.—1. Flowering plants—Camellias, Cinerarias, Calceolarias, Calla Lilies, Fuchsias, Hyacinths and Tulips. 2. Foliage plants—European Ivy of many varieties, to the green and variegated Smilax; many varieties of Ferns and European Myrtle. The second list would prove most satisfactory if kept free from dust, and the air of the room is not too dry.

Parlor Ivy.—I enclose a leaf of what we call Parlor Ivy. Can you tell the right name by the leaf? It is a strong grower, about fifteen feet long; near the centre of the vine, for a space of about four feet, the leaves have dropped off. What is the cause of it? The leaves at both ends look strong and vigorous.

A. E. C.

Answer.—Your Ivy is known as the German Ivy (Senecio scandens.) Leaves drop off either from too much water, heat or cold.

Lily.—Aunt Carrie asks the name of a Lily. I think it must be Funkia Japonica, or August Day Lily. If Paul De Verges will forward me address and stamps I will send him roots of the Water Lily (Nymphaea Odorata.) They can be sent during November or December. I raised the Lilies in the yard in a barrel set in the ground in the summer. They were planted too thick, and did not blossom well. What variety of old-fashioned White Rose does R. H. Blake want? I have one variety that is as handsome as any Tea Rose; indeed it has a creamy look—is full and perfect. Another that is rather single (white) has coarse leaves, and after the season for blooming is over, large red seed-vessels form. Another is Calla Magnolia, or Lamarque Rose. The last is a monthly.

Delmar, Del.

GEORGIA B. CARVER.

Ever Blooming Geraniums.—Will Lady Cullum please inform me where one can obtain the Ever Blooming Geranium described by her in February No. of CABINET?

M. B. T.

Flower Gardening.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

Ladies, do you love flowers? I do; and I think if I have been successful in my attempts at floriculture, any of you who have a reasonable share of health and the control of a few feet of earth, can, in time, be the possessor of a few flowers. Shall I tell you some of the difficulties I have surmounted in order that I may have a flower garden? In the first place my husband does not care for flowers, and I clearly understand that I must not look for his assistance in their culture. I determined to see what I could do myself. In the upper part of the garden was a large plot of ground which was not used, and this I concluded should be the home of my pets. But it was stiff clay soil, full of stones, and had an inclination to the east. I had it dug at the same time the vegetable garden was, and then, with line in hand, proceeded to lay out the beds. On one side was a path leading from a gate to the lower part of the garden, so that I did not make a path (as I otherwise should have done) through the middle of my plot. In the centre I made a large round bed, with a path three feet wide extending all around. Above this I formed an oval bed, and a similar one below the central bed. On the north side a bed, half-moon in shape, and its counterpart on the south side. At each corner I formed a bed, right angle in shape, and around the whole a border three feet in width. I had paths around all the beds three feet wide. Next I took a spade and a basket, went to the orchard, cut sod in narrow strips, filled the basket, and by going several times every day I had time, I bordered all my beds. I watered the borders in the evenings until the sod was well rooted. The autumn previous I commenced preparations for enriching the soil. My husband kept a horse, and I could have manure, provided I could get it to the garden. I took the basket and shovel, filled the basket with manure, and carried it to the garden myself. This I did several times a day for a long time, when I had a great quantity of manure. To this I added sods dug here and there in leisure moments, and sand obtained from a small brook near by. On wet days I would convey bushels of leaves from the orchard, and over all threw a quantity of lime that I found in an old barrel. Every wash-day I threw the suds—frequently boiling hot—on this compost heap, stirring it up every day or so until it was decomposed. In the spring I spread this a foot deep over the flower beds, dug this nuder and covered the surface again a foot deep. When I transplanted my plants to the beds I would go to the woods, a fourth of a mile distant, and get a basketful of leaf-mold, using a small quantity to each plant. I made a hot bed the last week of

March. I nailed four boards together for a frame, dug a place a foot deep the size of frame, filled it with fresh horse manure, put a few inches of good soil on top, and placed an old window sash over the top. I let it sweat a few days, then sowed seeds in rows, placing a label with name of seed at the top of each row. I then covered with several thicknesses of news-



TRELLIS FOR POT PLANTS.

papers, watering well, closed frame, and kept paper wet until seed sprouted, then removed paper and kept the soil moist; protected the tiny plants from the noon sun; on warm days let air in by placing a board between frame and sash; covered with boards and old carpet at night. I commenced transplanting the second week of May, covering each plant with a burdock

One half-moon bed had Japan Pinks, the other Asters. The four right-angle beds had respectively Scarlet Phlox, Snapdragons, Candytuft, mixed Phlox, with a Tuberose in the centre of each bed. In the other beds were Balsams, Four-o'clocks, Zinnias, Dahlias, Tigridias, Petunias, Gladiolus, and others. Some commenced blooming in June, and a continual bloom of flowers until I gathered my last bouquet of Pansies on the 13th of December.

Such flowers! It would do your eyes good to see them. And, my lady friends, one word in conclusion: It only cost me five dollars for seeds and bulbs. Wilt thou not go and do likewise?

A CHEESE-BOX FERNERY.

I see a great many delightful plans broached in the FLORAL CABINET for decorating the yard and garden, but so many of these require the stalwart aid of a "John" in order to execute them in a proper manner, that it is enough to fill the hearts of the "lone women" with despair. For the benefit of those, who constitute so large a proportion of the flower-lovers in our country, I wish to give the plan of a pretty fernery I once made. Some time in April I procured a cheese-box, about a foot in height, and after boring some holes in the bottom, placed it in the center of a grass-plot where it was somewhat shaded by the trees and shrubs. I filled it to the top with good rich earth, but I did not stop to weigh the ingredients of which it was composed. In order to conceal the outside of the box I put a few shovelfuls of dirt about it, and gathering all the nice-looking stones I could find, heaped them around it, filling the interstices with earth. Now that the mere prosy drudgery was accomplished, the

poetry came in, which consisted in scouring the wood near by for Ferns, Partridge Berries, and the wild Columbine (*Aquilegia Canadensis*), with which to adorn it. These I strove to arrange as tastefully as possible between the stones. In the centre of the box I placed an earthen basin containing a few Lycopodiums, and around the edges were planted small clumps of the Lady Fern and Maiden's Hair, interspersed with Kenilworth Ivy and Lobelia Erinus. As I was careful to give the woodland plants a generous supply of their rich native soil, as well as to water them thoroughly, they soon grew and flourished; and before the summer was over the trailing vines had quite hidden the edges of the box and crept over the stones. But it was not until the second summer that it began to look like a real bit of the woods. Try it.

THYME.



VICTORIA REGIA, THE MAMMOTH FLOWER OF BRAZIL.

leaf for a few days. In the central bed I planted Verbenas with a border of thirty-two pansies. One oval bed had in it foliage plants, Cannas, the seed of which I sprouted by pouring boiling water over them; Amaranthus, tri-color and bi-color ruber, and Coxcombs.

Complimentary.—I am delighted with the CABINET. It is one of the handsomest papers published, and the information it gives about flowers is worth many times the price of subscription. O. P. A. Palmer, Mass.

The Flower Garden.

HINTS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

There is no greater source of enjoyment to me than properly caring for my little flock of the vegetable kingdom. My collection comprises, mostly, the more easily grown varieties—Begonias being special favorites. Any success that falls to my lot is attributed in a high degree to the *almost daily showering* my plants get. Not enough to drown them, or to leave the earth soggy and unfit for the delicate roots, but enough to keep the surface of the leaves clean, and thus the pores open. A fine healthy growth follows. It is a sad fact that a very large number kill their plants by neglecting to remove the filth that is sure to collect on the leaves, especially in a living-room. How unpleasant a Calla leaf looks all covered with dust; seems as if you wanted to scrape it off every time you see it; that is my experience. The same is so with those covered with lice. I almost itch, in the presence of such, to take them up and run to the nearest sink, subject the disagreeable objects to a drowning, and thus relieve the sufferers. Now ladies (and gentlemen too, if there be any like me), do keep your plants clean, and it can only be done by a daily, or almost daily, sprinkling.

The vaporizer is a handy instrument, and may be had at the shops, or one may have a home-made one, if he is handy in making such things. This can be used where one is afraid of soiling the carpet, as it projects the water in the form of the finest mist.

If I mistake not, the Vallota Purpurea is the same as is grown here very commonly. A friend has the sawed halves of a barrel so full it is difficult to remove the bulbs. In August they are a fine sight. I saw one budded last spring, although it is said they flower only in, or not before, the above-named month.

The Dracæna and its companion, Aspidistra Variegata, are suitable, I find, for hot rooms. A Palm or two would find its way into my collection if (ah, that little word,) they did not cost so much. The Tradescantia is a fine trailing plant, and with me succeeds better than the Ivy, to twine about picture-frames. A very beautiful variety may now be had, with leaves striped with white. Mahernia Odorata has bloomed finely for me this winter, scenting the rooms almost like the Tuberose. Try it, you who have it not. Mine rested all summer in a shady place.

The Onion Lily is probably Squills; the flower is greenish white, star-shaped. If one wants an easily grown plant, and one that will bloom, let him get a Crab Cactus. Don't confound this variety with the one you saw, or perhaps have in your own possession, and have looked in vain to find a flower upon. It is not the kind; get, if possible, one well started, for they are slow to root. I have a nice Wax Plant, but

do not find it, as some catalogues term it, a free grower.

Last summer was found, out in our vegetable garden, a variegated Clover Plant. The leaves are very prettily striped with yellow. Some said they were partly blasted, but the variegation continued all summer. Is it a common plant? I cannot close before speaking of my fernery and aquarium, both of my own manufacture. Do your readers know how easily a fernery may be made?

Determine the length, and let the width be more than one-half. Construct a neat box four inches deep, with a projection inside, two inches from the top, for the glass to rest upon; the box is for holding the earth; unumber over and varnish. The glass must just fit inside this box. In cutting the glasses, make the end pieces a little higher than the width; mine has a

some other colored paper. The box to be used should be lined with zinc, or tea-lead may do. A Dracæna looks well for a centre-piece. Ferns may be had in the woods, but take care and select judiciously. The Partridge Vine, with its red berries, is very acceptable; also the Polypody Fern, found so common on rocks. The greenhouse will, perhaps, afford the richest selection, and by all means select a Fittonia; it has leaves veined with carmine, and is truly beautiful. Lycopodiums, Peperomias, and the Acorus Variegatus (a pretty little upright grass), are desirable. I cannot advise flowering plants for our plant-case.

For the aquarium nothing seems to grow as well as Vallineria Espiralis. While other water plants die and have to be removed, this one continues to thrive and be both ornamental and useful. Neither do I recommend the Calla for a water purifier.

Westerly, R. I.

H. P. SPICER.

ACHIMENES.

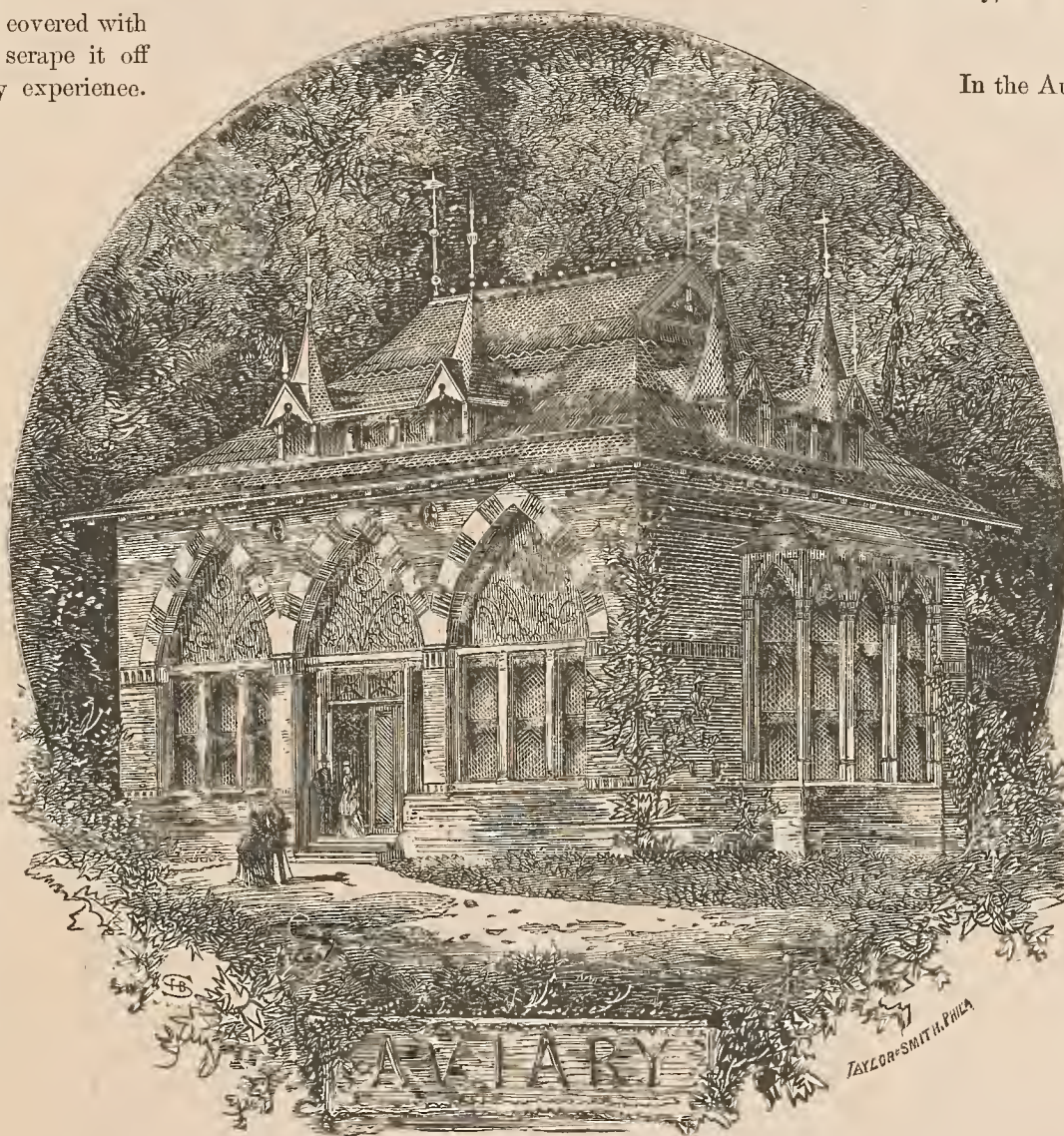
In the August No of the CABINET, H. speaks of having Achimenes in a hanging-basket, and of their being finer than those grown in greenhouses. I was also so fortunate last summer as to have the finest pot of Achimenes I had ever seen. There were three bulbs in a five-inch pot, and for two weeks certainly thirty-four blossoms were expanded every morning. Of course it commenced more moderately, and was blooming at least two months. This unusual thriftiness we thought was caused by their being home-raised bulbs—that is, bulbs wintered in some warm room, and started in a hot-bed in spring, instead of making a long journey from some florist's, which seems to impair their vitality. Achimenes are so beautiful, however, that one had better have them on any terms than do without them. I have repeatedly tried to keep the bulbs in a cellar, and invariably found them reduced to powder in the spring—a kind of dry-rot, apparently. The best way to keep them, after gradually drying off in the fall, is to set the pot into some drawer or closet (near the chimney, too,) in a room that is

never allowed to become real cold. I have found them very satisfactory plants for the adornment of my flower-stand on a covered piazza; they will not bear sun; one must be especially careful not to let the sun strike the pots when starting them in the hot-bed. Mine are a lovely blue. If H. has any other color, I should be delighted to exchange with her, and hope she will write me at once on the subject.

Washington Heights, Ill. MRS. J. H. BIGGS.

Black-Eyed Susans.—Answer to F. C. M., in February No. of CABINET. Black-Eyed Susans are the seed of a sea-plant. It is the name given them by sailors. They are also called West India beans, and are very pretty for ornamental work. There are three sizes or varieties. Should be soaked in hot water until they sprout—then plant and water plentifully.

L. E. S.



AVIARY IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

sloping roof, and looks much better than simply a flat one. It may be a little troublesome to find the exact shape of the four pieces for the top, and if you cannot calculate it yourself, ask some one who can, remembering that the top should be about one-third the height of the whole glass portion; of course the slope would be more. To fasten the pieces together use braid and good paste. The sides should be laid flat, upon some smooth surface, with the proper edges not touching each other by some three-eighths of an inch. After you have pasted three of the corners, let the work stand till it dries; then lift the whole and place in proper position. Proceed in the same way with the sloping part. Have care that the glass is so cut that the parts may fit well; a pattern is, probably, best to work from. The work may be made more substantial by fastening the braid over the inner edges, and finally covering the outside with brown or

Stories.

ELLEN GOODWIN'S TRIAL.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Going out again?"

Ella Goodwin spoke in a fretful tone, and her pretty face was puckered up into a most dismal frown.

"I promised Charley I would step round for an hour or two, and have a game of dominoes."

"Anything to get away from home!"

But Will Goodwin was already out of hearing. His wife, after a fretful remark, addressed to the walls, to the effect that she was a fool for ever getting married, took a novel from under the sofa cushion and was soon reading with an air of absorbed interest, when there came a tap at the door, and an elderly lady with a sweet, fair face, came in.

"Alone?" she said, as Ella eagerly welcomed her and took off her wraps.

"I am always alone! Will gets his meals here!" was the bitter reply. "He goes to the store as soon as he swallows his breakfast, and he is always out in the evening. Now he is with his brother, playing dominoes."

"Don't you play dominoes?"

"Yes."

"I'd keep him at home to play."

"He would not care to stay. I suppose all young married men tire of home, Aunt Mary?"

"Not all! But you speak in a bitter tone that pains me, Ella. It is not like you."

"I feel bitter! I have no one to talk to but you, and I never complained before, but I am tired of being alone all the time."

"Ella, since you have spoken to me, will you let me give you a word of advice?"

"You know you may."

"Look in the mirror, dear, then look round the room!" Ella obeyed. In the mirror she saw a slender figure robed in a morning wrapper, without any collar or cuffs, and not precisely clean; a face pretty and expressive, with a wreath of golden hair loosely knotted in a comb and decidedly untidy. The room, a handsomely furnished sitting-room, was begging for a broom as eloquently as a dusty carpet could beg. Harry's cradle in one corner balanced a disordered work-table in another. The center-table was piled with miscellaneous articles.

A crimson flush rose on the young wife's cheek.

"What is the use of having things nice when nobody sees them but me, or dressing, when Will is never at home?"

"He might be at home more if things were nice and you were dressed."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Ella spoke.

"I'll try it, auntie. I suppose it is partly my fault. Before Harry was born he was at home more, but I have been careless since then."

"You are not strong, I know," Aunt Mary said, very kindly, "and baby is a care, but I would try to be dressed in the evening, and have the room cheerful. Your piano looks as if it was never opened! Don't you have time to practice?"

"I can't plead want of time, auntie. Jane is one of the best of servants, and time hangs upon my hands. I am glad you came in. I believe I want a moral shaking."

Then they talked of other matters, of Harry's first tooth and baby accomplishments, of the winter fashions, of feminine interests of all kinds. The innate

sweetness of Ella's temper made her take her aunt's gentle reproof in the spirit of love that dictated it, and when the parting caress was given, she whispered:

"I'll try, auntie, to make home more attractive for Will."

She was fast asleep with Harry nestled in her arms when Will came home, but the touch of his lips upon her cheek aroused her.

"Did you have a pleasant evening?" she asked. "Aunt Mary was here and left her love for you."

"Charley and I played awhile, and then Mira Creighton dropped in and sang for us."

"She seems to drop in pretty often."

"She is so intimate with the girls."

"I never thought her singing very wonderful."

"You sing far better. But when I can't get any better, I like hers."

It was not the first time Will had told the same story; and strong in her new resolutions, Ella determined upon a good hour of practice, early in the morning.

Jane was rather amazed at the cleaning the sitting-room received at the hands of herself and her mistress. The cradle was banished into an adjoining bed-room, where baby could be heard if he awakened; the fire-shovel assumed its legitimate place at the hearth. It rather astonished Ella herself to find how many useless articles were about, and how universally everything was in the wrong place.

The six o'clock dinner brought Will. Ella was in the hall as he entered, and led the way to the dining-room, where a cheery brightness reigned.

"Company, Nell?" queried Will, his eyes resting upon his wife.

"No company," said Ella, "but ourselves, unless you count Harry. I have made you some of the bread-sauce you are so fond of, Will!"

"You're a jewel. Only don't make yourself sick in the hot kitchen, Nell! You are not very strong, you know."

Nell blushed at that, for it reminded her of many a neglected duty, many a lazy hour for which the plea had been offered in excuse.

"That did not hurt me," said she, "for I was in the kitchen making some lemon pies."

"Lemon pies! You make my mouth water. Nobody else can make them to taste like yours!"

Dinner over, Will in great good humor went to the sitting-room. The open grate threw a ruddy glow upon the bright surroundings, and his face lighted with pleasure. But the large eyes fairly danced as he cried: "The Piano open! I began to think it was buried for ever!"

"Not quite," said Ella, laughing, and yet blushing, brightly. "I thought from what you said last night, you would like to hear me sing again!"

"You bet I would!" was the emphatic if not very elegant response.

"Let's play dominoes then till I can sing. It is too soon after dinner now. Be merciful, for I am out of practice, remember."

Here Jane came in with Master Harry, ready for bed, and after soft kisses he was taken into the next room and put into his cradle.

"You will come up if he cries, Jane," Ella said, and took down the domino box. "I think Harry is old enough now to spare me in the evening," she added in explanation.

"Little monkey, how he grows!" was the reply. "Come, what is your highest?"

Cunningly Ella kept up the interest of the game till nearly nine o'clock, when Will certainly would not go out. Then she sang for him. Her voice,

clear and sweet, had been highly cultivated, and she was surprised to find how much pleasure she felt herself in once more exercising it.

Eleven o'clock chimed from the little mantel clock when Will was pleading for "just one more" song, and Ella sang the "Good night," in answer.

"By Jove!" cried Will, "I was to meet Charley at the club-room at eight. Where has the evening gone?"

"Never mind! Any other evening will do as well," said Ella.

The next day was stormy. Ella appeared at breakfast with the neatest of collars and cuffs, hair in a knot like burnished gold, and a face like a sunbeam. Will, who had eaten in solitary state for more mornings than his wife cared to count, was as attentive as a lover. His parting kiss accompanied the words:

"Take a nap, Nell, this morning. We must keep you well, you know! I haven't enjoyed my breakfast so much for a year."

"Don't forget the new songs, Will. If you will send them round, I will try them over before you come home."

"I'll send them then as I go down town."

Wet and dimly muddy, Will came in from a February storm of rain upon melting snow. Ella was waiting for him, and drew him into the bedroom. Before the fire hung a dressing-gown of bright cashmere, with blue silk, while under the dry, warm socks, a pair of gorgeous slippers were toasting.

"Good gracious, Nell, where did those come from?" said Will, hastily, drawing off his soaked boots.

"It is your birthday. Have you forgotten? I bought those to-day for you."

"Out in all this rain?"

"I did not walk much. Try them on, Will?"

"Fine as a Turk!" said Will, twisting before a mirror to see how the dressing-gown fitted.

"Now, come have some hot soup; I made it."

"See here, Nell, ain't you doing too much?"

"Not a bit. I needed a good roasting over the fire after being out, and I took it over soup and pudding in the kitchen, instead of a novel here. That is all the difference."

Again eleven o'clock struck before Will knew the evening was half gone.

"Charley will think I have deserted him," he said, "but slippers and dressing-gowns are too comfortable to be easily resigned."

Ella softly stroked the hair of a head resting upon the back of the great arm chair, as Will spoke. A strong arm encircled her, and she was drawn to her husband's knee.

"Little woman," he said tenderly, "I cannot tell you how glad I am you are well again. It was awfully dismal seeing you always in that direful wrapper. But—" and, man like, he hesitated, "I suppose I ought to have stayed at home more!"

"You will now?" she said, anxiously.

"Where can I find so pleasant a place," he said, with loving fervor, "or so precious a companion?"

It was nearly a month later that Aunt Mary, spending an evening with Will's mother, heard Charley grumblingly declare:

"There is no getting Will to go anywhere nowadays. He sticks at home in the evening as if he were glued there. I went round there Saturday; Jane was out. Nell lying on the lounge with a headache, and Will reading to her, while he rocked the cradle with one foot."

"Can't leave," he told me; "Nell requires all my attention, for I can't possibly afford to have her sick again!"

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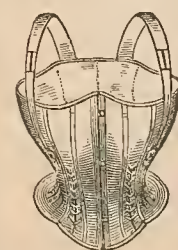
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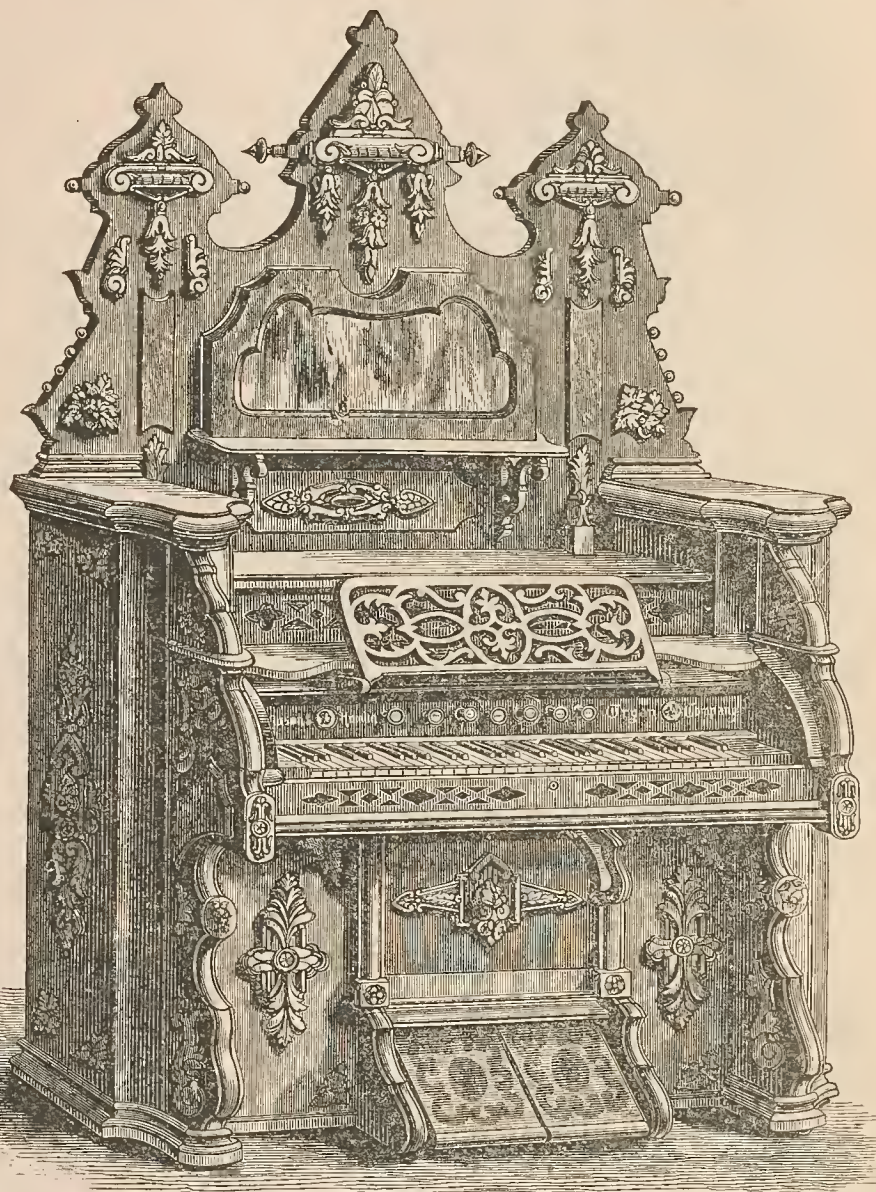
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NEW YORK, MAY, 1875.

OUT-DOOR GARDENING.

In marking off your beds, do not make them so large as to be obliged to walk over them in order to weed them. A nice plan is to have a large grass plot for the centre, interspersed with small beds of brilliant flowers, edged with wire-work, shells, or brick, to keep the grass out; is but little work, and I think very beautiful. A border around the whole garden is very desirable, and I find it will give abundance of work for "idle hands to do."

Large beds with broad, close-shaven grass walks are lovely where you have large grounds. Walks of gravel are the best, but if of brick, strew with common salt, and you will find it will save much time and labor in weeding. When my beds are all laid out and the grass plot sodded, the beds are spaded quite deep, and good well-decayed compost forked in, and sand added if the earth is stiff. When the beds are all ready, I set out bulbs—roots for fall planting. Tulips, Crocuses and Hyacinths make beautiful beds. I then cover with coarse manure. In the spring I rake it all off and sow Phlox Drummondii, Portulaca, and plant Verbenas (previously started in the hot-bed) as soon as the bulbs are through blooming. In this way you have a succession of bloom; by the time these plants are well started the leaves of the bulbs will have withered, and may be cut down with safety. Amaranthus and Geraniums for beds are very fine, and make rapid growth; also Asters, Balsams, Pinks, Perennial Phlox and Gladiolus; Oxalis for bordering and other plants, of which every one has favorites. For climbers I would advise Madeira Vine, Cypress, Convolvulus Major, Virginia Creeper, and ornamental Gourds as the most rapid. If you have a shady corner, a little rock-work would not be amiss; and if you are careful and save all the clinkers from stove and furnace during the winter, a little mound of earth, with these tastefully arranged in ledges and fissures, is very pretty, and can scarcely be told from the real article. It may be either whitewashed or washed with gray, at the discretion of the owner. Mosses and Ferns, German Ivy, Amaranthus, Nolana, Myrtle, Wandering Jew,

Lobelia, &c., are all suitable, and make a rapid growth, provided plenty of water is given, and they are not exposed to the sun too much.

In August and September take cuttings for next season's bedding; after rooting in saucers of sand, cigar boxes of good rich earth will hold from six to eight slips, and give abundance of room. Deep cigar boxes, half filled with earth, with a piece of glass to cover, make excellent seed-beds, and are within the reach of every one. In September, from the first to the last, according to the climate, cut into the ground around the roots of such plants as you wish for the window and for winter blooming, and in two days pot in inch soil; place in a cool room for two or three days; give a thorough smoking and watering, and then remove to winter quarters. Pull up all useless stalks of annuals; give protection to such as need it; rake the beds; give a layer of manure, and we rest from our labors till another joyous springtime. As I grow in experience you will hear from me again. Perhaps I may give a description of some of our public gardens.

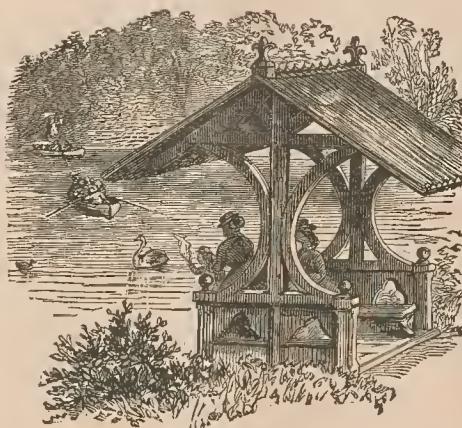
A. F. PETERSON.

Washington, D. C.

Flower Beggars.—Was it Violet who gave your readers, not long ago, some very good advice about raising Roses from slips? She also told them, if I remember rightly, how to obtain the slips in the first place, namely, by begging them of some generous florist. Having found by experience that the class of slips, seed and flower beggars is very large already, I am sorry to see them receiving aid and encouragement from any contributor to the CABINET. Florists



RUSTIC SEAT.



BOAT HOUSE.

SCENES IN CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

may sometimes have slips to give away; but it is my opinion that, if they were to tell just how they feel when applied to for these things, most of them would

say, "It is an imposition; our slips, seeds and flowers are our stock in trade, and the person who asks for them asks for money, or the same thing." I think they would also say that the people who do these things are generally those who can afford to pay for them. A man in this place was applied to, not long ago, for slips, and his answer was this, "What, do you suppose I heat up this place and spend my time taking care of these plants, to give them away? No, madam; I sell plants." A long article might be written on this subject without exhausting it, and I hope somebody competent to write it will take hold of the matter.

M. P. G.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

New Book.—**Ornamental Designs for Fret Work, Fancy Carving and Home Decorations.**—This new book, just issued from our office, contains over 150 designs of fancy articles which can be made by the use of the Bracket and Fret Saw, for home ornaments. These are designs for Brackets, Picture Frames, Card Baskets, Letters, Figures, Ladies' Work Baskets, Wall Pockets, Fruit Dishes, Crosses, Match Boxes, Caskets, &c. These designs are accompanied with explanations for use. Readers will find the Book (price, 60 cents,) and the Bracket Saw (price, \$1.25,) advertised in another page. Thousands of ladies who have purchased this saw, have found in it a fascinating recreation for themselves and their children; have added many beautiful ornaments to their parlors, &c., at very little cost, and some have even made a great deal of money by selling the articles they make to their friends.

Parlor Organs.—The readers of THE FLORAL CABINET are informed that a beautiful Parlor Organ can be obtained from Geo. A. Prince & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., at wholesale price, (which is about one-third less than the retail price,) for any sum from \$50 upwards. Their offer is a special one, will last but a short time, and readers will do well to send to them at once for circulars and price lists.

Advertisements.—As our space for advertisements is limited we take pains to insert cards only of reliable people. Readers in answering advertisements, should always say they noticed them in THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.

The Averill Paint.—We are asked our opinion of this. We can only answer that we have used it for over 5 years, and have found it always a splendid article, doing all that is reasonably claimed for it.

Agents Wanted.—To agents who will canvass the coming spring and summer, we will give extra good commissions. Canvassing is now more easy than during the past winter, and all agents will find more easy the work of getting subscribers. We want at least 5,000 more before the close of the year.

WILLIAMS' ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

The "Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion."—Devoted to Housekeeping, Household Elegances, Fashions, Music, Ladies' Fancy Work, Social Amusements, Home Pets, Flowers, Window Gardening, Cottages, Garden Decorations, and Illustrated Home Literature. Price, \$1.80 per year, including chromo, "My Window Garden," for 1875; for club of 10, extra copy of paper and chromo to agent.

The "Little Gem and Young Folks' Favorite." also Successor to "What Next?"—A beautifully illustrated journal, published monthly, devoted to the amusement, improvement, and instruction of children at home and at school; specially adapted to the needs of the schoolboys and girls of America. Subscription terms, 60 cents per year, including chromo "In Mischief." For a club of ten one year, extra copy of paper and chromo free to agent. *Premium Lists free to any address.*

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The Horticulturist.—Devoted to Cottage Gardening; Home Embellishments; Flowers; Fruits; Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants. On trial, 3 months, 30 cents.

Ladies' Cabinet Initial Note Paper.—Rose or Violet Tinted. Your own Initial. Pretty Chromo in each box. Price, 50 cents.

Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER,

46 Beckman Street, N. Y.

Flowers.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

As M. M. says, I think every correspondent should state their locality, as it has much to do with the selection and treatment of flowers. Here in Van Buren Co., Mich., several years in succession, the summers have been very dry. I was quite discouraged the past season, as ten to twenty pails of water a day, on a space twenty feet square, was of little avail; though some of the hardest, such as Balsams, Portulacas, Verbenas, Phlox Drummondii and Sweet Alyssum, outlived the drouth and flourished till frost took them. I think every year I will discard some of my annuals, but don't know what ones to leave out. There are some that I cannot give up, if I keep them in boxes, which is best here for Pansies, Tuberoses and Gladiolus. I have twelve choice varieties of the latter, which I derived little satisfaction from the past two seasons. Planted in the border, the hot sun withered the flowers as soon as opened. A neighbor puts hers in deep boxes of rich earth on the north side of the house, where they bloom beautifully. I shall adopt this plan in future. I had some very lovely

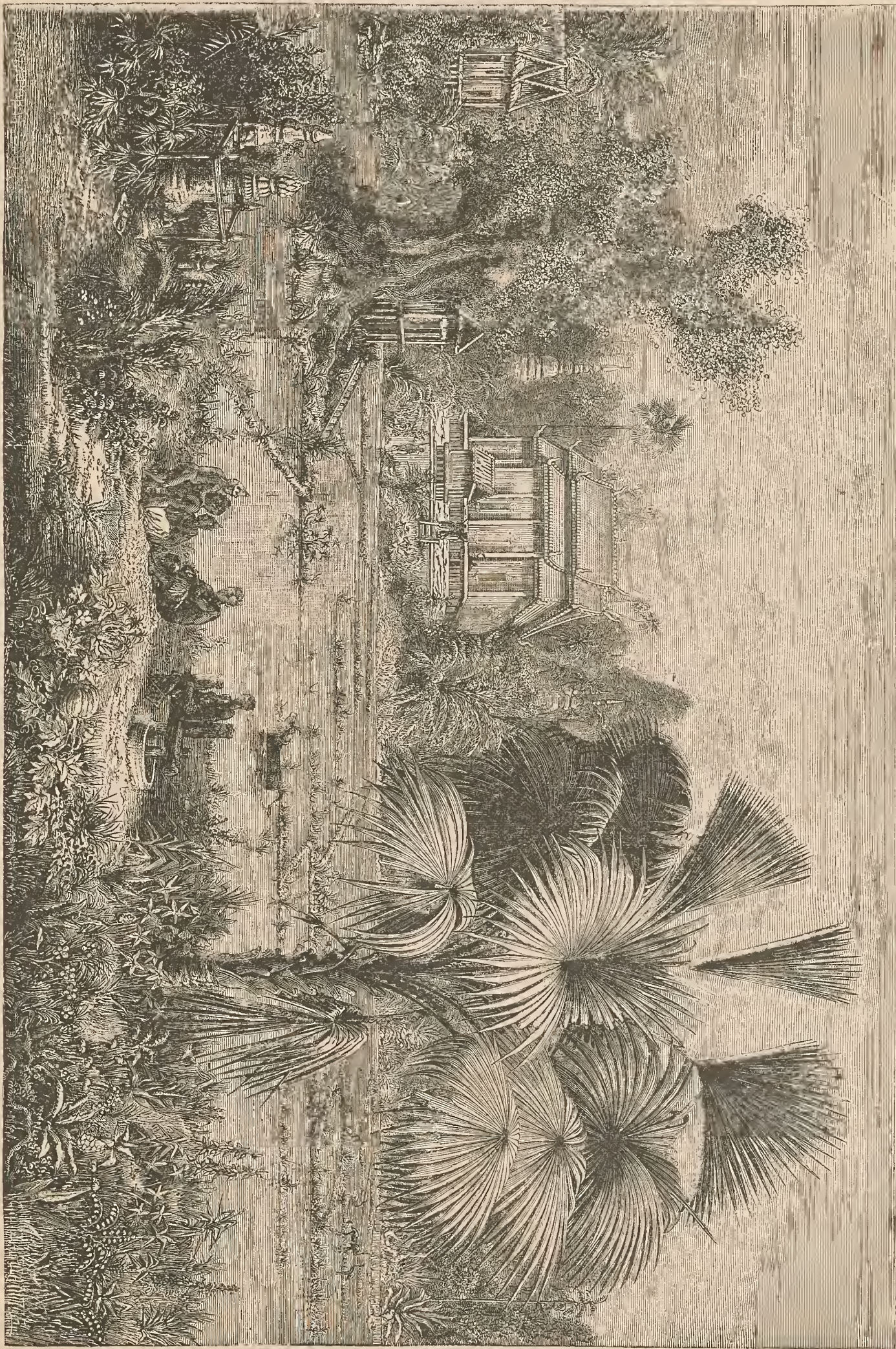
Pansies after cool weather began and until after snow came; raised in a box. Double and single Petunias

are both very desirable for summer and also for winter blooming. I have kept them even the second winter. Select the choicest; cut off all or nearly all the old flowering stems—a few young shoots will usually be found. The ground should be thoroughly wet. Re-

a week or two; as winter approaches expose to the full sunshine, as it is very essential. A gentleman once, driving by our house, thought I had a beautiful collection of roses. Verbenas are especial favorites. I keep some of the choicest through the winter by cut-

ting or taking up the old roots, which are not always reliable. In March I plant seed in shallow boxes; cover with glass; when up, give plenty of sunshine; in May transplant out in the border or boxes. They should be transplanted earlier into larger boxes if the seed comes up thick; care should be taken not to get seeds too thick at any time. Balsams are favorites, too, so exquisitely lovely and delicate. But my especial favorites are too numerous to mention separately. The Tuberoses deserve a place in every collection. It contains the most exquisite sweetness condensed into the smallest possible space of anything I have yet seen. Select some that will bloom, and plant in a deep box of the richest old chip and cow manure. I learned years ago that it was unsafe to sow flower seeds in the ground. I sow all mine in very shallow boxes in April, and when warm enough transplant out; besure the earth is rich and mellow, and don't cover too deep. If this is considered worthy a place in the CABINET, I may, at some future date, give

L. M. B.



A BUDDHIST GARDEN AT Ceylon, India.

move very carefully; put several together in one box; keep in a cool, shaded place, away from the wind, for plants.

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS.

Visitors seem to be a great trial to many housekeepers, and when ladies announce as a reason for many social omissions the fact that they have been entertaining company, every one seems to be expected to condole and sympathize with them.

"You have so much company," said Mrs. H. to Aunt Rachel, one day, "it must be a great care to you!"

"Not a care, but a pleasure," replied Aunt Rachel; "we give our visitors a hearty welcome, and try to make them feel perfectly at home with us, but make no difference in our mode of life."

"I don't see how you do that," replied Mrs. H.; "it disarranges my whole house if I have company for a week. I wish you would tell me how you manage to entertain your friends so easily."

"In the first place," said Aunt Rachel, "we have our meals at regular hours. In winter we say to our guests in the evening, at seven o'clock you will hear a rising bell, and at half-past seven the breakfast-bell will ring; then we have prayers and breakfast. I always try to have healthy food, and make it a rule to prepare nothing for the table that is really unhealthy. I have more regard to the health and comfort of my friends than to treat them to the indigestible dishes most of our preparations for company are. We always have unbolted bread, not 'bran bread,' as I have heard it called in derision, but bread of unbolted flour. Dr. Dio Lewis says, 'Wheat eaten in its natural condition, without bolting, would supply all the needed elements in the human body, and would sustain life for an indefinite period; but in the process of bolting a large proportion of the nitrates and phosphates is removed, so that bread made of superfine flour will sustain life only a few weeks.' As the nitrates supply muscle, and the phosphates brain power, I think there are very few of us who can afford to dispense with their use. Unbolted bread is a valuable remedy in cases of dyspepsia; we have had it in constant use for four years, and during that time I have been entirely cured of sick headache, from which I had suffered every week for many years. Nine out of ten of our visitors prefer unbolted to bolted bread—it is so much sweeter, and so nourishing."

"Do tell me how you make it, Aunt Rachel; if it cures sick headache I'll have some baked to-morrow, for no one knows how I suffer in that way."

"Set your sponge with bolted flour; then add a little molasses and unbolted flour, until your dough is stiff enough to mould into loaves; make your loaves a medium size; let them raise again; bake an hour in a hot oven; let it be a day old before you eat, and your bread will cure sick headache better than any medical panacea."

"Thank you, Aunt Rachel; now tell me, please, what you have for breakfast? It is so hard for me to know what to get for every meal, you don't know how I worry about it."

"For breakfast," replied Aunt Rachel, "we have beef or mutton steak, broiled; you know I am too much of an English woman not to be a firm believer in the virtues of beef and mutton; fish, eggs (scrambled, poached, or in omelet), potatoes, mush, cracked wheat, and sometimes hash."

"Hash!" exclaimed Mrs. H., "our people won't touch hash. I always feel that it is wrong to waste so much cold meat, but they won't eat hash; do tell how you make it?"

"I take the bones and a little water and boil them for an hour, or longer; chop my meat fine; boil that with the bones and gravy about ten minutes, adding a little flour, and seasoning well; then I lay pieces of toasted white bread in the bottom of a sauce-dish, pour the meat and gravy over it, garnish it with a hard-boiled egg, finely chopped, and it is fit for a king's table. We use no lard. We buy fresh meat suet, render it carefully, and use that for frying fish and potatoes; and we do not believe in calling mush hasty-pudding, for we boil it at least four hours before we consider it ready for the table, or to fry. We give our visitors the freedom of the house, liberty to go where they please, and do as they please; walk out with them, if possible; if not, give them music, pictures and books, wherewith to entertain themselves. For dinner, we have beef, mutton, or poultry; never pork or veal; plenty of vegetables and fruit, and usually no dessert."

"No dessert for company!" exclaimed Mrs. H., in horror. "Why, Aunt Rachel, I wouldn't dare to ask my visitors to sit down to table without it."

"My dear," replied Aunt Rachel, "your husband is a great admirer of Mr. Emerson; listen to what he says: 'I pray you, excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber be made ready at too great a cost. Those things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar in any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparsely, and sleep bad, in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.'"

Physicians say that to eat a second time, after the appetite has been already satisfied, is a very pernicious custom, and the cause of half of the dyspepsia of the day. Although we often have guests whom we would gladly feast upon nectar and ambrosia, if nectar and ambrosia were obtainable in our town, yet if we cannot give them nectar in their fruit, we believe that the custom of having dessert is "more honored by the breach than the observance." The truth of the matter is, most persons in America, when they have visitors, change their style of living, and go to much extra trouble and expense, not so much to gratify their visitors as to satisfy their pride, so that I do not wonder that visitors are dreaded in many families. If we did this your uncle and I could not afford to have visitors at all; but we always enjoy having our friends with us. We always have light supper—stewed oysters, dried beef, cracked wheat, gems, or biseuit of unbolted bread, and always fish. Of course, we try to study the tastes of our visitors if they have favorite dishes; it is a great pleasure to prepare them for them; but if guests come unexpectedly, we do not hesitate to ask them to sit down to very plain fare. "Is not the life more than bread?" Kindness and sympathy, and cordiality, are more to our guests than tables laden with luxuries. Very often, instead of being able to enjoy the society of those we visit, out of mistaken kindness and compliment to us, they expend their time in the kitchen preparing dishes we would not touch, except out of compliment to them; and when they leave their kitchens they are too much fatigued by their unaccustomed labor, too tired to visit or to talk with us. If housekeepers would only be sensible about these things, would put this foolish, I should have said wicked, pride of appearances away

from them; live strictly in accordance with their incomes when they are alone, and when they have company, I believe the pleasure and happiness they would gain from the society of their friends would amply repay them for the sacrifice of their pride.

As Aunt Rachel's advice is so contrary to the practice of most housekeepers, I thought perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET would like to try her plan, and see if they could not entertain their friends with more ease and pleasure than they have ever done before.

MARGUERITE.

FASHION NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A Combination Fan.—Says a Paris fashion writer: "A novelty is a fan, the handle of which forms a pocket handkerchief holder. The idea is ingenious. Of course, the handkerchief which issues from the holder must be rich with lace and delicately scented. Some fans have also a tiny scent-bottle inserted in the bottom of the fan-handle. And thus a fan becomes a handkerchief, scent-bottle and fan, in one." Just in this latitude, according to the present state of the weather, fans will be rather unsaleable articles for some time to come.

A Rose-Bud Dinner Party.—On Christmas Eve, a lady of Kniekerbocker lineage, and of prominence among the exclusive fashionables of New York, gave a "rose-bud dinner-party." A rose-bud dinner party is a comparatively novel entertainment here, and was introduced at Newport, three summers ago, by Madame De Noailles, wife of the French ambassador at Washington. The title of the affair is derived from the fact that the dinner is given in honor of two or more young ladies who have not made their *debut* in society. It is something of a "coming-out party," only instead of the guests dancing they eat. On the occasion of which we write, four *demoiselles* were honored—four of the prettiest in all this great city, according to rumor. Eighteen sat down to dinner—nine ladies (four of them "rose-buds") and nine gentlemen. Dehnonio provided the meal. It was an elaborate one, and Jenkins, who hired himself to Delmonico as waiter in order to get an account of the party, swears the bill of his employer was seventy-five hundred dollars and odd cents. The dining-room was transformed into a veritable bower of roses, and the whole house was redolent with perfume. There was music by Lander, and the *menu* was engraved on blue velvet in letters of gold. The four "heroines of the hour" were beautifully attired, and were the recipients of compliments innumerable. The dinner was a great success.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia wear pretty good clothes. The latter has a red velvet mantle lined with two hundred and twenty-eight sable skins, and valued at \$20,000. The Emperor has a cloak of blue fox skin worth \$24,000.

At the late wedding of Senator Jones, one of the most noticeable gifts was an ivory statue of Ariadne, about twelve inches in height, standing on a base of solid silver. At each corner, supporting the base, stood a silver bear on its hind feet. Around the edges of the base was arranged highly polished quartz specimens from all the mines in which Senator Jones is interested. In the centre of the front of the base was a raised circle composed of spades, hammers and other mining implements, in the middle of which was the bride's monogram, the whole piece being about eighteen inches in height.

In France widows wear mourning only eighteen months.

Household Elegancies.

HOUSEHOLD ART IN THE PARLOR.

BY A LITTLE BOY'S MAMMA.

Let us have parlors! Not those stereotyped rooms, common in America, stiff and formal, with the traditional Brussels carpet and hair-cloth furniture, so suggestive of cheap boarding-houses and second-rate hotels. There is never any change in these rooms. They are shut up, cold and dreary in winter, and shnt up, hot and dreary in summer. Oh, my sisters! these are not *parlors*. A parlor is an apartment devoted to social and family life; the daily gathering and resting place of the household for intellectual enjoyment, for conversation; literally, a room to *parler* in, as its derivation implies. It should, in a manner, respond to and sympathize with our æsthetic and physical wants; and to do this its aspect should be changed with the seasons; that is, we should have a winter and a summer parlor. Nor need this involve a large house or much expense. The same room may be made, with a little art and taste, to assume an appearance appropriate to the season.

For instance, we are going to furnish our parlor for the winter. We will choose a small-figured carpet, in which the prevailing color shall be a warm, glowing crimson, to brighten our room in the dull days coming. This carpet may be cheap or expensive, as we please, any quality from Ingrain up to Wilton, but must be small figured and so tinted as to give an impression of warmth. Our furniture shall be crimson to match the carpet, though some other colors are admissible, and we will have plenty of easy chairs. There is an air of luxurious comfort about them which is very tempting, especially in winter. If, unfortunately, our furniture is the chilly, slippery hair-cloth, we will buy a few yards of crimson rep or plush, some furniture gimp and buttons, and an upholsterers' needle, and cover it ourselves. We will not be discouraged; for what woman *has* done, woman *can* do. This needle is about four inches long, and pointed at both ends. Its use is easily understood after once seeing it. Even cane or willow-seated chairs can be upholstered at home, first stuffing with curled hair or "Excelsior."

We will have an open fire of wood or coal, and above all things, our room shall have a southern or western exposure, that it may receive the direct rays of the sun nearly all day. No art of furnishing, no bright fire, can give the charm which the sunshine so freely bestows.

For pictures we will have a few good engravings and one or two richly tinted oil paintings or chromos. Of vases, and hanging baskets, and rustic stands, all filled with cut flowers, and running vines and blooming plants, we can hardly have too many. And there shall be plenty of autumn leaves to grace a picture or brighten a dull corner.

The curtains should either match the carpet in color or be white. If the latter, we will add lambrequins the color of the carpet or furniture. Then we will put here and there little home-made ornaments, and pretty fancies that any woman's fingers can fashion, and our work is complete. And we shall find that with the warmth and luxury of colors repeated in the crimson carpet and furniture, the rich tints of leaves, and flowers and pictures, the bright fire and brighter sunshine, our little room will fairly glow with cheery comfort. Then, when all is dull and dreary without, when colorless Nature, with her naked trees and brown fields stripped of their gay drapery, is waiting for her cold,

white robe, we will turn to this cosy nest where are gathered the leaves and flowers—Nature's lost treasures—and find *there* all for which we sought in vain without. But, nestled in this pretty parlor paradise, winter will quickly pass away, and we must already be making our plans for the coming summer.

When we take up our carpet in the spring we will put it away and buy sufficient straw matting to cover the floor. This will be no added expense, for it can be bought as low as thirty cents a yard; and will not the more expensive woolen carpet last just twice as long? Next make or buy two or three green rugs. If we have some old woolen rags of two or three shades of green, we can make "drawn-in mats," clipping the ends carefully after they are drawn through. If these are properly done they will resemble green moss, and we will place them here and there, before a sofa or near a door. We will need a few yards of green "Holland" (cambric will do), and from this an upholsterer shall cut us some furniture covers. After these are made they must be neatly fastened on with narrow green ribbon, catching them here and there with a needle and thread. This will protect the nicer rep, or plush, or brocatelle, and is much cooler than the warm woolen material, so comfortable in winter. Then a yard of Nottingham curtain lace—the very coarsest, only twenty-five cents a yard—will furnish us with a dozen little tidies, finished either with a broad hem or a fringe of thread. These are very simple, and cost almost nothing, and can scarcely be told from the elaborately knitted and darned tidies which represent so much labor or expense—the figures of the lace showing to perfection against the dark green of chairs and sofas.

If the mantel-piece is not marble, it can be covered with green enamelled cloth and finished with fringe. If any pieces are left, we will cover little triangular and semi-circular pieces of wood, finishing with fringe, and put up about the room for bracket shelves. On one of these we will place a statuette with an ivy growing around it; on the next a rustic basket, filled with ferns and drooping vines; on another a vase of flowers, and on the mantel baskets filled with the various ferns, and mosses and vines.

Observe one thing in the arrangement of a summer parlor: There should be *very few blooming plants*, but rather mosses and ferns, not only because these grow better in darkened, shaded rooms, but because there is a dewy coolness and freshness about them which brings suggestions of green forest depths and shadowy, mossy glens, and makes them most appropriate for our summer sitting-room.

But to many of us, the few dollars needed to carry out these suggestions will be an obstacle. "Ah," you say, "John works so hard, I do not like to ask him." Well, *don't* ask him, then. Think a moment. If you have leisure you might earn it yourself; and he has to find so *many* dollars. Had I space I could tell of many who have thus lifted their husband's burdens, and made home beautiful, and were none the less wifely, and motherly, and *womanly* for so doing. How one gave music lessons to a neighbor's children; another obtained copying from a law office; another brought home sewing from a hurried dressmakers; another wrote articles for a popular periodical; another wrought embroidery for a variety store; and still another, boarding in the country for a few weeks, took herself and two children into the "berry field," and thereby not only "put money in her purse," but also roses in her own and her children's cheeks, and health and strength in every muscle.

Now when you have succeeded—and you will if you try—and that tired husband comes home to dinner

some scorching summer day, from the parched field or the dusty street, lead him into this shaded bower, with its cool, white matting and mossy green mats, its windows shaded by green blinds and draped with white, its furniture in its green and white uniform, its vines, and mosses, and ferns, all in Nature's own fresh livery, and as he sinks into the green depths of an easy chair he will almost think he is on some mossy bank deep in the heart of a forest. And as he looks around this little paradise, once an empty room with four blank walls, will not his heart grow warmer towards the new, fair Eve, whose deft and willing hands have thus transformed it?

BRACKETS—FRET SAWING.

Ladies can make a great many things which are both fanciful and useful out of wood in making brackets. They might begin on cigar boxes, which work very easy. Take any desired pattern and mark it on the wood; make little holes so that the saw can go through, then have a vise fastened on a bench or table, put the board you design to saw into it, then you can get a key-hole saw, or if you can get a frame to hold the little saws with, begin to saw, following the lines. By the time you have sawed out two or three it will become quite easy, so that you can begin on black walnut and make them any style or size you wish. In putting them together use small screws, which hold much better than to glue them. Of course you would know that rubbing them with sandpaper and oiling them is indispensable in order to have them look well. Then there are sofas, and chairs, and bedsteads for children. Look at a large sofa, and draw a pattern to suit you; mark it on your board and saw it; saw out where it is to be upholstered in the back; then for the ends take a square piece of board the size you want; then take another strip and glue on the side close to the edge for the rolling part; whittle it round, then with a screw fasten these ends to the back. Then saw out your front piece with the legs and all on. Make your pattern so that the ends will fit round the rolling part; then glue it on. When you glue it put it in a vise, squeeze it up tight, and let it remain till morning. To upholster it you can get pretty shades of velveteen. Fix the back first. Fasten it at the top first with glue, hold it rather full, then fasten it at the bottom; then put in curled hair or cotton enough to make it set out full, then take a piece of loose board and cut it the shape of the hole and put it in, and glue a piece of black alpaca, or something of the kind, over it. Then fasten some pieces at the top of the ends, put a little cotton under it and fasten at the bottom; then take a piece of board the size of the bottom and make your cushion on it and put it in, and it is done.

It may look formidable to some, but a little mother gumption and a good deal of perseverance will accomplish it. I have made a great many for children, and never saw anything on the subject, nor saw anyone do anything, but I set my wits to work. Many a mother and sister might make young hearts glad in making these things. Then there is the big chair upholstered in the back and sides to match the sofa. Then other chairs with a fanciful back and a cushioned bottom; also little bedsteads can be made by looking at larger ones and drawing a pattern. Begin on plain ones, and you will soon get in the elaborate little cradles and picture-frames. In short, there will be an innumerable number of things that you can make when you once get into it, and then if you like the business well enough you can get the Fleetwood Scroll Saw, which works like a sewing-machine, and then you can do very nice work and very quickly.

Oneida, N. Y.

W. B. H. FOLTS.

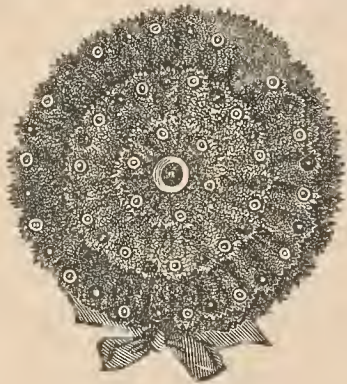
Household Elegancies.

LADIES' NEEDLE-BOOK.

No. 1 shows the Needle-book closed; No. 2, open. The leaves for holding the pins and needles are of fine cashmere, edged with buttonhole stitch. The outer part has a foundation of eardboard, covered and lined with silk; over this are little frills of silk, finely pinked, pleated and ornamented with a bead in each pleat. A bow of ribbon finishes the needle-book.

No. 3.—BOX FOR POUDRE DE RIZ.

Materials: A round box of cardboard, measur-



No. 1.—NEEDLE-BOOK, CLOSED.

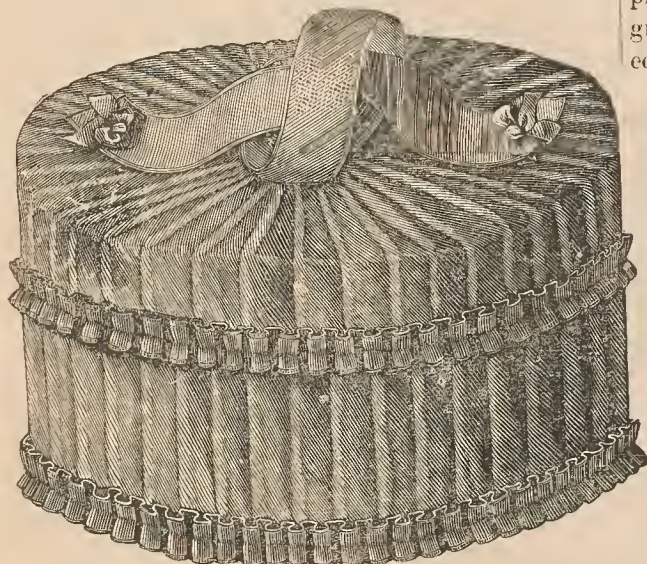
ing 4½ inches across, and 2½ inches high; blue glacé silk; blue silk ribbon, three-fifths of an inch wide; some eardboard.

This box is made of eardboard of the above mentioned size; it is covered with blue silk, pleated



No. 2.—NEEDLE-BOOK, OPEN.

as seen in illustration. The silk covering of the top of the box is drawn together in the centre; the sewing on at the lower edge of the cover is hidden under a ruche of blue silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. In the middle of the cover fasten a knot made of cardboard three-quarters of an inch wide and covered with blue silk. The ends of the strip are pointed off

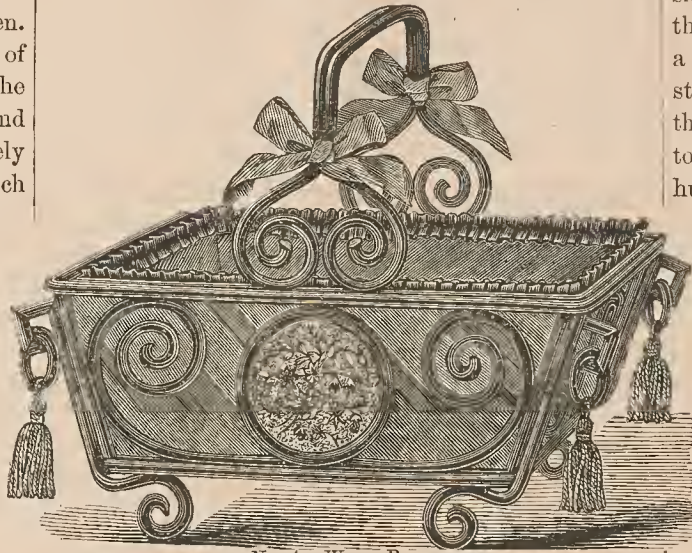


No. 3.—BOX FOR POUDRE DE RIZ.

and fastened on the cover by means of small blue silk knots. The edge of the bag is covered with a narrow cross-strip of silk; the lower edge is covered with a ruche.

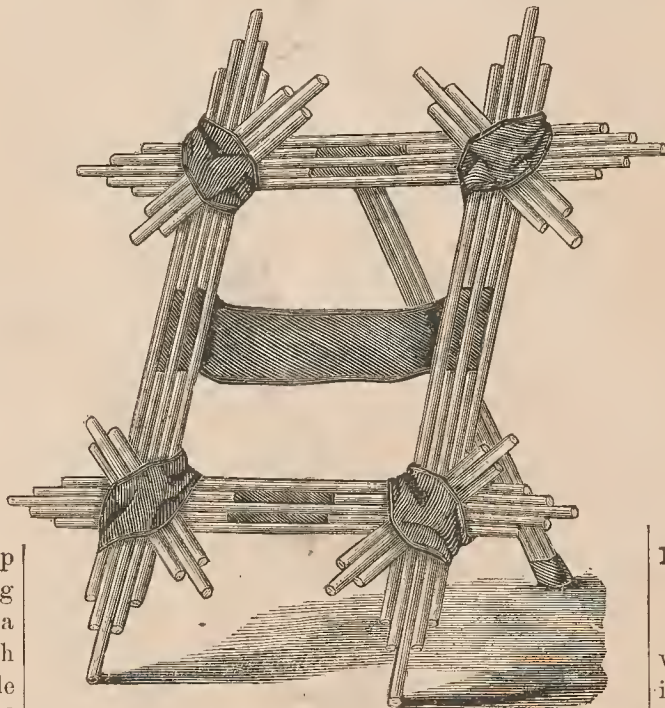
No. 4.—WORK-BASKET.

This Ladies' Work-basket is made of wood frame stained black, rests on curved feet, and has a worked medallion in the middle of each long side. This can



No. 4.—WORK-BASKET.

be embroidered either with initial letters on white cloth, in gold braid, or a small embroidery can be devised in colored silk. The inside is lined on both sides with



No. 5.—STRAW PICTURE FRAME.

pieces of eardboard of exact fit, covered first with green sarcenet, then slipped in and seamed to the side edges, also sewn lightly to the cardboard bottom, which had previously been laid in, trimmed on the outside with black, and the inner side with green silk. For the quilting in the inside and the bows on the handle, use green sarcenet ribbon one inch wide. Tassels of green purse silk, each one and a half inches long, complete the basket.

No. 5.—STRAW PICTURE FRAME.

Pick out from a bundle of straws those without flaws. It takes five for each part of the frame. Arrange them thus: put one long straw in the centre, a shorter one on each side, and a shorter again on each side of these; sew them together at the back with some strong cotton. When you have the top, bottom, and sides ready, fasten them together at the corners in the form of an Oxford frame, placing the top and bottom ones in front of the sides. Then make four small pieces of three straws in each, the centre one the longest, and fasten them crosswise to each corner by means of a

piece of ribbon tied round; the ribbon is to hide where the parts of the frame are joined together. The picture is fastened in with narrow ribbon, crossed over at the back, and brought through between the straws on each side of the frame, then passed over the centre straw through to the back, and firmly sewn; this ribbon has a very pretty effect. The frame is supported by three straws, which should be sewn to the back of the top; the straws should be bound at the bottom with ribbon to keep them firmly together. If the frame is to be hung up, a loop of ribbon should be sewn upon the top.

No. 6.—SACHET EMBROIDERY.

This pretty sachet is suitable for evening or dinner dress. It may be made of silk of two shades or colors. The form will be easily copied

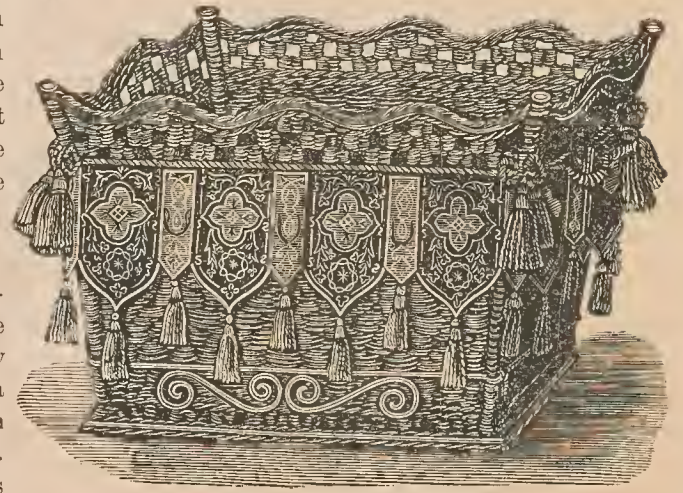


No. 6.—SACHET EMBROIDERY.

from design. The top has a double slide at the ends, in which strong elastic is run. Bows of ribbon ornament the ends, and the sachet is suspended by ribbon, with pearl buckles for ornaments. The outer part of the medallion is in buttonhole stitch. The whole of the embroidery is in purse silk.

No. 7.—BASKET FOR WOOD, ORNAMENTED WITH DRAPES.

No. 7 shows the finished basket, of strong wicker-work, painted black or brown, according to taste. It is then ornamented with drapes in cloth, applique, and braid; chain-stitch or machine-work will answer perfectly well for the purpose. Cloth or reps is suitable for the foundation. The narrow stripes and centre pattern of broad stripe are an applique of cloth or



No. 7.—BASKET FOR WOOD.

velvet. The colors of the ground and ornamentation should be chosen to suit the drapery of the room. When the drapes are finished, each point is ornamented with a woollen tassel.

Fireside Readings.

THE TWO NEWSBOYS.

A gentleman, writing from one of our large cities, says:

While passing along a street one evening my attention was arrested by a little newsboy, who said to his companion:

"Say, Charlie, how much money have you made to-day?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Jolly, is that so? Don't tell your mother how much you made; keep part of it yourself."

The little fellow straightened up, and with great earnestness exclaimed:

"Do you think I would tell my mother a lie?"

Turning to the little fellow with an approving smile, I said, "That is right, my boy, always tell the truth."

Noble little fellow! If he abides by that principle of truth, he may rise from his humble position to one of usefulness and honor.

Honest boys make honest men, and honest men make happy homes, good citizens, fair dealers, true Christians, and just legislators; while dishonesty fills the land with suffering and wickedness, and peoples jails and prisons.

Miss Slippery.—A certain lady, not unknown in Boston, was lately trying to navigate the icy sidewalks of Chicago. Suddenly she "missed stays," in nautical parlance, and came down to a level very suddenly, hat flying in one direction, and muff in another. While she sat there, waiting for some one to come along and help her to do justice to the occasion, a ragged "gutter-snipe" picked up and presented her traps with the laconic remark, "Here, Miss Slippery, here's yer duds!"

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person only happily through the day, that is three

hundred and sixty-five during the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 persons happy—at all events for a time."

The Little Hamburg Girl.—Mrs. Mary Clemmer, nee Ames, says that Carl Schurz has always been his wife's hero. "When a little girl in Hamburg she worshipped the pictured image of the man whom she had never seen. After leaving school she visited

didn't admire me at all—not then.' He must have managed to do so soon after, however, for they were married within a year, before he was twenty-one or she seventeen. They came to this country to begin their united fortune. 'You will hand me the bricks,' he said, 'and I will build.' If he has often 'built better than he knew,' has it not been because of the sympathetic intelligence, the loving heart, the gentle, unfaltering hands which have never for an instant failed him in his life-service?"

Fate of Modest Men.—The world generally takes men at their own apparent estimate of themselves. Hence, modest men never attain the same consideration which bustling,

forward men do. It has not time or patience to inquire rigidly, and it is partly imposed upon and carried away by the man who vigorously claims its regards. The world, also, never has two leading ideas about any man. There is always a remarkable unity in its conceptions of the characters of individuals. If an historical person has been cruel in a single degree, he is set down as cruel and nothing else, although he may have had many good qualities, all not equally conspicuous. If a literary man is industrious in a remarkable degree, the world speaks of him as only industrious, though he may be also very ingenious.—*Chambers' Journal.*

No Songs Heard There.

—A recent traveller says: "What always impresses more than anything else in Egypt and Palestine has been the entire absence of cheerful and exhilarating music, especially from the children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of voiceless sadness rests upon the forsaken land. The daughters of music have been brought low. The mirth of the tablet ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth!"



TEACHING PUSSY.

London, and a friend said, 'You must come to my house this evening and see the wonderful Carl Schurz.' The maiden came, and in a remote corner worshipped from afar the young lion of the occasion. The friend said to Carl, 'There is a little Hamburg girl here who adores you as a far-off hero. You must know her.' 'He was introduced,' said the sweet voice, 'and what do you think he said of me? When my friend asked, 'What do you think of her?' why all he thought was, 'She seems a good, healthy girl.' He

which are embodied in the literature of the world are ideals of self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is so in history, in fiction, in poetry, and in art. Let the novelist or the poet depict self-culture, and we are not quickened by the creation; but let them introduce us to the character apt to self-surrender, and our gratitude is awakened, and we are filled with pure desires. It is no wonder, therefore, that in the artful romance the words of self-sacrifice far transcend the words of self-culture.

Housekeeping.

HOUSEKEEPING—SOME OF ITS TRIALS AND PLEASURES.

The September number of the *Agriculturist* contains what a correspondent claims to be the last annual report of the Board of Health of Massachusetts, and the result of their inquiries among farmers, in regard to their diet, is that good bread is very scarce. I wonder if poor bread is ever found on any other tables but farmers' wives'. My children say to me, "Mother, we don't find such good bread as yours anywhere," and I am a farmer's wife. My children are away from home a good share of the time, and eat at very many different tables in the course of a year, so I think they are capable of judging. Still, I must confess that I feel more dissatisfaction with my bread than any other part of my cooking, because I cannot make my wheat bread quite so nice as that I can buy of a baker. I cannot get quite that spongy lightness; nor have I seen any woman that could. When seated at the table of my city friends I do not find any better bread than I can make, unless they buy of the baker. But I mean to keep trying, and, when I arrive at perfection, shall invite that poor, disappointed correspondent of the *Agriculturist* to spend a week with me in the country. How he does slander us farmers' wives! I, for one, am indignant. It seems to me that he went into the country to get something nice to eat, which not happening to find in that particular place, he went back to the city disgusted. Let him spend a few days with us on the top of our glorious hills, and he will find the prospect so grand and the air so invigorating that he will almost forget to eat at all. Again, he says the overwork of farmers' wives is, therefore, in a great part responsible for the inferiority of farmers' diet; and if that is true, we are not so much to blame. I think many housekeepers fail for want of system and order in their households. I have been surprised to see how loosely everything goes on in some families; the breakfast dishes stand unwashed till noon; the beds unmade, and chamber-work not done till afternoon. Every child should be taught, as soon as it is dressed in the morning, before leaving its room, to open the windows, spread back the clothes from the bed, so that while eating its breakfast the room and bed is being nicely aired. I have always insisted on this in my family. It is absolutely necessary that the air and beds in a sleeping-room be kept pure and sweet. Immediately after breakfast, I insist that the slops should be emptied, beds made, rooms swept and dusted. It will not take any more time in the morning than afternoon.

Secondly, the report says there is too little variety in food on farmers' tables. Now a farmer can have a great variety of fruits and vegetables on his table almost the whole year; but in fresh meats he cannot, in hot weather, always have what he likes to have if he is situated like us, and many others, six miles from market. Now, what shall I do if, on a hot July morning, I get a line from some of my city friends saying, I am coming to see you to-day; meet me at the depot at nine this morning. Depot three miles north of us; market six miles south, in exactly opposite direction; one horse to use, which father must harness into the two-seated carriage, for there will be a host of them; and the girls must drive to the cars, while mother and the remaining help at home must make the extra preparation for the dinner. The horse has gone north, remember; no horse to go to market; no time to kill and dress chicken; plenty of salt meats, such

as ham, dried beef, dry salt fish and fish in brine. The correspondent of the *Agriculturist*, when he went into the country, wanted a juicy roast or a tender steak, and blamed the family he boarded with because he did not get it; but don't you see it is impossible in this case, as it might have been in his. Now, I would like to set my friends down to the best in the market, but it cannot be done to-day, so we will have some broiled ham, nicely fried eggs, boiled potatoes, with one of the many steamed puddings that all housekeepers have plenty of receipts for making; for dessert, a dish of strawberries with cream and sugar. That you see is as well as I can do by them to-day. I can give them a hearty welcome. What if I am in my calico morning dress; it is whole and clean! I will wear it like a queen—better than a silk for my business.

I have brought up my family to think that there are things more desirable in this life than rich food. My eldest daughter said to me, "Mother, if father has any money to spend for me, let him give me a good education," and he gave her her choice. After graduating at the academy, she has entered the best female seminary in New England. When she is home, if I am sick a day or a week, she can take my place in the family, and I can rest, knowing that everything will be in exact order. She can cook and wash dishes if necessary, which all daughters should be able to do. Said a friend to me, not long ago, "Mrs. B., you are teaching your two daughters to work; it is not fashionable." Most young ladies that play on the piano think they cannot put their hands in dish-water, because it will make them black, and they will not look well on the keys. I wonder if their mothers ever told them that dish-water will not make their hands black if they are careful to rinse all the soapy water off when they get through. My daughters wash dishes, but their hands are soft and white; look as well on the piano keys as the young ladies who visit them. I like to see girls take care of their hands. Mothers should teach their daughters to cultivate the beautiful in everything. God might have placed us in a world without any beauty; instead he has placed us in a world full of beautiful things. We should strive to make ourselves and our homes beautiful; and we cannot do it without good housekeeping. Mothers, educate your daughters to be good cooks and good housekeepers, or you neglect an important duty.

Stafford, Ct.

B. A. E.

Sponge Cake.—Six eggs, four cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup water, salt, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar; flavor with lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together until very light, then add the soda dissolved in the water, and the cream of tartar mixed thoroughly with the flour.

Frosting.—When eggs are expensive and hard to find, as often during winter season, the following recipe for excellent frosting will be found valuable: Dissolve in one-third of a cup of boiling water one teaspoonful of gelatine; make the mixture stiff with sugar, flavor and apply to the cake; the cake being cold, but little beating is necessary.

An excellent food for birds, much better than what is generally sold under the name of German Paste, may be made as follows: Take four fresh eggs and boil very hard, a quarter of a pound of white peas meal, and about a tablespoonful of good salad oil; if the least rancid, it will not do. The eggs must be grated down very fine, and mixed with the meal and olive oil. The whole is then passed through a thin colander, to form it into grains, like small shot, then placed in a frying-pan over a gentle fire, and gradually

stirred with a broad knife, till it be partially wasted and dried, the test of which will be its fine yellowish brown color.

New York Buns.—Five cups flour, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one egg, four tablespoons of milk, small teaspoon of soda, any spice that is agreeable; nutmeg is as good as any; roll like cookies and bake quick. Will keep several months and grow better if kept in a close jar.

To Clean a Looking-Glass.—First wash the glass all over with lukewarm soapsuds and a sponge; when dry, rub it bright with a buckskin or chamois, and a little prepared chalk finely powdered.

To Remove Rust from Knives.—Cover the knives with sweet oil well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

How to Make Meat Tender.—Cut the steaks the day before into slices about two inches thick; rub them over with a small quantity of carbonate of soda; wash off next morning clean; cut into suitable thickness and cook as you choose. The same process will answer for fowl, legs of mutton, &c.

The question is often asked by careful mothers, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" An exchange says that simply wetting and rubbing the stained cloth in cold water will remove all traces of the grass. Fruit stains will disappear on the application of boiling hot water. No salt should be used in either case.

Keeping the Hands Smooth.—A writer in the *American Grocer* says that glycerine is not used in the right way. She asserts that to preserve the smoothness and softness of the hands, keep a small bottle of glycerine near the place where you habitually wash them, and whenever you have finished washing, and before wiping them, put one or two drops of the glycerine on the wet palm and rub the hands thoroughly with it as if it were soap; then dry lightly with the towel. Household work and bad weather will not prevent your skin from being smooth and soft if this plan of using glycerine is followed.

Salt Water for the Eyes.—Many persons are suffering pain from weakness of the eyes. This, sometimes, proceeds from local inflammation, and sometimes from other causes. Several persons who have been thus afflicted inform us that they have derived almost immediate, and, in some cases, permanent relief from the application of salt water as a bath; and where the pain has been aggravated, form a compress saturated with salt water laid on the eyes, and renewed at frequent intervals. Opening the eyes and submerging them in clean salt water has been found beneficial to those whose eyesight begins to fail.

How to Clean Silver.—According to Dr. Elsner, water in which potatoes have been boiled exercises a remarkable cleaning influence, especially on spoons that have become blackened by eggs. Even delicately chased and engraved articles can, it is said, be made bright by this method.

Borax Used in Washing.—Quarter of a pound of refined borax to five gallons water; powder the borax; dissolve it in boiling water in the above proportion, and use. It is an excellent bleacher, and may be used for the most delicate laces even; it also saves soap. A little pipe-clay dissolved in hot water cleans very dirty linen with half the soap required without it.

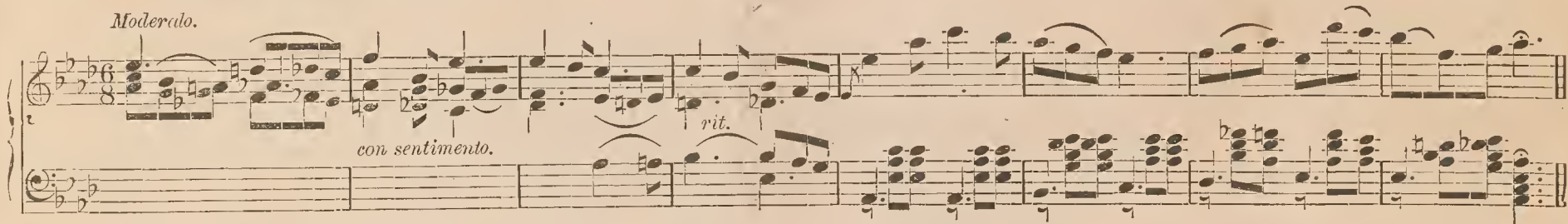
Soapstone hearths are first washed in pure water and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone.

♦♦ Now I lay me Down to Sleep. ♦♦

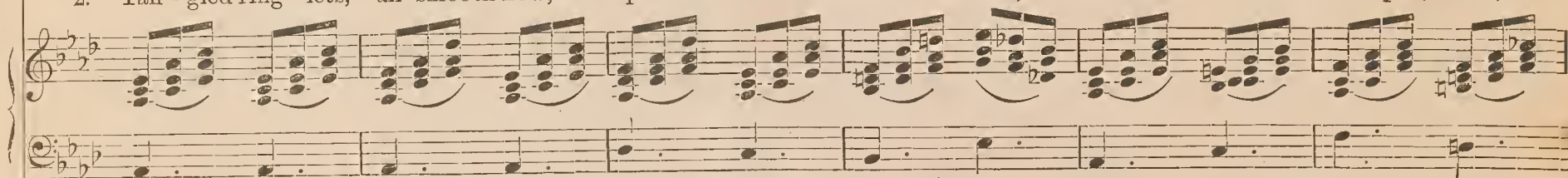
Words by Miss HATTIE A. FOX.

Music by ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE.

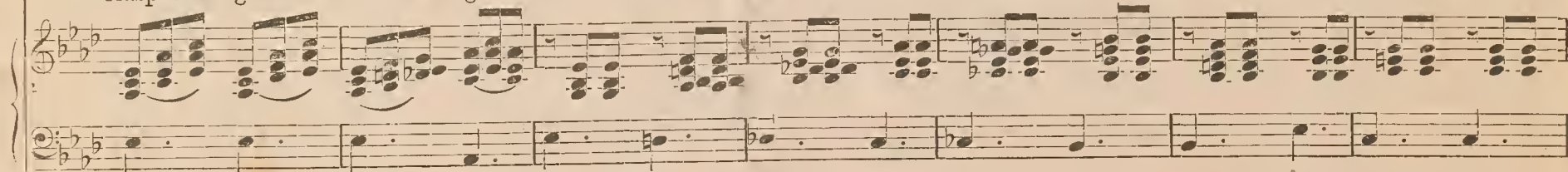
Moderato.



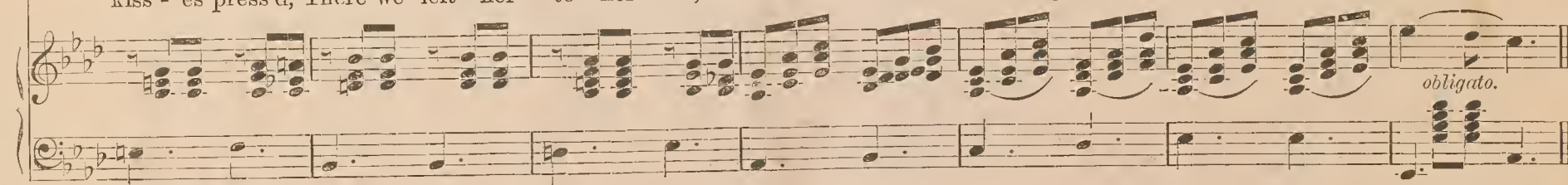
1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep, Let their snow - y cur - tains down,
2. Tan - gled ring - lets, all smooth now, Loop'd back from the wax - en brow; Lit - tle hands so dim - pl'd, white,



Edged with frin - ges gold - en brown. "All day long the an - gels fair, I've been watching o - ver there; Heav'n's not far, 'tis
Clasp'd to - geth - er cold to - night. Where the mos - sy, dai - sies sod, Brought sweet mes - sa - ges from God, Two pale lips with

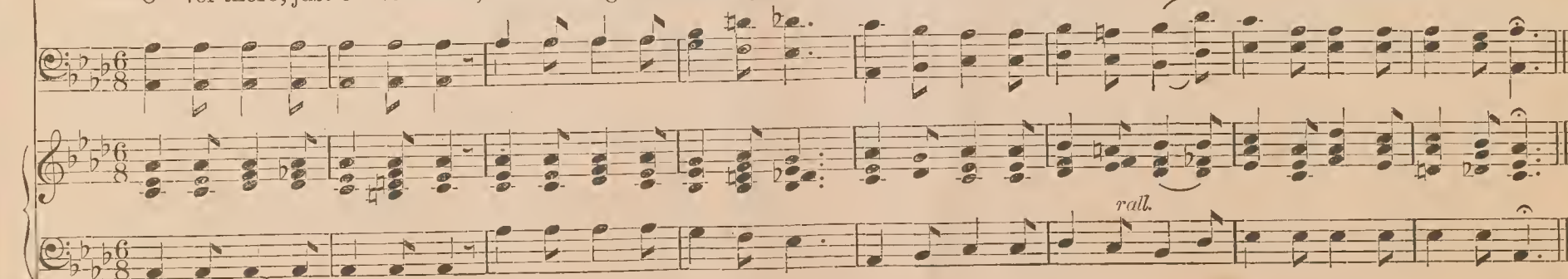


just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, good night; Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."
kiss - es press'd, There we left her to her rest, And the dew of ev' - ning weep, Now I lay me down to sleep.



CHORUS.

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morning pray'r; Kiss me, mother, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."
O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the angel's morning pray'r; Lisps low thro' fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.



THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1875.

No. 42.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

I wonder if my flower-loving sisters watch for the coming of the FLORAL CABINET with as much interest as my unworthy self. It is the first one of my papers that I peruse, and it gets read and re-read before the others get any attention whatever. The questions and answers are my especial delight, and I have wondered if my small experience would be of help to any one.

I commenced keeping house-plants, entirely ignorant of their wants, because I loved them, and here let me say I believe a person can no more raise them successfully without genuine love than they can raise a loving family of children with the rod alone. I have tried to inform myself all I could by reading, (and I find there are hardly two that agree); but I have learned the most by experimenting with them. It may seem like boasting when I say I hardly ever lose a plant or have a sickly one. This summer, however, I had a General Grant Geranium that did

not do well. It became affected with a scab on the under side of the leaves and would crack in two. I picked off the diseased leaves, leaving it nearly bare, as no new ones grew. I took some water just warm, put in a few drops of ammonia, then took the plant from the jar, shook all the dirt from the roots, put it in the water until I washed the jar and got new dirt, then put it back, and since that it has grown and blossomed as well as any I have. I have the best success in changing the dirt in the fall, and always get

the softest I can find, then it can be enriched as thought best. The best fertilizer I have used is a gallon of well-rotted manure and a quart of pounded charcoal put into two gallons of water. This can be kept in some convenient place, and once a week put in a pint of the liquid in a gallon of water and give your plants a good watering with it. I have found that if plants are kept in the dark two or three days

must not water from the top. I always water mine that way, and always use water a little warm to the hand, as I think they are sensitive to sudden changes of cold. Ladies frequently say to me, "Oh, I can't keep house plants, they are so much trouble." Now I do not think them trouble, nor do I mind the work. I take them a few at a time and hardly think it work; and when I am lonesome or downhearted or discouraged I always

find a panacea in my plants, and I think every woman would be a truer wife and a better mother if she cultivated a few plants.

MRS. T. E. H. MORRIS, Ill.

Onion Lily.—

Having seen several inquiries in the FLORAL CABINET respecting the name of plant by some called Onion Lily, I write a line to inform you what I know about it.

Over twenty years ago a neighbor gave me a plant which she called "Squills." It was exactly like the Onion Lily described by Isabel Bethel, in

February number, 1874. Star of Bethlehem, the name Isabel Bethel gives for this plant, I don't think at all applicable; and, as for that matter, I don't know as the name of Squills is any more so; but I have thought that the syrup of squills might be prepared from the bulb, which resembles an onion from which a syrup is made for the same medicinal purposes. Hence the names. Yours truly,

S. J.

Easton Mass.



SCENE IN A GERMAN CHERRY ORCHARD.

after transplanting they will not wilt and drop their leaves. I always keep an old table-fork handy, and once or twice a week work the dirt all up loose. I believe a great many lose their plants by not watering them properly, and I think that too much is worse than not enough. I let mine get pretty dry, as I think a good drink will do them good, and let it be any time of day they need it, taking care that the dishes have good drainage so water shall not stand in them, as they cannot stand wet feet. Some say you

Floral Contributions.

RECONSTRUCTION IN IOWA.

Rather an ambitious sounding title; but then my garden, shut in on every side by forest trees, is a little world to me, and its affairs of great importance, so I'll let it stand.

Expecting to remove to a distant part of the State, my leisure, last autumn, was spent in laying waste my loved flower-garden, and scattering the treasures I had been seven years in gathering. At the last moment everything was reversed, but my flower-beds were, mainly, a series of excavations, and a few common shrubs and perennials, and a few choice ones preserved in a neighbor's garden, were all that remained.

However, kind friends promised contributions, and I determined to thoroughly renovate and remake, with the experience of past years to guide me. First of all, I had all the beds spaded early in the spring, and raked them well every few days, to destroy weed-seeds and mellow the soil. Each had received a good dressing of ashes at first, and, just before planting, of leaf-mould from the woods.

To save space and labor in tending paths, I made the beds quite large. The road is at the east of the house, and the ground is level, but so poor and clayey that I have only had a narrow border on that side. This spring, however, this border proved the most mellow of all, owing partly, I think, to the action of plant-roots, and partly to a yearly dressing of ashes.

I used this bed for a seed-bed, and such Pansies as I had, and nice plants of many kinds—some which had failed in other years and localities—such as Cardinal Flower, Fox Glove, Lythrum, and Perennial Pea. The drying winds of Iowa make sad havoc with tender seedlings, but, shaded by the house and a beautiful young oak, from all but the morning sun, this had kept mellow and moist.

South of the house is a sunny slope of good ground, just the place for flowers. A path goes southward, and on each side of it, lying east and west, are two beds, about 4x25 feet. The two nearest the house are appropriated to the showiest and longest-blooming perennials, excepting a group of shrubs at the ends farthest from the house, and a square next the path, filled some years with Verbenas; this, with Gladioli, and other summer bulbs.

The two other large beds are for annuals. I have thought of dividing them into squares or compartments, with cross-rows of some low-growing flower, filling these squares either with one flower alone, as Phloxes, Verbenas, &c., or with combinations of different kinds. One of mine had a splendid Ricinus, with a carpet of Sweet Alyssum at its feet. I think some bright flower might have looked better, however. My cross-rows were of Mignonette and Sweet Basil, but the former occupied too much space and the latter dried up too soon. I think Sweet Alyssum, or Gilia, would look better. The central square of one bed was occupied by a pyramid of Ipomeas, the other by a similar pyramid of Cypress Vine.

For several years I have planted my dwarf peas next to the flower-beds, making long, narrow beds, just wide enough for two rows, and, when these are in bloom, set between them my plants of Asters and Balsams. When the peas are ripe I pull carefully, dress up the beds nicely, give them a coating of leaf-mould or manure, and set Portulaca on both edges, to brighten up the space until the Asters bloom. The

roots, too, bind the edges of the beds, and keep them from crumbling or washing.

If ever a flower deserved the name of "useful" I think it is the Portulaca. Gay, yet delicate, such a free and persistent bloomer, and so tenacious of life. I like best, however, our pretty western name, "Rose Moss"—that is, when people don't call it "Moss Rose," as many do. I had a few plants last year of double, scarlet, and yellow; I used to shake the pollen from them over my single ones, and this year I think nearly a third were double, and of many beautiful shades, some finely striped.

The summer has been so dry, that all newly-set plants needed mulching. I used, chiefly, half-decayed leaves from the woods. My bulb-beds received, first, a coat of manure, and then of leaves, and, thus protected from baking in the scorching sun, I drenched them twice a week with suds. I never saw such Gladioli and Tigridias, and my little Atamasce Lilies bloomed three or four times each.

All unoccupied bits of ground I seize upon as "waifs and strays." In this way I have become the possessor of a strip of ground, west of the beds already mentioned, which will make two new beds, about 5x10, and a narrow strip which I shall use for a rose border. It will run north and south, and I think the sun will shine well on the roses, without drying the ground. I shall give it a liberal dressing of ashes and manure, and think my roses will do better than if scattered among other things. I shall make here a new Lily-bed, enriching it with leaves alone. I raked up great heaps last spring, and they are now thoroughly decayed. My other bulb-beds will receive both leaf-mould and manure. All these beds will be finished in October.

There are a few trees in the yard—little saplings, whose lives I begged when the house was built—and a few shrubs. As these stand now, they will hide the Tulip-beds somewhat from the house, but, approaching from the south, every bed, and shrub, and tree, is visible at one view, and "everything is beautiful in its season."

This, then, has been my summer's pastime. To be sure, I have had my failures; for instance, the Asters I supposed to be extra fine, and promoted to a place of honor, proved to be "poor things." To those who love flowers only when "bedded out" by rule, I suppose the whole would seem a failure; but I cannot think so, in the light of the enjoyment it has afforded, nor yet when I think of the flowers, and seeds, and plants, that have gone out thence in this and other years, to gladden other hearts and eyes.

MRS. F. E. BRIGGS.

WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT THE CARE OF PLANTS.

My one harmless mania for several years has been the cultivation of plants; and I have encountered about as many obstacles in the carrying out of my wishes and theories concerning them as did Columbus in his voyage to the new world. The first obstacle is the inability to procure, or find room for, or time to cultivate, every attractive plant that the numerous catalogues bewitch me about. Next, I have some feathered pets—some black Spanish hens and chickens, that have been so long in the family that they, too, have a "taste for flowers"—and the more choice the plant, the more "taste" for it they manifest—until I have been compelled to have a high shelf put up under the porch to protect the plants both from chickies and from noontide sun.

But, alas for the fallacy of human hopes! The pillar to the porch is such a nice ladder for pretty Kitty to climb to the chamber window by; and no amount of argument has ever made her believe that those flower-pots were not put there expressly to accommodate her dainty feet in ascending and descending; and many a fine plant and pot has been sacrificed to this hallucination of hers.

My next, and perhaps greatest trouble, has been the soil. I have read all the advice I could find by all accessible authorities, and have faithfully endeavored to follow it. But, always, something was lacking, until, in sheer despair, I went to a practical florist, and obtained from him such simple and definite instructions, added to the why and wherefore thereof, that, from gratitude, I determined to impart the same to any readers of the CABINET who, like myself, might need them.

I took to him a basketful of choice plants, which had grown very little all summer, owing, evidently, to uncongenial soil. He removed them gently, one by one, from the pots, telling me that the pots ought to be washed thoroughly when plants were repotted. Then he placed broken bits of pots (stone, of course, is equally good, but not very plenty here) in the bottom for drainage, to the depth of say one-sixth of the pot. Over that some matted roots from decayed turf, a half-inch deep, to keep the roots from drawing up the broken bits among themselves, as they always do. Finally, he put in the earth and plant.

I then asked him if he would please show me where he obtained, and how he prepared, the soil. He went with me across the street and showed me, beside the road, some sod turned over by a plough a year or more ago. Taking some up, he crumbled it in his hand to show me that it was mellow. He said that, for winter, he only added a little thoroughly rotted old manure, and, I thought, about half as much sand as turf. He mixed in much of the roots to the turf, and it was quite coarse. I had read that the earth should be sifted, so I made mine nearly as fine as flour. He told me that the roots could not penetrate easily through such soil.

I had read very often that leaf-mould was excellent for nearly all plants, and had used a good deal of it this summer. He said that it needed to be exposed to the air for some months, and frequently turned, like manure, to be suitable for use. I had gathered chips of dry cow dung by the side of the road (to the intense disgust of the children) and shall use it for manure water once or twice a week during the winter—about the amount of my two hands full to a watering-pot of water, he said. Before it is too late, I shall also prepare a quantity of earth for occasional winter use.

I was troubled very much last winter by the small green plant-louse on the plants in my Wardian case. I had frequently read that fumigating the plants with tobacco smoke would destroy them. It wouldn't kill all of the lice, but it did the plants, some of them. I am very successful in getting rid of them by turning pot, plant and earth over on the side in a tub or boiler of tepid, or cold suds, after washing.

I would like to recommend as a hanging-basket plant, the *Artemisia Stellariana*—a hardy, quick-growing, spreading, white-leaved plant, which I seldom have seen mentioned.

With me, *Smilax* is easily started from seed, and as easily grown as a German Ivy. I have had no plants so universally admired as the variegated Ivy-leaved *Geranium L'elegante*, and the flat-stemmed *Coccoloba*, unless it is the pink double *Geranium*, *Marie Lemoine*, or the *Tuberose*.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Black-Eyed Susan.—I hasten to relieve the mind of F. C. M. by telling you that Black-Eyed Susan is the common, old-fashioned name for *Thunbergia*. Why, I never understood.

Ridiculous as these names seem, are they not better than such jaw-breakers as *Mesembryanthemum*, *Eremocarpus* seabear, etc.?

Can you tell me what causes the leaves of my Wax plant (*Hoya carnosa*, I think,) to wither? Does it require a rich or light soil? Mine has a mixture of leaf mould and sand.

If any one wants a free bloomer for the window, let them try the *Browallia*. I have four that have been in bloom all winter. One of them is two and a half feet high; the others the usual size, one and a half feet. Its cheerful blue flower is sure to give pleasure.

L. H. H.

Begonia Rex.—I would like to ask a question or two: How to propagate the *Begonia Rex*? I have a *Passiflora*; it has grown about two feet this season; no signs of blossoming; what shall I do with it this winter?

L. COBB.

Answer.—*Begonia Rex* is propagated from seed and also from leaves. The species of *Passiflora* is not mentioned. Some are hothouse, some greenhouse, and one or two hardy, and many of them grow to a large size before flowering.

Asphodela, &c.—1. Is there such a flower, tuberous-rooted, as the *Asphodela* grown in this country? 2. Why is it not put in the catalogues? 3. If suited to out-door culture, where can they be obtained? 4. What do you suppose is the real name of the bulb called *Hyacinth Lily*? There is a blue one grown commonly in Mississippi called "*Prairie Lily*" by the people. 5. Is there a blue *Jonquil*, or a yellow one with a deep red edge?

JENNIE E. SHEPHERD.

Answer.—1. The *Asphodela* are natives of Europe, but probably there are some in cultivation in this country. 2. Probably because it is not asked for. 3. Dealers should advertise. 4. No idea, but probably some weed. 5. No, neither. Why do you not select from the list of some respectable dealer instead of giving encouragement to a lot of scamps?

"Susan wanted. Who is she?"—From my childhood I have heard the *Thunbergia* called Black-eyed Susan, and if F. C. M. is fond of flowers, he or she will find it a delicate vine and a bright little blossom.

If the readers of the *CABINET* would save themselves much trouble in making coral frames, brackets, etc., they can do so by using Irish Moss as a substitute for wire, hoop-skirts, and candle-wick. Soak it a half-hour in cold water, until you can pick the little branches apart with a hair-pin, dry it, and dip in the solution, and you will find it a better imitation of coral than any other. I speak from experience. ANNIE.

A Little Greenhouse.—I saw in one of your papers, some time ago, an inquiry about how to build a greenhouse. I have one that is much admired by every one that sees it. It is built at the end of my house, around the chimney, and looks something like a large bay window. It is twenty feet wide (the width of my room), and ten feet from the chimney out, has seven corners and seven windows in it; the size of the glass is eighteen by twenty inches, and ten panes in a window; it is walled up three feet with brick; it is twelve feet high, ceiled over head and covered with

tin. It is built as near air-tight as could be done. The only heat it has in the winter is from the chimney of my sitting-room, where there is fire all the winter. There is a window on each side of the fireplace; one is in a door that opens into it. Sometimes when it is very cold I have a lamp in it at night, and then it looks perfectly beautiful from the outside. I have four shelves that extend around the chimney for my flowers, and one that extends around just at the top of the brick wall where the window-sash rests on; and then I have seven brackets, one between each window, to set flower-pots on. I tell you I would not give it for any two rooms in my house; it is so much comfort and pleasure to me. I can sit by the fire in the winter and look out at my flowers blooming and growing all the winter. I have three *Orange* trees in it that bear; they had about fifty on them this season.

ELLEN.

German Ivy.—We had, last summer, growing in our porch a basket of German Ivy. In October we cut it down, in order to carry it into the house, leaving the vine still hanging. In a short time after cutting, at each joint of the vine there appeared a bud, and at Christmas it was in full bloom, although it had no root and was exposed to some very cold weather. We had a *Rose Geranium*, a cutting in February, which was transplanted to the garden in May, and the first of September it measured thirteen feet in circumference. Can any of you equal that?

MISS BESSIE W. MORRIS.

Ricinus Seed.—I have a quantity of *Ricinus* seed from last summer's plants. I do not know the variety. They grew five or six feet high, and had blood-red stalks. I should like to exchange with any subscriber of the *CABINET*.

MRS. J. P. LLOYD.

Orange, N. J.

Answer to "Fern Leaf."—I see you are wanting some information concerning the *Rat-tail Cactus*. I have one that has four sprouts that measure about four feet, and two or three short ones. I kept mine seven years, and was almost discouraged with it, and had a notion to leave it out to freeze, but, having seen the *Cactus* in bloom, thought I would try another summer, and then I gave it all the sun it could get in a south window, and plenty of water, and pretty soon small pink spots, about the size of a pin-head, began to show themselves to the number of fifteen, and how I watched them until they came to perfection—but only half came to perfection, through some mismanagement of my own—but it has bloomed every year since, and even now has five buds on it; keep all of your *Cacti*s. The *Rat-tail* has a bloom very much like the flat-leaved pink flowering *Cactus*, only it is a little smaller; it is worth keeping; give it plenty of sun and water; the soil is not so particular.

MRS. H.

A Beautiful Basket of Flowers.—Many times during the three years I have taken the *CABINET*, when I have been reading what some of your lady correspondents have written about their success in the cultivation of flowers, more particularly window gardening, I have thought I would write you about my flowers. I have come to the conclusion, however, that the best way was for my flowers to speak for themselves. Please accept the contents of this box as a specimen of my skill in window gardening; that they are lovely, you cannot but admit; also, that it requires management somewhat different from most plants grown in the house, to have *Pelargoniums* flower well; any one can grow them, but the difficulty is to have them flower. This is the fifth box full that has been cut from my plants already this spring; from the

quantities of buds left, will be enough to fill a dozen or more. Last spring I sent flowers to Rutland, Ludlow, Woodstock, Albany, New Haven, Windsor, and last but not least, to Daisy Eyebright, Bath, N. H. The winter has been very severe, but for all that I have had flowers all winter—*Heliotropes*, *Primroses*, *Begonias*, a *Eupatorium* that was one mass of flowers, and different varieties of *Oxalis*. My yellow *Oxalis* at one time had one hundred and twenty-three flowers—a perfect gem. Our ladies cultivate flowers because they love them, and it is not an uncommon thing for strangers, as they pass through our little village, to speak of the beautiful flowers they see.

MRS. C. S. REYWOOD.

Bridgewater, Vt.

Answer.—The *Pelargoniums* were perfect treasures—the prettiest we have ever seen. When we hear of the difficulties in growing them, we think you have done exceedingly well.

Bleaching Ferns.—Can any person tell me how to prepare the rough-looking brown paint seen on rustic chairs, etc., out of doors. I wish some one who has had experience would give me the exact process of bleaching ferns, leaves, etc., for phantom bouquets, which is used, chloride of soda or lime? Do they bleach while in the solution, and how long do they remain in it? Please give all the particulars. Dore Hamilton, in describing Easter Cross, speaks of "white frosting." Will she be so kind as to tell me what it is? Can some of the sisterhood inform me what will set the color when blue ink is used in spatter work.

BERTHA.

An Easy Chair.—Will Mary M. Morris be kind enough to tell me, through the columns of the *CABINET*, how to make an easy chair out of a barrel, as I wish to make one?

LUCINDA R. HOW.

Hoya, or Wax Plant.—Among all the talks with correspondents of the *CABINET* about their rare and beautiful plants and flowers, I have never seen anything about the *Hoya*, or Wax Plant. So I propose to tell them something of one that I have. I had a slip of five leaves ten years ago, and now it is the admiration of all who see it. It is in a pot of large size, reaching from a stand to the ceiling, then back again, and rooting many times, filling the entire window, then branching so much that we don't think of counting them. It is impossible to measure the branches, but there must be several hundred feet in length—long enough to reach round the room many times. The leaves are large, thick and glossy, spotted with white, and without the flower are very beautiful. My slip was a long time in rooting, and grew very slowly for several months, not budding till it was five years old. Then had seven clusters of blossoms. The next year about forty; and has kept increasing every year, till last year it had two hundred. It had one cluster in February, then they came along all the time, such lovely blossoms and so fragrant, filling the room with perfume. Sometimes there would be thirty of the pinkest, waxy bells in a cluster, and a few had forty-five. After being in blossom a week or two, there would be a drop of honey, real honey, sweet and clear, on each bell. When the flower would drop out and bud in the same place, three times in succession. The plant is hardy and needs very little care, and, owing to the thickness of the leaves, is not troubled by insects. If any lady, having rare plants, would like to exchange slips, I would do so very willingly.

MRS. JOSEPH SAUNDERS.

Orland, Me.

Flower Gardening.

HINTS ON AQUARIA.

BY AN AMATEUR.

An Aquarium gives a lovely and picturesque appearance to a collection of flowers, either in a bay window or conservatory. The constant evaporation of the water will also help keep the air moist and pleasant, for luxurious "Flora" to revel in.

They are rapidly coming into favor with all lovers of nature, and, I think, deservedly, for there is nothing more pleasant than to study the habits of the finny and amphibious tribes. The beautiful golden carp proudly gliding 'round their pretty home; the voracious little newts fighting as for dear life for some morsel of food; or the sun-fish darting at some reckless fly, or playing "hide and seek" among the plants and rocks, will entertain old and young for hours.

Popular error terms a tank of water, containing fish, etc., an aquarium. In Europe it is called aqua-vivarium, which is really the correct name, as aqua signifies water, and vivarium animal life. The ancient Romans called a tank of water, kept for household purposes, an aquarium.

The principle of an aquarium is this: Plants, when submerged in water and exposed to the action of light, emit the oxygen necessary for the maintenance of animal life, and the fish return to the plants the carbon also necessary for their welfare. Thus, you see, if you get plants enough to supply the fish with oxygen, and fish enough to supply the plants with carbon, the aquarium will be perfectly self-sustaining, the water will become as clear and sparkling as if filtered, and will never require changing, except

to replace that which evaporates. If it is cloudy, and the fish continually come to the surface for air, there is either too much or too little vegetation or animal life. The only remedy is to change the water, and experiment until the forces are equalized. But it is not alone necessary that the two forces should be equal; you may have too much of both; in this case animal life is again jeopardised. You may ask, "How are we to know when we get enough of either, or both, in the tank?" This is altogether a matter of experience. No rule can be given, for some species of fish exhaust more oxygen, and supply more carbon, than others. So, too, with plants, some liberate more oxygen and take up more carbon than others. I average one fish to about two gallons of water, which I think is about right.

Gold-fish will live for months without food, but their stomachs become concave, which gives them a deformed appearance; therefore, always feed them with fish-wafer, cracker crumbs, or the white of an egg, boiled hard, but never allow any to remain, for it has

the same fragrance to them that anything decayed has to you.

If you arrange your rock work into an arch, under which the fish can pass, it will have a charming effect, and if crowned with an old mill, with a large wheel, it will be still prettier. It can easily be made out of mossy bark. Some persons place an aquarium against a window, for the purpose of better viewing it, but it is a mistake; to see it to advantage, you should look with the light, not against it. Besides, it will cause a small microscopic plant—the spores of which are in all water fit for aquaria—to grow on the glass next the window; and, if not soon removed with a sponge swab, will be difficult to get off. This small plant, which resembles green tissue paper spread on the glass, will bother us in spite of all we can do, sometimes, no matter where the aquarium is placed; if it does, procure a few water-snails, and they will keep it off.

Florists, also, usually keep a good selection. In my tank I have cyperus alternifolius, calla, the ornamental grasses, acorus var., and isolepis, with some common water-cress, and a swamp fern. A Japanese

in the CABINET of August, 1872, it is stated that "Heliotropes are high liverers, and delight in frequent watering with liquid manure." A correspondent in a late number recommends for a Heliotrope, affected as Mrs. L.'s is, to pour boiling water on soot (proportions not stated), let it stand twenty-four hours, then apply to the plant once a week.

I have been thus particular to quote my authority for these statements, because I have had no experience myself with Heliotrope; indeed, my entire floral experience dates back only a few months; consequently, I feel a little hesitation about making any statement of the kind entirely on my own authority, particularly as most of your correspondents have had an experience of many years. All that I do know, I have learned from the CABINET and from "Window Gardening." Indeed, I have pored over the volume for 1873 so much that almost every page, notwithstanding the great care that I have taken of them, is in two pieces. I was very much disappointed in Henderson's book on Floriculture, almost all of it being taken up with accounts of his greenhouse operations, the amount of money he

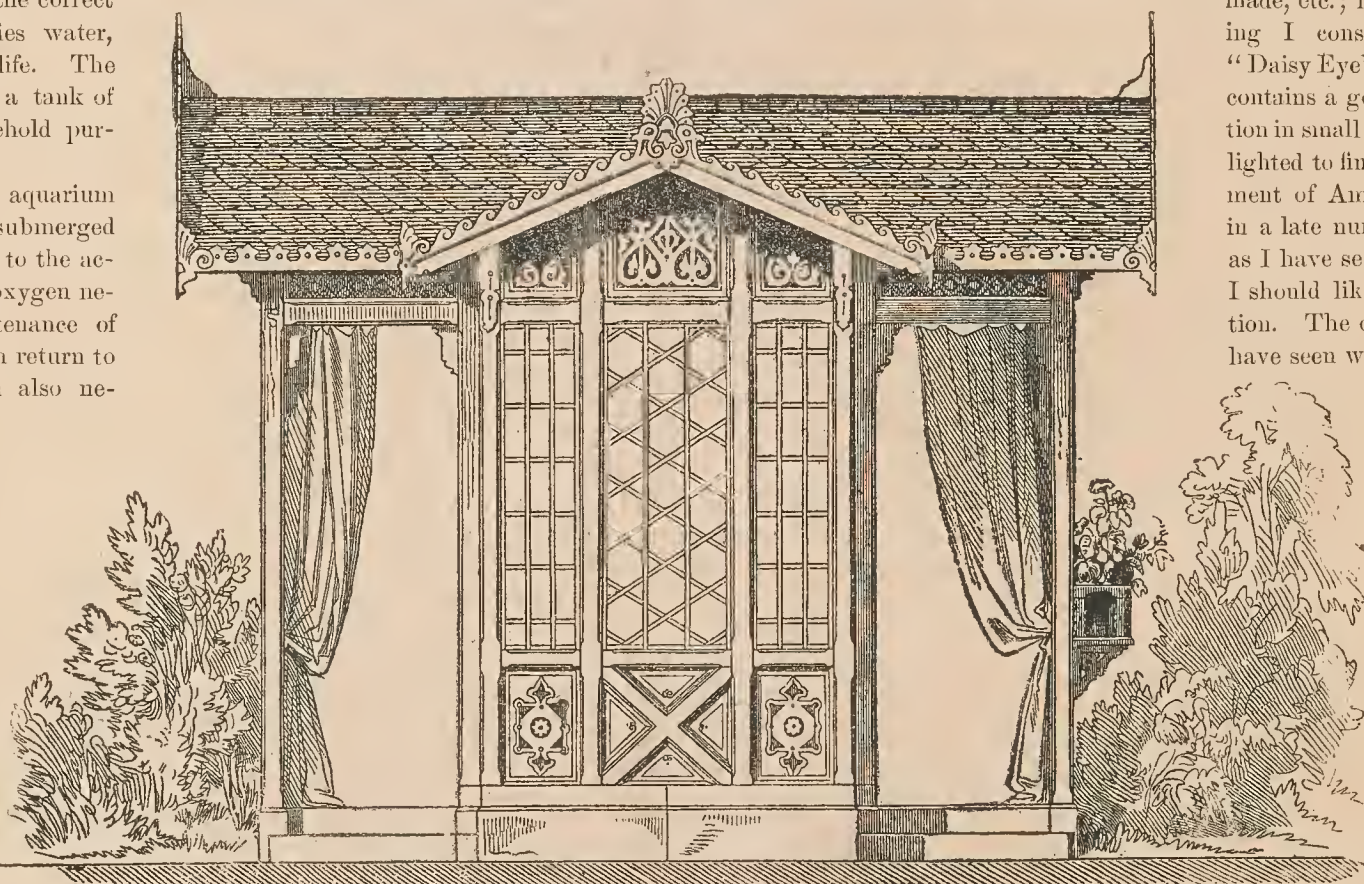
made, etc.; but Window Gardening I consider perfect; also, "Daisy Eyebright's" book, which contains a good deal of information in small compass. I was delighted to find directions for treatment of *Amaranthus Salicifolius* in a late number of your paper, as I have several seedlings which I should like to bring to perfection. The only specimens that I have seen were in the Zoological

Garden, Philadelphia, last summer. Vick mentions in one of his catalogues, a specimen raised by one of his customers upon poor soil, which grew to the height of nine feet nine inches, and measured twelve feet in circumference, near the ground, raised in Baltimore. Perhaps the *Amara*—thus flourishes best

in poor soil. Can you, or the correspondent above referred to, tell me what kind of soil best suits it? Since writing the above, I find the following, also in Vick's catalogue: "A subscriber used her manure water on Geraniums and Heliotropes, and, instead of forcing them to flower, it caused the leaves to turn brown. The liquid must have been too strong. Care must be used in giving manure water to pot plants, because all is confined near the roots; while with plants in the garden, this is not the case. Rich food and rapid growth is not always favorable to the production of flowers." MRS. W. J. TAYLOR.

Plants Wanted for Fernery.—Will some of our "band" have the kindness to send Ground Nut and Golden Thread for a fernery; haven't seen any since my childhood; as they were then two of my loves, think they would greatly enhance amiability. Have nearly all kinds of Geraniums, Yellow and Pink Oxalis, Single White Oleander, which I will exchange for these. MRS. JOHN MARSHALL.

Wellesley, Mass.



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER HOUSE.

aquatic, called *valisneria spiralis*, is said to give off more oxygen than any other plant, but I have never succeeded in obtaining it. In a collection of fish, gold-fish should predominate, as they have a rich, sparkling appearance. Newts or lizards, turtles, etc., should be in the collection for variety; but the rock-work should project above the water, to give these amphibia a breathing and resting-place. A. M. K.

STIMULANTS FOR PLANTS.

Your correspondent, Mrs. M. J. S., in this month's CABINET, thinks me somewhat obscure on the subject of stimulants. The sentence she refers to, in the article on hanging baskets, has, or should have, quotation marks, as I quoted it from an article in the CABINET of March, 1873. "Liquid manure, about the color of weak coffee, is a good stimulant, but rather strong for Roses and Verbenas; very good for Ivies, Geraniums and Heliotropes." Stable manure is here specified; hen manure is considered much stronger, I believe; probably the lady referred to used it too strong. Again,

The Flower Garden.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.

There were two of us, and both were fond of flowers. As we understood the matter, it was a good foundation upon which to attempt a garden of our own. Hitherto our experience had been limited to a window in winter, and a small balcony in summer; now we would have a real garden.

The cottage we had engaged for our summer home stood near the centre of an acre or rather more of land. Scattered around, without much regularity, but with some pretensions to beauty and variety, were various elms, firs, a few apple trees, three hawthorns, a tulip tree, and a catalpa. Only the elms and apples could boast of much size, with the exception of a large cherry, which made a delightful shade for us, and furnished a home for a large colony of birds.

What had formerly been used for the flower-garden, contained the remains of various perennials and shrubs. Beyond it was a large arbor covered with a grapevine—a native variety—making a charming walk, from its great length, and giving promise of a tempting seat in summer, as well as a good yield of fruit.

It was early spring when we took possession of our new home, almost too early to commence out-door work, for the season was very backward. Only a few brave Daffodils turned their golden petals toward the sun, and one cluster of delicate Blue-bells.

We laid out our garden in the form of a wheel, about forty feet in diameter. The walks extended from the outer circle to the hub, in a manner to form six oval and six triangular beds. The centre bed is a small circle; this we elevated about eighteen inches, and grassed over, leaving a small space in the middle for flowers, should we feel disposed to use it.

As the season progressed we found many annuals, which had sowed themselves the previous autumn, and now pushed out from under the old leaves, looking strong and handsome. These we removed in clusters to different parts of our circle, and soon had fine stools of Golden Coreopsis, Candy-tuft, Borage, Larkspur, Mignonette, and some other unknown varieties, which we trusted in the future would present us charming flowers. Some of them did turn out to be nettles and purslane, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that more experienced gardeners than we did not always avoid mistakes. Be assured we did not nurture them long. On one side of the walk leading to the arbor we found a "Southernwood bush." For the sake of "auld lang syne" we favored the sweet-scented shrub, and made it the centre of a bed which we devoted to old-fashioned plants. Transplanting and uprooting whenever we found anything appropriate, we placed it near the Southernwood. Thus, we soon had in our corner Goose's Tongue, Sweet-brier, Tiger-lily, and a balm. As everything seemed precious in our eyes, we spaded

and pruned up a quince-tree for a back-ground to the bed, and then planted underneath the common myrtle, which gives such beautiful blue flowers in early spring, and the foliage of which makes lovely trimming for dresses in summer evenings. In due time the large pink flowers of the quince made it a most charming shrub, while even as I write the rich golden fruit, which afterward adorned its branches, is being prepared for a sweetmeat fit for the palate of a king. Outside of our circle we devoted a large space in crescent form for a rose bed, the walk which formed the outside limits extended on by the flower plot and through the arbor. To this we removed all the roses we found on the grounds, and bought a dozen varieties,

the flower-stand, hid our Smilax pots in a shady corner, and devoted ourselves to our new garden. The package of flower-seeds in which we invested, turned out a gorgeous array of blooms from the Morning Glory, which climbed mountains high, to the starry Nemophili, which charmed us till heavy frosts had come—everything repaid us for our toil. Our shrubs vied with each other in growth and beauty, beginning with the Hawthorn and Double Flowering Peach in May, and ending with the Hydrangea, Panicleata, and Althea, in September and October. A dozen Verbenas, purchased of a florist, kindly did their share toward the general success.

And now, as we look at our array of pots all filled and ready for our winter's pleasure, and walk around gathering handfuls of the late-blooming flowers scattered everywhere about, we feel glad at heart for the happiness afforded and the experience learned. With the start now obtained and the knowledge gained, we hope another year to have equal if not better results. Meantime, we shall devote ourselves with renewed pleasure to our "window garden."

AMATEUR.



SCENE IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

mostly Perpetuals, which we scattered around with due regard to color and size. It was this crescent Rose-bed which proved the trial of our patience that we trust will be purifying. Beginning with that charming creature, the gage-bug, and progressing step by step through all the known and unknown species of insects and worms, to the minutest of spiders, we waged "perpetual" warfare. At length the right weapon was found, and victory crowned our efforts with wreaths of roses.

By the first of June we ventured to transplant our house-plants, and as we had successfully started many cuttings we found our beds well filled with most of the well known bedding plants. We laid our Calla under the Syringa for its summer's rest, piled our Cacti on

plants are up.

If Aunt Minerva will darn her table and all other linen with threads the size used for weaving the cloth to be mended, she will have a more sightly job than if done with knitting cotton. Darn in a thread for every one in the linen and weave carefully. If contributors would tell us when their successes were achieved, we should learn more from them. It makes a decided difference to a beginner whether the suggestions she tries to follow are suited to Florida or to Maine. A lady gave me some Coreopsis when I was a child. She called them "Black-eyed Susans," an expressive and appropriate title.

CYNTHIA.

PEABODY, KANSAS.

Stories.

THE JASMINE AND THE WALLFLOWER.

AMID the foliage of a bower
 Concealed, there twined a Jasmine-flower,
 From tiny blossoms purely white
 Breathing out odors day and night;
 And close beside, in stately pride,
 Arose a Wallflower brightly dyed,
 Which, vain of vulgar beauty, oft
 At plainer flowers around it scoffed,
 And to the Jasmine, mid the rest,
 One day its taunting speech addressed:
 "O thou neglected, worthless weed,
 'Tis well thou hidest thee, indeed!
 Pray, how presume to me so near
 A simple form like thine to rear?—
 To me, in matchless mantle dight,
 With gold and purple richly bright?
 Behold a maiden hither hies!
 Afar my beauty she espies,
 And comes at once to gather me,
 Whom to desire is but to see.
 By her shall I be eulled and prized;
 But thou, unnoticed or despised,
 Wilt wither in obscurity."
 Thus spake the vain flower haughtily;
 Tho other still more sweetly shed
 Its fragrance round, but nothing said.
 The maiden came: a zephyr sweet
 Betrayed the gentle flower's retreat.
 Aside the tangled leaves she drew,
 Until the Jasmine met her view;
 And, raptured with its sweetness rare,
 The blossoms culled to grace her hair;
 Then in her glee quick turning round,
 She trod the Wallflower to the ground,
 Which first had gazed in wrath and scorn,
 But now disfigured lay, and torn.

The vain, at modest worth who rail,
 May learn a lesson from this tale.

W.R.E.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

That was the name of our society. "A strange one?" May be, but after hearing the particulars relating to its christening, you perhaps will not consider it a misnomer.

Harold Thurston, Will Lynn and his sister Kate had dropped in to spend the evening, and for our mutual entertainment Nell had read a story aloud. As she expressed it, "she had been in a rummaging mood that afternoon," and, while sorting over books and papers to her heart's content, had come across this story in MS. It told of an old lady who was always having happy thoughts conducive of much pleasure and good to those about her. Many were the sick, sorrowing and troubled to whom she gave comfort and relief; most especially the little children had reason to bless her happy thoughts.

It was a simple little Christmas tale, yet it had put us all in a pleasant mood, and we chatted merrily over the old lady's ways and doings while eating our grapes.

As our guests rose to leave, Harold exclaimed:

"What a pleasant evening we have had! I wish we might often meet."

"Why not organize a literary society, to meet in turn at our different homes?" cried Nell.

"Happy thought," exclaimed Will, and Kate paused with her hat and shawl on her arm, while Harold tossed his cap on the table and took the seat he had just vacated.

"Let us organize to-night," said Kate, "and next week meet at our house. In the meantime we can mention the subject to the acquaintances we meet, and invite them to join with us. We will need officers, I suppose?"

"No," replied Nell. "At each meeting elect some one to take charge of the succeeding one. It will be their business to see that appropriate entertainment is provided. We can have select readings, essays, criticism, debates, or anything that will be for our mutual profit and interest."

"It will be best to have an admittance fee, and consequently we will need a treasurer," said Harold. "I nominate Nell Winters for the office; all those in favor signify it by the usual sign of the order."

Harold had been a Good Templar; there was a laugh at his expense, but an unanimous yea.

"But I don't want—" began Nell, but Harold interrupted, "You are elected, and each member is bound to do their best for the good of their order."

"What shall be done with the cash?" queried Kate.

"We will have no room rent, neither light nor fuel to provide."

"Start a library connected with our society," replied Nell.

"Happy thought," again cried Will. "We will not be able to purchase many books at first, but each year will add to our number."

"But who will select them?"

"Why not ask some one whom we consider competent to advise, to give us a list from which to choose?" proposed Harold.

"There is Dr. Day, and Mrs. Neal," answered Will, "and Uncle Hathaway."

So it was settled, and Will agreed to take Nell the next day to call upon them, tell them our plan, and ask their assistance in our choice.

"Will you take charge of our first meeting, Kate?" asked Harold, and on her assent continued, "Then I think this is all that will be necessary to do to-night."

"But the name?"

"Sure enough. I had forgotten that; we want something striking, something that will take."

Several were proposed, but none suited. Presently mother glanced up from her work; "I think it has been already named," she said.

"What?" asked Will.

"Happy Thought," she said, with a smile.

"Good!" exclaimed Harold.

"Just the thing!" cried Will, and we parted with many pleasant anticipations of the future.

According to agreement, Will and Nell on the next day called on Dr. Day and Mrs. Neal. Uncle Hathaway was away from home, but aunt promised to present the matter to him on his return. The lists were made out during the week, and Will presented them at our first meeting. There were ten present, and, owing to Kate's happy arrangement, our first evening passed very satisfactorily to all. Uncle Hathaway sent a letter requesting that the library might be open to those not members of the society, on the purchase of a ticket; also that books suitable for children might be found among the number. If we were suited with the plan, he offered five dollars towards it, and pledged himself to procure a like amount from several of his acquaintances.

This arrangement was complied with, and we started with fifteen volumes, besides subscribing for two magazines, which were to come to our treasurer's address—selections read from them at the meeting, and then circulated in town among the members.

All this happened five years ago. The society still flourishes, although the founders have long since been scattered widely. Will Lynn is studying in a distant city, Kate is teacher in an academy, and Harold and Nell have found a new home on a farm at the West. The influence of their happy thought is still felt in the old neighborhood, and the library is a pleasure and a profit to the whole community, and if my recital of what we accomplished will induce anyone to go and do likewise, will it not have been a happy thought?

HOPE WINTERS.

The Fair Mexicans.—A writer in *Lippincott's* says: "The Mexican women look their best in a ball-room. Their black eyes, black hair, and white teeth glisten in the light; they are dressed in the gayest of gay colors ponderous ornaments of gold, strongly relieved by their dusk complexions, shed around them a rich barbaric lustre. Not that they eschew adventitious means to blanch their sun-shadowed tints. For days some of the senoras or señoritas have worn a mask of a white clayey mixture to give them an ephemeral whiteness for this occasion. Those who could procure nothing else have worn a pasty vizard kneaded of common clay to effect in some degree a like result by protecting their faces from the sun and wind. Should you visit New Mexico, and as you ride along slowly in the heat of mid-day meet a senorita who gazes at you with a pair of jet-black eyes through a hideous, ghastly mask of mud and mortar, do not be frightened from your accustomed propriety. The senorita is preparing her *toilette de bal*. The New Mexican women cannot be considered pretty, generally speaking. In artistic symmetry of feature, in purity of complexion, they are not to be compared with our countrywomen. These can bear the searching light of day, when delicacy of detail can be distinguished and appreciated. Those look their best in the artificial light of the ball-room. There the blue-black hair, the brilliant black eyes, the well-traced eyebrows, the magnificently white and regular teeth, the richly-developed forms, produce a general effect before which our blonde and delicate beauties seem pale and faded. But the Mexican's coarser skin—her *teint basané*—is too plainly visible in the light of the sun; you should see her only by the light of the lamps. It is, doubtless, rather from an instinct of coquetry than from any other feeling that in the daytime the Mexican women shroud their dusky traits in the fold of their *robosas*, leaving only one pilot eye to look upon the outer world."

The Wife of the Secretary of the Navy.—The Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* writes: "Mrs. Robeson seems to possess the fountain of eternal youth, bubbling in its pristine freshness, concealed somewhere within the generous curves of her fine portly person. She enjoys the society of young persons in the most thorough manner, and what is rarer still, the young people heartily reciprocate the sentiment by being completely fascinated with her. Her hair is 'silvered o'er' with the frosts which come to all in the autumn of life, but the frosts have mellowed and ripened, not shrivelled or pinched or hardened any feature or feeling. Her name might well be attached to the list of those illustrious women whose fascination grew with increasing years, like Mme. Recamier, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and dozens of others. Secretary Robeson was long and deeply in love with the widow, Mrs. Aulick. The young girls tried in vain to catch an encouraging glance from the rotund bachelor Cabinet officer, and thereby build many exquisite *chateaux en Espagne*, through which they might move in queenly grace as the Naval Secretary's bride. But the gentleman in question had eyes for but one woman, and that woman a widow, with dawning streaks of gray in her hair, evincing that the mild twilight of life had commenced. After a perseverance worthy the cause, Mrs. Aulick consented to become Mrs. Robeson, and has filled her position of Mrs. Secretary with rare dignity and satisfaction. When first married, the husband and wife seemed as delighted and jubilant as persons many years younger. I have seen them walking in the early morning, somewhere in the vicinity of their residence, hand-in-hand like two children, and laughing with an infectious merriment."



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1875.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The scene, on first page, of a German Cherry Orchard, is one a little curious to American eyes. The old trees and tumble-down house, are picturesque indeed, but strange as compared with American trim, neatly planted fruit grounds. In many parts of Germany the streets are lined with rows of cherry trees for miles, and the cherry harvest everywhere is one of great interest and profit to little folks as well as the big ones.

Page 84 has a sketch of a pretty Summer House for the lawn or garden; on right side is a pretty box for a window garden, and within are curtains for protection against sun or air.

Page 85 has a sketch of the Bear Pits in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. This and the Aviary, published last month, (and for both we are indebted to J. M. Wade of Philadelphia,) keep up our interest in the new and beautiful plans for park ornament which Philadelphia is providing for the enjoyment of the numerous visitors to her Centennial exhibition next year.

Page 88 introduces a sketch scene of a pretty Rustic House in Central Park, N. Y.

SCENE IN A CHINESE GARDEN.—On page 89 is a sketch of a Chinese garden, odd, yet pleasing. The Chinese are great lovers of the grotesque—and the introduction of animals of hideous appearance, in the midst of garden scenery, is but a perfect characteristic of their nature. This picture is one where a lake is spanned with curious artificial bridges, surmounted with temples or summer houses; a waterfall flowing from the lake is bordered with a massive staircase, at each turn of which is a curious piece of statuary or a vase.

Page 92 introduces, among the other illustrations, a sketch of a Floral Cross for table decoration—it needs little explanation. The base is a little platform of prettily carved wood, which is surmounted with a wicker basket of moss, holding both cut flowers and sprays of Ferns, Ivy, and Myrtle. From its centre, rises the cross, easily made of wood.

A Parlor Fernery, also sketched on same page, gives any amateur an idea of how to construct a

Wardian case; it is about three feet long, and one and a half wide; the box within consists of a zinc pan, ten inches deep, to hold the earth; in the bottom should be strewn for two inches, pieces of charcoal and bits of broken flower pots, to secure perfect drainage. In it can be placed any of the smaller growing window plants, the prettiest of which are the Gloxinias, and low growing Ferns.

"Our Little Rogue," see page 93, is so sweet, yet with such a roguish eye, we have to watch her, for every moment we expect a bit of new mischief, or a piece of merry nonsense.

COMPLIMENTARY.

We are pleasantly surprised with the beauty and elegance of THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. I do not see how you can afford it so cheaply, and a chromo also. The charming new music in each number is not the least of its attractions, and so many pictures too; some of them are as fine as the so-called steel engravings in some of the popular magazines.

MRS. MATTIE A. GRANT.

The CABINET lying on my table attracts much attention—the nice tinted paper is beautiful. My husband thinks the music is just splendid. I like every part of it.

MRS. WM. E. CALIGAN.

The more I read the CABINET, the nearer it comes to my ideal, or standard of a practical woman's paper. I have read many papers, but none so nearly suit me as this one—a perfect ladies' paper has long been looked for, and I trust at last seen.

LOUISE A. SEYMOUR.



SKETCH IN CENTRAL PARK.

Black-Eyed Susan.

Along our roadsides and byways there grows a wild flower universally known by that name.

Last year I purchased seed of Vick, under the name of Africanus Hibiscus, which produced the same plant. From that I supposed our native was the producer of that sent out by florists.

Fair Haven, Ohio.

BLACK-EYED SUE.

GET UP A CLUB FOR SIX MONTHS

FOR

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet.

The Handsomest of all Ladies' Journals.

Our subscribers have hundreds of friends who would take the CABINET for six months, if it is only shown to them. To encourage all to make a special effort to extend our circulation, and thus help the purpose and success of the paper, we will take subscriptions as follows, to begin with the July number:

For Six Months.

Price	65 cents for 6 months, postage prepaid, but without chromo.
" 75 "	With choice also of either chromo—Gems of "The Flower Garden," or "My Window Garden."
" 90 "	with both chromos.
" \$3 00 for club of 5 without chromo.	
" 6 00 "	" 10 " but extra paper free.
" 3 50 "	" 5 with 1 "
" 7 00 "	" 10 " 1 " and extra copy paper free.

Premiums for Clubs for Six Months.

1. Ivory Paper Cutter and Folder.	club of 8
2. Book. Every Woman Her own Flower Gardener.	" 5
3. " Window Gardening.	" 15
4. Box Initial Note Paper.	" 5
5. 1 Dozen Fine Gladiolus, worth \$3 00.	" 10
6. 100 " " 25 00.	" 30
7. 1 Fine named Bull Gladiolus, worth \$1 50.	" 5
8. Lovejoy Weather House.	" 15
9. Any Game in our Premium List, worth 5 to 75 cents.	" 5
10. Bracket and Fret Saw, worth \$1 25.	" 12
11. The Acrobats, worth \$1 15.	" 10
12. Box Decalcomanie.	" 7
13. Pocket Microscope, worth \$1 50.	" 10
14. Package Visiting Cards.	" 6
15. Ivory Breast 1 in.	" 10
16. Two Fancy Carved Napkin Rings.	" 8
17. Ladies' Fancy Ivory Bracelet—pair.	" 12
18. Ivory Call Whistle.	" 5
19. Emery Basket.	" 5
20. Silk Book Mark, worth \$1 00.	" 10
21. " " 50 to 75 cents.	" 5
22. Dress Elevator.	" 5
23. Butter Knife.	" 10
24. Silk Fan.	" 10
25. Ladies' Shears.	" 10
26. Any Game, 50 to 75 cents, in our Catalogue.	" 5
27. 40 Packages of Flower Seeds.	" 15
28. 20 " " " "	" 8
29. 10 " " " "	" 5
30. Any Book, worth 50 to 60 cents.	" 5
31. " " " \$1 00 or under.	" 10
32. " " " 1 50.	" 15
33. Indelible Pencil.	" 5
34. Pocket Knife.	" 10
35. One Pair Florence Skates.	" 12
36. One Dollar's worth of Plants.	" 7
37. One Volume of FLORAL CABINET bound, 1874.	" 12
38. One Binder's Portfolio for CABINET.	" 12

Special Premiums.

39. One Goodrich Tucker for Sewing Machines price \$3 00, for club of 10.	
40. One Johnston Ruffler for Sewing Machines, price \$3 00, for club of 15.	
41. One set Goodrich Hemmer and Binder, price \$1 50, club of 5.	
42. " " " " " 1 50.	" 5
43. One Bottle Payson's Indelible Ink.	" 75, " 7.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Six Months Subscriptions.—With a little effort each subscriber can send us the name of some friend, or a club, for the rest of the year. We hope all will try. Prices have been fixed as low as possible. So beautiful a journal, on so costly paper, with so many expensive and charming illustrations, cannot be offered as low as other cheap papers, which are not worth keeping. The music alone for six months is worth \$2 at least, and the paper, with chromos, \$1 more—a total of \$3 for only 70 cents.

Plants for Sale.—We have several lots of plants, seeds, &c., owing us by florists, which we will sell at 25 per cent. discount from usual catalogue prices. Any one wishing to buy may choose a list from any floral catalogue, deduct 25 per cent. from price, send the order to us, and we will have good plants and seeds sent for the money. As soon as we have traded out these accounts our offer will be withdrawn. Persons not wishing to buy now, but next fall, may purchase from us an order now, at this discount, good for any time it may be presented.

Fine Music.—The song, now so popular, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," has reached a sale of over 100,000 copies, and has produced a score or more of "Answers" by popular composers. We have printed one of them, "While the Silver Tints the Gold," but the author of the original song has written a companion so sweet and delicious ("When Silver Threads are Gold again"), that we shall soon reprint it, by permission of the publisher, Charles W. Harris. We ought to say, by way of commendation, all the songs issued by Mr. Harris are so pure, and have such beautiful sentiment and choice melodies, his name is always a guarantee of "good things."

Household Elegancies.—We shall issue, Oct. 15, a new book, about the size of "Window Gardening," full of fancy work, home decorations, household art, and elegant ways of adorning a home, with so many exquisite illustrations, that every lady will be fairly crazy with delight when she sees it. We regard it as the most desirable ladies' book ever published, and it will be true y the grand Gift Book of the season. Our readers know that anything we issue is so splendid in style and superior in merit, that, when we make an announcement, it is received with confidence and the most ready patronage. "Household Elegancies" is the finest work we have yet originated, and as a special offer to any one who will obtain 15 subscribers to the CABINET for six months, before August 1st, we will present a copy of this new book free, as soon as issued. Price will be \$1.50, and will be ready Oct. 15.

Out-Door Topics.

A FEW HINTS AT RUSTIC WORK.

There are many beautiful things made in rustic work, but they are sold at such high prices by florists, and others, that persons with slender purses cannot afford to buy them, so they look at the lovely urns and baskets in the yards of their more fortunate neighbors with envious eyes, and sigh for the things they think they cannot have—but they can have them, if they will only take the trouble of making them.

Should any one be desirous of a rustic hanging basket, let them get their John or William to saw them out eight pieces of pine board, and then cut an eight-square piece for the bottom, nail these firmly together, and you will have the foundation for your rustic work. The next thing in order is to go to the woods and dig up some of the roots of the common laurel, take them home, wash them, and then call on John again, and get him to saw them into pieces of a suitable size to nail on the basket—take a knife and scrape off part (not all) the outside bark. The wood must be used while new, for if left laying a few days it becomes so hard it is impossible to get a nail through it. After getting several pieces prepared, nail them to the basket, in any way fancy dictates; the rougher and more twisted the roots the better they look. For a handle, arrowwood makes very pretty ones; but where this cannot be found (with less trouble) by taking a box to fit your window, grapevine can be used instead. By looking at the

pictures of rustic work in floral guides one can gain many ideas of how to make handles, etc. After the wood work is finished give the basket a good coat of shellac varnish, plant in the centre a Fern or some foliage plant, at the side an Ivy, with some trailing vine at the edges, and you will have something as

on, split them in two so that one side will be flat, cut them so they will be a little longer than your box is deep—wind them, at the ends, and nail them on your box letting them project about an inch at the top and bottom; it is pretty to make them of two kinds of wood—bright and dark. White birch and the tops of

laurel look very pretty together—by putting them on, two of laurel and one of birch, then make a trellis of grapevine to reach to the top of your window, fill your box with good rich earth, plant in each end a German Ivy or some other climbing vine, in the centre a Carl Hatt Fuchsia, put Myrtle at the edges to droop down, and fill in between these with Sweet Alyssum and bright foliage plants and you will have something that will delight you all winter with its beauty—do all this and you will envy no longer your rich neighbors, for you will have things as pretty as they, and they have cost you nothing—but work.

RUSTIC.

To kill lice on canary birds, give your birds new cages, not wooden ones, but those made entirely of metal. The sticks of elder with the

pith removed, and perforated with holes, for the birds to sit upon; the lice will go into these sticks, which should be cleaned out every few days. But the main remedy is to attend to the health of your birds; if they are perfectly healthy, provided with plenty of good food, kept in clean cages, exposed to light and fresh air, they will never be troubled with vermin. It is with birds as with men, the sickly, the poor, the unclean, or those suffering from insufficient nourishment especially, will be subjected to the plague.

How to Treat Gold Fish.—They should always be kept in a vessel sufficiently large, and be given fresh water every day. Wash the inside of the vessel with a cloth. The fresh water ought to be perfectly clean, and not too hard. It is not good to feed them, as the food will only serve to render the water unfit for their existence, and if renewed every day, the water itself furnishes them with enough material for their sustenance. Green leaves of living plants may be strewn among them when convenient, as they absorb the oxygen, which is in turn taken up by the fish, and reconverted into carbonic acid.



SCENE IN A CHINESE GARDEN.

pretty as those of your rich neighbors, that will cost you nothing but your work.

Beautiful brackets can be made by cutting a piece of pine board in the shape of a half circle, put a piece under for a support, and to fasten to the wall; take some of the straight pieces of laurel root and nail them on the under side close enough to hide the board; take rougher pieces for the edge, and nail them on so they will project at least an inch above and below the board; give this also a coat of varnish, fasten it to the wall, set upon it a rustic cross, with bright autumn leaves, either wax or natural ones pressed (the wax ones are prettiest) trailing over it, and—well, I think you will feel repaid for all your trouble.

Beautiful window gardens can be made of the same wood and in the same way; or very pretty ones can be made then take straight pieces of wood, with the bark left

Indies' Boudoir.

GRECIAN PAINTING.

No. 3.

Having made the engraving perfectly transparent, the next step is to place the frame upon an open or transparent easel, which is made with two standards instead of one, in order to prevent any shadow from falling across the picture.

Our difficulty now is, that I cannot tell what particular picture you have to color, and can only, by giving general directions or describing some popular engraving of the day, give such an idea of the coloring of various parts as will enable you to apply them to some particular picture you have chased ready for further directions.

Here I would pause a moment, to say that, as a preparatory step, it would be wise to paint only a small picture, and also that in painting any picture, whether large or small, you will find it necessary, in many instances, to exercise your own taste and judgment.

There are some engravings popular at present that can be obtained at any picture store, and as our first lesson, we will describe a few of these small and inexpensive engravings, which will not require any vast amount of skill and yet will form very beautiful pictures. One pair of these—the “Ecce Homo” and “Mater Dolorosa” are known to every one, also the “Madonna Della Scala” and “Holy Family.” These are each 16 by 22 inches, and can be purchased for from fifty cents to one dollar, according to finish and the prices of different dealers.

“ECCE HOMO.”

Paint the flesh with a tint made of white, a very little vermilion and Naples yellow rubbed together, adding a speck of permanent blue; touch the lips with vermilion mixed with white, and while the flesh color is still wet touch a dot of vermilion to the cheeks and rub through with the tip of the finger, watching the outside constantly to see the effect and using the utmost care not to let it spread too near the nose and eyes. Under the eye, the chin, and forehead the light flesh color must be carefully preserved. (This paint is all applied to the wrong side of the engraving; touches on the right will be hereafter described.)

In making the flesh color, be guided by its appearances, and add or change the color as desired; use first more white, with about equal parts vermilion and Naples yellow, and a mere speck of blue; if necessary, more Naples yellow or vermilion may be added, but the tint must not be roseate, bearing in mind the age and that sallowness or pallor which would naturally be produced by suffering.

The eyes: pupils, burnt sienna; whites, touch lightly with a speck of raw sienna and white. Hair: burnt umber, shaded slightly with white on the light parts. The crown of thorns: paint yellow ochre mixed with burnt sienna, with white mixed where the light strikes. The background: paint after the rest is dry, with yellow ochre, with chrome green until an olive tint is formed, which paint on the back, rubbing through a little white on the lights with the tip of the finger, touching up on the front side with the same. On the outside: touch up also on the lips with vermilion, and on the high lights of each part with light shades of the color used on the back, mixed with Megilp or clear Demar varnish.

“MATER DOLOROSA.”

The face: same as the former, with rather more vermilion and the roseate hue rubbed through upon the

cheeks rather deeper; (indeed, upon the face of our Lord it should be scarcely perceptible.) Lips: same, and touch on outside with madder. The eyes are not perceptible; the lids must be much lighter than the rest of the face. Touch the chin with a dot of vermilion and rub through as before described for the cheeks. Hair: paint with Vandyke brown and raw sienna lighted with white upon the light parts. The scarf over the head paint white, with touches of same upon the right side. The dress: paint a purple, made from blue, crimson, lake, or madder and blue, touching on the front with light shades of the same. The hand holding the dress: color with flesh tints, adding more yellow. The background is the same as the first piece.

“MADONNA DELLA SCALA”

is very similar. The veil: paint a delicate blue, touched on the lighter parts in front. The dress: vermilion on the back side and madder on the front. Paint the hair of the infant Saviour with more raw sienna than in the mother's. The eyes: light blue on the pupils, and the whites tint with white and a particle blue. The dress: white.

“THE HOLY FAMILY.”

The mother's dress: a delicate violet, very light, with white on the high lights, touched on the outside with same; border of lake crimson, touched with lines of chrome. The cloak or shawl-like scarf over the shoulder: vermilion on the back, touched carefully in the light parts on the front side with rose madder; the dark parts behind will be sufficiently shaded with the darkness of the engraving; paint the border with a little orange chrome; the figures lighter, touching with fine brush on the right side. The face: make a light, youthful one, (with white, a little vermilion, and the least particle each of Naples yellow and permanent blue,) after having painted the lips vermilion, mixed with white, rubbing a dot of vermilion into the cheeks, as previously explained. The hair: make a golden brown, using Vandyke brown and raw sienna, and touching it lightly on the right side with the same. The veil must be white, rubbing it in through certain parts to produce a soft, fleecy appearance, touching fine lines on the right side, like lace. The flesh of the children must be more roseate; the eyes light blue on the pupils, mixed with white for the whites. The hair of the child (St. John): paint with raw sienna and umber mixed; the scarf, permanent blue and white; the girdle of camel's hair is painted with yellow ochre and raw sienna mixed, touched with lighter shades upon the right side; the cross-staff, raw umber and a little yellow ochre. The halo around the head of each paint with deep yellow chrome, touching with white upon the right side. The end of the scarf upon the Christ-child color with crimson lake touched with vermilion and white mixed upon the right side. His hair paint with yellow ochre, touching with same on right side. Add more Naples yellow for the feet of the Virgin Mother.

The background in the far distance paint in very light shades. Foliage, yellow ochre, chrome, Antwerp blue, and Venetian red. Distant mountains, permanent blue, Naples yellow, and Venetian red. Near mountains, yellow ochre and Naples yellow. Mid-distance, use terra verte in the foliage; grays made of ivory black, and white and Naples yellow; permanent blue and yellow on the houses of the city, rubbing through the distant mountains with the finger. The tropical growth in the foreground of leaves and flowers must be painted with emerald green, touched up on the outside with Naples yellow, yellow ochre, and permanent blue; also, deep chrome, antique blue, raw

sienna, using a variety of shades, giving the whole a rich, deep, warm color, not a cold, blue shade; make light parts yellow and bright. The several trees paint deep green, with touches of black, and light shades upon the outside. Bright flowers make with vermilion, chrome, crimson lake, blue and white. A lovely flower is made by taking several clean brushes and loading the point of each with lake, permanent blue and yellow chrome; put a dot of yellow, around it dots of white, another in the same way with lake, another with blue, etc., making clusters of each and giving a fine effect. Drooping sprays of vermilion have also a beautiful appearance shooting from a cluster of large, rich, green leaves.

In touching up the right side always mix the color with Megilp, and if still higher effects are desired, use a very little opaque color also. We will in our next give some directions for painting landscapes and also some general directions in regard to coloring that will always be useful.

C. S. J.

FASHION NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Why Lace is Costly.—Many people wonder why lace for trimming is so costly. The following paragraph explains:

The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest perfection in Belgium. The finest specimens of Brussels lace are so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operator is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, two hundred to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger width, as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace. Belgium sells of this lace alone to the value of over \$4,000,000. Chantilly lace is always black, and is used chiefly for veils and flounces. It is very fine and extensively worn. Mechlin lace is made at Mechlin, Antwerp, and other localities.

Jet is still all “the rage,” but is not likely to last through another season. Let a thing be never so pretty, if everybody takes to wearing it, the “upper ten” discard it immediately.

Quilted Skirts of black, blue, or scarlet silk, are much worn by young ladies of fashion, and are extremely pretty on a slightly muddy day, when the dress skirt must be held from the ground.

Very stylish costumes are made up in plaid goods this season. Some in blue and green are extremely pretty, but the varieties in soft shades of light and dark brown seem to be newer and more generally liked.

White illusion, edged with lace, is “the latest” in the way of veils, and is very becoming.

A Lady was seen at a ball not long ago, with the apron embroidered in purple, with an elaborate monogram in the center. This last was done in a very delicate way, but seemed entirely out of taste.

Household Elegancies.

A ROOM IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

It was Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday for the girls at Mrs. Lovett's boarding-school—a few weeks before Christmas, and nearly all the girls were gathered in the room occupied by Gerty and Minnie Faust, engaged in making Christmas presents for the friends at home. They always chose this room on such occasions, and why was it? Because it was adorned with all sorts of pretty things, which made it more home-like than the more elegant ones, and the sisters were always glad to show how to make these pretty things.

In one corner was a bracket made from an old cigar-box, which first had been soaked in hot water and then cut into the desired shape. The front side of the wall part was neatly covered with white paper, and then, with white glue, was thickly sprinkled with rice. Over this were arranged in a graceful manner raisin stems dipped in red sealing-wax dissolved in boiling alcohol. The shelf, and a piece of pasteboard about an inch wide, fastened on the edge of the shelf, were also covered with paper and rice, but only the pasteboard with the mock coral. On the shelf were arranged natural pebbles and stones, most of them obtained from places which the girls had visited, and shells, among which pieces of the coral and different kinds of sea mosses were placed.

Opposite this bracket was another of nicer material, on the edge of which was tacked a piece of white cotton velvet cut in large scollops at the bottom, with a gracefully-arranged bunch of ferns and trailing vines done in spatter-work on it. The velvet was a quarter of a yard deep and as long as the edge of the shelf. The tacking on was hidden by a piece of chenille. On this shelf was a flower-pot containing two kinds of wild ferns, and the earth covered by moss, in which partridge-berry vine was growing. The pot and its saucer were hidden by a four-sided box, larger at top than bottom, made from a cigar box. On the centre of each side was arranged a design with split peach, plum, and prune stones, date and cherry stones, small cones and the scales of larger cones, and acorns. The rest was covered by the gray moss which grows on rocks, with a border of cone scales overlapping each other.

Over each of these brackets hung a picture, with a wide-mouthed bottle filled with water fastened at the back of the picture, with sprays of such vines as grow well in water growing in the bottles and brought round to the front of the pictures.

There were two ottomans made of square wooden boxes obtained at the grocers, lined with paper, and having covers fastened on with hinges. The sides were covered with a box-plaiting of drab linen, such as is used for summer furniture coverings, bound at the bottom with scarlet braid, and tacked with a piece of the braid around the top of the box. The lids were covered with thick cloth, stuffed out so as to form a cushion, and then covered with the linen. The edges of the lids were finished with a two-inch box-plaiting of the linen, both edges bound with braid. Four bows of braid at the upper corners and a loop on one side finished it. One was used as a slipper box, the other for soiled cuffs, collars and handkerchiefs.

On one side of the bureau hung a letter-case made of four four-inch squares of tinted cardboard, used as diamonds instead of squares—that is, having a point instead of a side for the top. The second piece was lapped over the first, so that the top point of the

second came just a little above the centre and directly under the top point of the first. The third lapped over the second, and the fourth over the third, in the same manner. They were fastened together at the sides with little bows of ribbon; also, the lower point of the first, second and third was fastened, so as not to show, on to the diamond which overlapped it, to prevent the letters from slipping out, the overlapping points forming the pockets for the letters. The whole was decorated with decalcomanie pictures. These are pretty made of perforated card with worked figures.

A very ornamental as well as useful toilet article was on the bureau. It consisted of three small cornucopias made of silver cardboard, each having a worked pattern. One was lined with blue paper and finished with blue quilled ribbon; this was for hair combings. Another was stuffed with curled hair, and the top covered with a piece of canvas work; this for a pin-cushion. The third was also stuffed with curled hair, and covered with thin looped crochet work, such as is used for basket hair-pin cushions. These two were finished with quilled ribbon, and the three fastened to a small upright pole about eight inches high, fastened to a round stand at the bottom. The long side of the cornucopias was against the pole, being fastened to it with bows at the top and bottom points. There was also on the bureau a box for clean collars and cuffs, made from a round pasteboard box such as grapes come in, covered inside and out with blue paper. The outside was also covered with a box-plaiting of rather thick muslin, as deep as the sides of the box, finished with lace at the bottom and fastened to the top of the box. On each plait was spattered a tiny fern. The cover was also covered with blue paper and the muslin, and a wreath of small ferns and vines spattered on it. The sides of the cover, which came down over the top of the box, was covered by a box-plaiting of blue ribbon.

Among the writing materials was a pen-wiper, consisting of two black pieces and one blue, pinked at the edge. On the top one was fastened a little long bag made of unbleached cotton cloth, stuffed out and tied at one end, and on it the word "malt" written. On the black piece, and also on the bag, were fastened apple seeds, with brown thread, so as to represent the legs of mice, and another piece for the tail. If scattered about nicely, a few as if eating the malt, it makes a real cute pen-wiper.

These were only a few of the things, but the space allowed me will not permit more.

BESSIE.

HOUSEHOLD FANCY WORK.

I think it is a great duty, as well as a great pleasure, for us to brighten up and beautify our homes as much as we can with things useful and ornamental. Now I think I hear some one saying, "It is all well enough for those with plenty of money to say that; as for me, I have other ways to spend mine, although I like to see pretty things as well as anyone, if I could only afford them." Now just stop a minute and think. Just think how a few simple things, that cost next to nothing except the time, and a very little time too, it takes to fix them. Just think how they brighten even the dullest room and cheer and shorten the darkest winter days. In the bright, pleasant days how little trouble it is to gather some bright leaves and select some perfect specimens from them. Woodbine, sumach, blackberry, rose, rock maple, and many others are lovely. Then take a warm—not too hot—flatiron and on it rub some resin, and iron out the leaves, and I think the result will satisfy you if you have any taste for the beautiful. Another excellent way is to oil the leaves in linseed oil and let them dry.

They are so pretty for vases and to put over pictures. They are very pretty to arrange in bouquet form on bristol board; then take a piece of glass—say six inches long and five wide—and place the leaves under the glass, and cut the cardboard the size of the glass, then fasten the corners with mucilage the same as you fastened the leaves on the card. Then cut a strip of dark brown or gilt paper about an inch wide and bind it over both edges to look like a frame, and you have some pretty mantel or bracket ornaments. Another way to make pretty frames for photographs or pictures cut from magazines is this: Take some cigar-lighters as they are called, dampen them slightly, and cut them the required length, and sew a row of them on the pictures around the edge, letting about two inches of the sticks project from the corners; then sew on another row, leaving just space enough between the two rows of sticks to see the paper; then cut two pieces of the lighters for the corners and sew on and cross; cut the ends off in notches, and sew on either black or steel beads in little stars or crosses on the corners to hide the stitches, and at intervals at the sides and top and bottom. There are all colors, but the dark and light are prettiest. The white ones cost ten cents a bunch and the dark twenty. They make very pretty frames. Shell work is easy too and pretty. Take some pasteboard (an old box is best, as it does not warp) and cut from it a cross, cover it with shells, and you have a handsome ornament. I have a nice recipe for cement that does not crack or peel off, but remains firm. Take 1 lb. white lead, 1 lb. whiting; mix in linseed oil to a soft putty, add one-third flour and two tablespoonfuls japan; have it soft enough to spread. It takes several days to dry it. When you go to the beach in summer, gather all the shells you can, and, if you can, get some foreign ones to put with them. Have a bracket made without sides, and cover with shells, and it will be very handsome. Even the common shells look very nicely when varnished with white varnish. I made myself one, and it is very much admired, and I have had two customers for me to make them each one. I had some pink foreign shells and arranged them in the form of roses, and some of our native shells, called silver shells, which are yellow, and they look very handsome. At the back of your pictures place some wide-necked bottles filled with water. Have a cord fastened round the neck of the bottle long enough to let the bottle down so it will not be seen, and put the cord over the same knob as the picture is hung on; then put some water-ivy in the bottle, and let it run over the picture; it grows very fast in water, and looks so pretty. Take some pieces of straw braid, and sew two or three rows around some small pictures; they make odd little frames; finish at the corners with rosettes made of straw. Little baskets are pretty made of pasteboard and covered with gray moss and filled with evergreen and bright berries or autumn leaves; or they are very pretty ornaments to cover the baskets with shells and fill with the same or pretty little stones. If you want a pretty and useful match-lighter, take a piece of pasteboard and cut it any pretty shape you like, and then cut a piece of sandpaper the same shape and glue it on; finish it with a narrow ribbon and loop to hang it up. Cut some perforated card five inches long by four wide, work a pretty pattern on each side, make a little bag, and fill with heliotrope or any perfume powder, and place between the cardboard; plait some ribbon the same color as the pattern on the board (about an inch-wide lustrous ribbon, bright red or blue, is pretty), and sew the ribbon on one side; place the two pieces of card together, and leave a loop to hang it up; this is very pretty indeed.

Household Elegancies.

AN ARTIFICIAL WOOD FIRE.

One of the most striking household novelties of the day is an artificial wood fire ingeniously devised to take the place of the comparatively cheerless stove, or still more dreary furnace-register. The apparatus consists of a pile of artificial logs, with perforations for the escape of gas, which, being lit, burns around shreds of asbestos fastened about on the logs. The asbestos cannot be consumed, but being heated, it glows with a ruddy color, while the multitude of flames unite, thus forming a beautiful, cheery fire. The idea is a delightful one.

CASE FOR CALLING CARDS.

Take two plates of perforated paper, the size being made according to the cards it is intended to hold; decorate with colored silk and small Venetian shells. The silk lining of the plates, and the straps to hold the ends of the cover, put on in the usual manner, must match the lining.

To take impressions of plants, leaves, etc., take half a sheet of fine wove paper, and oil it well with sweet oil. After it has stood two minutes, to let it soak through, rub off all the superfluous oil with a piece of paper, and let it hang in the air to dry. After the oil is pretty well dried in, take a lighted candle and move the paper over it, in a horizontal direction, so as to touch the flame, till it is perfectly black. When you wish to take off impressions of plants, lay your plant carefully on the oiled paper, lay a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it with your fingers equally in all parts for half a minute; then take up your plant, and be careful not to disturb the order of the leaves, and place it on the paper on which you wish to have the impression; then cover it with a piece of blotting-paper, and rub it with your finger for a short time, and you will have an impression superior to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper, should you wish to be economical, will serve to take off a number of impressions. The principal excellence of this method is, that the paper receives the impression of the most minute veins and hairs, so that you obtain the general character of most flowers. The impressions may afterwards be colored.



AN ARTIFICIAL WOOD FIRE.

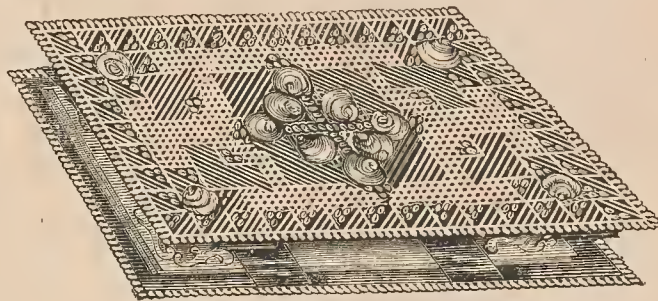
To wash Chintz, take two pounds of rice and boil it in eight quarts of water till soft. When done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth

used for colored linens, then put the chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this till the dirt is out; then boil a second quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm water;



CROSS FOR TABLE DECORATION.

wash in this till clean; afterwards rinse it in the water the rice has been boiled in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff so long as you wear it. If a gown, it should be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it



CASE FOR CALLING CARDS.

as smooth as possible. After it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

Feather Flowers.—I never use paints or dyes, except for green leaves, and have made handsome wreaths and bouquets without a single feather except the natural colors. For white, use goose feathers. For yellow, the feathers from the

breast of the meadow lark. For scarlet, peel off the red from the blackbird's wing and press it out flat until it dries and you will have a fine double flower, which only needs a wire stem. Prairie chicken and Guinea fowl feathers make nice mottled flowers. Pea fowl feathers answer nicely for green, and some of the feathers on his body make beautiful velvety flowers.

Use two sizes of wire; the coarser for stems and the finer to wind the stem of each petal of such flowers as roses, before they are formed into flowers. Get the natural

flowers you wish to imitate and pick them to pieces for patterns. Wind the stems with green tissue paper and form into wreaths or bouquets.

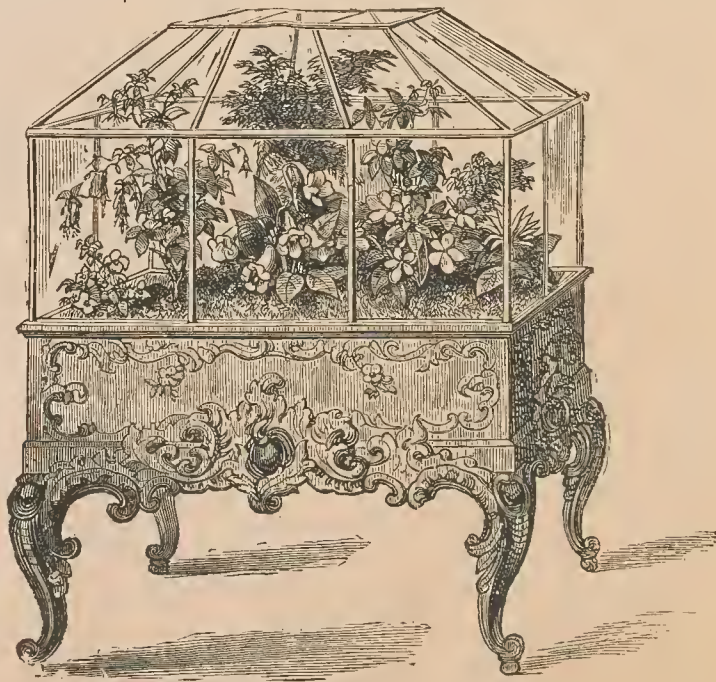
Wheat Ears.—A little city girl writing to the *Young Folks' News*, says that last Summer she visited in the country. "We picked some ears of wheat, tied them in a small bundle, and laid them by till six weeks before Christmas. We then placed them in a deep basin of water, and let them steep for twelve hours. We filled a large hyacinth-glass with water, put the stalks of the wheat in it, and put it in a dark cupboard till the green began to spring up.

"We then put the glass in papa's conservatory, and it has sprouted up into a very pretty thing, and has been very much admired all Winter." Perhaps some other little ones would like to try the experiment next season. We think they would be pleased with the result.

Skeleton Leaves.—Many of our readers who have admired the exquisite tracery of leaf structure displayed in the denuded skeletons of plants may be glad to know how to make such preparations for themselves. The following method has been communicated to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, by Dr. G. Dickson: "A solution of caustic soda is made by dissolving three ounces of washing soda in two pints of boiling water, and adding one and a half ounces of quicklime, previously slaked; boil for ten minutes, decant the clear solution and bring it to the boil. During the ebullition add the leaves and boil briskly for some time, say an hour, occasionally adding hot water to supply the place of that lost by evaporation. Take out a leaf, put it into a vessel of water, and rub it between the fingers under the water. If the epidermis and paranchyma separate easily, the rest of the leaf may be removed from the solution and treated in the same way; but if not, then the boiling must be continued for some time longer. To bleach the skeletons, mix about a drachm of chloride of lime with a pint of water, adding sufficient acetic acid to liberate the chlorine. Steep the leaves in this until they are whitened (about ten minutes), taking care not to let the leaves stay in too long, otherwise they are apt to become brittle. Put them in clean water, and float them out on pieces of paper.

Lastly, remove them from the paper before they are quite dry, and place them in a book or botanical press. Afterwards arrange in bouquets, with a background of black, or under a glass for protection. They form beautiful ornaments for a mantel or table.

To make silk which has been wrinkled appear like



PARLOR FERNERY.

new, sponge on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic on white glue, and iron on the wrong side.

Fireside Readings.

THE BEAUTY OF JEWISH LADIES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following: "Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their husbands, fathers and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on His head precious ointment, which she kept in alabaster vases. The sinner anointed His feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair; Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law and the woman who touched His garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman of adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied Him to Calvary—brought Him balm and spices—weeping, saw Him at the sepulchre. 'Woman! why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' At the sound of His voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of Jewesses!"

Tit for Tat.—Some time since, on one of the North River boats, a lady who had attracted much attention from the masculine turn of her manners and conversation, was seated at the table opposite a gentleman, who, in taking some butter in the absence of the usual knife, used his own, which the lady observing, called aloud to the waiter, "Wait-a, bring another plate of butter! That man," pointing to the gentleman, "had his knife in this." The unfortunate wight almost sunk under the curious gaze of all the company, but said nothing, determined to watch his opportunity to return, for the cruel mortifica-

tion, change in her own coin. He waited but a moment, when a plate of dried beef was handed to the lady, who unceremoniously took some in her fingers, and placed it on her plate. "Wait-a!" exclaimed the gentleman, in turn, "bring another plate of beef. That woman has had her fingers in this." A most ungallant roar from all the company fairly turned the tables against the lady, and she had the good sense to acknowledge its desert, and join heartily in the mirth it had created.

Dick, who neither understood fully, nor heard the question, quickly interrupted:

"I've ordered some, but they haven't come yet!"

Endurance of the Scotch Girls.—The average Scotch girl is full of spirit, life, and sunshine. She can do a fair amount of dancing during the season, row a boat, tramp over a Highland road, or get up a picnic party during the summer months, without the slightest injury to her complexion or her health. Up

to a certain age, as Dr. Clarke says, the life of a Scottish girl is calm and peaceful. When she enters upon the business of life she is no longer a child. When she marries she is fitted to enter upon that holy step, not a shattered spectre with a pulseless soul, but as a woman, strong in mind and body, and of mature judgment. It may be said that our countrywomen in the rural districts are somewhat coarse and masculine. It is true that their hands are often hard from daily toil, and their arms and fingers are scarcely in accordance with the Grecian line of beauty. Yet there are many comely maidens among them for all that; bonnie lasses with wonderful complexions, and dazzling eyes. But what matters it to sensible men, who have brains enough to appreciate the difference between a delicate doll and a healthy helpmeet. There are volumes of common sense in their honest noodles, and oceans of love in their warm and constant hearts.

Flowers as a help to Housekeeping.—A woman, in every sense the best housekeeper we ever knew, said to us, pointing to a garden gay with flowers: "That is one of the best helps in housekeeping. The children take care of the flowers with only a little assistance from me, and we have a fresh bouquet each day for the table, and I am often surprised at the effect they have upon me; such a restfulness when I am weary with household care. They

are like the oaks that shelter our dwelling. I run out under them when the sunlight glimmers through the leaves, when each quivering twig casts dancing shadows on the grass, or the fresh breeze stirs through the branches; and they are even an inspiration to right living, and I go on with my labors refreshed and strengthened.

"Please cum aroun and taik me to the spelin mach this evning," wrote an Oshkosh girl to her beau.



OUR LITTLE ROGUE.

Dick Hark is the proprietor of a variety store in Jersey. He is hard of hearing, and don't like to be bothered by canvassers who try to sell him new articles, and his usual reply is:

"I have ordered some of those, but they haven't come yet."

Lately a drummer entered his store with a patent toy, and addressed him thus:

"Have you any little children whom you can amuse?"

Housekeeping.

AUNT LEISURELY'S CHATS WITH HER FRIENDS.

MARYLAND BISCUITS.

One of the advantages of reading and visiting is the opportunity it gives one of becoming acquainted with articles of cookery new to them. I believe there is no neighborhood but has some edible for the table peculiar to it, and I think it a pleasant duty to sow our grains of knowledge broadcast, and aid each other to obtain that variety so conducive to appetite.

I do not pretend to say that the biscuits of which I set out to give you the recipe are anything new or rare. I don't know but they may be manufactured in every State in the Union, but, never having seen a recipe for them in any book or paper, nor met with them in my travels through other States, either in hotels or private houses, I have come to the conclusion they are indigenous to our State, and are Maryland biscuits and nothing else.

I do not speak of them as possessing all the virtues, neither would I wish them as a standby, for I think nothing should take the place of sweet, wholesome, light bread, raised with yeast; but they are certainly nice for a change, convenient—being good either warm or cold—invaluable for sandwiches for lunch, travelling, picnics, &c., and will keep fresh a long time.

But the trouble was, I could not obtain a correct receipt for making them; everybody said they were easily made; the main thing was to pound them well, as that was what made them light; but they could not give the exact proportions for mixing. In despair, I applied to an old colored woman, who made them to perfection, and, *en passant*, I will give you the result of our conference:

"Aunt Dinah, will you please tell me how you make your biscuit? Yours are so nice that I want the recipe."

"Wy, bless yer heart, honey, dey's nuffin to make; ole Diner don't have no 'ceit nor uffin, and her bixits is allus good."

"Yes, I know, Aunt; but there are some people have such a genius for cooking that, no matter how they mix anything, it always comes out right; but I'm not one of that kind, and I know I won't get them right, unless you tell me exactly how much of everything to put in."

"Well, honey, jest yer take a pan of flour—and it must be good flour, too—and a clever-sized lump o' shortnin' and a smart pinch o' salt, and some water, and tote it to de bixit block, and poun' it as if ole Nick hisself was in it, make dem out de size of a cake o' sassage, hab yer stove 'jis so, shove 'em in, and when dey's done take 'em out, and dat's all."

I was disappointed; but, after all, her recipe was as definite as that "ob de white folks," for all had told me to take a *pan* of flour and a *lump* of lard.

Grammar informs us that "a" or "an" are the only indefinite articles we have, but I have found out another, and that is "lump;" for, after wavering between one the size of a walnut and one the size of your fist, you are in a miserable state of indecision whether, after all, one the size of your head was not intended. So, in our recipes, dear friends, don't let us have any *lumps*, please, for some of us are so stupid we don't know how much it is.

So, having exhausted all available sources of information, with about the same result, I set to work to find out by myself, and, by dint of measuring, and

weighing, and experimenting, and spoiling, I can at last make them as good as Aunt Diner's, and if any lady tries my recipe and succeeds, I shall be gratified.

To two pounds of flour add two ounces of lard, well rubbed in, one table-spoonful of salt, and enough of cold water to make a dry dough, (it takes about a pint), put the water in a little at a time, so as to be sure not to get it too moist. Then work the dough until in shape, lay it on a solid place, like a meat-block, and pound with the back of an axe, for half an hour or more; if it cuts through the dough at every stroke, so much the better. When it is flattened by the blows, fold it up and pound again, but don't add a sprinkle of flour after it is first mixed. After being pounded awhile it will blister, and, if you pull off a piece, will snap, which shows it is getting light. When ready to mould, do not cut them, but pull off pieces about the size of an egg, mould them in round balls, and flatten them with your hand, stick with a fork, and bake in a quick oven about half an hour. Some persons are careful not to brown them, but I do not object to seeing them a little browned, and they must be thoroughly baked to be good.

The biscuit-block and pounder are as necessary to a Maryland kitchen, in any county below Cecil, as the coffee-mill; many have pounders for that particular purpose, made of a short bar of iron, with a long wooden handle; but many use an axe, and it answers just as well.

I cannot say that pounding biscuits is a sovereign remedy for back-ache or weak wrists, but I think they are worth a little toil, and if I happen to see any that I consider better than my own, I will try to capture the recipe, and if it has no *lumps*, nor *pans*, nor *pinches* in it, I will share it with my CABINET friends.

English Muffins.—I have tried several times to make English muffins, but have not succeeded very well. If any of our CABINET friends could tell me, they would greatly oblige,
S. J. B.

Salt in Sickness.—Dr. Scudder remarks: "I am satisfied that I have seen patients die from deprivation of common salt during a protracted illness. It is a common impression that the food for the sick should not be seasoned, and whatever slop may be given, it is almost innocent of this essential of life. In the milk diet that I recommend in sickness, common salt is used freely, the milk being boiled and given hot. And if the patient cannot take the usual quantity in his food, I have it given in his drink. This matter is so important that it cannot be repeated too often, or dwelt upon too long. The most marked example of this want of common salt I have ever noticed has been in surgical disease, especially in open wounds. Without a supply of salt the tongue would become broad, pallid, puffy, with a tenacious, pasty coat, the secretions arrested, the circulation feeble, the effusion at the point of injury serious, with an unpleasant watery pus, which at last becomes a mere sanies or ichor. A few days of a free allowance of salt would change all this, and the patient get along well."

Cottage Pudding.—Two eggs, half cup sugar, well beaten together, add five tablespoonfuls melted butter, stir well, then add cup of sweet milk, teaspoon of soda, two of cream of tartar, two and one-half cups of flour; bake in square tins and serve with sauce made as follows, which is nice for almost any pudding: teacup of sugar, teacup of vinegar, teacup of water; set over the fire and when it boils add a tablespoonful of flour and butter rubbed together.

Borax used in Washing.—Quarter of a pound of refined borax to five gallons of water; powder the borax; dissolve it in boiling water, in the above proportion, and use. It is an excellent bleacher, and may be used for the most delicate laces even; it also saves soap. A little pipe-clay dissolved in the hot water cleans very dirty linen with half the soap required without it.

To remove Ironmoulds.—Wet the spot; lay it over a hot-water plate, or strain it over a basin with hot water in it; put a little salts of lemon on the spot; wash it as soon as the spot is removed.

To take out Mildew.—Mix soft-soap, powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Paint both sides of the linen with a brush; put it out on the grass till the stain comes out.

Cleaning Coat Collars.—Mrs. C. Montrose writes: "For cleaning coat collars and all woolen goods, I recommend the Soap-tree bark (*Quillaya saponaria*), which can be procured at the drug stores. Break a piece about two inches square, into small bits, and pour over it a half pint of boiling water; let it stand an hour or two, then sponge the collar well with the liquor; a second sponging with clear water will clean it nicely. Both washing and rinsing water should be as warm as for flannel. We have, by using this bark, washed black and blue Empress cloths successfully and have cleaned hair-cloth chairs, which had been soiled by contact with the head.

Fruit Pudding.—One bowlful of nice thick cream, two eggs, teaspoon saleratus; mix and roll it nearly an inch thick, then spread with fruit and roll up and boil or steam in a sack for two hours. Eat with cream and sugar.

Tapioca Pudding.—Put eight large spoonfuls of tapioca to three pints of milk and let it become milk-warm and soak till it becomes soft, then mix with it two spoonfuls of butter, three eggs, well beaten, half cup of sugar, half a nutmeg, and bake immediately. Excellent, hot or cold.

For a Cough roast a large lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze it into a cup upon three ounces of pulverized sugar; take a teaspoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is as good as it is pleasant.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by the Chatham street dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with a stiff brush. The goods are nicely cleaned, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.

Unslaked Lime is excellent for cleaning small steel articles, such as jewelry, buckles, and the like.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk, and while boiling stir in corn meal till quite thick and well scalded; sweeten with molasses to taste, say one cup. Put in a baking dish, pour on one quart of cold milk, drop several pieces of butter on as many points, add salt, and put in the oven and bake from one and a half to two hours. A little experience will get it just right. This pudding has the merit of cheapness as well as ease of making, and great excellence; eaten without sauce, and cold or hot.

Before washing almost any colored fabrics, soak them in water, to each gallon of which a spoonful of oxgall has been added. A teacupful of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods. A strong tea of common hay will improve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water, for pink and green, will brighten those colors; and soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.

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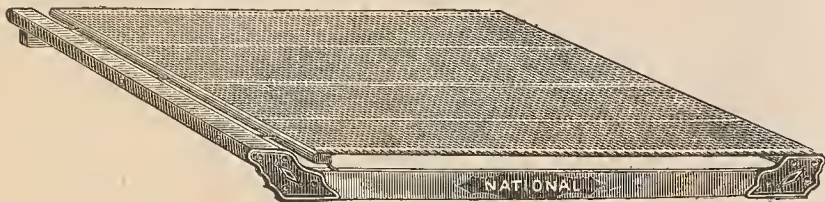
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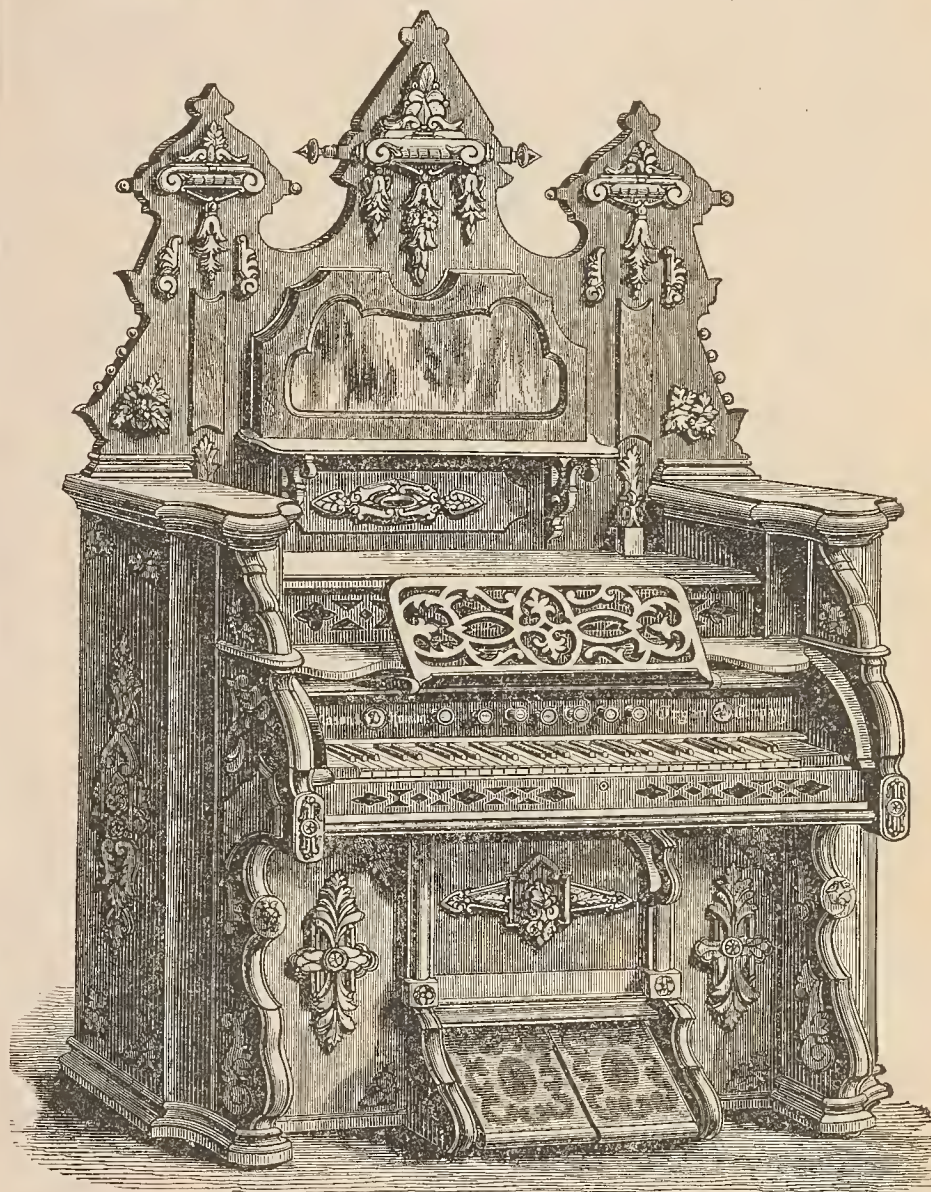
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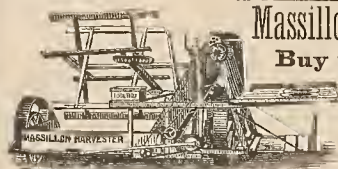
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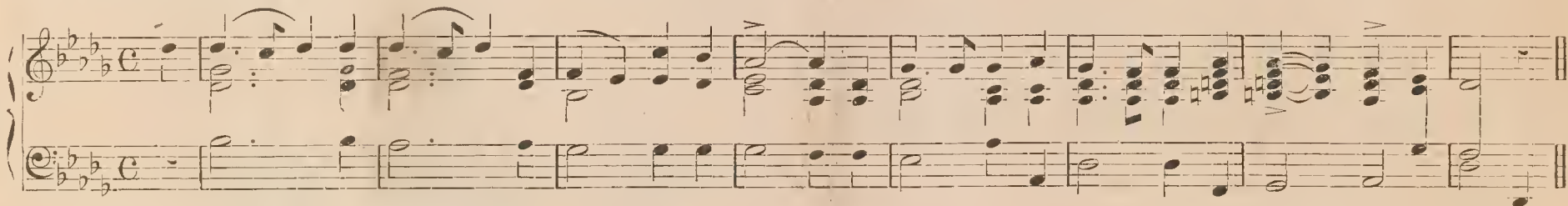
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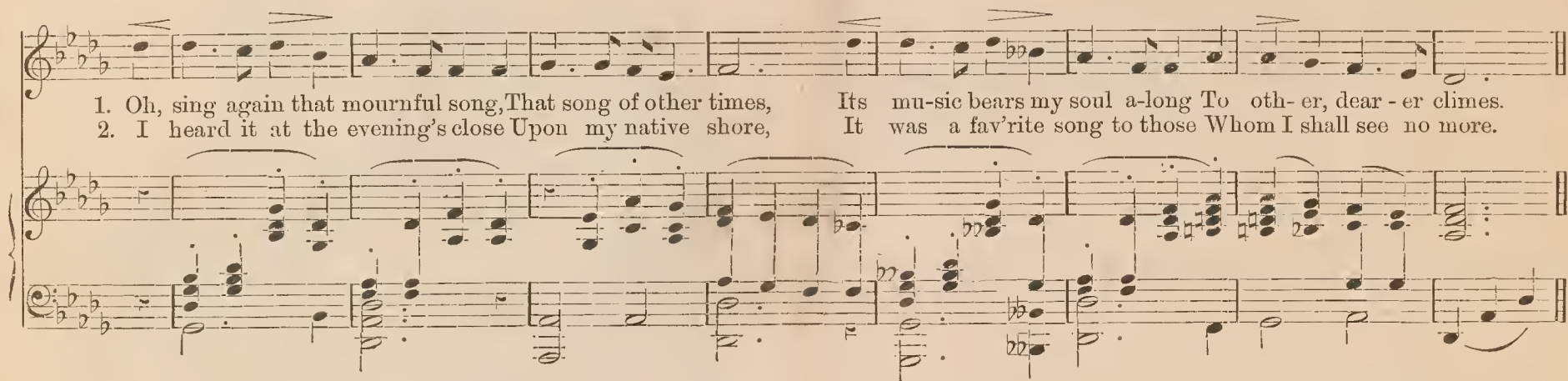
Words by L. E. L.

Music by F. H. H.



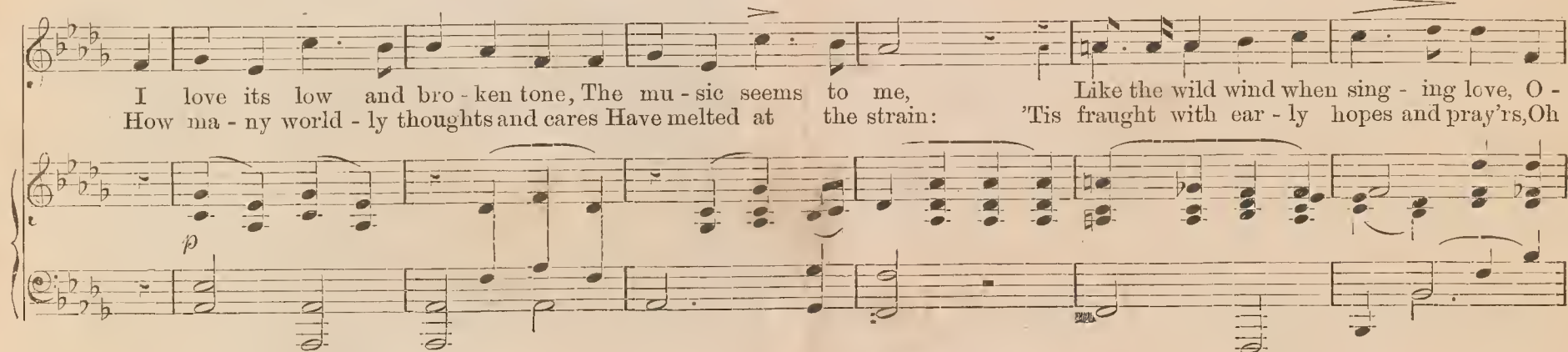
1. Oh, sing again that mournful song, That song of other times,
2. I heard it at the evening's close Upon my native shore,

Its mu-sic bears my soul a-long To oth-er, dear-er climes.
It was a fav'rite song to those Whom I shall see no more.



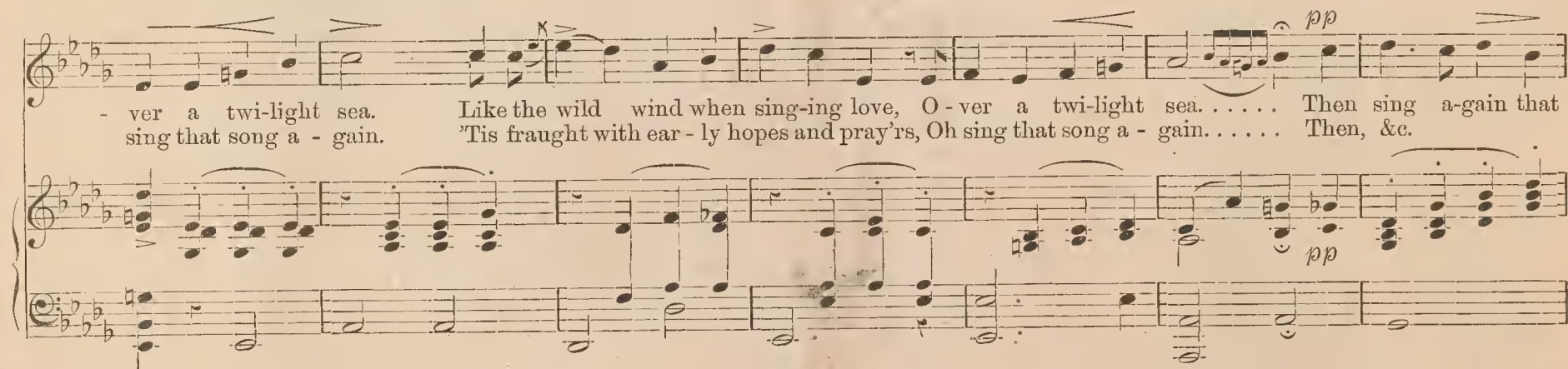
I love its low and bro-ken tone, The mu-sic seems to me,
How ma-ny world-ly thoughts and cares Have melted at the strain:

Like the wild wind when sing-ing love, O -
'Tis fraught with ear-ly hopes and pray'rs, Oh



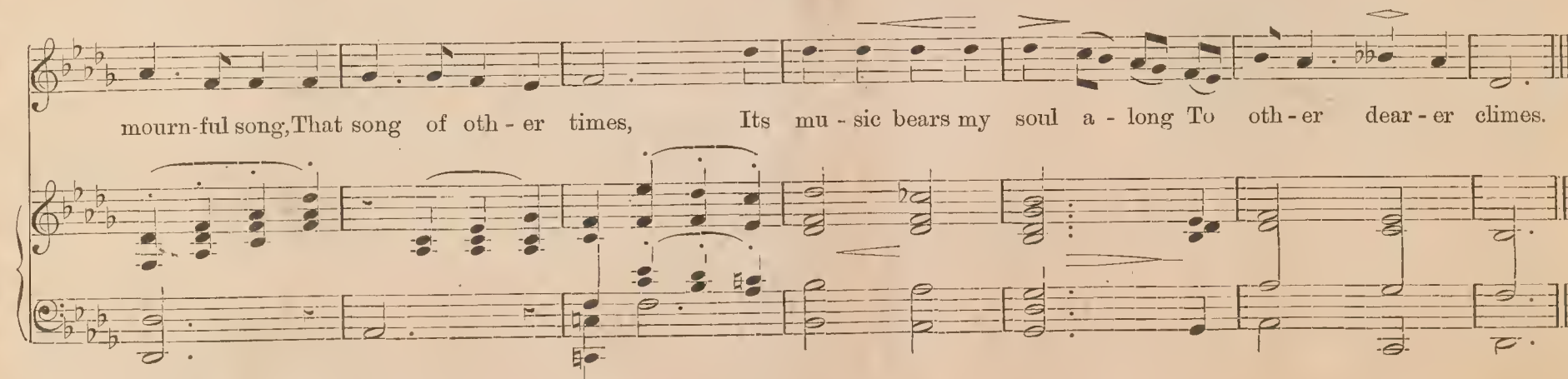
- ver a twi-light sea.
sing that song a - gain.

Like the wild wind when sing-ing love, O - ver a twi-light sea. Then sing a-gain that
'Tis fraught with ear-ly hopes and pray'rs, Oh sing that song a - gain. Then, &c.



mourn-ful song, That song of oth-er times,

Its mu-sic bears my soul a - long To oth-er dear-er climes.



THE LADIES' *Illustrated* Gleaner

Mrs Virginia Dummer A

H. M. TROY-DES

WARREN R. DELL

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1875.

No. 43.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

WINTER BLOOMING ROSES.

There is no flower that will give greater pleasure to the amateur florist than winter blooming roses. But these cannot be had by lifting old plants that have bloomed during the summer, or by slips planted a few months before they are wanted to bloom. They must have a year's growth, and good care during the summer months. In the first place, you want a good supply, and of the best kinds. I often see the question asked, "What are the best roses for winter bloom?" and then comes a long list, and a good one, perhaps, but rather puzzling to one who has had no experience in the matter. I have found the White Daily to bloom more freely in winter than any other rose, and a Hermosa will repay you for your trouble, with its fresh, pink flowers; then you want a red one, and the Agrippina is the best; and I never can dispense with the Safrano's lovely copper-colored buds. If you want a still greater variety, the Isabella Sprunt is a beautiful Tea Rose, of a pale Canary yellow. All these require the same treatment. Plant the slips in the fall, either in a saucer of wet sand placed in the sun, or a box of damp earth, whichever you succeed best with. When well rooted, pot, using small pots at first, and as roots appear through the opening in the bottom, re-pot, using always one size larger pot and good, rich earth. Soil taken from an old hot-bed mixed with sand and street-sweepings I find the best. If you have not the hot bed to fall back upon any good loamy soil will do, provided it is free of worms, for their presence checks the growth of these young roses very soon, and makes the earth hard and sour. They should be kept during spring, summer and fall, on a stand where they would have morning sun without danger of being dried up by the heat at mid-day. Their first winter should be spent in a like situation, only in-doors. Wash frequently in warm water, to keep off dust and insects. Pinch off any buds that make their appearance too soon. When the time

comes for taking in house-plants, which in the Middle States is about the middle of October, give them the same had the winter before but tiny slips. weak guano water with a few drops of ammonia in it, once a week, and I am rewarded with bloom

quantity before, but only an occasional bud here and there. Treated in this way, they cannot help blooming. To be sure it takes a little time, and not a little patience, and if you begin now you will not have flowers this winter. So while your slips are coming on, you cannot do better than to enclose to some florist as I did, one dollar, and receive in return by mail five beautiful little winter blooming roses, with their buds peeping out now, as if they could not wait till winter. You would find it a satisfactory transaction, I think. But I must not crowd anything more into this talk, for ideas, like plants, are the better for plenty of air and room.

E. L. S.



DESIGNS FOR RUSTIC HOUSE AND BRIDGE.

Laurestinus for Rooms.—This is an evergreen Viburnum, and a charming plant. It is the winter belle of English house-grounds, blooming almost alone, but gaily and profusely, from soon after Christmas till the flowers of May come trooping in. It is so well endowed with vigor and versatility as to bear without any faltering even so great a change as that from the foggy air of an English winter, or from the warm rocks of its native Mediterranean, to the dry air of an American living room. It is not unlike our own Kalmias in its appearance, but is more trim in its carriage and more good humored in its nature. Its dark green leaves are wavy, hairy, and borne on red petioles. The heads of white flowers open at first with a soft tinge of rose-color, becoming pure white, showing beautifully on the deep green and purplish red. No other plant in the collection before me so laces the eye so pleasantly. The individual blossoms resemble those of the elder. The plants are easily increased by cuttings or offsets, and they bloom after one summer's growth. Set out again in the spring, either in sunshine or in partial shade. It requires no special care until it is taken up in September and put in a well drained pot, to be sheltered from the severe autumn frosts. In January, if taken into a warm room, and watered well, it will continue issuing new shoots.

Floral Contributions.

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

While Florida is celebrated as the queen-palace of Flora, and is termed the Italy of America for climate, it has other features, which make it a very remarkable country. The country is filled with lakes, the most remarkable of which we have visited. There is a vast plain where the general level gradually descends into an oblong basin with irregular upheavals upon one side. This is approached through the "Hammock," (so called, I suppose, from the pendant moss of which beds are made,) where the fertility produced by the wash of the water causes the densest growth of tree and shrub, whose every branch and twig is so heavily draped in long gray moss, amidst whose swaying fringes the serpent-like Muscadine writhes and twists from the Jessamine-carpeted earth to the at once budding and bearing tree tops, that the view is entirely obstructed; till suddenly emerging from this chaos of tropical growth, the astonished vision is greeted by one silvery expanse of tranquil water fifteen miles in extent and bordered by moss-clad trees, which, seen in the distance beneath the oblique rays of a white morning sun, look like marshaled hosts of mermaids emerging from the sea to flaunt and air their dripping garments and ringleted tresses mid the glistening sheen of water and sunshine.

A visitor at Gainesville will wonder at the thousands of opaque, milk and cream-colored bottles, so numerous everywhere that, in scarcity of stone, they are much used for bordering flower-beds. These, in all the fanciful designs of stars, hearts, diamonds, crosses, circles, semi-circles, triangles and other geometrical figures, are beautifully defined by the milk-white bottoms of these bottles driven, mouth downward, into the sand up to the light shade. These contrast beautifully as a dividing line between the verdure and bloom of the beds and the silvery sand of the yards which never have a sprig of grass. This idea of barrenness will not be so appalling to the verdure-loving when they learn that the designs are so artistically arranged as to include all space save that left for walks, which are all the better for being dry and sandy, instead of grassy, muddy and dewy. Here, as a background to these petite parterres, luxuriates perpetual-blooming Oleanders, Cape-Jessamine and Japonicas of enormous size, budding and blooming Orange and Lemon trees, still laden with the golden burden of last year's bearing; and the grand old Century plant actually becomes a nuisance, so wonderfully does it increase in this genial clime. The leafless trunks of immense Crape-Myrtle and Pomegranate trees stand living witnesses of the fuller gayety of spring and summer.

I never lose an opportunity of adding to my stock of tropical plants and Florida curiosities, and perhaps my mode of securing and preserving will benefit others similarly situated. I politely beg cuttings (or offer to exchange seed for them through the mail after my return home), wrap each in cotton sufficient to prevent evaporation from the bottles (colored glass or opaque, to exclude light), two-thirds full of rain water. Allow the slips to touch the water, and hang by a cord in a southern window. When they have thrown out roots an inch long, transfer them to oyster cans punctured at the bottom, drained by pieces of charcoal and moss, filled with sandy loam. To lessen weight I shall shake off the dirt, wrap in damp cotton, pack in boxes in my trunk, and transfer to my Virginia home, where I shall place the shrubs in boxes convenient for wintering in the pit, and set the Geraniums in pots to be

sunk for the summer in a rustic basket; to make which obtain twelve long Grape vines, about an inch thick at the base, drive a foot deep 15 stakes 3 feet long equidistant in a circumference of 16½ feet, causing them to lean out sufficiently to produce a circumference at the top of 18 feet. Stand inside, take a vine, and place the large end inside a stake, then wind out and in till the vine is used up, when splice in another, and so on to the top, drawing the vine tightly and pressing down with the foot; wrap the last round closely with the small off-shoots, and twist three large vines together, sharpen the different ends, stick them into the apertures beside the stakes at opposite sides for a handle; fill with two bushels stable manure, two bushels ashes (throw in old shoes and bones among the ashes), two bushels hen manure, two bushels sand, two bushels leaf mold, with a top dressing of rich garden soil; sink the pots, beginning with tallest and gayest in centre, then a circle of Rose, Lemon, Oak and Pennyroyal Geraniums, another of Phlox, another of Zonale Geraniums, finishing with Verbenas, and Petunias to trail down the sides, with parlor Ivy, Smilax, or running Cypress at opposite sides to run over the handle.

The mosses brought from the lake, after being pressed according to directions in November number of FLORAL CABINET, I shall glue around an oblong strip of mirror (representing a lake) on the lower margin of sky-blue paper, with split twigs bearing graceful bunches of the pendant moss protruding from under the upper corners of a deep frame ornamented with the skulls of birds, fish-jaws and shells found upon the margin of the lake. The tree foliage I shall frame with the cones, burs and nuts which they bear, thus causing picture and frame to harmonize in a natural manner, and secure my curiosities from danger of being injured or misplaced by handling. With the pieces of melted glass picked up on the site of Judge King's burnt house, I shall represent an ice-bound scene, by gluing these pendants to a foundation, sprinkled with white cinder. Miniature caves might be constructed of stalactites from celebrated caverns. At any rate, a miniature Florida will brighten some nook in my Virginia home next summer.

MRS. M. L. SAYERS.

SMILAX.

Seeing in the CABINET a communication from one of your contributors, in reference to her failure to get the Smilax to bloom, I have thought that a simple statement of my mode of culture might assist some lover of flowers to be as successful as myself.

I received from Mr. Henderson, in the winter of '72, a small seedling of about 3 inches high, which I planted in a small tub about 4 inches wide and of same depth, in fresh earth from the woods, sifted, with a little coarse earth at the bottom, just over the broken china which covered the hole in the tub. In the early autumn it put up half a dozen little shoots (very similar to small Asparagus at that stage of its growth) which, when a foot high, began to put out leaves. I trained it to a frame about 2½ feet high and 1½ wide, all around the frame and then over it, not knowing when it would attain its growth, so that it became a fan of bright glossy green. About the end of February very small green balls began to appear under the little leaves, generally three, but sometimes four, which, by March, opened into very fragrant little white flowers, which, fading and falling, left the seed vessels to grow to the size of an English pea, just one shade lighter green than the leaves, and by August, when ripe, to become a pinkish red.

By that time the tuberous roots had entirely filled the

tub, so I cut it down, turned the roots out, took off some of the smaller clusters of tubers (as you divide Asparagus) just as an experiment, and this summer these tubers have put up shoots longer than the seedling, but not better. I sowed the seed (from the seed vessels described above) the same day on which I planted the tubers, which promise to do as well as the original plant. The original plant, which had grown as described and was then cut down, was re-potted (the roots) in a 6-inch pot, and was put on the south piazza every bright day. It has grown luxuriantly, and, having been trained for convenience, is now an arch 3 feet high, 1½ wide, and about 1 foot thick through, of the glossiest green, with forty-four clusters of flowers, three or four in a cluster, with a delicious orange-flower perfume. During the winter my treatment was, in very cold weather, to keep it in my own room, warmed by a wood fire, to syringe the leaves once a week with rain-water, also, to water it whenever the surface looked at all dry. While growing it requires watering at least once a week, and I used, say, five drops ammonia to a half-pint of water, taking care that the mixture should not touch the leaves, but be poured on the earth, as even that dilution will destroy the foliage. Its culture seems of the easiest, and it is peculiarly desirable for ornamentation, as it takes the light as well by night as day. Every seed planted has germinated, and I have now half a dozen seedlings, each making a little bush about 6 inches high.

NATALIA.

COBEA SCANDENS AND CALAMPELIS SCABRA.

HOW TO MAKE THE SEEDS COME UP.

We had tried all sorts of ways we could devise to get the seeds of these most desirable climbers to germinate, but without avail, until this last, which we learned from a practical florist.

We had thought we must begin early; that was our mistake. Warmth was needed, and we could command any amount of it in February. Warm, fresh air, circulating freely, was essential. For that we have to wait until June.

A rough box, slanting at top toward the south, covered—not tightly—with a small old window sash, and set in a sunny angle of the house wall, where the shade of a Larch tree fell at the warmest hour of the day, answered for a cold frame.

The seeds were sown in shallow boxes, filled with light rich earth, and these set on the sand, with which the frame was half filled, to raise them up near the glass. In due time the minute seedlings of the Calampelis, and, a little later, the broad cotyledons of the Cobea broke the soil, and when the third leaves appeared were pricked out into small pots and left in these, in the uncovered frame, on purpose to keep them dwarf, until time to bring them into the house in the autumn.

They were admirable for their fresh foliage and graceful sprays and exquisite tendrils in winter, on a light wire trellis, framing a library bay window, and blossomed freely towards spring.

The next summer the Calampelis mingled its pale green fine-cut leaves and clusters of orange-colored flowers with a dozen other vines—Clematis, Tweedia, Cerulea, Adumia, Cirrhosa, Chinese Yam, Ivy, Sweet Pea, etc., to make a verandah screen; and the Cobea mounted in the snug, sunny angle of a two-story bay window to the eaves, and hung out its large purple bells as bravely and reached out its long purple green tendrils as tender and perfect on the 12th of November as in midsummer.

F. B. J.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Ever-blooming Geranium.—I know of no plants of the ever-blooming Geranium excepting those from my own plant and the friends from whom that was obtained, although, I presume, some florists keep it for sale. The first one I ever heard of was about a year or two ago, and they said the plant had been covered with buds and blossoms continually for five years. If M. B. S. will send me her name and address through the CABINET, I will send her a slip by mail.

LADY CULLUM.

California Squash.—I think Mrs. Sarah S. Winslow's "remarkable vine" is what we call the California Squash, and not a pumpkin. I think, in fineness of flavor and texture, they surpass every other variety of the Squash family.

M. S. G.

Poinsettia.—In answer to F., who writes on the Poinsettia in the March number of this year, I would state that by pinching back the Poinsettia in August more flower heads are produced and the plant kept in better shape. It is apt to grow too tall for window culture if not checked, and this is done by simply pinching off the end of each shoot that becomes ungainly.

ANNA GRISCOM.

Agave.—I wish to know how to make an Agave bloom. I have one which was given to me as a Cactus, and was told it would bloom when it was seven years old. I have since learned it is an Agave, and as it is as much as seven or eight years old, I would like to make it bloom another summer. I have heard the Cactus thrives best on neglect or poor fare; is it the same with the Agave? I have never repotted it (it is in a large pot); is it best to do so?

A. L. MOODY.

Answer.—Plant it out during summer, but we do not expect you will make it flower until it is a much larger size than you will find it convenient to have house room for.

Salvias.—1. Will someone please tell me through the CABINET what treatment the Salvia Argentea needs? I have one nearly a year old; how long before I may look for blossoms? 2. Does the sweet-scented Geranium ever blossom; if so, what can I do to make mine—a very fine one, two years old—blossom? 3. Can some one tell me what makes the leaves drop off my double Geranium?

LORONA BURNHAM.

Answers.—The foliage is the best part of Salvia Argentea, but it will probably flower in the summer. 2. Scented geraniums usually flower very free; plant it out in a dry poor piece of ground. 3. The double Geraniums are probably starved.

Carnations.—I would like to ask how to treat Carnations in summer that have bloomed all winter. I have a Begonia Gibsonii with double flowers. It came last spring, from John Sauls, Washington. It had three small leaves close to the pot; since then it has grown about eight inches in height and increased in size, but still has three leaves and no more; the old ones drop as the new ones come. The leaves are a bright glossy green and hairy. What shall be done to it? I have a window garden (one of Whittemore's patent) at a west window, where I have the sun less than three hours, should it chance to be pleasant. There is a zinc pan filled with sand, which I keep moist, and on this I keep my pots. Half way up I have a walnut shelf; at each end I have an Ivy—Irish one side and Palmetto the other. A hanging-basket of

Begonia suspends from a hook in the centre. I have kept a record of the flowers I have had so far. In November I had a scarlet Bouvardia all the month, twenty-two clusters in full blossom or just opening at one time; a pink Begonia all the month, fairly loaded down on the end of each branch; Heliotrope all the month; Tropæolum nearly all the month; one Tea-Rose Pink; Petunias. December, Bouvardia fading; Begonia kept in flower until the last of the month; Heliotrope gone; Carnation (La Purite) in full bloom; Chinese Primrose (pink, single), full of bloom; Cyclamen (rosy purple) just beginning; Roman Hyacinths. January, Roman Hyacinths still continue; Primrose, Cyclamen, Carnation, Petunias and Bouvardia in bloom again; Heliotrope in bud; Verbena in bud; Hyacinths and Lily of the Valley coming on fast.

M. J. P.

Answers.—Carnations which have flowered all the winter are worth nothing; they might be planted in open ground, and would possibly give a few strong flowers during the summer. The bulbous-rooted Begonias are often uncertain and unsatisfactory plants; plant them in the open ground during summer, it would give them a start, unless the bulb is decayed, which is not unlikely.

Libonia.—The March number of the FLORAL CABINET came in due time, and I was quite distressed to find that the printer had made me give my opinion of the Poinsettia "after three months' experience." I am sure I wrote "after three winters," which would make sense, while no one could judge of anything (except that the plant was alive or dead) in three months. Can some one tell me how to treat the Libonia? I had one that looked thrifty and began to bloom, but by the time four or five buds were well expanded, and I thought it was going to be very fine, the leaves began to wilt, and the whole plant looked sick and ready to die. There was no worm at the roots. I cut it back and re-potted—sorry enough to lose a blooming plant.

E. E. R.

Answer.—The Libonia is a rather tender plant, and probably received a check from cold.

Smilax.—Are the leaves I enclose you of the true Smilax? The vine, when I purchased it last spring, was quite small, and hadn't a sign of a bulbous root; it is now so luxuriant, and the little buds appearing under the leaves are almost in blossom. I fear I may mar its beauty to disturb the roots.

LIZZIE RAINES.

Answer.—Yes.

Cacti.—I am greatly interested in the genus Cacti, and greatly perplexed too, as to the true names of them. I have what is vulgarly known as the Sword, the Snake or Caterpillar (Creeping Cereus), the Cob, the Tobacco Worm, Pope's Head, Lacc, two species of Turk's Head or Crown (have heard both names applied), two different species sent me as Crab's Claw—the one from Texas is perfectly round, the size of a pipe-stem, with scattered spines,—the other is the veritable Crab's Claw, I fancy; it is thin and flat, and the shoots are red when they first appear. I have also a tricorned species, and a native species from Kansas, covered, after blooming, with bright scarlet berries. I should be greatly pleased if some of your readers could give the correct names of those I have mentioned, the color of the flowers, time of blooming, etc. I am forming a collection of Cacti, and would like to exchange varieties with any one who, like myself, is an amateur cultivator of these grotesque but interesting plants. Can you tell me of a work that treats exhaustively the genus Cacti? Like many

others, I should like to know the botanical name of the Onion Lily. Never heard of it before.

Streator, Ill.

KATE SHERMAN.

Answers.—No doubt your Crab Claws or Epiphyllum is correct. We are not aware of any book treating extensively on Cacti; such a book would be of much service, and, if well got up, very expensive. Dr. Engelman, of St. Louis, is the best authority on the subject, but, we, believe, has not published any work on it. No doubt there are many varieties of bulbs called Onion Lilies.

Camellia Japonica.—Will some one tell me the best method of treatment? Is the Camellia, and also the yellow and the white Jessamine, raised from seeds or cuttings?

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Any florist can supply Camellias from \$1 upwards. Never let the plant become very dry; wash the leaves frequently, and do not keep it too hot in winter. The Camellia is propagated by grafting; the Jessamine by cuttings.

Dry Heat.—I wish, in your paper, you would give us a list of some plants that we could have in winter that would blossom in a dry heat of hard coal fire. I wash my plants at least once a week, and I think I give them water enough and take good care of them; yet I am discouraged, because they will not blossom like my-neighbors'. I have seen the Geraniums blossom when the dirt looked poor and dry and hard, while mine is rich and soft, and I don't know what the matter is; will you tell me? Mine have grown well, but the leaves looked curled. Can you tell me where I can get a Lobster Cactus?

Sandwich, Ill.

M. A. HOPKINS.

Answer.—Any of the plants grown by your neighbors would bloom if you dispense with your dry heat; it might be, perhaps, improved by a vessel of water on the stove; no plants will bloom satisfactorily in a dry room. Any florist should be able to supply you with a Lobster Cactus.

Tritomas.—Will the Tritoma bloom the first year; will they stand it out door in winter, and can I have more than one plant in a box and do well? 1. Will the Potentilla and Cobea Scandens bloom from seed the first year? 2. Also the Ipomoea, Bryonopsis, and Laciniata, will they bloom the first year from seed?

Briscoe Run, W. Va.

MRS. J. P. JOHNSON.

Answers.—The Tritoma should flower the first year planted out; it is hardy with you. 1. Will flower the second year from seed. 2. The first.

Achyranthus.—How shall I proceed to raise Achyranthus from seed; also Coleus and Cineraria? I have searched all the authorities I possess, but cannot find whether they can be propagated in hot beds or in pots. I failed to save but few Coleus over the winter, and my Achyranthus are not fit for new bedders for this season.

H. I. RIHL.

Answer.—Propagate from cuttings in a hot bed.

English Ivy.—I should be very much obliged if I could ascertain through your columns a statement of the treatment that your correspondent, B. C. Priest, of Hillsboro', N. H., employed to produce such a rampant growth in his English Ivy. The soil used, the position of the plant as to light and heat, condition as to moisture, what stimulants were used, and whether the plant remained in the house during the summer; if in the house, was the room darkened, as we usually darken rooms through the hot days? If put out of doors, was the plant left in pot or put into the earth?

MRS. G. S. POTTER.

Flower Gardening.

GOSSIP ABOUT WINDOW GARDENING.

I have some hints on window gardening which will probably prove of some value to those that are always trying to find out different ways of growing and arranging flowers. First, procure a wooden box, quite shallow, and about twelve inches long and eight inches wide, and if convenient line it through the inside with zinc, and punch about four holes in the bottom of the box for drainage. Then proceed as follows: Fill the box with rich dirt—I think what is called chip dirt is very good, as I have used it for growing plants and they seemed to thrive splendidly—then mix with this chip dirt some leaf mould, if it can be procured, and if not, just a little sand and dirt will do; now you have your box ready to plant your flowers; so you may choose just what flowers you like. I have a box in which is planted Coleus, Ivy, Verbenas, Portulaca, Wandering Jew, and thus they form a miniature window garden. I think that if one would plant in a box a row of Hyacinths, a row of Tulips and a row of Crocuses, and have them all bloom at the same time, it would be a beautiful sight, and in winter who would not enjoy them? I think it is so cheerful to see flowers in winter—even green leaves are pretty in winter. I would advise every one to grow the Green Wandering Jew, and keep it through the winter, as it is quite easily kept; if watered occasionally with ammonia water it will keep green and grow luxuriantly through the winter. We have some growing in a hanging basket that has grown to the length of six feet and nine inches, and every one that sees it admires it; it is the longest one I have ever seen. When you have your box all filled with plants you can ornament it on the outside by covering it with rough bark, which can be procured by taking a walk in the country around the woods, and then when it is covered, varnish it with Damar varnish and it will be quite pretty. Another pretty ornament is to take a bowl of water and put in it two sweet potatoes, and in several weeks they will sprout and throw out their green leaves, and it will be a beautiful vine, and can be trained in any manner which the taste of the person may desire.

And still another beautiful window ornament is to have a Wardian case filled with Calla Lilies and Water Lilies and Lycopodium. A good way to make a Wardian case is to procure a common table and then to take off the top and turn it up (the wrong side up) and line it with zinc; then get four window sashes, one for each side and one for each end, and also one for the top, and it makes a very cheap ward case; and as ward cases are very expensive this will not exceed, I do not think, more than five dollars, if it does that much; and you cannot get one all ready made for less than twenty-five or thirty dollars; so I think this information will be prized very highly. Another ornament is to get a large white sponge and plant in it wheat, grass, flaxseed or rice, and place it in a saucer or plate filled with water and immerse it daily, and in a week or two it will become green, and then it can be suspended in a window with a picture or common cord run through it.

LELIA S. CAMPBELL.

VERBENA; OR, HOW I RAISE THEM FROM SEED.

There is no plant that repays one so well, or gives greater satisfaction for very little care, as the Verbena. Only plant them in a rich soil in a sunny spot and they will repay you, from the beginning of summer until killed by the frost, with a greater wealth of bloom than almost any other plant one can cultivate; and, as they are one of my favorite flowers, I want to speak a few words of praise for them, and give some hints about how to raise them from the seed. Some few years ago we used to buy our Verbenas from the greenhouses, as we never succeeded in keeping more

the stove. It must not be kept very close or it will kill the seed. I sprinkled them every day to keep the ground moist, and in three weeks they began to come up. They all had the seed sticking to them, making them look like little sky-rockets. When the seed began to come up I took my box and set it by the window in the sun, and soon the little leaves began to grow, and I had as fine plants as I would wish to see. Every few days I would turn the box so as to keep them from growing crooked. If they are very thick some of the biggest plants can be transplanted in small pots. About the middle of May I planted them out in the beds, setting them about two feet apart. I had the soil made rich, and in a little while they covered the whole bed. I planted near one hundred plants that spring, and never would wish for better success than I had that summer. We had almost every shade and color that there is of Verbenas, and more than half of them were sweet-scented ones. No one, until they have tried it, can realize the pleasure it gives in watching them and seeing some new color or shade opening every day, and wondering what the next one that opens will be; for when we buy them we know just what colors they are, therefore there is no surprise awaiting us, as there is every day if we have a bed of seedlings. Verbenas! The more flowers you cut from them the more they bloom! Every spring since this time I have raised my Verbenas in this same way, and have had as many as I have wanted, and have given a great many to my friends. At one time they were one of the commonest flowers we had, for we had so many of them. I would not think of buying them as long as I can raise them from seed. Perhaps every one will not think as I do, as every one does not think alike; but I think if they try it once and succeed as well as I did they will think as I do about it.

M. M.

Pretended Flower Lovers.—Frequently lady friends will call to see me who will declare themselves passionately fond of flowers—go into ecstasies over a Rose, a Lily or a Hyacinth, and wish they had flowers like them; but let me be engaged in forming a club for such, or bulbs, and ask them to join me, then comes the cry of want of time to attend them, scarcity of money, ignorance as to their culture, all of which are trifling excuses, when, at the same time, they are keeping pace with extravagant fashions and reading all the light literature of the day. If I give them

plants they stick them in the ground, where they will die for want of water or proper care, or perhaps a hen and chickens take up their quarters in their midst. To such I shall deal sparingly, but to the true lover I am willing to divide. I am a genuine admirer of Flora's offerings. I have a relish for them stronger than the inebriate for his bowl. What are the delights a new bonnet affords compared to a bed of beautiful flowers? Why, if I should have to economize in dress to gratify my love for flowers I would wear a bonnet out of date forever.

Ah! my idols,

"You are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish."

M. A. LINE.



A SPRAY OF ROSES.

"Cull we straight the inviting Rose,
Shielded by the thorn it grows;
Cull the rose! what boots the smart!
Countless sweets regale the heart."

than four or five through the winter; and as they were never very healthy-looking plants it would take them a long while to get growth enough to bloom worth anything. I gathered the seed of some five or six different colors, marked them and put them away, and the middle of February I took a box about one foot deep and about two feet long to plant my seeds in; first I had it taken to the horse stable and had the bottom covered with manure, then I filled it up with fine, rich dirt that I had saved to plant seeds in; then I planted my seed quite thick and set it behind

The Flower Garden.

THE WINDOW GARDEN BOX.

Owing to the superior advantages of the garden box over the long-used and troublesome flower pots, it is destined to become more and more popular every season. It is a true case of "love at first sight." Sixteen different parties have had boxes made and filled within the last three weeks after seeing ours. The gentlemen universally admire them, which is not always the case with a stand of flower pots. This fact alone is enough to recommend them. Pots and vases are not to be entirely discarded, for we must have our specimen plants, such as the English Ivy, which few can do without, the larger ferns, and now and then a cactus; but for the general collection the pots are not desirable, having a dirty, soiled appearance not pleasing to the eye; the smaller ones dry up too soon, causing buds to droop and leaves to turn yellow. Pots cramp the roots, which accelerates the bloom, but at the expense of a vigorous, healthy plant.

The garden box gives plenty of root room, does not readily suffer from drought, is more effectually watered, from one to two quarts a day being sufficient, thus giving the leaves their much needed bath, tending to prevent insects by the moisture, and clean leaves. The earth, being in one body, keeps a more even temperature, greatly facilitating plant growth. Broken leaves and handling pots are done away with.

The box or stand can be constructed by any carpenter, costing from two to ten dollars, lasting several years, and will amply repay all outlay in the pleasure afforded the family and friends. If expensively made it can be lined with zinc to preserve the wood, but plants do not do as well—it is air-tight and too cold. Always have a hole in the bottom for drainage. Plants soon dump off with their roots saturated with water, unless water plants. The outside of the box can be ornamented with mouldings and scrolls of different kinds of wood. A box made twenty inches wide, seven inches deep and four feet long, will do nicely for most windows. It can be varied to suit taste and convenience. Raised to the height of the window sill, always have castors on the legs. Fill with soil made of one bushel leaf mould from beech and maple wood, oak leaves are too acid; one bushel well-rotted sod or pure loam, one-half bushel sharp plaster sand, one-half peck fine charcoal; it adds deeper green to the foliage and sweetens the soil; one quart air slacked lime, for worms. If winter blooming plants be selected, according to the location the more so the better, an abundance of bloom can be had the entire winter.

For centre of group select a blooming Calla, it is unsurpassed; a Coleus one side—a Coleus Ver-eaffelti is one of the best—a Rose Geranium on the other, a good Madeira Vine in each end, Carnations and China Pinks next the glass, Primroses on the opposite side, filling in here and there with Oxalis, Smilax, Sweet Alyssum, Cyclamen, Centaurea, fern, mosses and many other plants fancied by the possessor, either for beauty of leaf or flower, as a winter plant. Hanging baskets suspended above are a decided improvement. A tenfoot wire rod fastened at each end, for the Madeira Vines to climb over, completes the picture.

PENSEE.



LILIUM LANCEFOLIUM RUBRUM.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

This spring, my place being new, the front yard had to be filled up to the height of two feet. The soil being so poor I was obliged to take three or four inches of the poor soil out of my beds and carry dirt in a bucket or a wheelbarrow where I could find it. I even went to the woods and got leaf mould. My son, twelve years of age, being a great lover of flowers, like myself, assisted me in my wonderful work. My neighbors would say, "Her labor is in vain." My husband having made me a hot-bed, I purchased seeds from two or three florists. Nearly every seed came up. By

the time my plants were ready to set out, my beds were ready for the plants. My son laid out my garden, which was neatly done—a long bed each side of the walk, at each end a round bed, with four three-cornered beds, and the centre was laid out as given in the April number of the FLORAL CABINET. One bed was filled with Asters, which is now a beauty to behold. My Balsams were as large as roses, nearly all of them double, twenty-five different colors, seven and eight inches in circumference. My Candytuft is in bloom for the second time. When it is nearly through blooming I cut all the seed pods off and it will continue in bloom a long time. The Brunehome, or Swan River Daisy, is a beautiful bordering plant, and is a constant bloomer; there is a number of colors. The Double Portulaca is another. They look so much like roses I would name it Rose Moss. Gaila is a grand bordering plant. The Convolvus is another worthy of cultivation, and the fragrant Mignonette, which perfumes the whole air, and delightful Alyssum. Every one is so well acquainted with Phlox Drumondi, we could not dispense with that glorious plant in our gardens. Mine was a perfect beauty. My Verbena bed also made a grand display, and were noticed by all who passed by. They more than pay any one for their labor, especially the bright-eyed ones. The Petunia is another plant that thrives, and doubly pays any one to see the beautiful colors. These bright colors make such a beautiful display for fall flowers. The fragrant Mirabilis Peru. How we welcome their greeting at evening and morning, and bid them adieu at noontide. There is the beautiful Cassia plant, a native of our Western prairies; its habit is like that of the Sensitive plant; it has a bright golden flower with dark centre. Those who never cultivated it I think would be pleased with it. There is another, the Sileue or Catchfly, a beauty for bouquets, and Phacelia Ageratum is a perfect gem of beauty. Caealia, or Flora's Paint Brush, makes a grand display on account of its brilliancy. I think my pinks are as beautiful as any in cultivation. I purchased seeds last

spring and to-day I have counted forty different colors. They are mostly double. They are as serviceable as any flower, and are very nice for button-hole bouquets, which most of the gentlemen are fond of. What is nicer for a bouquet than the beautiful Pinks? The Calliopsis is another showy plant, a constant bloomer until Jack Frost lays his deathly hands on it. The Foxglove, Day Lily or Funkia, and Forget-Me-Not, the Dahlias, Gladiolus and Campanula, these we hardly know how to get along without.

MRS. MARY J. STUMPFER.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Stories.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

"I think you are very hasty, Mr. Parsons; very hasty, indeed."

And the little woman became erect at once in her chair, her hands snapped together like a pair of scissors, and her lips shut down firmly over her teeth.

Mr. Amos Parsons elevated his eyebrows, assumed a gruff look of superiority, and cleared his throat with a senatorial air.

"Miranda, be kind enough to remember that that girl is *my* daughter—"

"I suppose *ma* has *some* claim to me, hasn't she?" interposed May.

"Be silent, Miss. I want no more of your impertinence," retorted Amos, throwing back his head and drawing down his brows. "As I was about to say—her welfare is my first consideration, and as she shows such a lamentable lack of foresight and common sense in choosing a husband, I must choose one for her."

"You may choose a hundred if you want to; I'll never look at one of them!" cried May, bursting into tears.

"Hey day, young woman, so you're getting above your father, are you? Ahem! Mrs. Parsons be kind enough to take that rebellious girl out of my sight. Then return to me and we will continue our conversation." And locking his hands under his coat-tails, he strutted to the other end of the room and gazed out upon the garden.

"I'll run away with Fred—that's what I'll do!" exclaimed May, stamping her foot.

"I would, my dear," said her mother, with a doleful shake of her head. "Make me all the misery you can."

The husband and father, lord and master of this happy family, now retraced his steps, and, pausing before his wife, folded his arms very deliberately and twisted his face into one grand scowl.

"I thought I asked you to remove our daughter, Mrs. Parsons. Are my wishes to be disregarded in everything? If so, the sooner I know it the better. Am I the head of this family, or am I a useless member?"

"Such conundrums are very stupid," said May, wiping a tear out of one eye and smiling out of the other.

The wife and mother could not restrain a laugh. Instantly Amos' cheeks flushed red, his eyes gleamed, his forehead looked like a map of the Rocky Mountains.

"So I am to be ridiculed, jeered at, scoffed at, and I?" he roared, thrashing his hands together. "I am to be treated first as a child and coaxed with sweet words, then as a tyrant, and reproached most bitterly, and then as a clown and haw-hawed at! Fire and blazes, do you suppose I'll stand all this quietly? Five minutes ago I would have given you a hearing; I would have tried to see something decent in this noodle of a Morton—"

"He isn't a noodle!" broke in May, spiritedly.

"Shut up, I tell you!" howled Amos, jumping at least ten inches from the floor, and swinging his arms violently. "I won't hear a word; I've heard enough. He is a noodle—ay, he's more, he's an ass—he's anything I may please to call him. As I said, five minutes ago, I would have tried to see something sensible in the fool—"

"He's not a fool, Amos!" interrupted Mrs. Parsons.

"Sulphur and lightning, madam, will you be quiet; will you give me a chance to speak? I say he is a

fool, and always was, and always will be! I won't be contradicted; I won't be argued with! Once for all, I tell you, girl, that you shall never marry him; and I tell you, madam, that if you ever speak his name again, or give that daughter of mine one ounce of sympathy, I'll leave you both! I'll go to the ends of the earth! I'll—I'll—hang it, madam, if you look at me so, I shall lose my patience—I know I shall."

And, with a succession of grimaces and contortions, he flung himself into a chair, and began mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

Mrs. Miranda Parsons at once twisted her chair round, facing her lord, lover and protector. There was more fire than water in her eyes now, and though pale, she was by no means faint.

"M-i-s-t-e-r Parsons, you have chosen to get angry with me, your wedded wife."

A solemn, impressive pause now ensued, and the lady looked volumes of reproach upon poor Amos. To add to the effectiveness of the scene, May began to cry and sob hysterically.

"But, sir," again the matron's voice broke forth and clear, "you cannot trample on my feelings with impunity. I may be a woman—"

"Now, Miranda, be reasonable."

"Be reasonable! He asks me to be reasonable, as if I had not put the case altogether too mildly! Oh, man—man, how little you know of woman's charity! Why, I have not shown up your severity, your violence, in one-fourth of its real strength."

"That's true, mother," sobbed May.

Amos groaned and locked his hands over his head.

"No, indeed; and yet you accuse me of being unreasonable, as if I had hurled reproaches and epithets upon you!" continued Mrs. Parsons, beginning to weep. "But I am used to unjust accusations, and I can bear them; yes, I can bear them, until the final day comes that shall remove me from all my troubles! Then, Amos Parsons, you will think of my love and my kindness, and the bitter things you have said to me to-night will all come back to you—yes, all of them—and you will wish your lips had withered before you ever uttered them! And you will call my name, but I shan't answer—my voice will be still—"

"I wish 'twas still now," thought Amos, growing very restless under this steady fire.

"And you will look back to the days when we were happy together, and—and—oh, my heart will break! How can you sit there unmoved, you callous man? How can you think of this and not tremble? But why do I ask? Why am I fool enough to wonder at your indifference, when you have threatened to leave me and go to the ends of the earth? When with uplifted fist you have sworn horrible oaths—"

"I didn't swear—I never do—it's a mistake."

"Oh, yes, you did, pa. You said sulphur and lightning," interposed May.

"Yes, sworn horrible oaths, and forbade me to speak to my own child, or to give her consolation in her grief! Oh, I never dreamed I should see such misery as this!"

"Nor I either," mumbled Amos, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"The same as you did, my dear; exactly the same as you did," he hastened to reply.

"You don't—you mean that I make you miserable!"

"I don't! I don't!"

"Yes, you do; words can deceive me no longer!" she ejaculated, wringing her hands and sobbing hysterically. "Oh, no, I see their hollowness—I feel the falseness of everything! Oh, that I could have died before this canker entered my soul!"

"Oh, father, she's going to fall!" cried May, springing up and running toward her mother.

"Grape-shot and cannister, she's fainted sure," said Amos, as he caught his wife in his arms. "Run, May, get camphor—water—brandy—ammonia—wine—anything. Oh, gracious goodness, why didn't I hold my tongue? Now she'll have a sick spell. Minnie, Minnie, dear, how do you feel? Can't you speak to Amos, your own Amos?"

She could, but she wouldn't. It was rather interesting to hear his fond, anxious words, and to open one eye just a little, when he wasn't looking, and see his expression of mingled solicitude and perplexity. Presently May returned with a bottle of Madeira in one hand, a basin of water in the other, and a phial of camphor under her arm. Amos bathed his wife's face and hands, and forced a little of the wine between her lips. At length he had the gratification of seeing her revive.

"I feel very ill, Amos," she whispered. "I must retire at once, and you must send for the doctor."

Amos clutched his hat and made one gigantic leap for the door. As he reached it it flew open suddenly, and the lord and master of the Parsons household staggered backward, holding his nose with both hands. At the same instant there entered a handsome fellow, with bright, blue eyes and light, curly hair.

"My dear Mr. Parsons, I beg your pardon."

"Don't dear me, sir; don't attempt your arts on me, sir. I'm not a fool if the rest of my—"

"Amos! Amos! the camphor, quick, I'm in such pain! Oh, how can you neglect me so?" cried the invalid, with a succession of moans.

"Yes, my dear, yes," stammered Amos, turning from Morton and bending over his wife. "Don't say neglect, don't; who ever loved you as I do? It makes me miserable to think of your being sick. Oh, dear Minnie, I can't stand it, uohow! But what is this Morton here for?"

"Don't speak of him, it excites me so, I'm feverish. Let him stay; if you have trouble with him I shall die—I know I shall."

In the meantime Fred and May were holding a little conference at the other end of the room.

"Is he still against us, darling?" queried the lover, stealing his arm around her waist.

At that moment Amos looked around and the young people separated. The old gentleman was about to vent his wrath upon Fred, when Mrs. Miranda was suddenly afflicted with a terrible pain in her head, and demanded cold cloths immediately.

Three days passed. Amos sat alone in his back parlor, looking pale and troubled.

"I am the remnant of Amos Parsons," he exclaimed, lugubriously. "Look at me—behold me, an animated domestic ruin—a creature forlorn and desolate. For three days I've lived on beans and muddy coffee; for three days I've wandered around this house lonely and wretched. My wife mustn't see me; the doctor says her trouble is mental—caused by excitement. Oh, gracious, how terrible is the responsibility of a husband! And yet that fool of a Morton wants to put himself in the yoke! I have a mind to let him."

"Oh, do, papa," said a sweet, pleading voice.

"Eh, you rogne, you're willing enough? Well, he may have you, for all I care."

"Oh, thank you, my dear Amos," and Mrs. Miranda appeared.

"Receive my gratitude, my dear sir," and Fred. Morton came in at the other door.

Amos stared, and began to suspect that his wife had a purpose in her illness.

E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.



NEW YORK, JULY, 1875.

WAXEN HOYA.

I have a long and familiar acquaintance with this plant, having raised one from a slip twenty-five years ago, and at the present writing this no longer youthful vine has a dozen clusters of blossoms and as many as fifty clusters of buds, fresh and beautiful as the first buds and flowers that gave me such exquisite delight.

The plant itself has been cut back once, because it got frozen. At that time it had runners eight yards long, and was trained from a low stool around a window, completely shading it, and across two sides of a room sixteen by eighteen feet. Now, it stands on a window shelf and forms a compression at top, first climbing up the side of the window, then twines around a picture, and makes a less luxuriant drapery above another window, then creeps on to the corner of room.

The leaf of the Hoya is of a dark green color, and has a smooth, glossy surface, blade oblong, base slightly tapering, apex acute, margin entire. It is feather veined, and thicker than any other leaf I know, save those belonging to the cactus family. The frame work of veins and veinlets support a pulp of green matter, quite moist, and for this reason a leaf rarely turns yellow. One perfectly grown is from four to five inches in length, and two in width, and somewhat resembles the Laurel; stem round, and the end of a fresh tendril looks like a mouse's tail, and one needs to be careful not to break it, as it will not sprout again, and it sometimes grows three-quarters of a yard without leaves. The plant itself is very beautiful, of slow growth the first year, likes a soil of decayed wood or chip dirt, has few roots, needs warmth and moisture, especially when in bloom. But the flowers are its crowning glory, being spicily fragrant, and looking more like our northern Arbutus than any

other flower I can compare it with, yet are unlike that save in color and form. They grow in clusters of from twenty to twenty-five, the woody stem and receptacle appearing the year before and producing flowers often six times in a season, buds forming while flowers still hang on the stems, and continuing to flower year after year, I do not know but through an infinite series. The blossoms look as if made of flesh colored velvet, corolla star shaped, with five points not separated into petals, a waxen inner star, also five pointed, of a yellowish color, part next the pistil, dark orange. I think the inner star answers to the stamens. The cluster is in botany termed an unoped, the flower stems or pedicles being nearly of equal length, having no rachis. It naturally begins to flower in February, continuing until July, the buds growing very rapidly. It is much more beautiful than the English Ivy for a window, or for festooning around the top of the ceiling of a room, but does not twine round pictures quite so gracefully, and needs a frame, or to be fastened to the wall by ribbons and tacks, as it does not cling and is heavy. Should be washed with a sponge or cloth, leaf by leaf, to keep off dust, in luke warm water with a little soft soap in it, now and then.

M. J. ALLEN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The beautiful designs of rustic work on the first page and page 104, are taken from the originals as made by O'Brien Bros., of Yonkers, N. Y., and are exceedingly tasteful. Their diameter is from 15 to 20 feet. Page 100 brings before us a charming spray of Roses, of which we are now enjoying so many, and gathering such fine specimens. This month the lovely Lilium Lancifolium Rubrum will begin to bloom, which, to our fancy, is with the Auratum fully deserving the title of Queen of the Lilies. Pages 105 and 109 are sketches of sweet home life, needing no help of description for full appreciation. On page 108 are



DESIGN FOR RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE.

several pretty devices showing how our parlors may be ornamented with tasteful floral designs, for which the gardens are now giving us such an abundance to fill them.

GET UP A CLUB FOR SIX MONTHS

FOR

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet,

The Handsomest of all Ladies' Journals.

Our subscribers have hundreds of friends who would take the CABINET for six months, if it is only shown to them. To encourage all to make a special effort to extend our circulation, and thus help the purpose and success of the paper, we will take subscriptions as follows, to begin with the July number:

For Six Months.

Price	65 cents for 6 months, postage prepaid, but without chromo.
" 75 "	With choice also of either chromo—Gems of "The Flower Garden," or, "My Window Garden."
" 90 "	with both chromos.
" \$3 00 for club of 5 without chromo.	
" 6 00 "	" 10 " but extra paper free.
" 3 50 "	" 5 with 1 "
" 7 00 "	" 10 " 1 " and extra copy paper free.

Premiums for Clubs for Six Months.

1. Ivory Paper Cutter and Folder,	club of 8
2. Book. Every Woman Her own Flower Gardener,	" 5
3. " Window Gardening,	" 15
4. Box Initial Note Paper,	" 5
5. 1 Dozen Fine Gladiolus, worth \$3 00,	" 10
6. 100 " " 25 00,	" 30
7. 1 Fine named Bulb Gladiolus, worth \$1 50	" 5
8. Lovejoy Weather House,	" 15
9. Any Game in our Premium List, worth 50 to 75 cents,	" 5
10. Bracket and Fret Saw, worth \$1 25,	" 12
11. The Acrobats, worth \$1 15,	" 10
12. Box Decalcomanie,	" 7
13. Pocket Microscope, worth \$1 50	" 10
14. Package Visiting Cards,	" 6
15. Ivory Breast Pin,	" 10
16. Two Fancy Carved Napkin Rings,	" 8
17. Ladies' Fancy Ivory Bracelet—pair,	" 12
18. Ivory Call Whistle,	" 5
19. Emery Basket,	" 5
20. Silk Book Mark, worth \$1 00,	" 10
21. " " " 50 to 75 cents,	" 5
22. Dress Elevator,	" 5
23. Butter Knife,	" 10
24. Silk Fan,	" 10
25. Ladies' Pocket-knife and Scissors combined	" 10
26. Any Game, 50 to 75 cents, in our Catalogue,	" 5
27. 40 Packages of Flower Seeds,	" 15
28. 20 " " " " " " " "	" 8
29. 10 " " " " " " " "	" 5
30. Any Book, worth 50 to 60 cents,	" 5
31. " " " \$1 00 or under,	" 10
32. " " " 1 50 " " " "	" 15
33. Indelible Pencil,	" 5
34. Pocket Knife,	" 10
35. One Pair Florence Skates,	" 12
36. One Dollar's worth of Plants,	" 7
37. One Volume of FLORAL CABINET bound, 1874,	" 12
38. One Binder and Portfolio for CABINET,	" 12

Special Premiums.

39. One Goodrich Tucker for Sewing Machines, price \$3 00, for club of 10.
40. One Johnston Ruffler for Sewing Machines, price \$3 00, for club of 15.
41. One set Goodrich Hemmer and Binder, price \$1 50, club of 5.
42. One set Metropolitan Hemmer and Binder, price \$1 50, club of 5.
43. One Bottle Payson's Indelible Ink, price 75c, club of 7.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Six Months Subscriptions.—With a little effort each subscriber can send us the name of some friend, or a club, for the rest of the year. We hope all will try. Prices have been fixed as low as possible. So beautiful a journal, on so costly paper, with so many expensive and charming illustrations, cannot be offered as low as other cheap papers, which are not worth keeping. The music alone for six months is worth \$2 at least, and the paper, with chromos, \$1 more—a total of \$3 for only 70 cents.

Plants for Sale.—We have several lots of plants, seeds, &c., owing us by florists, which we will sell at 25 per cent. discount from usual catalogue prices. Any one wishing to buy may choose a list from any floral catalogue, deduct 25 per cent. from price, send the order to us, and we will have good plants and seeds sent for the money. As soon as we have traded out these accounts our offer will be withdrawn. Persons not wishing to buy now, but next fall, may purchase from us an order now, at this discount, good for any time it may be presented.

Household Elegancies.—We shall issue, Oct. 15, a new book, about the size of "Window Gardening," full of fancy work, home decorations, household art, and elegant ways of adorning a home, with so many exquisite illustrations, that every lady will be fairly crazy with delight when she sees it. We regard it as the most desirable ladies' book ever published, and it will be truly the grand Gift Book of the season. Our readers know that anything we issue is so splendid in style and superior in merit, that, when we make an announcement, it is received with confidence and the most ready patronage. "Household Elegancies" is the finest work we have yet originated, and as a special offer to any one who will obtain 15 subscribers to the CABINET for six months, before August 1st, we will present a copy of this new book free, as soon as issued. Price will be \$1.50, and will be ready Oct. 15.

Home Pets.

CANARIES.

Let me tell you of my household pets—my sweet canaries: I have for them a beautiful home—a cage resembling a Chinese Pagoda. I had left them with a friend for the winter. A few days ago I came to spend the spring months with my friend. I looked around for something to make my

watching, with pleasure, and much interest, for a day or two, I concluded that the bucket was not fit for my Queen's palace. I looked again among the children's toys, hoping to find a little basket. I only found a doll's china basin; I thought at once that would look pretty if covered with silk, or bright worsted, and suspended in birdie's temple. I tried it, but did not like it. Then the happy thought occurred to me, why not imitate nature more closely? I flew to the cedar tree, broke off a bunch with drooping sprays, twisted it around, and exclaimed with delight, "Lou, look at

woven the pink worsted threads and the delicate grasses in and out among the cedars. I could but exclaim, "How beautiful!" I am seated in my rocking-chair, watching her to-day, with renewed interest. Would you believe it, she can tie knots, she tucks the pink thread in and out around the cedar, then, to be quite sure that it is tied safely, takes the other end of the beautiful pink crewel—which contrasts beautifully with her soft, yellow feathers—in her mouth and jumps off the nest, suspending her whole weight upon the thread, which draws the knot tightly—a regular Gor-



A MOTHER'S JOY.

birdies a nest. I found a toy bucket of little Mattie's. This I suspended from the roof of the pagoda, and seated myself to watch my Queen build her nest—I have named my birds Prince Albert and Queen Victoria—I supplied her with grass, twigs, and a bit of cotton. She at once began to carry the cotton and deposit it in the tiny bucket. But, after waiting and

my hanging basket?" I remembered I had some rose-colored velvet ribbon in my trunk, up stairs; with it I suspended my artistic hanging basket in birdie's cage. Then I supplied her with rose-colored crewel, broken into pieces as long as your hand, and delicate grasses from the lawn. I went out to dine with a friend. When I came back, my birdie Queen had

dian knot—which cannot be untied, but must be cut.

I wish you could see her now, as she nestles in her rose-colored home. It is said, to be happy, we must have a stock of small pleasures. But this has given me so much delight, I can scarcely call it a *small pleasure*.

E. R. C.

Ladies' Boudoir.

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

"So weary, so sad to night!"
A quick step at the door;
O'er your face a sudden light,
As you bound 'cross the floor.

One glimpse of the loved face,
All sorrow is forgot;
You're clasped in a close embrace,
Lip to lip, heart to heart.

"Some one to love"—you feel, then,
That making one life bright
Is your mission here; ne'er again
Will you be sad at night.

No toil seems hard, no sadness
Hath power the heart to blight,
Or cheat the life of gladness—
One cometh home "at night."

To whom you know you're dearer
Than all the world beside,
And who to you is nearer
Than e'er, whate'er betide.

"Some one to love," when weary,
Making glad, like light above;
Shining in desert dreary—
"Some one to love—to love."

OUR SITTING-ROOM.

BY CALLA D. ONIA.

In this room of ours we will, in the first place, look at the paper, which is a neutral tint, and well calculated to bring out the warm colors of the oil paintings and chromos. The windows should have buff shades (not thick, dark yellow), for the buff will give a sunshiny look to the room the bleakest winter day. Over this, if you wish, you can hang curtains of either muslin or lace, which will bring out beautifully the delicate tracery of vines which may form the cornice. Under each of the windows can be placed shelves, supported by iron brackets, for plants. The shelves can be made of pine and simply painted white, or they may be stained to imitate walnut, with a preparation which any painter can mix at a trifling cost. In each of the windows, of which I have four, can be suspended hanging baskets. If you have not wire baskets a box that will hold earth enough to sustain the roots will do. Plant something around the edge that will droop over the sides; Ivy, Joint-plant or Money-wort are good for this purpose; in the centre put a Geranium, Verbena, or any plant you wish, and, at no expense, you have a pretty ornament. Here, in this corner between the windows, can stand my Ivy box; above it hangs a Swiss scene, in oil colors. A pretty support for the Ivy can be made of rustic work in the form of a cross, for then there can be suspended from the arms hanging baskets of cocoanut shells, or any other simple designs. Between this window and door is just the place for the hanging book-shelves. These, like the shelves for the window, can be stained and supported by brackets, or they may be trimmed with short lambrequins on each shelf, which can be made of black cloth, and brightened by little bits of bright velvet, cut in fancy shapes and stitched on with silk of a brighter shade, or of a contrasting color. Under the shelves can be placed the lamp-stand; and this we will convert from a stiff, square-topped one, into a pretty centre-table, by sawing boards to form a round top for it, which a few screws will fasten in place. Over this may be tacked black cloth, ornamented with *applique* work in bright colors, and the edge trimmed with lambrequins to match; or, if preferred, cloth of one color, crimson or green, may be put on and the edge finished with heavy woolen fringe, tacked on with gilt-headed nails. Next comes the paper-holder; and of these a pretty and inexpensive one may be made of Java canvass, either black, buff, brown or gray, em-

broidered with some simple pattern, or an initial in the centre. Mine is of black, with my initial formed of bright flowers and green leaves; the front and back are tied together with bows of green satin ribbon, and bows of the same ornament the top and bottom. One side of the room is ornamented with arches formed of pressed ferns and clusters of autumn leaves; in the centre arch hangs the "Gems of the Flower Garden," framed with autumn leaves and dried grasses. This frame is easily made by taking a thin board, about an inch larger than the picture, and upon this arrange the leaves, having the largest ones come at the corners and in the centre; then fasten them with small-sized pins, which will not show unless closely examined. A pretty background for picture cords may be formed of rose leaves of different shades pressed, and when dry pinned behind the cords. Something pretty for holding bouquets of dried grasses and ferns are cornucopias of perforated board, or of the silvered or gilt cardboard one can buy. I have a white one, embroidered with tiny acorns in two shades of brown, which is very pretty.

Parlor Chairs.—The Rev. Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, does not put an over-high estimate on parlor chairs. In his new lecture he says: "I have had experience with such chairs, and speak feelingly on the subject. They know me and I know them. We hate each other. Whenever I meet such a chair I approach it suspiciously. The four little legs grin a malicious welcome at me; the slender back fairly laughs in impish anticipation; the little seat, about as large as an old-fashioned pancake, defies me: O-ho, you great big fellow, you murderer of my companions, I know you. Sit down in me if you dare. But what can I do? The sofa is occupied; the piano stool is under the instrument. I must take my chances. Covering my venture with a joke, I sit down timidly; before half my weight is on it, it begins to crack and threaten. The lady of the house begins to look alarmed. I get off another joke and draw my legs up under me to be ready when the crash comes, and there I sit like the Irishman's frog, who sat down when he stood up, and stood up when he sat down, in deadly terror lest the pesky thing will give out under me, and no man under heaven can have a chair break down under him in a parlor before the lady of the house and not wish he were dead. It is bad enough for a man of short stature and nimble, but for a long, clumsy fellow to have a little chair go down under him with a crash is death. There is such a short distance to fall and so much length of limb and body to dispose of that it is impossible to do it gracefully, and the most pitiable sight in the world to me is to see a long-legged man lumbering up from a parlor floor before the company after such a catastrophe.

Arrangement of a Drawing Room.—Morning visitors are generally received in the drawing room. To preserve the apartment neat and to exhibit good taste in its decorations and the arrangement of its furniture, is of some importance to the young mistress of a family. From these, strangers are apt to form an opinion of the character of its proprietor. The drawing room is that part of a private house in which decorations and embellishments are most in place. It is there the graces of social intercourse are chiefly displayed. Everything, therefore, in the drawing room, should be light and elegant; mirrors are here in character, and bouquets and flowering-plants. The drawing room should not be converted into a fancy bazaar or toy shop for the display of a thousand fanciful ornaments, as old china, glass baskets, Spanish toys, flowers made of rice and wax, and other trifles. A more

rational source of amusement, both for the visitants and inmates of the drawing room, may be derived from selections of literature of the day, or from the works of some of the best authors. In the arrangement of the drawing room the lounges and chairs should be placed so as to facilitate intercourse of the visitors without the necessity of a servant entering the room to place them. Ease, not carelessness, should predominate. Plants and flowers are pleasing ornaments in a drawing room, and give an exercise for taste in their choice and arrangement. Occupations of drawing, music, and reading, should be suspended on the entrance of morning visitors. But if a lady be engaged in little needle-work—and none other is appropriate in the drawing room—it promotes ease, and it is not inconsistent with good manners to continue it during conversation, particularly if the visit be protracted, or the visitors be gentlemen. It was formerly the custom to see visitors to the door on taking leave, but this is now out of fashion. Neither is it necessary for a lady to advance to the door to receive her company, who are expected to make their way to her, unless, indeed, great age, or marked superiority of rank require, according to the usages of society, a greater degree of attention.

Card Etiquette for 1875.—Informal afternoon and evening entertainments or receptions promise to become frequent this season. The invitations to these unceremonious parties are on cards instead of note sheets. For instance, for kettle-drums or afternoon teas, "Tea at five o'clock," on the lower left corner of the visiting card; the address in the lower right hand corner. For other afternoon receptions cards are also used, with merely the day, and "From three to five o'clock," in the left corner. For informal evening receptions, the invitation is usually a card, with "Thursday evenings," for instance, in the left corner. These receptions continue even through Lent. English papers, both white and tinted, and without lines, are now universally used for social correspondence, and should be of the finest quality, either highly finished or mill finished. Note papers with lines, or fancy French papers, are not considered "correct," and are restricted by etiquette to correspondents who are on terms of great intimacy. A new and beautiful paper is introduced this season termed the "Gray Mot." It is a first-class paper, of a delicate and agreeable gray tint, slightly mottled. The double rep paper is a novelty, and will be used this season. The royal Irish linen paper is still popular, and will remain so for some time. The sizes most in use are the long sheet, folding once into square envelopes and twice into oblong envelopes, and the square sheet folding once into a very long envelope. A variety of other shapes are used, which are made to order according to fancy.

A Certain New York clergyman, when he marries a couple, after the ceremony is over, steps up to the bride and presents her with the prayer-book out of which he read the wedding services. The names of the bride and groom, and the date of the wedding, are written on the fly-leaf of the book.

The Latest New York fashion, imported from Berlin, is that of early parties. We read that the cards for one of the "swell" affairs of the season have been recently issued, with from "Four to eleven P. M." engraved on the corner. According to the system the blinds are closed and the gas lighted at four o'clock in the afternoon; the dancing begins by five or six, and the ball is over by eleven o'clock. Still another foreign custom imported into New York, which is said to have been started by the Prince of Wales, is for gentlemen to appear without gloves on full dress occasions.

Household Elegancies.

HINTS ON THE ART OF MAKING WAX FLOWERS.

Flowers are becoming indispensable as ornaments. No lady thinks her parlor complete without flowers; and when we cannot have natural ones, wax flowers are a very pretty substitute. Handsome ones are costly, but may come within the reach of any lady of taste, with a trifling expense, by exercising patience and ingenuity.

I do not propose to go into a detailed description of the art, but, as my title indicates, give a few hints to the lovers of fancy work, such as I think will give them an insight into the matter.

As a preliminary let us enumerate the materials necessary. By experience I have learned with how few one may obtain satisfactory results. For instance, the number of colors. Dry powders are put up for this purpose by the dealers in artists' materials. For any one having a good idea of the combination of colors the following list will suffice: Ivory Black, Zinc White, Carmine, Chrome Yellow and Prussian Blue; for from these one may procure any tint needed; white wax in sheets (both single and double, as they are styled, the latter being double the thickness of the former, and is used for flowers having thick petals); green wax is to be preferred for foliage, thus saving the trouble of coloring, but for flowers it is better to color each petal separately; wire, of three sizes, very fine thread wire, some as coarse as bonnet wire, and a medium size; steel pins with glass heads, known as moulding pins, two sizes; some arrow-root or corn starch, a little dissolved Gum Arabic, and about a pound of good Plaster of Paris complete the list.

The best way to imitate nature is to have two specimens of the blossom you desire to copy; one to pick to pieces and cut paper patterns from the petals, the other for your model when putting your flower together. If two cannot be obtained, remove very carefully one petal of each size and shape, leaving the flower as nearly perfect as possible. Always have your stem prepared before you begin your flower. This is done by winding a narrow strip of green wax around a piece of wire and rolling it between the thumb and forefinger until smooth. Always fold over the end of the stem, otherwise your flower may slip off just as you finish it.

For the first attempt take a very simple flower, an orange blossom, for instance. This, you see, has five petals encircling a number of stamens. Cut a strip of double white wax three-fourths of an inch long and one-half an inch wide. With a small pair of scissors slit it like a fringe, wind it around the end of the stem, dip in Gum Arabic, then in Chrome Yellow powder, and with the point of the pin separate any that may stick together. Next cut five petals of double wax from your paper pattern; rub these with corn starch on both sides to remove the waxy appearance, always leaving the end clear which is to be fastened to the stem, otherwise it will not stick. Now, lay them one at a time in the hollow of the hand and roll the head of the pin over them lengthwise until they are moulded into shape like your model. Now stick them around the stamens, keeping your natural blossom in view as a guide, and cut the calyx of green wax, arrange it in place and your flower is complete.

For a full blown rose, make a tuft of white thread and fasten on your stem; dip in the gum, and then in yellow powder; cut your petals from the paper patterns, and color by rubbing on the dry powder with the thumb and fingers. Some persons mix the powder

with water and apply with a brush, but I prefer the powder dry, except for fine flowers, such as Heliotrope and Mignonette, which I color after they are formed. The dry powder, of course, must be very thoroughly pulverized, and mixed with a palette knife, else streaks will appear on your work. For a Salmon Rose use chrome yellow, white, and a few grains of carmine; for a red rose, carmine; and for the different shades of pink, carmine mixed with more or less of white. After all are colored, mould them into shape with the ball of the small pin, press your thumb into their centres and curl over the edges of some, until the whole reminds you of a rose that has just dropped to pieces. Now arrange these on the wire; stick each one fast as you place it, occasionally giving one a pinch or curl, until your flower is as nearly perfect as the first attempt can be. Lastly, cut the calyx of green wax, and arrange it in place.

If you desire a bud or half-blown rose, mould scraps of wax into the form of a small bud and place your petals around it. Of course you must cover the mould with one or more of the petals.

In making the long stamens for such flowers as Lilies and Fuchsias, wind white wax around coarse thread, in the same manner as you prepare the wire for stems. If they are to be colored, use a brush dipped in wet paint.

To make green leaves, mix Plaster of Paris into a smooth paste and into it press a well developed leaf; when dry, remove your leaf and you have a mould that will last for years. Lay on this mould a piece of green wax, and along the centre of this the end of the wire for the stem; over this lay another piece of wax, press all firmly and gently into the mould; remove, and you have a perfect impression; cut out with small scissors, observing all the points, &c., then twist or curl it over to give it a natural shape. If the leaf is shaded, the color is best applied with a brush, as to rub it with the finger would be apt to spoil the veins moulded in it.

Of course your first attempt will not entirely satisfy you, but "practice makes perfect;" so do not be discouraged if you make half a dozen failures. With Nature for your model, patience and perseverance will bring you off victorious.

C. H. P.

Pretty Wall Pockets. or paper cases, may be made as follows: Take stiff pasteboard and cut two pieces for back and front; the back should be considerably the highest; cut long, narrow, triangular pieces for the sides. Now cover all the pieces with rep, velvet, merino, or any nice material; green or crimson will be most likely to harmonize best with walls, furniture, etc. Green paper will do, which must be pasted smoothly on, with the edges all folded over. If the other materials are used they must be nicely fastened with needles and thread. For a border around all the edges, smooth leather cut in strips and pinked or scalloped. There will be a variety of ways to suggest themselves of elaborating upon the description here given, and really elegant articles may be formed. These paper cases may either be suspended by cords or hung upon a nail driven in the wall.

To Make Straw Picture Frames.—Pick out from a bundle of straws those without flaws. It takes five for each part of the frame. Arrange them thus: Put one long straw in the centre, a short one on each side, and a shorter again on each side of these; sew them together at the back with some strong cotton. When you have the top, bottom and sides ready, fasten them together at the corners in the form of an Oxford frame, placing the top and bottom ones in front of the sides. Then make four small pieces of three straws in each,

the centre one the longest, and fasten them crosswise to each corner by means of a piece of ribbon tied round; the ribbon is to hide where the parts of the frame are joined together. The picture is fastened in with narrow ribbon, crossed over at the back and brought through between the straws on each side of the frame, then passed over the centre straw through to the back, and firmly sewn; this ribbon has a very pretty effect. A loop of ribbon should be sewn on to the top, by which to hang the frame.

A Method employed in Germany to keep rose-buds fresh consists in first covering the end of the recently cut stem with wax, and then placing each one in a closed paper cap or cone, so that the leaves do not touch the paper. The cap is then coated with glue to exclude air, dust and moisture, and when dry it is placed in a cool place. When wanted for use the bud is taken out of the cap and placed in water, after cutting off the end, when the rose will bloom in a few hours.

Alum Baskets.—The framework of alum baskets is usually made of thin wire woven in and out, and wound over with worsted in every part, to produce a rough surface. Dissolve the alum in rather more than twice the quantity of water that will cover the basket, handle included. Put in as much alum as the water will dissolve, and when it will take no more, filter it through a piece of brown paper into a saucepan. If you wish the basket to be colored, the dye must be added before the process of filtering. To produce crimson, use an infusion of cochineal and madder: for bright yellow, boil gamboge, muriate of iron, or turmeric in the solution. Blue crystals may be obtained by preparing sulphate of copper, commonly called blue vitriol, in the same manner that alum is prepared. For pale blue, equal portions of blue vitriol and alum; and for green, add to these last ingredients a few drops of muriate of iron. The solution being filtered, boil it gently until it is reduced to half the quantity; put it in a vessel large enough to admit of the basket; suspend the latter from a stick laid across the top, so that both basket and handle are entirely immersed. It must then be put in a cool place where there will not be the slightest motion to disturb the formation of the crystals. It is well to bear in mind that the colored baskets should be kept quite out of the reach of children, as they look very tempting, like sugar-candy, but are decidedly poisonous.

To Cover Small Tables.—Small, round tables of plain wood may be made very handsome by covering them with black cloth, velvet, velveteen or satin. A fall of yak lace, four or five inches deep, being an exceedingly rich finish. A strip of the material used for covering the top of the table ought to be put around the edge as a lining to the lace, being careful not to stretch too tightly. If gilt nails are not easily procured, the lace may be simply stitched on.

Monogram for Horse Cloth or Lap Robe.—Perhaps the neatest monograms are made of light blue kid, and should be cut out of the kid, and sewn on neatly by the saddler; or, if the preference be given to a monogram in worsted, the braid used for binding can be made into the design required, and sewn on by a handy woman. Those cut out in colored cloth are very neat, and can either be worked in applique of colored cloths worked round in chainstitch, or be done in outline only in chainstitch, or braid. Gentlemen are so particular about their monograms that it is better to get one of the right size printed on paper for approval first, and if either of the letters can be formed by a whip, or a spur be introduced in some curve of another letter, they have a good effect for this purpose.

Household Elegancies.

TO ORNAMENT COMMON FLOWER POTS.

BY MRS. C. S. JONES.

It has become so common to ornament the rooms and tables with specimens of living plants, that any mode of adorning the ordinary red pot, in which they are apt to be growing and blooming, becomes at once valuable. There are ways innumerable of accomplishing this, a few of which I have found so beautiful and effective that I feel constrained to describe them to my friends of the FLORAL CABINET.

BRONZING.

Bronze-powder is to be purchased in many different shades, such as green, olive, rose, silver, etc. To apply any one of these powders to the surface of the pot, paint it with a color made by rubbing up in linseed oil, Prussian-blue, sprual ochre and verditer. While this is still a little "sticky," dust on the bronze powder, dry with heat, and polish with a soft woollen pad, using constant heat, and adding more powder after each rubbing. Another mode is to rub with graphite, a sort of brilliant black lead, polishing with the rubber and varnishing.

IMITATION WEDGEWOOD.

The color of genuine old Wedgewood is that peculiar blue-gray or gray-green, which we see in some of the old-time pieces of crockery. This ware is very popular in this day for Jardiniere vases, and other like adornments, but is, of course, expensive. A very pretty imitation for the common flower-pot may, however, be made thus: Make some paint of the proper shade, with which cover the entire pot and saucer. When dry, give a second coat, with either enamel paint or the same as used before, afterwards varnishing it. Let this become perfectly dry, then, having obtained a number of sheets of the white embossed paper sold for valentines, or which comes on the inner edge of lace-edged paper; cut out carefully the various devices wanted, such as medallions, containing cupids, gods and goddesses, or figures, also garlands and clusters of flowers. Use great care to keep these perfectly white. When all are cut out, take up each one with fine Gum Arabic mucilage, fill each figure in with bits of tissue paper to keep them from being pressed flat, as the great beauty consists in their fullness and deep projecting rotundity. These layers finished, commence applying the figures in proper groups; for instance, for the centre there is the figure of a maiden, led on by two cupids; roses grow at her feet, and an Acacia spray almost embowers her. An oval border of flowers forms this into a medallion; above and below, at four points, a few inches distant, is a young prince, in mediæval costume, standing by a high-born maiden seated beneath a tree with a lute; a lace border encircles this, and again a border of roses, beyond which is another of Forget-Me-Nots; above and below are classical figures, a hunter and maiden, bearing on their shoulders the infant Hymen, who waves his lighted torch above their heads, etc. Such figures are found on these sheets of lace paper, and when properly applied, are extremely fine. This upon each side of the pot, and a border of flowers, or the lace, will be taken for genuine Wedgewood, or Pelissy, according to the shade used.

IMITATION SEVRES CHINA.

Another beautiful imitation is that of Sevres.

For this, that lovely shade of turquoise blue is the prettiest, and this obtained in paint, must be varnished with Demar, and polished with a wet pad and powdered pumice-stone, repeating the varnishing, drying



DESIGN FOR FLOWER STAND.

and polishing over and over, until one solid, glassy surface is obtained. Then with clear mucilage apply the lovely figures (sold in the fancy stores, upon fine thin paper), or, better still, procure some fine Decalcomania pictures; figures, flowers, birds, butterflies, &c., in fine, rich colors. If Du Barry, a pale rose-pink ground must be made in the same way as in the



PALM FOR TABLE OR ROOM DECORATION.

Sevres. The centres must be filled with white glossy paint (in ovals), then around and joining this white to the blue or pink, must be garlands of gay flowers.

Upon each side a medallion of different shape, also in white, is arranged in the same manner, introducing a few little Cupids, birds, butterflies, &c., among the roses, the centres filled with groups of Watteau figures. These vases are truly exquisite, and I would urge our ladies to try them.

IMITATION INDIAN DECORATION.

Paint the pot black, varnish, and obtain a highly polished surface. Upon this arrange small, bright flowers, either those cut from pictures or the Decalcomania; intersperse some gold among them, arrange a large centre piece with the sprigs around it, a vine top and bottom; varnish with Demar. These, too, are elegant, and contrast finely with the foregoing.

IMITATION OF THE EGYPTIAN VASE.

Obtain some of the bright red lead paint of the common kind, and with it applied several times make a solid, even surface, which varnish and polish as before described, or else, better still, use the sealing-wax paint (made by dissolving sealing-wax in alcohol). This dry, cut from thin black paper or silk a number of grotesque figures and devices, such as we find in books of Eastern travel, and with mucilage fasten them flatly and smoothly upon the scarlet ground, forming also an odd-looking border of triangular or half-circular pieces.

IMITATION CHINESE WORK.

Paint the surface a dull yellow, or nankeen color, cut from chintz, or the pictures used for Potichomania work, a number of figures—scenes and devices such as we see upon Chinese work—when entirely covered (filling in with tiny bees, bugs, flies, leaves and odd devices), varnish with Demar varnish. Another beautiful mode to imitate the Chinese style is to paint the ground black, and, obtaining the gold and black figures used in Potichomania, fasten them upon the surface in the manner before described. A large piece, such as a Pagoda, with boat, figures, houses, &c. Then scatter over the surface the small separate figures, with a border around the upper and lower edge.

IMITATION OF JAPANESE INLAID WORK.

Still another method of ornamenting common pots, and one within the power of every one to accomplish, is by means of various colored Autumn leaves, with a few gilt ornaments and some strips of plain gilded paper, such as is sold by the yard. The surface is painted ebony-black and varnished, polished with pumice-stone and revarnished, until smooth and even. The leaves, which should have been pressed perfectly flat, are then covered with mucilage (or very thin white glue), and pressed upon the surface in the place designed, using care to arrange the colors and sizes so as to form a pleasing and tasteful combination. Put two or more rows along the upper edge, then a garland of tiny leaves, then another band of gold. This forms a beautiful border for the top. Have a soft napkin to hold and press each piece in place, until firmly fixed. When finished, paint with a coat of isinglass size. When dry, varnish with copal. The appearance of this work, when completed, is exceedingly fine.

Rice Baskets. — The foundations are of pasteboard, sewed together in any shape desired, and covered with hot sealing wax. While the wax is still soft, grains of rice may be distributed over it, and the contrast of colors thus obtained is quite pleasing.

Hineside Reading.

In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unraveling. "Gracie," said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot. Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain. Most men, when they "pop" by writing, are more straightforward and matter-of-fact. Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart: "Dear Mrs. Shurlock (there was no misses in those days). I am tired of calling you by that name; therefore, say a day when you will take that of madam. Your devoted humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day accordingly, and Steele'd her name instead of her heart to the suitor.

Hint to Tattlers.—Fuseli, the painter, had a great dislike to the species of conversation known as "tattle." Once, while sitting in his room among some trifling visitors who were discussing the weather and such like interesting subjects, he burst forth with a—"We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear! Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" exclaimed one. "Why," replied he, "it's as good as anything you've been saying for the last hour."

Her First Kiss.—It is a singular fact that the custom of kissing is altogether unknown in China. The Chinese, indeed, have no word expressing love as we understand the passion. An American navy officer, voyaging Chinawards, narrates an amusing experience of the ignorance of the Chinese maidens of the science of kissing. Wishing to complete a conquest he had made of a young mei jin (beautiful lady), he invited her—using the English words—to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he suited the action to the word and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room, thoroughly alarmed, exclaiming, "Terrible man-eater; I shall be devoured." But in a moment, finding herself uninjured by the salute, she returned to his side, saying, "I would learn more of your strange rite. Ke-e-es me." He knew it wasn't "right," but he kept on instructing her in the rite of "ke-e-es me" until she knew how to do it like a native Yankee girl, and, after all that, she suggested a second course by remarking, "Ke-e-es me some more *seen jine Mee-lee-*

kee!" (Anglice American), and the lesson went on until her mamma's voice rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

A three-year old boy of a Pittsfield clergyman, watching his mother making biscuit one Sunday for tea, asked her if it was not wicked to work on Sunday. Of course she said it was, and the logical little chap continued, "'Oo'll catch it when 'oo get to Heaven."

A Missourian who attended prayer meeting with his daughter, felt compelled to rise up and remark: "I want to be good and go to heaven, but if those fellows don't stop winking at Mary, there will be a

the passengers on a Detroit street ear the other day, and presently the little miss observed a man take out his handkerchief, flourish it around, and then wipe his nose. The child leaned over to her mother and whispered: "Mamma, that gentleman is trying to flirt with me, but I shall give him the handkerchief signal that I distrust his motives."

A short time since, a noble savage came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whiskey for a younger warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" repeated the agent, with surprise; "as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a Michigan avenue grocer, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "Noa, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

Fight It Out Like Pa and Ma

Do.—A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table the little girl astonished the family circle and the guests by the abrupt question: "Where is your wife?"

Now, the gentleman having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know," replied the *enfant terrible*, "why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So he said, with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

"Well, we don't live together; we think as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

Some naughty person has said that Lot's wife wouldn't have looked back, but a woman with a new dress passed her, and she wanted to see if the back breadth was ruffled.



THE INTERESTING BOOK.

good deal of praneing around here the fust thing they know."

Two boys were standing before a cigar store, when one asked the other: Have you got three cents? "Yes." "Well, I have got two cents; give me the three cents, and I will buy a five center." All right," says No. 2, handing out his money. No 1 enters the store, lights it and puffs with a good deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2. "I furnished more than half the money." "I know that," says the smoker; "but then I'm the president, and you being only a stockholder, you can spit."

A lady and her eight year old daughter were among

Housekeeping.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Every true lady aspires (or ought to) to be an adept in the science of housekeeping. A well ordered house is a blessing to all who dwell beneath its roof. If the lady of the house is mistress of the situation, and fully understands her work, then happiness and content reign supreme. While, on the other hand, if she is not versed in the necessary qualifications, chaos and confusion hold unlimited sway. In the first place, then, *system* should take a prominent rank in a well-regulated home. Order is said to be "Heaven's first law,"—a truth if always observed in families would do much towards making more heavenly places on earth. This is the keystone which regulates the complicated machinery of household care and perplexity. "A place for everything, and everything in its place." is an important rule to follow, if we would make home an inviting resort from life's cares and turmoils. It is passing strange how little of this material some families seem to possess; and they are always in a hurry, and accomplish but little, on account of this very evil. Every woman should look "well to the ways of her household," and possess a thorough understanding of all the details which make up the minutia of housekeeping. So that if servants leave her to her own resources, she can herself prepare a comfortable meal for the family, and not be compelled to sit down in despair because the *cook* has taken her departure. How much unhappiness results from not being competent to take the helm in such unforeseen cases. The science of housekeeping is an art which has been sadly neglected. Mothers have trained their daughters to the greatest perfection in almost every other art, while this most useful and important one has received no attention in many families. And to-day daughters are filling homes without the slightest knowledge of the most essential element of making that home one of enjoyment and lasting happiness. Wholly dependent upon servants, are they truly fitted for life's responsible duties? Wealth is uncertain; "Riches may take wings and fly away," and leave us to our own devices. How important, then, that our daughters should have a thorough education in the culinary department, so that when they go out to homes of their own, they can be the presiding genius which controls all the wheels of action, and causes everything to move on quietly and harmoniously, regardless of financial panics and the melting away of fortunes. Is it not wise to be able thus to act well our part in life? I would call upon all the daughters of our land to awake to this subject, as one of vital importance, with which they have to do. Let them now so thoroughly learn these important lessons of household ability as to leave no cause for future regrets. Then shall their "own works praise them," and they receive the benediction of those to whom they have ministered.

M. P. H.

Curing Bee-Stings.—As the season for the stinging of bees is at hand, all should remember that common wood ashes, made in a paste and applied soon, will neutralize the poison, as will tobacco when moistened and applied. Moist clay will also be found beneficial.

Reliable Essences.—A great portion of the essences of peppermint, wintergreen, etc., palmed off on the public is not of the proper or desired strength. The druggists' rule for compounding them is, to one quart of alcohol add one ounce of oil. The better

way is to buy that quantity of each, and if you conclude the strength is right by adding one-half or three-quarters of the alcohol, then stop at that, having in mind quality instead of quantity. L. D. S.

Rugs.—For common use are very pretty made on the fine coffee-sacking, worked in cross-stitch in the same style that Java canvass tidies are made. Any of the borders in the little French pattern books are nice. Work over two or three threads; the border or center either is larger, according to the number of threads you work over. For the center a bunch of flowers, or some animal, is pretty, patterns for which may be found in many of the magazines. The edge may be fringed out a couple of inches, or bound with braid if preferred. One sack makes two rugs. Another style is to take the coarse sacking, draw a border and centre piece with chalk after it is fastened in a frame as a quilt. Take bright colored rags, torn in strips one-half inch wide, insert a bone-hook from the upper side, draw up a loop three-fourths of an inch high every three or four threads, until your border is done. Fill in your centre same way, and, lastly, fill in the background with grey, brown or black; any kind of rags will answer. When done, shear all over with a pair of shears (not too close), and it will look like plush, and last a lifetime. Are nice to put beside a bed or dressing bureau. M.

Potatoe Puffs.—Take some cold meat—either beef or mutton, veal or ham—clear it from gristle, cut it small, and season with pepper, salt and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs; roll it out with a dust of flour; cut it round with a saucer; put some of your seasoned meat on one half, and fold it over like a puff; pinch or nick it neatly round, and fry to a light brown.

Washington Pudding.—Pick and wash clean half a pound of currants; drain them, and wipe them in a towel, and then spread them out on a flat dish, and place them before the fire to dry thoroughly. Prepare about a quarter of a pound, or half a pint, of finely grated bread crumbs. Have ready a good teaspoonful of powdered mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg mixed. When the currants are dry, dredge them thickly on all sides with flour, to prevent their sinking or clodding in the pudding while baking. Cut up in a deep pan half a pound of the best fresh butter, and add to it half a pound of fine white sugar powdered. Stir the butter and sugar together with a wooden spaddle till they are very light and creamy. Then add a table-spoonful of wine and a table-spoonful of brandy. Beat in a shallow pan eight eggs till perfectly light, and as thick as a good boiled custard. Afterwards, mix with them gradually a pint of rich milk and the grated bread crumbs, stirred in alternately. Next, stir this mixture, by degrees, into the pan of beaten butter and sugar, and add the currants, a few at a time. Finish with a table-spoonful of strong rose-water; or a wineglassful, if it is not very strong. Stir the whole very hard. Butter a large deep white dish, or two of soup-plate size; put in the batter; set it directly into a brisk oven, and bake it well. When cold, dredge the surface with powdered sugar. Serve it up in the dish in which it was baked. You may ornament the tops with bits of citron cut into leaves and forming a wreath, or with circles of preserved strawberries. This will be found a very fine pudding. It must be baked in time to become quite cold before dinner.

Apple Pudding.—Fill a well-buttered pudding dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs from a stale loaf and tart, juicy apples. Sprinkle the apples

thickly with sugar, to which add a flavoring of nutmeg. Over each layer of bread crumbs throw small bits of fresh butter. The under layer should be bread crumbs, the top layer apples. Bake half to three-quarters of an hour. Just before it is done, whisk the whites of three eggs to froth, with two tablespoons of powdered sugar and a bit of lemon. Spread it lightly over the whole, and return to the oven to set.

Breakfast Rolls.—Take a coffee-cupful of new milk, two beaten eggs, half a cup of fresh yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard; stir in briskly enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter. They should be mixed in this way at tea-time, and covered up to rise. Late in the evening, when the dough is light, mould it out on the board and put back in the pan and cover again. In the morning tear off, but do not cut, in pieces of sufficient size to twist up into rolls, working it as little as possible. When they puff up, bake in a quick oven, and eat them while hot.

French Cream Cake.—Beat three eggs and one cup of sugar together thoroughly; add two table-spoonfuls of cold water; stir a teaspoonful of baking powder into a cup and a half of flour, sift the flour in, stirring all the time in one direction. Bake in two thin cakes, split the cakes while hot, and fill in with cream prepared in the following manner: To a pint of new milk add two table-spoonfuls of corn starch, one beaten egg, one-half cup of sugar; stir while cooking, and when hot put in a piece of butter the size of an egg; flavor the cream slightly with lemon, vanilla, or pineapple.

Recipe for Cream Pie.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, mix with a teacupful of cream and a heaping table-spoonful of sugar; flavor to suit the taste, and bake in a moderately-heated oven. The yolks can be used for pudding and custards.

I wish also to tell my way of scouring knives, viz: I use the Sapolio soap altogether; I like it the best of anything I ever tried. It is also nice for scouring tinware, glassware, stoneware, and porcelain kettles.

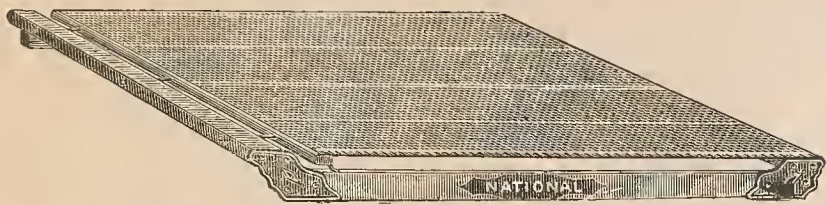
WAYNESVILLE, Ohio.

KATE.

Coloring Cotton.—Orange and yellow—For five pounds of rags, twelve ounces of sugar of lead, six ounces of bichromate of potash. Dissolve each in separate pans in warm water, and then pour it in separate tubs. Then wet the rags in the sugar of lead, then in the potash; dip the rags in each three times, wringing them out each time. When you want orange, dip into scalding hot lime water, rather strong. Blue and green—For three pounds of rags, eight ounces of copperas; soak the rags in the copperas water one hour, then rinse in clear water; two ounces of prussiate of potash, two table-spoonfuls of oil of vitrol in water enough to cover the rags. For green, dip the blue rags into the yellow dye.

Remedy for Neuralgia.—A friend of ours who suffered severe pains from neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician in Germany who invariably cured the disease, crossed the ocean and visited Germany for treatment. He was permanently cured after a short sojourn, and the doctor freely gave him the simple remedy used, which was nothing but a poultice and tea made from our common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the part affected as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down to the proportion of a quart to a pint and a small wine-glass of the decoction drunk before each meal. Our friend says he has never known it to fail of relief, while in almost every case it has effected a cure.

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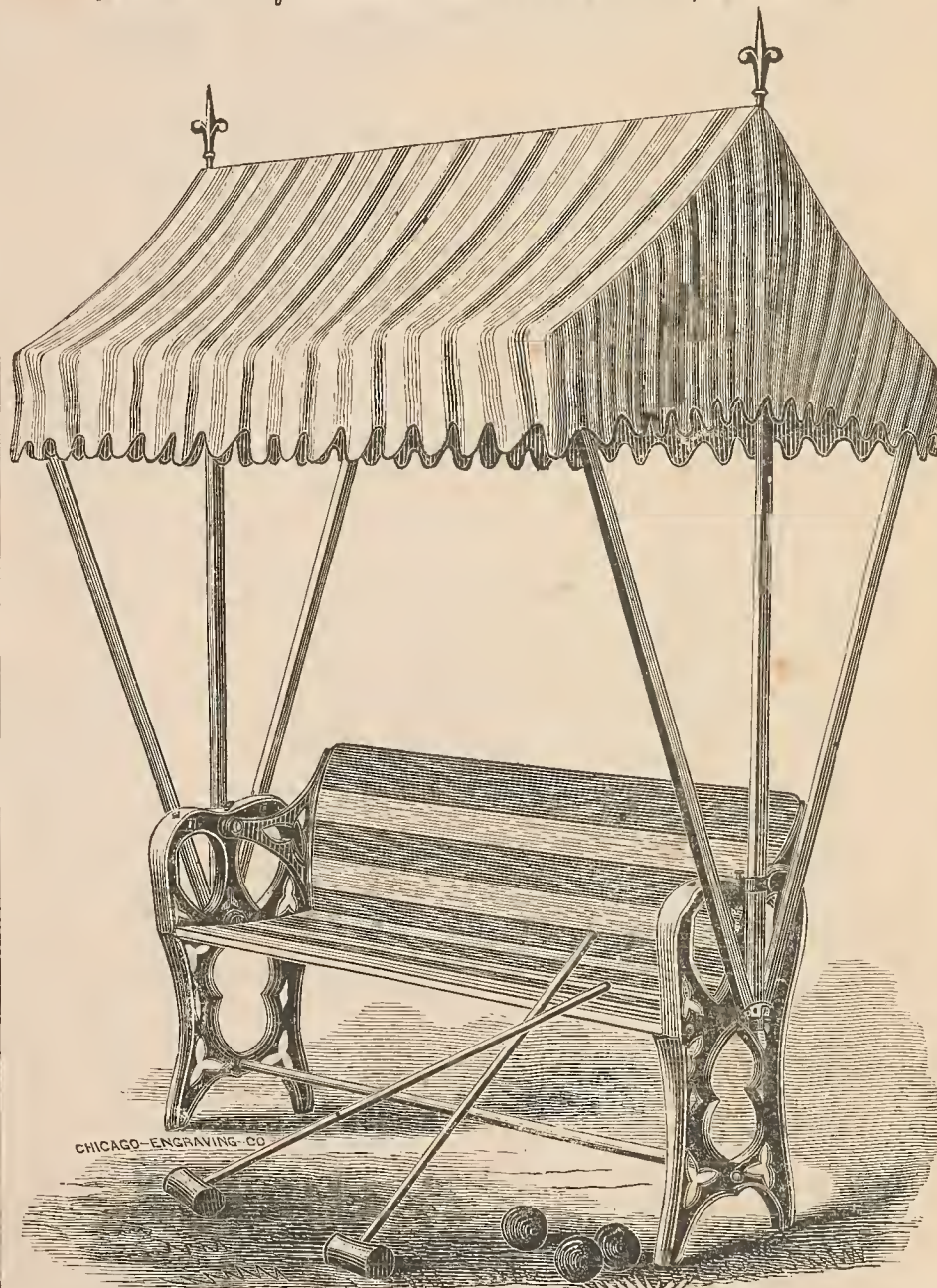
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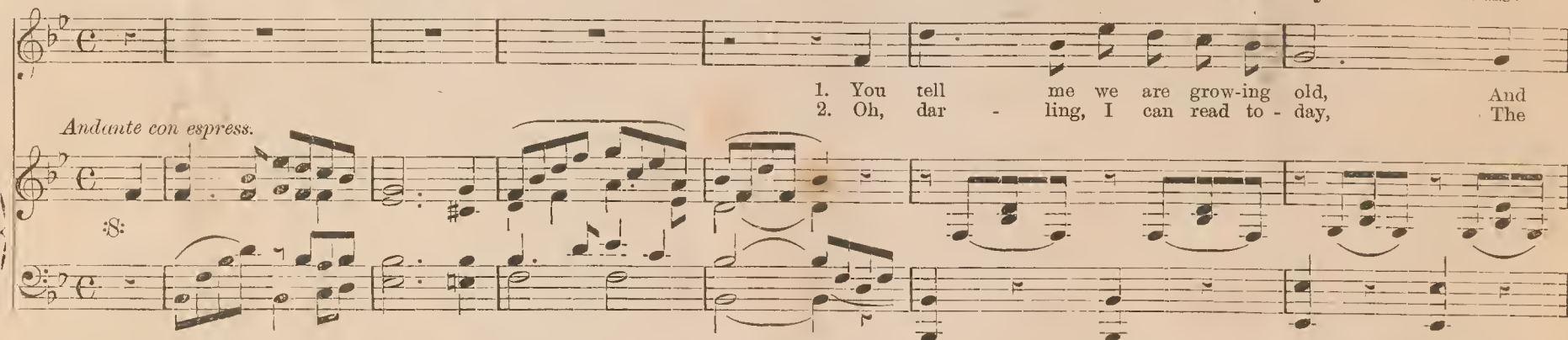
When Silver Threads are Gold Again.

Words by EBEN. E. REXFORD.

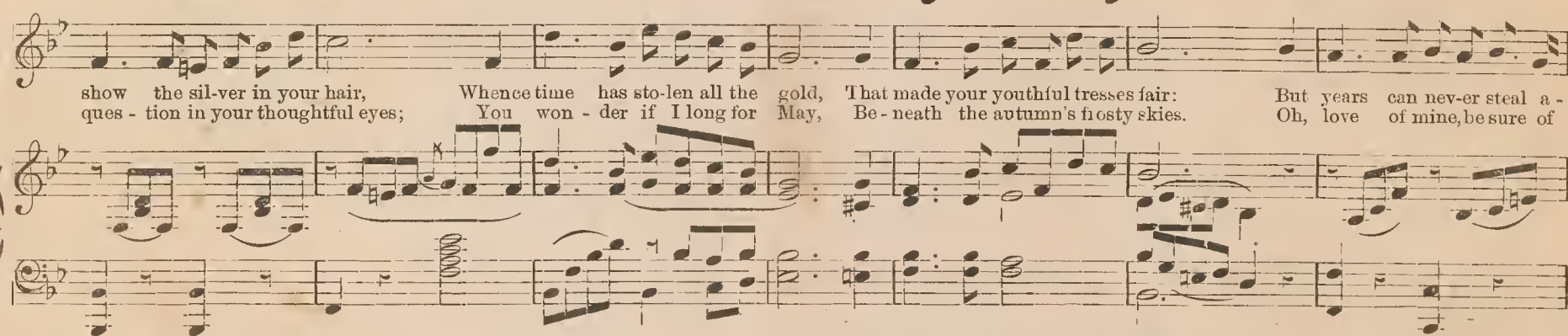
SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

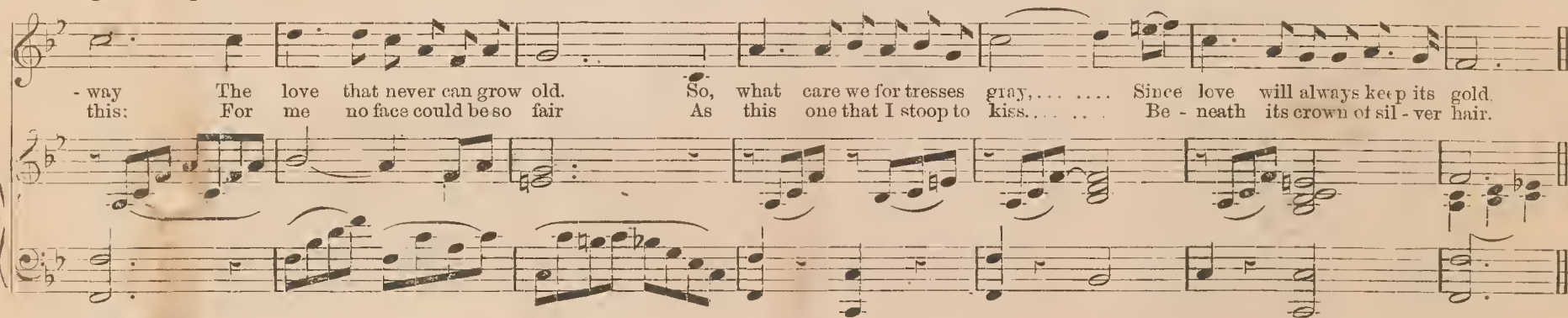
Andante con espress.



1. You tell me we are grow-ing old, And
2. Oh, dar - ling, I can read to - day, The

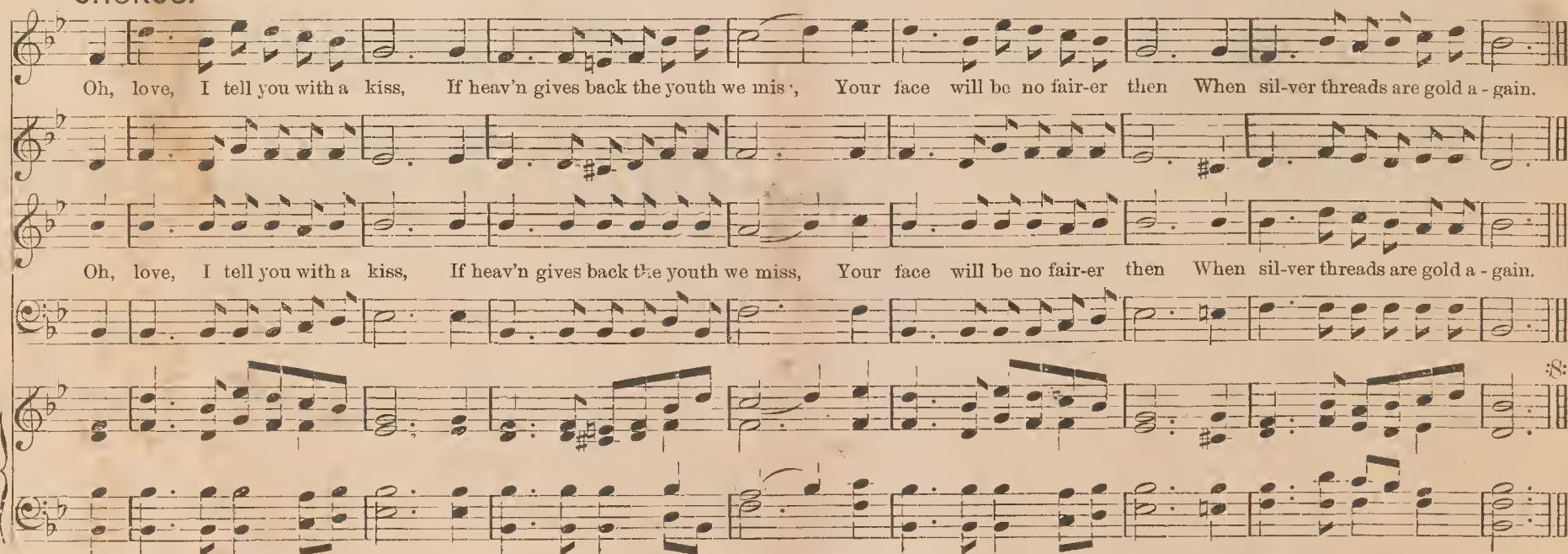


show the sil-ver in your hair, Whence time has sto-len all the gold, That made your youthful tresses fair: But years can nev-er steal a -
ques - tion in your thoughtful eyes; You won - der if I long for May, Be - neath the autumn's frosty skies. Oh, love of mine, be sure of



- way this: The love that never can grow old. So, what care we for tresses gray, Since love will always keep its gold.
For me no face could be so fair As this one that I stoop to kiss. Be - neath its crown of sil - ver hair.

CHORUS.



Oh, love, I tell you with a kiss, If heav'n gives back the youth we miss, Your face will be no fair-er then When sil-ver threads are gold a - gain.

Oh, love, I tell you with a kiss, If heav'n gives back the youth we miss, Your face will be no fair-er then When sil-ver threads are gold a - gain.

3 Oh, darling, though your step grows slow,
And time has furrow'd well your brow,
And all June's roses hide in snow,
You never were so dear as now.
Oh, truest, tend'rest heart of all,
Lean on me when you weary grow,
As days, like leaves of autumn fall
About the feet that falter so.—Cho.

4 Oh, darling, with your hand in mine,
We'll journey all life's pathway through;
With happy tears your dear eyes shine
Like sweet blue blossoms in the dew.
The sorrows of the passing years
Have made us love each other more!
And ev'ry day that disappears,
I count you dearer than before.—Cho.

Mrs. Virginia Dinnick A

THE LADIES' DOMESTIC GAZETTE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS. VOL. IV. NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1875. No. 44. PRICE 12 CENTS.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT PLANTS.

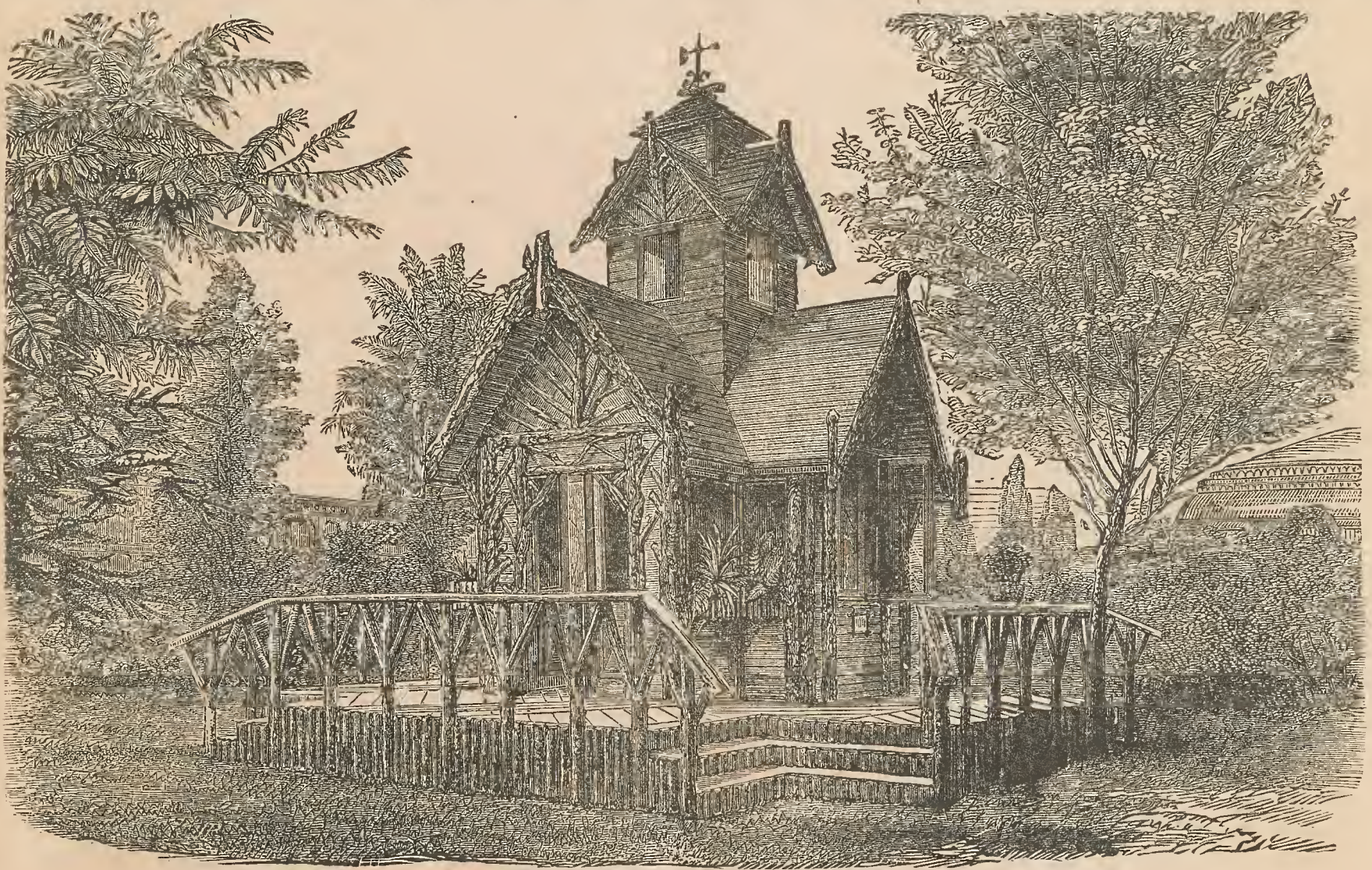
When rain water cannot be had for watering plants some sort of a fertilizer is needful to their thrifty and perfect growth. If two ounces of nitrate of potash and four ounces of nitrate of ammonia be dissolved in

festes with aphides, or insects of any sort, the free use of quassia tea will remove them, as well as multiply the blooms and invigorate the plant.

If abundance and richness of blossoms is needed be careful to use medium sized pots. It is also of great importance to keep the soil loose about the roots by

ing about a quart, and find it much easier and nicer than my old method of sprinkling by hand.

Fresh air and sunshine are both very necessary to the health and beauty of plants, as well as people, therefore a southern window is the best the year round; and the windows should be raised to let in



DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC HOUSE.

a pint of water you have as good a preparation for promoting the health and beauty of your plants as could be wished. Keep the solution tightly corked in a bottle. Once a week take a tablespoonful of it for three quarts of water, or in that proportion, and sprinkle your plants well with it.

Should your plants be so unfortunate as to be in-

stirring it up frequently, and an old table fork is about as good an implement as one can use for this purpose. Use once or twice a week, just before watering.

Give your plants plenty of water, especially through the heat of summer, and if kept in a dry hot atmosphere through the winter. Water by sprinkling instead of pouring. I use a small tin water pot, hold-

air by day and dew by night, when the weather is warm enough.

In making your selection of plants choose beauty of foliage as much, or more, than blossoms, as the latter can delight you only occasionally, while the former is a constant pleasure.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Floral Contributions.

SUCCESSFUL WINDOW GARDENING.

The first inquiry of every lover of flowers, or at least of every window gardener, is, "How can I get plants to blossom during the dreary months of winter? and what shall they be?" It requires very little effort on our part to have a garden gay with bright leaves and sweet with fragrance all the summer months. After the seeds are sown or plants are transplanted from hot-bed or cold frame, nature assumes, in great part, the care of watering, washing, and feeding. There is no changing about to give the stinted amount of sunshine, no gaseous vapors, no furnace heats, no want of air, and if kept free from weeds that would take their food, they are sure to grow, and what is better, to blossom. But when we take these out-of-door children into the house, we make them prisoners, and must minister to their wants, or they pine away and die; or mayhap drag out a sickly existence that is more deplorable even than death. Then the first requisite to success is a proper knowledge of their wants, and this requires study as well as experience. There are certain rules that apply to all members of the vegetable kingdom. They must have air, moisture, and food. This is true of the animal kingdom, and it would be just as sensible to give a bird and a fish the same cage, and feed them from the same dish, as to give a Cactus and a Calla the same treatment. In the garden the plants send out their roots in all direction and find their own food, but when potted, we cut off all their "visible means of support," and when they have taken up the limited amount of plant food afforded by the little earth given, how discouraged they must get when every little rootlet in search of food reaches the bare walls of its prison house and finds it can go no farther.

This shows the necessity of furnishing as much food as possible in a small compass, and leads me to speak of the soil. Leaf-mold, garden loam, and a sprinkling of sand, make a good soil for most plants; but I find an excellent compost under an old cow stable. A few loose stones in the foundation are an "open sesame" to a perfect treasure house, filled with rich soil that has been collecting for fifty years. It is as mellow as ashes, and mixed with loam and sand baked, to rid it of insect and weed germs, is food fit for the king—of plants. For Roses, Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Carnations, Lantanas, and Geraniums, I use two parts compost with one of garden soil and a little sand. The double Geraniums must be starved to blossom well, if overfed they will grow fat, but will not blossom. For Pansies and Callas the compost alone lightened with sand. Primroses, Salvias, Camelias, and that class, have two parts loam, one part compost, and one part sand. Even with all your care in preparing soil, many plants will after awhile need artificial feeding, particularly when making the rapid growth preparatory to coming into bloom. I prepare a fertilizer in this way: one part cow manure, one part chicken manure, and one part charcoal, put into a keg, cover with boiling water and let settle. I use this very differently on different plants. Of course drainage must be perfect.

Now, what shall we have that will blossom without fail in winter? The catalogues are filled with lists of winter-blooming plants, but how many of us have learned, by the experience of disappointment, how uncertain they are. Last winter I was not for a day without flowers enough to have made a respectable bouquet. First, I class Chinese Primula. I raise my single ones from seed. I sowed seed in July in jars

filled an inch at the bottom with charcoal, an inch with coarse soil, and then filled within an inch of the top with fine soil, covered lightly, placed in a warm shady place, with glass laid over the jar, moistened by setting the jars in a dish of warm water. In two weeks the plants were up; when they had three leaves I transplanted to two-inch pots, and when the roots filled these, potted for blossoming in five-inch pots, mixing charcoal dust with the light soil. After a few days, gave all the sunshine I could, and how they grew. They began to blossom in December, and blossomed continuously till July, when I forbade their blooming any longer, and compelled them to take a rest, dividing them and rooting the offshoots. There is no failure with the Primula. Cyclamen Persicum is another sure to blossom if kept dry during the summer and started the first of September. Begonia is another sure to blossom all winter. B. Jasminoides, B. Saundersonii, and B. nitida alba have blossomed profusely with me, and what is convenient, they care very little for the sun. Abutilon, too, if kept poorly, will hang out its cheerful bells all winter. It should be cut back in spring, repotted with plenty of root room, and kept shaded till taken within. Every one loves the Fuchsia, and craves its graceful bloom, but excepting Speciosa, I have never succeeded in getting the Fuchsia to blossom in winter. Avalanche begins in March, and Carl Holt and Van Quer de Puebla in April. Geraniums are freaky, but last winter I had a large Gen. Grant that blossomed beautifully from the first of January till taken out in May. Enormous trusses kept perfect, hardly dropping a petal for two months. As soon as it was in full blossom, I had it removed to a cool parlor, where it filled a whole window, and as the lace curtains fell over it, it was a thing of beauty, and attracted much attention from passers-by. It had been kept shaded and pinched out through the summer. Petunias, both double and single, are fine for parlor culture. Sow seed in July, pot when small, taken in in September, will blossom beautifully for two months or more. Old plants cut back and taken up in September will begin to blossom in March; only two months without Petunias. Ten weeks stock treated in the same way will give satisfaction. Let me add what I meant to have said, Petunias must have the sun.

Carnations rooted in sand in June, will blossom finely in winter; but I must not forget Chrysanthemums. I have one now that has stood all summer on an eastern piazza, and has been bountifully supplied with suds from the wash every week. It has eighty branches loaded with buds, from two to four buds on each branch. It is nearly three feet in diameter—a perfect oval; and, I think, must come nearly up to those exhibition plants that Shirley Hibbard tells of in the *Horticulturist*. The Pompones are beautiful, and offer a charming variety. Now, with a supply of Hyacinths and other bulbs, to fill up January and February, we have flowers all winter. I have mentioned only those common plants that will, and have with me, blossomed in a sitting-room, warmed with a coal stove. Of course, if one has a green-house or conservatory, we might add many others. One word of the drawbacks. First, insects. Aphis is the most common. The eggs are deposited on the uneven surface of the bark, or on the leaves during summer, and lie torpid all winter, unless taken to a warm room, then the larvae appear and the minute envelope falls. Have you never seen a white, filmy dust on your plant-stand, and wondered whence it came? Be sure a host of aphides are shaking off their shackles, preparatory to making a deadly on-

slaught upon your treasures. You must prepare for war, and that to the death of every green foe, or your pets are doomed. Naturalists tell us that a good healthy mother aphid will produce twenty-five young aphides daily, so be vigilant. Tobacco is your most efficient weapon. The mealy bug resembles a small scale; the larvae are a reddish brown, flat, and on many plants are not discovered without close inspection. They take up the juices of the plant, and at once arrest its growth and eventually kill it, unless ousted. They fix themselves, from time to time, in order to change their skin, and in their modesty, cover themselves with a white powdery substance, which gives them their common name. A wash of strong suds, or a weak solution of soda will remove and destroy them. Rinse in clear water. The infinitesimal red spider, though a mite, is a mighty foe. You must watch for him and drown him. This means labor. If plants are sprinkled two or three times a week, this insidious enemy will seldom appear. For mites in the earth, I cover the dirt with a sprinkling of cheap, fine tobacco and then pour on warm water, and it has proved very successful. Keep your plants in a vigorous growth, and these pests not only will seldom appear, but will be more easily overcome.

MRS. H. M. BARKER.

HANGING BASKETS.

Baskets of living plants may easily be had in perfection; select such kinds as will stand in rooms. As regards the baskets themselves, I like to see the wire-work painted dark green. Some paint it with bright colors, which quite spoils the effect of the flowers, which should be gay enough as regards colors, without any addition in the way of paint. Inside the wire-work put a thick layer of green moss, so as to prevent the soil from dropping through; over this put some broken crocks, and then fill up with whatever compost is best suited to the requirements of the plants with which the baskets are to be filled. For summer decoration there are numberless plants that can be grown in baskets; but, for winter blooming, nothing is better, or looks more showy, than Rollisson's unique Geranium, or scarlet Tropaeolum, both of which will continue in flower all through the winter, and droop down gracefully all around the basket. A basket, indeed, never looks well unless it is furnished with some drooping plant round the edge, as, for instance, with the variegated ivy-leaved Pelargonium, called *Delegante*, while in the centre should be a nicely grown plant of Fuchsia. Pretty baskets may also be made of silver variegated Geranium, Lady Plymouth and bright blue Lobelia, or of blue Convolvulus, with Christine Geranium in the centre; in fact, any flower that suits, and if put in with good taste, will look well. For large baskets suited for lobbies, mixed foliage plants, such as variegated Sedums, Echeverias, Iresines, and Centaureas have an effective appearance. A window box made of wood and lined with zinc, suspended by four cords or wires, up which can be trained creepers, also makes a pretty room ornament. The great point as regards keeping plants in baskets or boxes fresh and in good health, is to give plenty of water during the growing season, but more sparingly in winter, and to keep the leaves clean. If baskets are hung high there should be some means of lowering them, as it is troublesome getting up to them every morning with steps. If the baskets are small, the best way is to carry them away and water them outside; but in the case of large baskets this cannot be done, so a tea-tray or something of the kind should be placed under them to catch the drip.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Worms.—What will destroy a large black, or rather brownish, worm, which, in spite of all my efforts, destroys all the buds of one of my honeysuckles? I can't tell the name of the vine. It is an annual, blooming out in the spring. I have had it about six years, and it has never had a chance to bloom but once. It blooms in clusters at the joints of the stems. The flowers are pink, or rather whitish rose color when they first open, then turn to a buff color, and are very fragrant. It is very provoking to see the ugly things destroy all this beauty and sweetness.

Merom, Ind.

MAGGIE HAYS.

Answer.—You might try dusting with fresh lime or hellebore powder, but probably hand picking would be the only remedy.

Parlor Ivy.—What is the matter with my Parlor Ivy? I had a hanging basket filled with it; it was very thrifty, hanging down some two yards in length. In the Fall I transplanted it, taking it out of the basket (an old tin bucket covered with moss), and put it in a new wooden bucket, one of the common sort, painted inside. I did not disturb the roots much, but the leaves soon began to drop off, leaving the branches bare; I then cut the branches off, leaving them about a foot in length. About the holidays the Ivy began to sprout and grow about half a yard in length, and then withered and died. I examined the roots and found them rotted; I think the paint had something to do with it.

L. B.

Answer.—Did you make holes for the escape of water? The plant probably became too wet when first transferred to the new basket; it would have been best to transfer the plant in the spring.

Cutting Back.—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of the CABINET when is the best time to cut back the plants that have been blossoming all winter? Hitherto, I have been in the habit of cutting them back in the spring, when I set them out doors under some tree for the summer. I see by the book "Window Gardening" that it is recommended to repot and prune Geraniums closely in August or September, and so I want to know if I shall leave my Geraniums alone till then? My plants blossom most abundantly all winter, though I keep them in a room with a coal fire, but by spring the leaves are apt to turn yellow and fall off, giving the plant a bare and most distressed appearance. These same plants, if trimmed back and left out doors all summer, recover, put out fresh leaves, and get ready for blossoming again the next winter. One reason for pruning in the spring was that my plants (Fuchsias and Geraniums, in particular) grow to such a height in the course of the winter that I could not keep them from blowing over when the pots stand out doors. I have three Fuchsias now that are over fifty inches in height, with leaves four inches in length and three and a half in width, and they are covered with blossoms. My Lady Washington was a slip last year, but it blossomed finely. This year the buds have blasted as fast as they appeared; the leaves turn yellow and fall, leaving only a thick cluster of leaves at the end of each branch. What is the matter? It has not been in a very warm room. My Chinese Primroses have been very small, and presented a pinched appearance, though the plant looked in every way healthy. Can any one tell me the secret of the large blossoms seen on some plants of this kind? I have tried the red pepper treatment recommended in "Window Gardening," and have found it a certain cure for red spider.

I shower the plant, then holding it upside down I dust the red pepper on to the under side of the leaves, and covering the earth of the pot with a cloth, to prevent the pepper from falling upon it, I leave the plant alone for twenty-four hours, then wash off the pepper, and the spiders will not trouble any more. A friend of mine had a Lantana covered with buds in December and January, but none ever came to anything. They would fall to pieces at the least touch, and there seemed a sort of black mildew at the root of each embryo flower of the cluster. The plant looked perfectly healthy, and I would like to know why it did not blossom; it was kept in a room adjoining one where the stove was. Her Abutilon, which blossomed winter before last, has not had a single blossom upon it this last winter, though the plant looked thrifty and had a few buds. I have found pieces of apple laid upon the earth a help in getting rid of the white mites; they will collect on the pieces of apple, and can be easily shaken off from it into the fire every morning.

C. L.

Answer.—Treat plants as directed in "Window Gardening." By cutting back later in the season the plants will not become so tall by spring, but nothing will prevent room plants in general from becoming lanky by the end of season; the plants lose their leaves from exhaustion of the soil. The Lady Washington has probably been frozen. The soil used for Chinese Primroses was perhaps too poor; these plants require a tolerably rich soil. The Lantanas were perhaps grown in a cold or dark place; these plants require warmth to flower well in the winter.

Geraniums.—I have tried for some years past to raise plants in the house and, being obliged by my limited facilities for their culture, to give all about the same temperature and treatment, I have not succeeded very well, and I have thought it would be best to cultivate only plants of one family, and direct my efforts toward getting the greatest variety and the best possible specimens of that one. Would you advise me to make such a specialty of Geraniums; and, will you kindly give some information about the proper soil and treatment for them?

WYOMING.

Answer.—You will probably obtain as much satisfaction from the plant named as from any one class of plants. Any light and moderately rich soil will grow these plants well. Strike cuttings late in spring for winter flowering, and in the fall for spring and summer blooming; if the plants get too large, plant out in the summer, and you will obtain plants of good cuttings, and also flowers.

Cobaea Scandens.—In the March number of last year, you speak of the Cobaea Scandens being easily propagated by cuttings. I've been told so before. Now I have a fine one, three or four years old, in my greenhouse (not a very large greenhouse); it grows rapidly, blooms all the time, but I never have had one flower go to seed yet, and as to cuttings rooting, I can't make them. To be sure the plant itself was from a cutting. Having one from seed, I accidentally rooted one cutting out of a quantity. The plant from seed died, and this is the cutting, the stalk being two and a half inches in size at the ground and for half a yard up; but of, I have no doubt, a hundred cuttings I've tried since, not one has rooted; I have tried them every way a cutting could be supposed to root. Have good success with other things, but none with that. I wish I knew why I got no seeds, and what is the trouble in rooting the slips. A friend told me she had as ill luck as I, notwithstanding the gardener said it would root easily, when

he gave it to her. In the last number, the piece on Cyclamen met my eye. I've had some growing three years. They do well, with but little attention aside from watering, have pink and white, both in blossom for a long time. "H. H.," in her "Bits of Travel," speaks of them as growing wild in Italy, and called by the Italians, Mad Violets, and she thinks herself they are very like a vicious horse with two ears thrown back. "They always amuse me, and do any one who chances to see them." I notice one woman (Mrs. L. M. Hinman), says the slugs bother her on her Rose bushes. They did me four years ago, but I got white hellebore, made a wash of some of it (rule is half pound to half barrel of water), syringed my bushes just as the leaves were coming out, and then sprinkled some of the dry powder over them. Believe I did it twice the first year, but only once the next, and last year, merely went out one morning after a heavy dew, and sprinkled them with dry powder (I use an old pepper box for sprinkling), I have not seen a slug since I first used the hellebore. The Rose bugs are a nuisance, but as they pay no attention to washes of any kind, or anything but my fingers, I use the latter to put them in their place, which is not on my roses. I've a large Safrano bush in the greenhouse five and a half feet high, and is full of buds and blossoms all winter and spring. I let it rest the last of summer, so as to have winter roses to sell. Have also a Chinese Primrose that blossoms the year round, or two of them rather, a pink and a white one. Those black-eyed Susans, my cousin says, are called Licorice seeds. She and her parents brought me a quantity from Jamaica some years ago.

S. M. BARBER.

Foxboro', Mass.

Answer.—Turn some of the Cobaea shoots outside in summer, and they will probably ripen seed; the cuttings root tolerable easily in a hot-bed, but seedlings are the most vigorous plants. Your Safrano Rose has flowered well. If your plant were a Tigridia and remained in the ground during winter, it was killed by the frost.

Worms.—What will kill a little worm or bug that has troubled my choicest flowers this winter? It is about as large as the small red ant, pure white, with four tiny feet on each side and two horns half as long as its body. When I water my plants they rise on the surface by the hundreds, and they soon kill my plants. I have used ammonia and potato water, which did no good.

HANNAH OWEN.

Answer.—Shake the soil away from the roots and wash the roots clean and pot in fresh soil, being careful to select such as is free from insects.

Oleander.—We have been told that if we break off the flowers from the Oleander with the stems on, they will not bloom again, but that they bloom on the same stems year after year. Is it so? It is so with the wax plant—Ligustrum lucidum.

Answer.—Yes; but the plant will flower from the points of fresh shoots.

Nigella.—Will some one please inform me through the FLORAL CABINET how to treat the Nigella, what kind of soil it requires, and whether it thrives in sunny or shady places?

VICKIE BLUE.

Answer.—Any light vegetable soil will grow these plants well, with abundance of water when in growth, and keep in a dry warm place when at rest, but not watered over the foliage. A slight shade from bright sun is necessary, in order that their growth may be successful.

Flower Gardening.

THE HYBRIDIZING OF PLANTS.

Flowers, from the florist's hands, and as we find them in "pastures green," or along the banks of running streams, are indeed beautiful. But did you never, my reader, long for some plant which would owe its peculiar attractions to your own adaptation of nature's laws? Watching each returning season for some tint or marking hitherto unknown to my garden, and meeting with frequent disappointments, I resolved to trust no longer to the media of winds and insects to produce an interchange of colors. I sought and found an article on the subject, and after careful study, behold! my trials and their success. Petunias being easier handled than aught else in my collection, my first attempt was with them. They open in the morning, and rarely unfold the receptacles containing the pollen until nine, or even ten o'clock. Before that time I visit the flower-bed, and selecting two plants, for instance, one of white the other of pink, prepare the blossoms for the final work a few hours later. As an example, I take a small pair of pointed scissors and cut from all the white blossoms every stamen I can detect. I next visit the pink variety, and destroy the pistil belonging to each; thus every flower is dependent upon another to become fertilized in order to produce seed. For about two hours I find the receptacles at the ends of the uncut stamens have opened, and the pollen ready to be removed. Taking one flower at a time, (of the pink), I cut it from the plant, and removing every portion of the corolla I may without injury to the stamens, I gently brush the latter over the pistil of the white variety until a quantity of the pollen is transferred from them to the said pistil. Taking each flower in turn, I continue the operation until all are fertilized, when time alone is wanting to complete the work. A small thread may be tied to the stem of each flower, to distinguish it from others, in order that the seed may be gathered separately. And to prevent other colors being introduced with those already mixed, tie a piece of net or gauze over each blossom to prevent their being disturbed by insects. Fair weather is desirable, as moisture would hinder, in a degree, the removal of the pollen, and also prove detrimental to the formation of seed. When once the practice is acquired, taste may be exercised in the arrangement of colors, and our efforts extended to an infinite number and kinds of plants. A writer says: "Any two plants of the same order can be made to form a union," i. e., a Cypress Vine and Morning Glory, both being of the natural order Convolvaceæ, will unite. Of this, I have no experience of my own as proof, but any one can make the attempt who has at hand a catalogue containing the botanical order of flowers. What a field of pleasure is opened to us in the study of the affinity of plants! Sister flower-lovers, shall we not compete with the florist in producing new and unknown varieties? For not only are changes effected in the coloring and markings of flowers, but their natures and wants may be transformed. We can endow them with qualities best suited to our climes, while in no degree lessening their pleasing attributes. The Dahlia will partake of the fragrance of some sweet sister-rose, while the latter

will exchange for it the quality of a perpetual bloomer. Then, too, a plant will learn the lesson of endurance from some hardy cousin, and be none the less delightful to our homes for the nicety of perfume it in gratitude bestows upon its benefactor. Our care should be taken that no ill-assorted unions be made among our plants. Dame Nature has done much to prevent misalliance in her own particular province; nevertheless, most unaccountable marriages take place in the plant kingdom as well as in our own. In conclusion, I hope many readers will peruse this with interest, for who knows how endless the pleasure and instruction it will afford to inquiring minds?

JENNIE.



VERANDA COVERED WITH VINES.

FLOWER GARDENS.

To those who have a choice in land, I would say, choose a light rich loan, to which, once a year, I would apply well-rotted cow manure and leaf-mold from the woods, if attainable. It is my plan to collect all the leaves, pieces of turf, young weeds, etc., and pile them up in an obscure corner. As you add to this pile, stir it up, and in this way you will keep on hand



A GARDEN SUMMER-HOUSE.

a compost that is as invaluable for pot plants as it is for applying to your beds. The more you stir the pile, the quicker it will decay. It will take about two summers for it to fully decompose. The ground should be laid out according to taste, and the varieties you intend to cultivate. If you have but little space, and wish to cultivate as many varieties as possible, the best way is to take the turf all off and arrange in straight beds, with a walk between. These beds should not be so wide but that you can weed them without stepping among the plants. Where there is

plenty of room, fancy shaped beds, cut in the green turf, are much prettier. The grass needs to be cut close and even to give the best appearance. Beds like these should be filled with something that will blossom all the season, or sometimes two varieties can be planted in one bed so as to produce the effect. This is an excellent way to plant spring flowering bulbs. The annuals sown between the rows do not injure the bulbs, but grow so quickly that they cover the bed with flowers almost as soon as the bulbs are gone.

Planting in fancy beds brings the necessity of a bed similar to the one first described, for such varieties as bloom and die quickly, and also for cut flowers.

Having prepared your ground, you must next sow your seeds and plant roots of perennials, shrubs, etc. Seeds should not be sown in the New England States until after the first of May. If you sow them in a seed-bed, it is well to prepare it in the most sheltered spot you have. By so doing, you can plant them a few days earlier. Those kinds that have long roots should always be sown where they are to stand, for many plants will be lost in transplanting, and those that live will become stunted. Do not neglect transplanting until they have become drawn or slender. When they are putting forth their second and

third leaves is the time, for they will soon need more room. You can obtain flowering plants much earlier by planting in a hot-bed. Those who have no hot-bed can plant them in pots, or even rough wooden boxes in the house. After your plants are transplanted, nothing remains except to keep the weeds down. Some plants may need to be tied up to stakes to prevent breaking by wind or rain. Roots of perennials do best if planted in the autumn. They can be planted in the spring, but will not do as well the first summer. Always make a plan of your garden or lawn in the spring, and select your seeds, etc., according to space and situation. I will say a few words about making selections, which may be a help to amateurs. If you want tall, showy flowers, select Zinnias, Balsams, Poppies, Marigolds, etc. These are not my favorites, however. For masses of medium height, plant Phlox Drummondii, Candytuft, Petunias, Verbenas, etc. Portulacas make showy masses in the early part of the day, but as they close soon after noon, should not be planted in a very conspicuous place. Try a bed of foliage plants. If you have never had them, you will be surprised at their magnificence. Amaranthus, Ricinus, Celosia Huttonii, Coleus, Cannas, and Caladiums are all good for this purpose. But do not forget the fragrant flowers. I would sooner do without a great many of my beautiful blossoms than some that are less showy but more fragrant. What can be sweeter than the little Mignonette, Sweet

Alyssum, Sweet Peas, and Heliotropes. When more than one variety is planted in the same bed, be sure to plant the tallest in the centre or backside, and the lowest on the edge or in front of the beds. Ribbon beds are pretty if well taken care of, but they need a great deal of pruning to keep them in shape. They may be planted of different colors of the same flower, or altogether different plants may be used. It requires some care to select plants of the proper height and color. By all means have a bed of bulbs. Hyacinths and Tulips planted in the ribbon style are truly beautiful.

MYRTLE.

Ornamental Cottages.

A RIVER COTTAGE.

This cottage, designed by Mr. R. G. Hatfield, architect, of New York, is intended to be located upon a sharp declivity where a fine view, either upon a river or extended valley, is to be had from the lower side.

It has, therefore, a road front and a river front—the former having the entrance porch extended out beyond the line of the house, to answer the purpose of a porte-cochere, and the latter provided with an ample veranda connected with the lower lawns by a flight of steps.

On the principal story floor the entrance is on the south side of the central gable, into a large stairway hall, 15 x 16 feet, from which doors open into all the rooms. At the center is the parlor, which extends out on the river front, and by its end and side windows affords a view either up, down or across the water; the size of this room is 16 x 22 feet.

The parlor opens at the left into the library, which is 14 x 16 feet, and has a bay window at the south end; and at the right into the dining room. This room is 15 x 18 feet, and opens in front into a pantry, 10 x 16 feet, containing a dumb waiter descending into the basement, a private stairs leading down to basement and up to second story, cupboard, shelves, etc. All the windows opening on the veranda should descend to the floor.

The second story contains six rooms. Over the parlor is the principal chamber, which is 16 x 22 feet, and has three corner closets. This opens into a small child's room, on the left, which is 7 x 9 feet. The three other small bedrooms are 8 x 14, 8.6 x 15, and 8.6 x 9 feet, respectively. The bath room is in the stairway hall, and is 6 x 11 feet; it contains the bath and water closet.

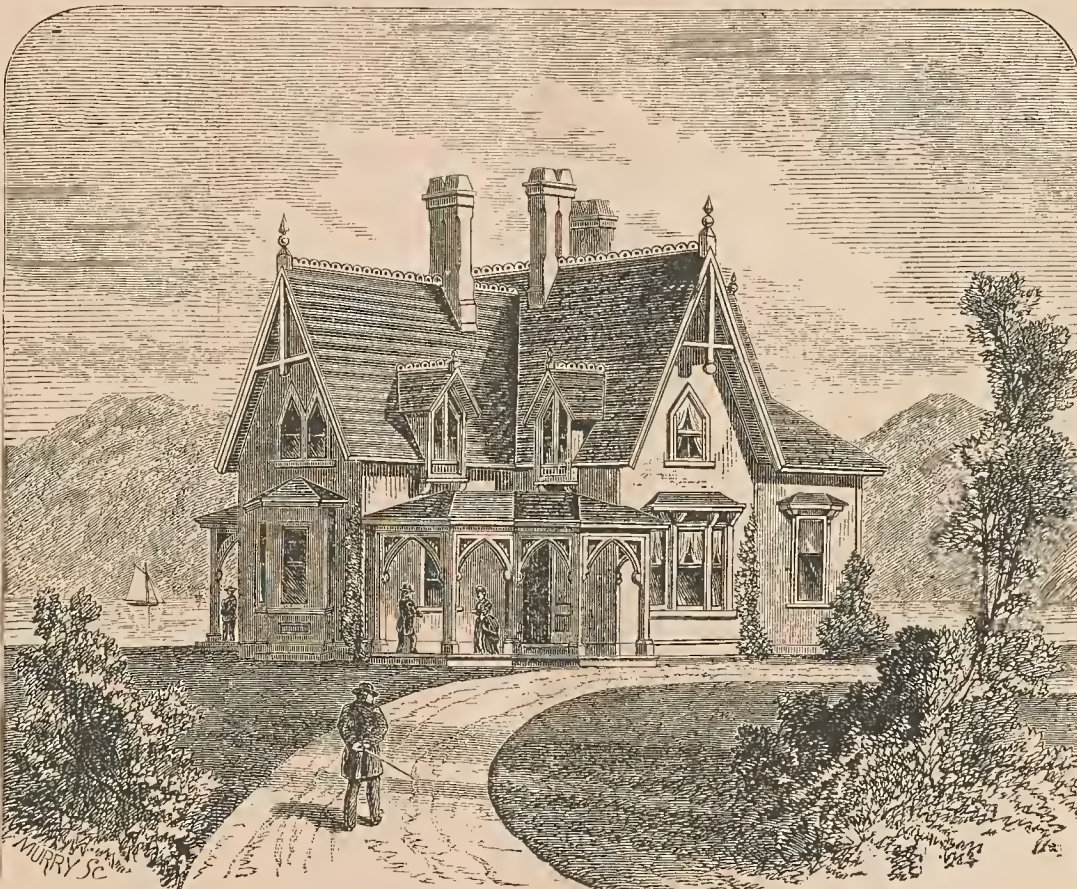
The basement contains, on the right, the kitchen, 14.6 x 17.6, provided with pantry, closet and store-room in front; at the centre the laundry, with wash trays, closet, stove, etc.; on the left, the cellar for fuel, etc.; and in front, a passage containing a water closet, the furnace, etc. There are two exterior doors, one opening from the cellar, and one from the kitchen.

The side of the basement towards the river is entirely above ground. The height of basement is 8 feet; of first story, 10 feet; and second floor, 8½ feet in the clear when finished. The walls of the basement, where against the ground, should be built of stone, and the side where above ground, towards the river, may be of brick. Above the basement the building is of wood, but should be filled in with brick to the roof, as its position is evidently one of great exposure in winter, and it could scarcely be made comfortable without. The detail of the finish, both on the exterior and interior, is intended to be plain, leaving the good effect to depend rather upon good proportion than embellishment. The cost would depend upon local advantages, and would average \$5,000.

KEEPING PINKS, ETC., THROUGH THE WINTER.

In reply to Hannah Owens, in the March CABINET, I would say, that I have successfully kept all kinds of Pinks, including the Heddewigii varieties, by driving three or four shingles into the ground close to the plants, letting them meet or nearly so, at the top, throwing coarse manure, which has more or less straw in it, over them. This plan answers also for Canterbury Bells, Digitalis, and in fact, all perennials that keep their leaves through the winter; the shingles keep the manure from rotting the foliage that ought to live through the cold weather, and the commonest Pinks are the better for such protection. Then in the spring they can be uncovered gradually; first making a hole in the top of the mound, then removing the covering by degrees, as the weather permits. Carnations should be treated as biennials, that is, raised from seed every year, for it does not pay to keep them but one winter. The most tender varieties will live out of doors, the first winter, if raised from seed, and blossom beauti-

out, no matter how small, is placed a strip of stout brown paper, pinned together to form a ring; they should be two inches high, and just pushed into the ground enough to keep them steady, and the circles should be as small as the plant will allow, for fear the worms should come up within the enclosure which rarely happens. Double the paper, unless very strong, and use large pins; they keep the circles in shape when it rains. By this method the cut worms became so hungry in my garden last year, that they were actually driven to eat weeds, a very unusual occurrence, that must have seriously wounded their feelings. As the Lilies and Gladiolus come up, we protect them in the same way. This paper plan is not infallible, but will save ninety plants out of a hundred; which is better than the wholesale destruction the pests have caused in this vicinity for the last three years. Early one morning, last June, I did find a large worm setting up on the top of one of my paper circles, placidly eating into a Gladiolus stalk, but it was the only case of the kind, and he must have been an uncommonly intelligent specimen, almost worthy of a better fate than the cremation he received in my kitchen stove. MRS. F. N. B.



RIVER COTTAGE.

fully in their second summer, but if they do survive a second winter's cold, they bloom at the end of long straggling branches, and are shiftless looking plants, such as make an orderly woman's eyes ache; it is better to have young plants every year. Every one who cares enough for flowers to raise Verbenas and Phloxes, should raise Carnations and Picotees, they grow more easily from the seed, can be transplanted between flowering plants, and will take up but little room the first season, and bloom beautifully the second. As to Monthly Roses, placing them in the cellar in pots, late in the fall, and bringing them up stairs early in April to start, seems to be the best way to keep them, and it is not a very satisfactory method either, for before the leaves come out, they are not handsome parlor plants. I have tried Daisy Eyebright's plan, of covering them with sods, out of doors, but the weight of the sods broke the shoots off, and they were ruined.

I should like to tell E. R. Allen, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., of my plan for preventing the destruction of plants by cut worms. Around every plant that is set

gave the former very little water, while the latter, as I thought, required much, but they both soon died.

S. W. E.

Answer.—In the spring in hot-beds, and autumn in cold frames. 2. The plants will branch if pinched, and cut down in the autumn. 3. In April. 4. No leaf came to hand. 5. Damp and cold. 6. The same cause; these plants require a temperature of not less than fifty at all times.

Cypripedium Insignis.—Permit me to inquire through the CABINET how to treat the above Orchid. I bought one last fall in bud, the buds fell off, and the plant does not grow. I filled a six-inch pot two-thirds full of charcoal, and set the plant in leaf mould and sand. Also can Euphorbia Splendens be propagated by cuttings, and is spring the proper time? PANSY.

Answer.—Pot the plant in loam, and as the roots are probably dead, give but little water until fresh roots are made. Euphorbia can be propagated from cuttings, at any time.

Stories.

SCHOOLING A HUSBAND.

Mrs. Center was jealous. She was one of those discontented women who are never satisfied unless something goes wrong. When the sky is bright and pleasant, they are annoyed because there is nothing to grumble at. The trouble is not with the outward world, but with the heart, the mind; and every one who wishes to grumble will find a subject.

Mrs. Center was jealous. Her husband was a very good sort of person, though he probably had his peculiarities. At any rate, he had a cousin, whose name was Sophia Smithers, and who was very pretty, very intelligent, and very amiable and kind-hearted. I dare say he occasionally made her a social call, to which his wife solemnly and seriously objected, for the reason that Sophia was pretty, intelligent, amiable and kind-hearted. These were the sum total of her sins.

Center and his wife boarded in a private establishment at the South end of Boston. At the same house also boarded Center's particular, intimate, and confidential friend Wallis, with his wife. Their rooms might almost be said to be common ground, for the two men and the two women were constantly together.

Wallis could not help observing that Mrs. Center watched her husband very closely, and Center at last confessed that there had been some difficulty. So they talked the matter over together, and came to the conclusion that it was very stupid for any one to be jealous, most of all for Mrs. Center to be jealous. What they did I don't know, but one evening Center entered the room and found Mrs. Wallis there.

"My dear, I am obliged to go out a few moments to call upon a friend," said Center.

"To call upon a friend!" sneered Mrs. Center.

"Yes, my dear, I shall be back presently," and Mr. Center left the room.

"The old story," said she, when he had gone.

"If it was my husband I would follow him," said Mrs. Wallis.

"I will!" and she immediately put on her bonnet and shawl. "Sophia Smithers lives very near, and I am sure he is going there."

Center had gone up stairs to put on his hat and overcoat, and in a moment she saw him on the stairs. She could not mistake him, for there was no other gentleman in the house who wore such a peculiar shaped Kossuth as he wore.

He passed out, and Mrs. Center passed out after him. She followed the queer shaped Kossuth of her husband, and it led her to C— street, where she had suspected it would lead her. And further, it led her to the house of Smithers, the father of Sophia, where she suspected also it would lead her.

Mrs. Center was very unhappy. Her husband had ceased to love her; he loved another; he loved Sophia Smithers. She could have torn the pretty, intelligent, amiable and kind-hearted cousin of her husband in pieces at that moment; but she had the fortitude to curb her belligerent tendencies, and ring the door-bell.

She was shown into the sitting-room, where the beautiful girl of many virtues was engaged in sewing.

"Is my husband here?" she demanded.

"Mr. Center? Bless you, no! He hasn't been here for a month."

Gracious! What a whopper! Was it true that she whose multitudinous qualities had been so often rehearsed to her could tell a lie? Hadn't she seen the peculiar Kossuth of her husband enter that door?

Hadn't she followed that unmistakable hat to the house?

She was amazed at the coolness of her husband's fair cousin. Before, she had believed it was only a flirtation. Now, she was sure it was something infinitely worse, and she thought about a divorce, or at least a separation.

She was astounded, and asked no more questions. Did the guilty pair hope to deceive her—her, the argus-eyed wife? She had some shrewdness, and she had the cunning to conceal her purpose by refraining from any appearance of distrust. After a few words upon commonplace topics she took her leave.

When she reached the sidewalk, there she planted herself, determined to wait till Center came out. For more than an hour she stood there, nursing the yellow demons of jealousy. He came not. While she, the true, faithful and legal wife of Center, was waiting on the cold pavement, shivering in the cold blast of autumn, he was folded in the arms of the black-hearted Sophia, before a comfortable coal fire.

She was catching her death a-cold. What did he care—the brute! He was bestowing his affections upon her who had no legal right to them.

The wind blew, and it began to rain. She could stand it no longer. She should die before she got the divorce, and that was just what the inhuman Center would wish her to do. She must preserve her precious life for the present, and she reluctantly concluded to go home. Center had not come out, and it required a struggle for her to forego the exposure of the nefarious scheme.

She rushed into the house, into her room. Mrs. Wallis was there still. Throwing herself upon the sofa, she wept like a great baby. Her friend tried to comfort her, but was firmly resolved not to be comforted. In vain Mrs. Wallis tried to assure her of the fidelity of her husband. She would not listen to the words. But while she was thus weeping, Mr. Center entered the room, looking just as though nothing had happened.

"You wretch!" sobbed the lady.

"What is the matter, my dear?" coolly inquired the gentleman, for he had not passed through the battle and storm of matrimonial warfare without being able to "stand fire."

"You wretch!" repeated the lady, with compound unction.

"What has happened?"

"You insult me, abuse me, and then ask me what the matter is!" cried the lady. "Haven't I been waiting in C— street for two hours, for you to come out of Smithers' house?"

"Have you?"

"I have, you wretch!"

"And I did not come out?"

"No! You know you didn't!"

"There was an excellent reason for that, my dear. I wasn't there," said Center, calmly.

"You wasn't there, you wretch! How dare you tell me such an abominable lie! But I have found you out. You go there every day, yes, twice, three times a day! I know your amiable cousin, now! She can lie, as well as you."

"Sophia tell a lie! O no, my dear!"

"But she did. She said you were not there."

"That was very true; I was not."

"How dare you tell me such a lie! You have been with Sophia all the evening. She is a nasty baggage!"

"Nay, Mrs. Center; you are mistaken," interposed Mrs. Wallis. "Mr. Center has been with me in this room all the evening."

"What? Didn't I see him go out and follow him to C— street?"

"No, my dear, I haven't been out this evening. I changed my mind."

Just then Wallis entered the room with that peculiar Kossuth on his head, and the mystery was explained. Mrs. Center was not a little confused, and very much ashamed of herself.

Wallis had been in Smithers' library smoking a cigar, and had not seen Sophia. Her statement that she had not seen Center for a month was strictly true, and Mrs. Center was obliged to acknowledge that she had been jealous without a cause, though she was not "let into" the plot of Wallis.

But Center should have known better than to tell his wife what a pretty, intelligent, amiable and kind-hearted girl Sophia was. No husband should speak well of any lady but his wife.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

This anecdote of General Washington appeared in an English magazine in 1823:

During his administration as President of the United States, a gentleman, a friend of the President throughout the whole course of the Revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and responsible office. The gentleman was at all times welcome to Washington's table. He had been to a certain degree necessary to the domestic repose of a man who had for seven years fought the battles of his country, and who had now undertaken the task of wielding her political energies. At all times and in all places Washington regarded his Revolutionary associate with an eye of evident partiality and confidence.

He was a jovial, pleasant, and unobtrusive companion. In applying for the office it was in the full confidence of success, and his friends already cheered him in the prospect of his arrival at competency and ease.

The opponent of this gentleman was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington. He had even made himself conspicuous among the ranks of the opposition. He had, however, the temerity to stand as a candidate for the office to which the friend and favorite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favor of his pretensions but strong integrity, promptitude and fidelity in business, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the State.

Every one considered the appointment of this man hopeless. No flattering testimonial of merit had he to present to the eye of Washington. He was known to be his political enemy. He was opposed by a favorite of the General; and yet with such fearful odds he dared to stand as a candidate. What was the result? The enemy of Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion left destitute and rejected.

A mutual friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the President for the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," said he, "I receive with a cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house and welcome to my heart. But, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as the President of the United States I can do nothing."

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, 46 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Home Pets.

HOME PETS.

"And these are your pets," said a dear friend to me one day, while looking at and admiring some very choice plants. "Well, yes; a portion of them," I replied; "I plant and water, wait and watch, and when it shows life I am glad; and I think it is mine to watch, water, and train; yes, they are pets; but I have others; you saw that woolly dog as you came in; he too comes in for a share of petting, and he appreciates it; those great human eyes, that look so intelligent, only tell of the great loving heart within the shaggy covering, and how he saved the life of that child when drowning, and laid her at her mother's feet, and how, a short time since, he watched the corn-field and kept the cattle from mischief, and went without his dinner, and how, every morning, he likes to lay his face against mine, just a minute.

"I like him, he knows so much; and my kitten comes along for a pat, and the mischief expects a game of ball, and a romp over my shoulders, and a game of hide-and-seek over the house; and all the mice she catches brings them to me, and I pet her to her satisfaction; and my horse, I pet him after a sort; he knows when I drive him, and takes all manner of liberties, stopping to talk with people whether we are acquainted or not; turning up at gate-posts; stopping under shade trees, and taking his own time for travel, until within

about a mile of home, and then he seems to think there is a light in the window for him in the shape of a good meal of oats or corn; I like him too."

"Well, what has become of your bird?"

"I gave him away; it would have been my pleasure to have opened his cage, and let him fly away; but certain death would have been the consequence. I cannot keep birds, poor harmless creatures; it makes

"Yes," says my friend, "Bergh is doing much toward that."

"Yes, I know. I feel just like giving that man a God-speed in the shape of a hug and a kiss; success to his humane efforts."

"I once saw a large oil painting, Adam and Eve in the garden; Adam caressing and petting Eve, with one arm around her, while at his side

was a noble lion, Adam's hand resting upon his head; the animals God had made and given to Adam were at home around him, knowing no fear, looking so kind and trustful, except the serpent, the deceitful sneak, he dared not come out boldly to be petted. The scene was too graceful, too much trust, love, and security for him to enter, half hiding; his evil eyes snapping, and taking in the scene, seemed to say, I will spoil all this; your joy shall be sorrow; your rest shall be toil; your safety peril; your pets shall learn to fear you; and how effectually he petted Eve we all know, and she in turn beguiled Adam; and woe came to all, both man and beast. It is fit and becoming for man and the



SOME OF HER PETS.

my heart ache continually to hear their cries to each other; to see them fluttering, and beating against the wires, it seems like an effort to break jail. It was a cruel thing to bring them here. Canaries and negroes were not made for such a life. This is not their country nor their home. I wonder if the time will ever come when the wrongs of our domestic animals will ever be made right?"

race to restore the brute creation to confidence and trust."

"Well," says my friend, "do you let that enormous spider live with you?"

"Verily, I do. I let him live and thrive, and grow, and a curious thing it is. Many a lesson I have learned of the cunning, wary old worker. As long as he keeps his present quarters, he is welcome; but here comes my dearest best pets, my husband and children." J. T.

Ladies' Boudoir.

JENNIE.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh! shall I not, Jennie,
Be one of the many,
To render thee homage wherever thou art;
Not wilfully, blindly,
But carefully, kindly,
The purest, and truest that wells in the heart.

Tho' others may bless thee,
And often caress thee,
With words of endearment more precious to thee,
From all I can offer,
From Love's brimming coffer,
Be pleased to acknowledge a tribute from me.

Then shall I not, Jennie,
Be one of the many,
To join in thy converse, and bask in thy smile,
Till Friendships shall wither,
And we have gone hither,
To dwell in the light of Eternity's Isle.

"THE LITTLE ONE IS GONE."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

I watch to see a little face,
Sly peeping thro' the door,
And stop to hear a wonted step,
That comes within no more.
I wait to catch a laughing tone,
And watch and wait in vain,
For undisturbed I may work on,
'Twill never come again.

I hear the tread of other feet,
And other tones of glee,
And listen for another voice,
That comes no more to me.
I sit and mark in silent grief,
The solemn hours move on;
Oh! what will give my heart relief,
The little one is gone.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

I promised to tell you something about Mary Hatch's house. I will begin with the spare chamber, as I was much pleased with it. To begin, then, at the foundation (for I mean to go into details), the walls are covered with plain paper—French gray in color. At the top of the ceiling was a gilt moulding about two inches wide, to hang pictures from; below this a bordering, gray ground-work, with pink roses in long sprays; this was finished with a very narrow gilt moulding. The paint was white. The panels of the doors and the moulding of the base-board were tinted to match the paper. Carpet of white matting. Chamber-set of white pine, painted and varnished to match the paper on the walls. The French bedstead had bouquets of roses on the head and foot-boards, a scroll-work of gilt and white outlined the edges; the dressing-case, commode and chairs matched. At the windows were plain white shades with drab tassels; over these, full curtains of white Swiss muslin, open in the centre; at the top of the window was a board, about an inch in width and slightly rounded, from which was fastened a lambrequin made of pink cambric, cut in two scollops and covered with Swiss muslin, and edged with an imitation of Guipure lace; to finish the top was a box-plaiting, made of lengthwise muslin, doubled and plaited in the middle, and tacked on with small silver-headed tacks; the curtains were looped up with pink ribbon. On the dressing-case was a pink ground glass toilet-set; mats made of white wash canvas embroidered with pink worsted, a pincushion, pattern of gray beads filled in with pink floss silk; on one side of the glass hung a hair receiver, made of perforated card-board, worked with the same silk; on the other side, a hair-pin receiver made of a collar-box filled with wool wadding covered with a crocheted cover made of pink worsted; a strip of card-board worked with worsted

and bound on each edge with pink ribbon, was fastened around the outside; over the commode was a towel rack, a pattern of gray beads, filled in with the same floss silk; on each side of this was a tiny bracket made of whitewood carved, with a little Parian marble bust on it. On the mantle-shelf (a marble slab with bronze brackets) was a pair of white ground-glass vases with a bunch of roses in "Dealcomanie" on them—they were filled with pressed ferns; above them hung one of Prang's beautiful chromos of flowers, in a whitewood frame; each side of the dressing-case were pictures of Prang's autumn leaves in passe-partout frames, with drab mats and finish. The pillow-shams were made of white Swiss muslin, with a deep hem, and trimmed with the same lace as the lambrequins, and lined with pink cambric. The toilet quilt was pink and white, and the cover on the table the same. I noticed several handsome books on it. At one window hung a goblet, minus the bottom; it was filled with Moneywort growing; it was encased in a white crocheted cover and a tassel on the bottom. In one corner was a large comfortable looking chair which, on inquiring, I learned was made from an old worn-out "Boston rocker" which came from mother's garret. With the aid of an old quilt, some cotton batting and a few tacks, it made a nice chair. It was covered with French cretonne, a gray ground with garlands of roses. An old band-box was converted into a footstool by cutting a piece from the top to make it shallower, and covering the same as the chair. In one corner was a pine bracket covered with mosses and lichens; there was a large shell on it filled with autumn leaves. A very handsome mat, in front of the bed, was made from a remnant of velvet carpet, bought for a trifle, with a piece of bordering that matched the carpet sewed around; it had a gray ground-work, with clusters of roses and buds, and made as handsome a mat as one that cost a good deal more money. Now, I think I have told you all about this charming room, and one great beauty of it is its moderate cost; in these days of panic this is quite a consideration. Most of the things, beside the furniture and carpet, Mary made herself, or they were given her when she was married.

I forgot, in my last letter, to tell you about the funnel to use when you can fruit. I got the tinman to make mine. It is just like a common funnel, only the tube is the same size all the length of it, and it just fits the inside of the mouth of jar and prevents all spilling.

While I think of it, I will tell you of a nice way to keep lard in summer. In the spring, when I have a lot of empty Mason jars, I fry out my lard, strain it into a tin pan, let it stand a little while to cool, wring a towel from hot water, lay it folded on the table, put the jars on it, dip in the lard carefully, put on the rubbers and screw on the caps as soon as you can; your lard will keep as long as you want it, and have the advantage of being in small quantities.

M. J. P.

Learn to Sing Ballads.—A contributor to *Home and School* has some beautiful thoughts about singing. He bids every one to cultivate his or her voice, even if it is not remarkable for strength or sweetness. A woman who cannot sing is as a flower without perfume, a butterfly without wings. I do not mean you must sing scales and trills by the hour; those notions have left me long ago. Learn operatic wonders, if you like, only be sure to learn them correctly; but they are easily forgotten, rest assured. Learn a hun-

dred or more beautiful little ballads. Not the kind that take a town by storm and die out in one season, but real songs that never grow old, whose tunes are melody and whose words are poetry. You will find happiness, when your lover bends over you eager to whisper a secret you are ready to hear, that your joy and your love, your modesty and your pride blend more sweetly when you sing "Annie Laurie" or "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," than in executing the most wonderful gymnastics with your vocal organs. In sorrow, some such song, with all the sweet memories of the past clinging about its tender notes, will call forth tears to ease an aching heart.

Then there comes to every blessed woman a time when a weary little head lies on her bosom, little eyelids are drooping, twilight is drawing about her—too early for a lamp, too early for any but little folks to sleep; then it is that all the accomplishments of her girlhood are as nothing compared to one simple song that lulls a tired baby to sleep. There is something soothing to the child in the mother's voice at any time, and it instinctively loves the melody of a song; so, girls, while you can, think of the mine of wealth you can lay up for the children that will come by and by with their smiles and their kisses to brighten the way.

Save a Mother's Tears.—Not long ago, two friends were sitting together, engaged in letter writing. One was a young man from India, the other was a female friend, part of whose family resides in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When the letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in hers, to save postage. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend; and perhaps it may save her a tear." His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear.

Peep into an Old Earl's Household.—The niceties of ancient Roman luxury doubtless often surpassed any of modern times; but the rule of our remote ancestors in their victualling was rather coarse, and plenty of it. Queen Elizabeth being without tea, had to content herself with beer and beef; and the noblemen of her time certainly boarded and lodged themselves in a fashion more substantial than elegant. The ancient mode of living may be somewhat understood by reference to an old book—precious in the sight of antiquarians—the household book of the Earl of Northumberland. It appears that the old earl had a large family. It consisted of six hundred and sixty-six persons, masters and servants. Fifty was the average number of daily guests. There was a precise sumptuary code and given out in parcels and by rule. From midsummer to Michaelmas fresh meat was allowed; for the rest of the year salted provisions were alone admissible. Mustard was in great demand. One hundred and sixty gallons a year were used at the table; no doubt the character of the fresh and salted meat required a potent stimulus to make it go down. One bottle and a third of beer was given to each person daily. No sheets for the beds were used. The tablecloths were few; they were changed but once a month, and washing days were rare. Ninety-one dozen candles served the family for a year. The family rose at six in the morning, dined at ten, and supped at four. The earl and his lady had at their breakfast something better than the rest—a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, and a dish of sprats.

Household Elegancies.

ITALIAN CHROMOTYPE PAINTING.

This kind of painting, or rather of transferring, pictures on to glass or wood, is done by two different methods. The first was furnished me by a "practical painter," who often did it for amusement, and is the most simple; but I will give both the methods known to me.

Clean your glass very carefully, and dry it thoroughly. Then, with a flat camel's-hair brush lay a thin coat of the best copal varnish all over the surface. When it feels "sticky," i. e., a little sticky—which will be in an hour or two, according to the atmosphere—lay the engraving down evenly upon it, and smooth carefully with a soft cloth. Let it stand until next day. Then take some cold water, and with a sponge or soft cloth damp the paper thoroughly. When wet through it can be easily removed, and every particle of ink will be found adhering to the varnished surface. Fill in the picture with oil colors if you wish, but if preferred plain, a coat of good white paint is all the "backing" necessary. Should your varnish grow too thick at any time, thin it with a little spirits of turpentine.

In transferring the pictures by the second method, you clean the glass and dry thoroughly as before; then lay it away in a place free from dust for several hours. Varnish the same side again, then, if your picture is an engraving, dip it into clear water, letting it remain until wet through; if colored, dip in a solution of one quart of water, one tablespoonful vinegar, and one half a tablespoonful of salt. Then lift the picture from the water and let the superfluous moisture dry from its face. By the time this is all done the varnish has dried its requisite twenty or thirty minutes; now lay the picture face down on the varnished glass, press it firmly and carefully, excluding every particle of air or water. Should air bubbles appear, place a sheet of thick smooth paper over it, and press from the centre outwardly until it is free from them and perfectly smooth. Rub the paper gently, from the centre towards the edges, until only a very thin film, of uniform thickness, covers the surface, and the picture is plainly visible in all parts. Next apply a coat of "finishing varnish." Should any spots appear while varnishing, saturate the paper and lay aside to dry. Then add three or four coats of the varnish, and your "Chromotype" is done. If you wish to color an engraving yourself, paint on the back in oil colors before the finishing varnish is applied. The varnish used in the first stage of this painting is composed of one ounce of balsam fir, and one ounce spirits turpentine; the finishing varnish, of one ounce balsam fir, one ounce spirits turpentine, and one ounce of alcohol.

The pictures may be transferred on to light-colored and very smooth wood. The work is very pretty for decorating fancy box covers.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Everlasting Flowers.—A word as to arranging Everlastings for winter adornment. The best way that I have ever tried is to cut pasteboard and make the shape that I desired, either crowns, crosses, or wreaths of it, then sew green moss on the edges, and fill in with the flowers by sewing these on. It has proved the most satisfactory way that I have ever tried. Our common sumac berries are splendid to put with the flowers. They grow in tiny clusters, and by breaking them off from the large clump, they can be

woven in beautifully, as they retain their color for at least one year. I have some that were gathered last fall, and are as bright as new at the present time.

M. C. A.

Crystallizing Grasses.—To every quart of soft clear water, add eighteen ounces of pure alum. Boil it slowly in a close tin vessel, stirring occasionally with a clean stick, until the alum is all dissolved. When the liquor is almost cold, suspend the object to be crystallized by a string from a stick laid across the mouth of a glass or earthen jar, into which pour the solution. The article should remain in the solution twenty-four hours, then be hung in the shade until perfectly dry. If the solution is quite cold, the crystals will form too large; if too hot, they will be too small. The best temperature is ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit.

M. M. SAGE.

New Way of Framing Pictures.—We see in your paper a great many directions for making home ornaments, such as what-nots, picture frames, etc., and as we generally want a picture for a frame which we make, and as we have never seen the following directions in any number of the CABINET for obtaining one, we will give them, and if you deem them worthy a place in your paper you may give them to your readers: Take a pretty, showy picture from any paper, magazine, or book; cut the form all out, and then cut a piece of thick black cloth in a circular oblong shape; lay your picture in the centre, (the cloth must be larger than the picture of course,) and the whole on a piece of white paper the size of your glass, and you have a very showy picture. We placed "Our Bessie" in a frame after having placed her on a piece of black cloth as a background, and she looks very beautiful indeed.

S. R. V. MC.

Bucyrus, Ohio.

Statue Pictures. Often in the pictorial papers are pictures of statuary which are nice for this work. Cut carefully away all the paper close to the picture, which paste on to black velvet. Put it in a deep frame with an oval or arched mat next the glass, and you will have a picture which cannot fail to please you. If you have a talent for pencil drawing, a head or bouquet or wreath of flowers drawn on thin card-board, cut out, put on black cloth or velvet, makes a fine picture, which, when framed, will well repay your labor.

MARY I. HERRON.

Leaf and Flower Impressions.—Oil a piece of white paper on one side, and hold it over the smoke of a lamp until coated thickly with smoke. Place the leaf on this black surface, with the under side down, as it is most plainly marked and shows the veining more distinctly. Place under a press for a short time, then lift the leaf, and placing it on a piece of card-board or white paper press it down with the fingers; upon raising it the fern or other leaf will be found upon the paper in clear and perfect distinctness, every vein, mark and fibre plainly outlined. Flowers may be impressed in the same manner, and a basket formed of strips of paper interlaced, smoked and impressed, then filled with leaves and flowers, forms an exquisite object when framed and hung.

MRS. C. S. J.

Grecian Painting.—Mrs. C. S. J. furnishes a lesson on Grecian Painting in the February number, and she does not state what she does with the oils or what she mixes the paints with—varnish or oils. I painted some oil paintings and oriental, and the lady I took lessons from mixed her paints in Demar varnish, and the cold freezing weather ruined them. Was it the cause of the paints being mixed in varnish? Please give the names of the oils used.

EMMA A. SCHENCK.

All colors used for the back of the picture must be opaque and thinned with oil (for Grecian painting). The opaque colors used are white, black, raw and burnt umber; the chromes, Naples yellow, Indian red and vermilion. The transparent colors are, both siennas, crimson lake, rose madder, Italian pink, Prussian or Antwerp blue, Vandyke brown and verdigris. As an ordinary rule the transparent color that is used with white for the back color is the one that must be used to touch up on the front, mixed with megilp to proper shade. This does not hold good with yellows, which must be mixed with burnt sienna and megilp. For foliage use Italian pink and a touch of Antwerp blue. When after standing a painting breaks into fissures or cracks, it is caused by the varnish not being of good quality; or that it has been put on so thickly or has not dried properly. To remedy it, coat over again at a later stage with fine varnish. The oils are drying and nut oils; the varnishes Grecian and mastic. How did your ruined pictures appear? As if full of crystallized radiations? or as if the colors had floated off or cracked away.

MRS. C. S. J.

Morning Glory Mats.—These are similar in style to Pansy mats, but more showy and less troublesome. Make the centre as large as you wish of single crochet; for toilet mats eleven rows are sufficient; for lamps, sixteen or eighteen. This can be either red, pink, or blue zephyr. Then with white zephyr (single) put three double crochets in each stitch for the first round, one double crochet of white in each stitch for the second round, then two double crochets of red (or color of centre) for the last round. Catch every thirteen double stitches together with repeated stitches of white zephyr, making little white flakes of a quarter or third of an inch in size. You have then two rows of Convolvulus, which appear as if they had been caught out in a snow storm. I think these flowers might be elated under the head of "bizarre;" doubtless some of our enterprising florists will imitate them in reality after awhile. I must add a word in favor of these "old-fashioned flowers." I have some of the finest I ever saw, every variety, from pure white with delicate pink veinings, to deep magenta, a royal purple; they are called blue, but I think only the little wild ones are really blue. They have escaped from the borders and hedges, and lavish their beauty with prodigal splendor over everything which seems to need adornment. Even the tall weeds put in an apology for their presence by waving aloft tri-colored banners. But the only fault one can find with these radiant treasures is one which applies to all terrestrial beauty and delight. "You seize the flower, the bloom is shed," or if not exactly shed, it doubles up its fist in a pugnacious and threatening manner; or, as the peasant poet continues to say:

"Like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then lost forever;
Or like the borealis race,
Which flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

ISIDORA CONVULVULINE.

Bible Autograph Albums.—Every one has in store some sort of pictures, if only those which may be found in the illustrated papers now so common. And many of you are probably the happy owners of nice steel engravings. Procure a pretty scrap-book, paste your pictures nicely in it, and get your friends to exercise their scriptural knowledge by writing an appropriate verse under each, accompanied by their autograph.

If gilt frames are varnished with copal varnish, they can be washed with cold water without the slightest injury.

Household Elegancies.

FANCY WORK.

Our Father shows His great love for the beautiful, in the rich green fields and meadows brightly embroidered with flowers; in mossy rocks and glens; the deep blue sky and ever-changing clouds; the gay plumaged birds; the rippling stream; the silvery moon; the golden sunlight, which tints even the homeliest objects with a glorious beauty; the grand old ocean; the lofty mountain, and gorgeous autumn forests, decked in beauty far outrivalling the grandest works of a Raphael or Michael Angelo!

As He so evidently loves everything fair and bright to look upon, our efforts to copy, as far as we can, His beautiful works can but please and draw us up nearer to Him.

There exists some germ in every human mind which might develop itself into some sort of artistic beauty, were it not left to perish from neglect or lie overgrown with rubbish. But there are many people who go stalking along through this life, with hard or sour visages, roughly thrusting aside from their path everything beautiful, sweet and tender, growling as they go, from hearts filled only with self, or greed of gain, "This life's a wofully practical race, and you silly ones who stop to pluck flowers by the way will find the gate at the end closed upon you!"

An old lady in Philadelphia once said to me, as she looked reprovingly over her spectacles, "Why, how can you imagine you're a Christian, when you waste a part of your time in teachin' young gals fancy work? I don't see, for my part, how anybody can feel that it's right to be teachin' 'em such nonsense! Why not teach 'em to do plain sewin'? There'd be some sense in that." The learning of "plain sewing" is all right, and a duty which should precede "fancy work," but let that have its place also.

All should cultivate a taste for the beautiful in nature and art, and thus have one oasis, at least, toward which to turn for rest and refreshment, from the heat and weariness of life's too often desert-way.

Little does one realize, until the experiment is made, what beautiful and useful ornaments can be made, with but little or no expense, and the spending of a few moments daily, for the adornment of our own and the homes of dear ones.

It is not always overwork that kills, but oftener monotonous work, performing the same duties week after week and year after year. Therefore we all absolutely need, for the prolonging of life, some recreation for mind as well as body—something that gives us real pleasure and yet suggests no thought of work, that we may keep the heart green and fresh, the mind from stagnating, and kindly, generous emotions from growing dormant.

O, how many sad hours might be gladdened by engaging, for a few moments even, in some beautiful little work for a dear or suffering one! How many cares might be lightened! How many sweet, dreamy imaginings, tender benedictions, precious remembrances, kind wishes, and pleasant thoughts are woven in with the skillful needle, lie nestling among soft mosses and pearly shells, and are worked in even among coarse-wires, rustic vines and twigs, or glow under the touch of pencil or brush!

Many long years of painful invalidism has given me opportunity for learning many, and inventing some, kinds of fancy work, about which, with the approval of our kind editor, I will occasionally talk with the members of the FLORAL CABINET.

SPATTER WORK.

The name of this art does not impress one with an idea of anything beautiful or useful, but the work itself is really very pretty, and can be applied to various uses. Among these are beautiful bouquets of

paper, rub the brush gently back and forth across the upper side of the comb teeth (very near the ends), that no large blots may disfigure your work. When the spatters become very fine, hold your comb about six or seven inches above your work, and carefully rub the brush back and forth over it until the background is dark enough. Sometimes it needs spattering over two or three times. It is slow work and requires care, as everything does, to be done nicely.

After the spattering is done, let it dry two or three minutes, then remove the pins or needles; take the decorated article up and turning it quickly over shake off your ferns and leaves. They will do to use many times over, if put away between the leaves of an old book to prevent their curling.

People usually consider the work now done, but I have found that it is much improved by taking a fine pen and delicately veining all the leaves. It has a less glaring look. It is wise to try first on a small card, to be sure that your brush and comb are right, and to learn the right way for holding them, etc.

As it is not very clean work it is well to spread a newspaper or piece of wrapping paper in your lap if you sit to do it, or some old apron to cover your dress if you stand at a table; also, as the fingers holding the comb will get stained, it is well to wear an old kid glove on the left hand. Of course the larger and heavier ferns should be placed at the bottom, and light, delicate leaves at the top and edges.

Wishing to make a wedding gift during the past winter, of an album of water-colored flower paintings, I racked my brain for several days in search of some suitable covers. At last I decided to get some of Hollywood. But when I got them they looked so plain and bare that I decided to decorate them with "spatter work." Accordingly, I arranged a wreath on the front cover, (inclosing the title) the fancy letters for which I drew on



A PARLOR SETTEE SURROUNDED WITH FLOWERS.

ferns and leaves, and crosses wreathed with the same, for framing; letter-cases, card-cases, shaving-cases, blotting-paper cases, needle-book covers, and book-marks—all made of white or buff card-board.

For doing the work handsomely, it is necessary to save and press nicely many tiny leaves, as you will need these with small fern fronds to "fill in" with, and for making your work light and graceful looking.

Take whatever article you intend decorating, place your ferns and leaves as you wish them to be, then fasten them in position with very fine needles or small pins, as the work will be spoiled if they are disturbed after you commence "spattering." Now pour some black ink into a little dish (a glass sauce-plate is nice), have ready a pretty fine but moderately stiff tooth-brush, and a fine-tooth comb (I find the rubber ones better than ivory, unless the latter is very fine). Dip your tooth-brush into the ink, covering the bristles but slightly with it; shake off the superfluous ink back into the dish, hold your comb between the thumb and two first fingers of your left hand, then, over a news-

paper, cut them carefully out, pinned them on the cover (as I do the leaves, etc.), entwined and surrounded them with the tiniest leaves and ferns I could find. On the back cover I made a bouquet, and inside each cover a single, beautifully-shaped "Feather Fern." The album was pronounced "exceedingly beautiful," and indeed it well repaid for the labor and care expended on it.

Chair-tidies and pin-cushion covers are often made of white muslin, spattered with India ink.

It is said that birch bark looks nicely thus ornamented. I cannot tell from personal experience, but think the lines and dots put on it by nature must be prettier than any artificial ones.

Mottoes made on cardboard and framed are sometimes very beautiful. The letters can be cut from the headings of newspapers, or be drawn on paper and carefully cut out. Pin them on to the cardboard, decorate with ferns, very small leaves and sprays, and spatter the whole.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Fireside Reading.

HUMORS OF HYMNS.

An English clergyman in a recent lecture on Congregational Psalmody gave some amusing instances of the incongruities that used to occur by the awkward divisions in repetition lines. For instances, "Love thee better than before," was divided "Love thee bet-"; "My poor polluted heart" became "My poor pol-"; "We'll catch the fleeting hour" was sung "We'll catch the flee-"; "And take thy pilgrim home" became "And take thy pil-"; "And in the pious he delights" was sung "And in the pi and in the pi"; and "Send down salvation from on high" became "Send down sal-". A soprano in one case sang "Oh for a man," and the chorus responded "Oh for a man-sion in the skies." In one case the soprano modestly sang "Teach me to kiss"; the alto took up the strain, "Teach me to kiss," while the base rendered it quite prosaic by singing "Teach me to kiss the rod."

Rather Hot.—At a dinner party in London last August, there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, whose husband had lately gone to India for a short time. A young barrister present was deputed to take the widow into dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them commenced by the lady's remarking how extremely hot it was; "Yes, it is very hot," returned the young barrister. Then a happy thought suggested itself to him, and he added with a cheerful smile, "But not so hot as the place to which your husband has gone." The look with which the lady answered this "happy thought" will haunt that unhappy youth till his death.

Episcopalians.—Bishop Talbot, of Indiana, tells a good story on himself, when he resided in Kentucky, before he became Bishop. He was travelling in the southern part of the State, on horseback, and stopped at a hotel over the night. At the supper table he silently asked a blessing before he began to eat. The landlord, observing this, said to him, "Stranger, you are a preacher, are you not?" "Yes," said the stranger. "What church do you belong to?" asked mine host. "Episcopalian," said Mr. Talbot. "The what?" said the astonished landlord. "The Episcopalian church," repeated Mr. Talbot. "Well, stranger," said the host, "I thought I knowed all the churches that are around in these parts, but hang me if I ever heard tell of the *Episcopalian* church before." "Oh," said a man at the table, "That is the church that worships its bishops, ain't it?"

Hash.—A young man from the interior who had been visiting abroad came home recently, and at breakfast remarked, as he reached his plate over: "Father, a little of the mixture in the brown dish, if you please, and a small piece of the prepared meat."

The old gentleman, who is a plain, matter-of-fact man, replied, as he loaded up the outstretched plate: "We like to have you come a visitin' us, John, but just remember that while you're eatin' here, if you want hash, say so; and if you want sassage, call for sassage, and not go to spreadin' on an Brooklyn misery at my table."

The Cullud Folks of Cincinnati have had a spelling match, in which, among others, a good old aunty participated. The climax was reached when Rev. James Johnson, being invited to spell "nosegay," started off with a "N-o-u-s," then, seeing the fog horu uplifted to blow him down, suddenly corrected himself to "N-o-u-g-h-s-d-a-y," and stepped down and out amid tremendous rounds of "Hi, dar!" and applause.



IN THE WOODS.

A Milwaukee Chap kissed his girl about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said in a sad tone of voice: "Ah! John, I feel you have ceased to love me." "No, I haven't," replied John, but I must breathe."

A Colored congregation in Dayton have decided to forgive their clergyman for betting on three-card monte and losing \$90 of festival money. One of the deacons remarked: "We is all human, and de game is werry exciting."

A Boy about twelve years old, knocked at the door of a house in Detroit, and when the lady appeared he said: "There'll be a boy around here pretty soon to

clean your walk, but don't give him the job. His name's Jim; he's cross-eyed and he blows up eats with powder snaps. I'll be here with my partner pretty soon. We go to Sunday-school, never sass our mothers, and we are going to give half the money to the grasshoppers." The job was saved for him.

Intellectual Culture.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasures! How many young men can be found, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long dull evenings of winter, to haunts of intemperance and vice!

The Rothschild Women.—We take pleasure in referring to the merits of the Rothschild family, not because they are wealthy, but for the simple reason that in spite of their wealth they strive to be useful to their kind. The men are immersed in business; they are charitable; but the people will say that it is easy to be charitable if you are rich. The women are public-spirited, intelligent, and warm-hearted, founding hospitals, reformatories, children's homes, endowing scholastic institutions, encouraging struggling professionals, and taking a personal interest in the doings of the poor. Baroness Lionel makes weekly visits in the meanest portions of London, brightening the home of the Jewish artisan, giving her good counsel to the earnest teachers of the free schools, the matrons and assistants of the various charities. The daughter of Alphonse, of Paris, teaches a good lesson to her sisters in faith, and to rich young ladies of every creed, by receiving a well deserved diploma as teacher. Anselm's daughter, in Vienna, is prominent in music, not only composing songs that attain popularity, but aiding struggling musicians by pen and purse.

Too Reserved by Half.—True, actions speak louder than words; yet it will do no harm to occasionally say to your friend, "I esteem you." Evi-

dently four year-old Nilie was of that opinion. He had been my favorite play-fellow all the summer. But one day he sat by my side for a long time, unusually thoughtful. At last he turned and said: "A—, do you love me?" "Why, Nilie," said I, "of course I love you. What made you think I did not?" He answered: "Well, I didn't know; I never heard you say much about it." There's a whole sermon for you. Profit by it as did Nilie's friend.

A Bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady home. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said, "Mr. MacSnuff, don't tell anybody you beau'd me home." Miss Angelina Stirrup, said he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Housekeeping.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Next month I shall begin to can fruit, and make jelly; as it seems uppermost in my mind just now, I will give you some ideas about it if I can. First, in regard to fruit jars. I have tried several kinds of glass (I have never used tin, thinking them unhealthy), and have decided that I like the Mason one quart jar with rubber and porcelain lined top the best.

I can my pears this way: I put on my porcelain kettle (on the stove of course), take a tea cup of water to a pound of sugar (I use coffee sugar A), fill the kettle half full; let it boil; skim until clear. Put a tin pan on the back of the stove; put a tin plate in the bottom to prevent the jars from cracking; put in as many jars as convenient, a little water in each, fill the pan half way up with cold water; while these are heating, pare, core, and quarter your fruit, put it into an earthen dish with a little cold water in it to prevent the fruit changing color; as soon as the syrup is clear, put in the pears and simmer gently until clear; turn the water from one of the cans; put the funnel into it (I will tell you how it is made presently); skim out the pears into the can, fill full, shake gently, to get the air bubbles out; fill in a little syrup; take the can from the pan to the table; stand it on a folded towel wrung from hot water to prevent its breaking; see that no draft of air falls on it; put on the rubber, wipe the mouth of the jar dry; screw on the cover as tight as possible; in a little while try it to see if it cannot be made tighter; repeat this operation until all are done; when they are cold put them in a dry cool place. I put mine up stairs in the store-room until the first of January, then remove to the cellar. It is a good plan to slip a paper bag over each can to exclude the light, the fruit looks better. Strawberries, blueberries, peaches, I do the same way; tomatoes I peel, cut up, put in the kettle without water (look out or they will burn); cook until soft, and salt, pepper, a little sugar, put them in the cans hot just as you do the pears. I make a good deal of Chili sauce, it is nice to eat with meat and to put into soups. This is my rule: one peck of ripe tomatoes, peel, cut up, add three good sized onions, three green peppers, chopped fine, boil until soft, then add three cups cider vinegar, two cups sugar, salt to flavor; boil until reduced one third. I put it up in Mason jars as I do canned fruit, but you can use horse radish bottles. Green Tomato pickles I make this way: one half bushel tomatoes, one dozen small sized silver-skin onions, one dozen green peppers, all chopped fine, and one pint of salt; let them stand all night; next morning drain them through a cullender; put them in the porcelain kettle; cover with good cider vinegar; let it cook slowly an hour; take two pounds of sugar, one table spoon of ground cloves, half a cup of whole mustard, a cup of celery seed, vinegar enough to mix them, let it come to a boil, then add to the tomatoes; put them in gallon stone jars; when cold tie or paste a piece of stout brown paper over the top; put on the cover, and set in a cool dry cellar.

This is my recipe for grape jelly: pick the grapes from the stem, wash them, put them in the porcelain kettle without any water; set it on the back of the stove to prevent burning; when they are cooked soft, dip off the clear juice into the jelly bag (made of double flannel), have an earthen dish to catch the juice (tin will blacken it) when all has drained through that will, measure the juice in a quart bowl,

measure an equal quantity of sugar (coffee sugar A is best), put it in the porcelain kettle; let it boil twenty minutes after it begins; if it looks thin and watery, boil three minutes more; set it off the stove; stand your tumblers on a towel wrung from hot water to prevent breaking, dip in the jelly carefully, let it stand until cool, then put on a waiter; set them in the sun three days, where they will be free from dust; get some white paper, such as the apothecary uses, cut a piece to fit the inside of the tumbler, dip it in the white of an egg, lay upon the jelly; cut another large enough to cover the outside over the rim, dip this in the egg and fasten it tight; when this is dry it will be almost air-tight. The portion of the grapes that is left, I rub through the cullender to free it from skins and seeds, then measure quart for quart of sugar put in the kettle and simmer gently half an hour, then put it up the same as you do the jelly. You will find this nice for jelly cake. I will give you a recipe for corn meal griddle cakes, and then will stop, for I imagine you are tired by this time.

Two cups indian meal, one cup of flower, three eggs, and enough sour milk to make a batter that will just drop from the spoon, add a pinch of salt, a tablespoon soda, sifted in dry, bake on a griddle slowly as they burn quick; if your milk is very sour you may have to add more soda. M. J. P.

Perpetual Paste.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on an old-fashioned dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will keep twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written on.

Good Recipes.—**Bakers' Gingerbread.**—Take one cup of molasses, one cup of sour cream, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one egg, and flour enough to make a thick batter. **Feather Cake.**—Take one cup of white sugar, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sour milk or cream, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. **Egg Omelets.**—Take four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one large tablespoonful of flour, with a little salt and pepper, butter the frying pan and pour in four large spoonfuls, when hot, and fry, then roll it up, or make into spears. They are very nice for breakfast. A. F. R.

Brown Bread, as made by a minister's wife for years: Three cups corn meal, one cup graham flour, two cups sweet milk, one cup sour milk, two-thirds of a cup molasses, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam four or five hours, then bake twenty minutes.

Soda Crackers.—Stir fourteen cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of soda and four of cream of tartar, after which rub in two cups of shortening—lard or butter; mix with cold water, mold and pound half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

To Remove Putty.—You can use either of the following, as found most convenient, viz.: Soft soap mixed with a solution of potash or caustic soda, or pearlash and slackened lime mixed with sufficient

water to form a paste. Lay on with brush or rag and let remain a few hours, when the putty can be readily removed. This same preparation will remove paint of any color from wood, iron or glass with the same facility.

Chillblains.—The common kerosene, now to be found in every household, is a cheap cure for chillblains; a cloth being moderately saturated with it and wrapped about the feet before retiring.

Syrup Sauce.—Take the syrup of any fruit most convenient, melt some butter in it, and season with brandy and nutmeg, or other flavor.

Corn Bread.—I first put a tablespoonful of lard in the dripping-pan, and set it on the hearth to melt. Then beat three or four eggs, add one quart of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda and one of salt. Stir in enough sifted meal to make a thin batter. Now add the lard and stir it well; have the pan on the stove, it is already greased; sprinkle a little meal over it to keep the bread from sticking. Now pour in the mixture, and bake it in a quick oven. MRS. S. J. R.

Boston Brown Bread.—Three pints of yellow corn meal; one pint of rye flour; one cup of molasses; two teaspoonfuls of saleratus; two teaspoonfuls of salt; one teacup of good yeast; mix thin with lukewarm water and let it stand in a warm place to rise, which will take about two hours; wet the top of the loaf with warm water, and bake in a slow oven about two hours. A deep pan is best. MRS. A. E. S.

Cement for Aquariums.—The best cement for an aquarium is as follows: Sift together one gill of litharge; one gill of calcined plaster of paris; one gill of dry white sand, and one-third of a gill of finely powdered rosin. Bottle, keep corked tightly, and use as needed, by mixing into a putty with boiled linseed oil, adding a little patent dryer. Mix each lot at least fifteen hours before using. After applying, let it dry a few hours before letting on the water. This is equally as good in salt as in fresh water, it does not effect the water at all. H. K. S.

Corn Cake.—The following recipe we know is an excellent one: Take one quart of corn meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teacup of molasses; pour boiling water upon the meal until a thick batter is formed, then bake in a very hot oven.

Steamed Pudding.—Take about a quart of buttermilk, add one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, and if in the season of berries I add nearly a teacupful, if not I slice and pare one or two apples into my dish, then thicken with either flour or corn meal as thick as it will stir easily with a spoon; then I put it in a dish and set in the steamer over my boiling dinner to cook. It wants to cook from one to two hours. Eat with sweetened cream or butter and sugar, whichever is preferred.

To Extract Ink from cotton, silk and woolen goods, saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

For a Hacking Cough at Night.—Place beside your bed five or six lumps of cut loaf sugar, with six drops of paregoric poured upon each, and take one whenever a coughing fit comes on. It will soon stop the paroxysms and permit sleep.

Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard. Housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soapsuds, as it makes it look like pewter.

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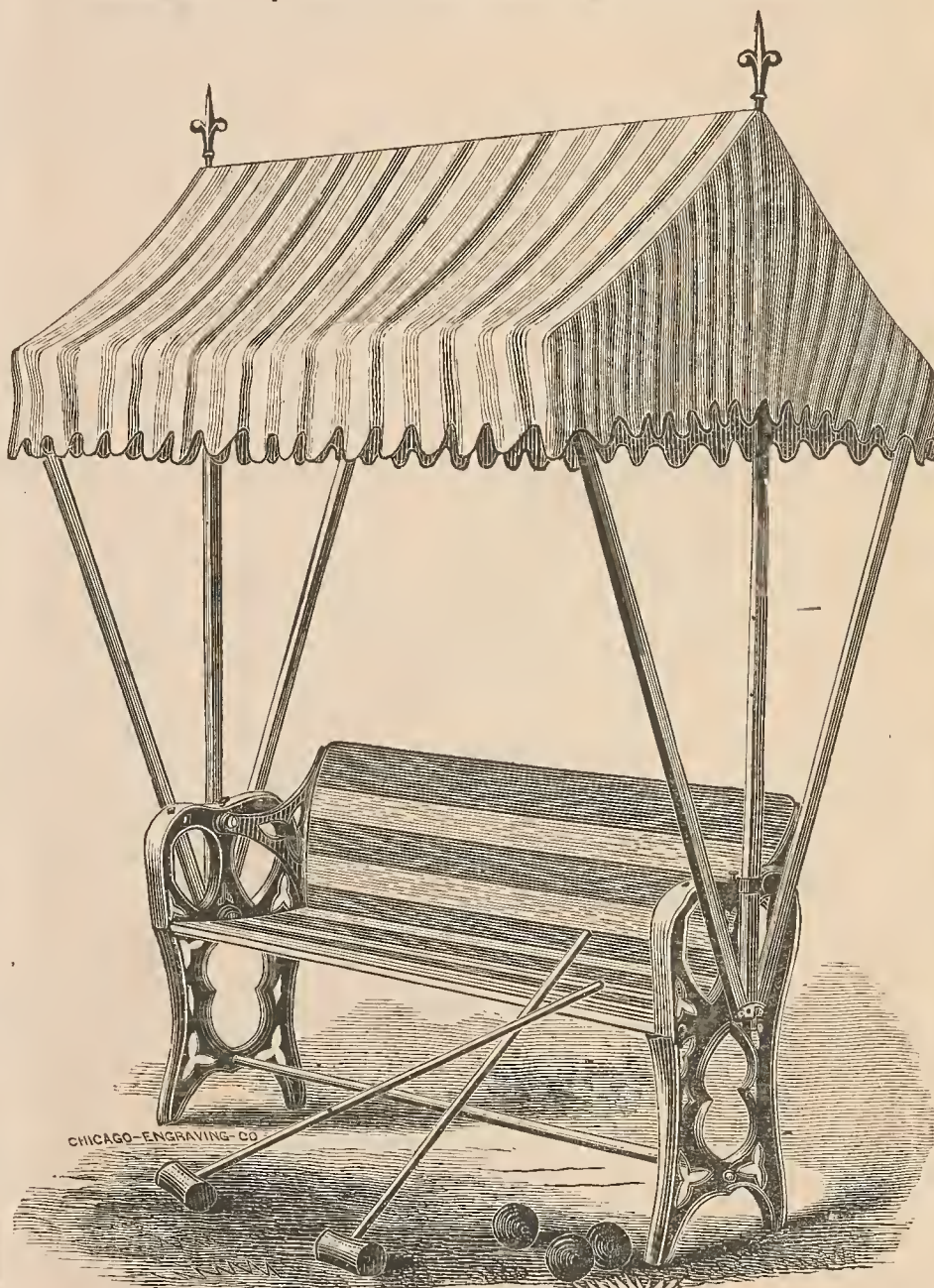
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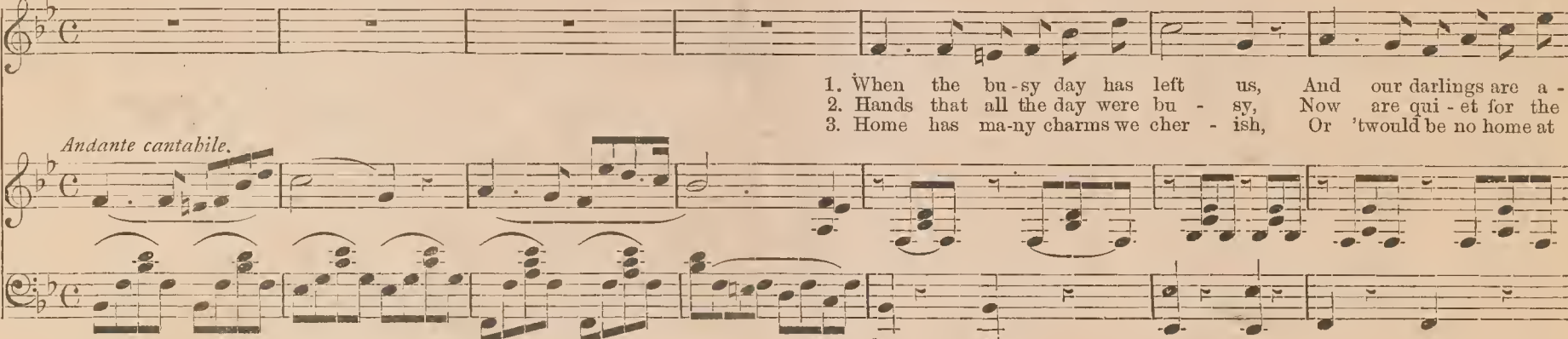
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Little Face above the Spread.

Words by S. N. MITCHELL.

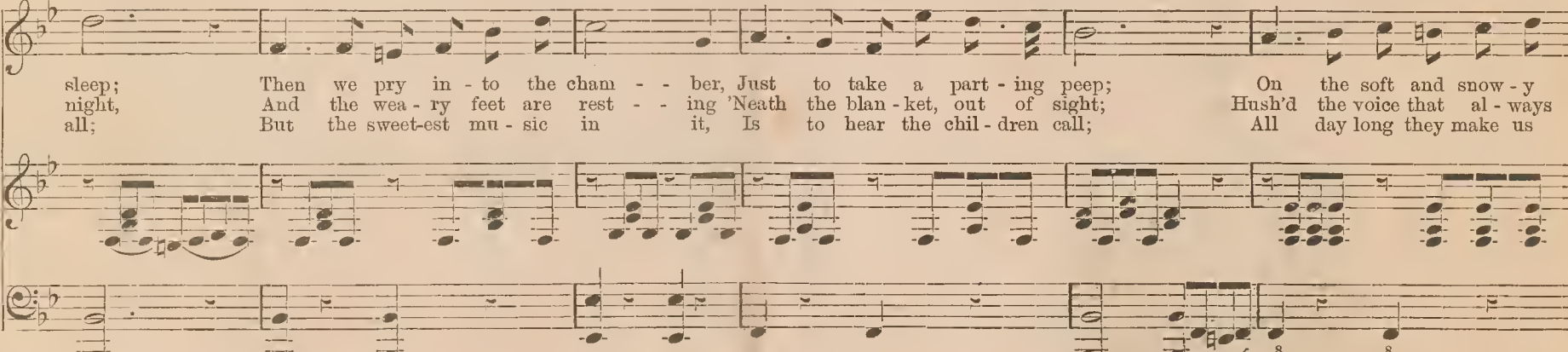
SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.



Andante cantabile.

1. When the bu-sy day has left us, And our darlings are a -
 2. Hands that all the day were bu - sy, Now are qui - et for the
 3. Home has ma - ny charms we cher - ish, Or 'twould be no home at

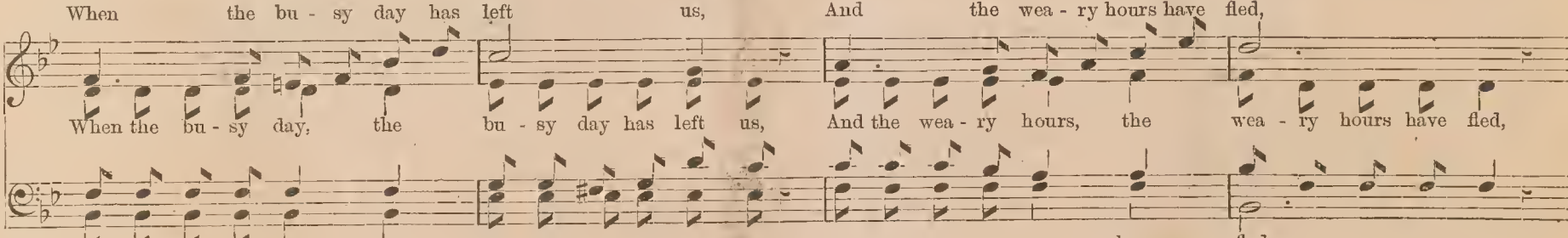


sleep; Then we pry in - to the cham - - ber, Just to take a part - ing peep; On the soft and snow - y
 night, And the wea - ry feet are rest - - ing 'Neath the blan - ket, out of sight; Hush'd the voice that al - ways
 all; But the sweet - est mu - sic in it, Is to hear the chil - dren call; All day long they make us

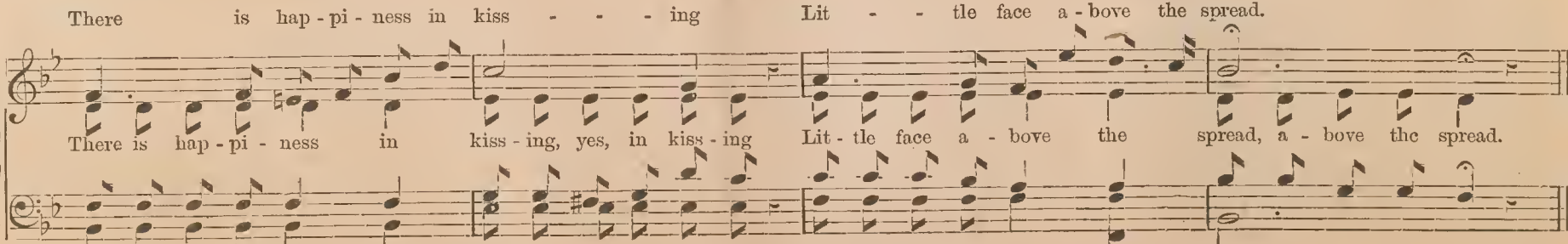


pil - low, Rests a ti - ny, cun - ning head, And we kiss that priceless trea - sure, — Lit - tle face a - bove the spread.
 cheers us, Closed are lips of cher - ry red, But we still in - sist on kiss - ing Lit - tle face a - bove the spread.
 hap - py, And at night when in their bed, There's un - bound - ed pleasure kiss - ing Lit - tle face a - bove the spread.

CHORUS.



When the bu - sy day has left us, And the wea - ry hours have fled,
 When the bu - sy day, the bu - sy day has left us, And the wea - ry hours, the wea - ry hours have fled,
 have fled,



There is hap - pi - ness in kiss - - - ing Lit - - - tle face a - bove the spread.
 There is hap - pi - ness in kiss - ing, yes, in kiss - ing Lit - tle face a - bove the spread, a - bove the spread.

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

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No. 45.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

AN AMATEUR'S GARDEN.

I was so much pleased with the design for a flower garden which I saw in the April number of the *CABINET* last year, that I concluded that I would have one just like it; so the first thing to be done was to select a spot suitable for my garden. I could think of no place that suited so well as a bed in which mamma had cucumbers the year before; but when I suggested the idea to mamma, she said: "Where shall I plant my early cucumbers?" But I was not to be outdone; a flower garden I must and would have; so at last I came off conqueror, and with the aid of an old negro man, who spaded and raked my ground nicely, I think I succeeded in getting a tolerably fair specimen. I sowed my seed in hot-beds, but some of the plants came up rather delicate, and their constitutions were too frail to be transplanted to a cooler clime, in consequence of which, some of the poor little things drooped and died.

But I think my Verbenas, Petunias and Balsams alone amply repaid me for my trouble. They bloomed beautifully until bleak winter, with its chilling blasts, came and nipped them in their beauty; and even then they seemed loth to yield to the icy touch of the frost king. The varieties of colors, all blended

together, made them the admiration of all who saw them. I must not forget to mention my Salvia, although its beauty was transient and its history rather a sad one. A lady friend of mine sent me the seed the first of June, and as they didn't bloom until late in the fall, I took them up and transplanted in boxes for the winter; I carelessly left them out on the portico one night, and imagine my grief when, the next morn-

Bros. for six Monthly Roses—Bon Silene, Marcehal Niel, La Reine, Devoniensis, Agrippa and La Sylphide. The first two died; the others bloomed beautifully until late in the fall, and the La Sylphide had a bud on it until nearly Christmas; I think they would have bloomed all winter but I did not get my pit ready until late. Please inform me the best time for transplanting them in the open ground. EVA H.



FERNERY.

ing, I found them all frozen. I removed them to a dark room, but they did not revive. Will some correspondent of the *CABINET* please give me some instructions for budding Roses. I saw an article from Daisy Eyebright telling how to bud Geraniums, and she said Roses were budded in the same way; but as I am rather dull of comprehension, I would like her to be a little more explicit. I sent, last May, to Harford

The other, L'Elegante, is a favorite among our floral treasures. It is three years old, has branches six feet in length, and, instead of being occasionally tinged with carmine, the creamy white margins of the leaves are often completely suffused with bright carmine, and the whole under side of the leaf is of the same beautiful shade. The vine is a delicately bright bouquet of itself, without a blossom.

FANNIE J. S.

Home Gardening.—I must tell you of my successes. Most of our plants stand in a sunny south window. A thrifty English Ivy twines here and there on two sides of the room, wreathing pictures and windows with its dark green foliage. Two Ivy Geraniums stand one on each side of the window, and climbing on a light home-made trellis, twine their branches together across the top. One of them has thick, waxy, green leaves with a slightly marked dark zone and clusters of delicate rose-colored flowers marked with crimson.

Floral Contributions.

AN AMATEUR'S SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS.

All my life I have been an ardent lover of flowers, but most of the time so circumstanced that it was impossible for me to cultivate them. But after my marriage I determined to have a few window plants, at least. Unfortunately for me, my husband characterized plants as "useless weeds," and the time devoted to their culture as "misspent time." This damped my enthusiasm, but did not prevent me trying to have some of "Flora's treasures." But I was very ignorant of the treatment necessary for the healthy growth of tender plants. All I thought essential for successful window-gardening was to place the plants in soil of some kind, give water occasionally, and keep from freezing. I commenced with some plants obtained from a greenhouse, which did only tolerably well until winter, when I took them into the house. I have no south or east window, save an east one in kitchen and a south one in pantry. So I, not then knowing how necessary the sun's rays are to have window plants bloom, placed them on a table near a north window of the sitting-room, and awoke one cold winter's morning to find my pets all frozen. My husband rejoiced at this, I know, though he endeavored to conceal his pleasure under the mask of assumed sympathy for my loss. When I look back, with the light I have obtained from experience and authorities on flower-culture, I wonder my plants lived any length of time, they were subjected to such bad treatment. I watered them often with ice-cold water, kept them sometimes in a tropical temperature, again at almost freezing point. My Fuchsias were, I know, pot-bound, and the Geraniums in such large boxes that it would require months ere they would fill them with roots sufficient to produce blooms. I was somewhat discouraged, but determined to *try again*. I subscribed for the FLORAL CABINET, and it is the best investment I ever made; for, from its contents I derived a great deal of information in relation to the treatment of my pets. I purchased some more plants and cuttings, and began to study the nature of each kind, and made the discovery that, as children differ in character and disposition, each one requiring a somewhat different training, so do plants; and what may be proper treatment and food for one will not do for all others. Now, as to results. I have some sixty plants—Geraniums, single and double, Fuchsias, single and double, Heliotropes, Dwarf Pomegranates, Tritomas, Lily Auratum, Calla, variegated and scented Geraniums, Smilax, and Ivies of all kinds, Verbenas, and a great many others. If you could see my Smilax—yards and yards of it!

I pot all my plants in a compost, one-third sand, one-third leaf-mold, and one-third well rotted sods. Some plants that I keep for foliage, as scented Geraniums, I pot in richer soil, in which there is well rotted manure. The exception is foliage plants, which I find do better in poorer soil and have brighter foliage. When I start cuttings of Geraniums, which I do in leaf-mold and sand, I put them in *rich* soil, in *small* pots, until they look strong and thrifty, then re-pot in somewhat larger pots and not as rich soil; result, less foliage, more blooms. I believe in cutting back Roses and Fuchsias after blooming, and giving them, and all other plants, a season of rest. I always fill my pots with bits of broken pots about one-fourth, place a little moss or manure over this to give good drainage, then

fill up with soil. In summer place plants on tables out of doors, under trees, so that they get the morning sun. All my plants bloom that are kept for that purpose, and so determined are they to continue to do so that when I cut them back a great many have buds on. In winter I keep them all on two tables, one before an east window in the kitchen, the other before a south window in the pantry. When company comes, those that are in bloom go into the parlor for the time being. On very cold nights I carry the most tender ones into the dining-room; but as there is fire in the kitchen stove all night, and the room small, the thermometer seldom goes below 50°—that is the temperature I keep them at night, and 65° through the day. In this way I manage to have flowers in cold weather. One General Grant Geranium had nine large clusters at one time, a double scarlet seven, and a double Fuchsia one hundred and ten buds. Sprinkle with water three times a week; water whenever needed. Sometimes, on cold mornings, pour hot water in saucers and on sides of pots; use stimulants seldom, sometimes a little carbonate of ammonia, or "barn-yard coffee." Not troubled often with aphids, or any insect; if ever, wash plants in soapsuds or weak tobacco water. My plants are more healthy-looking than any I see in greenhouses, and when my friends exclaim, "How do you make them grow so?" I always answer, "By taking care of them." Now, if I have succeeded so well in such narrow quarters, what wonderful things I would do if I had a bay-window. My husband has promised me one next year. What blissful visions of flowers my imagination revels in! How many times I picture to myself how I will have my plants arranged therein! When that much-wished-for event occurs, Mr. Editor, I will send you a photograph of it.

CARRIE CLIFFORD.

HOW TO MANAGE A FLOWER GARDEN.

I feel it to be my duty to say a few words, through that matchless little sheet, the CABINET, to its numerous lovers and patrons. Not that I am quite sure of being able to tell any one that which they do not know; but the liberality which enables the readers of the CABINET to communicate their experiences in flower culture, and the rapidly-growing interest in the subject, awakens a desire to give any information that I can. There is a numerous class of ladies who love flowers, and who would delight in cultivating them, but are denied this pleasure, because they feel that they have not the time to spare. I am ready to acknowledge that the prospect is a dark one to the farmer's wife or daughter, who has to serve in the separate places of cook, chambermaid, dairymaid, and laundress. I was going to remark, that "I know how it is myself," but as that is regarded as slang, I will add that I have had some experience in such life. And yet I confidently assert, that, while you may not be able to make the entire "wilderness blossom," you need not be without these home ornaments; and this is the way in which I would have you manage it: In the fall, after farm labor has ceased to be pressing, tell the hired man, "big brother," papa, or any other man who is blest with a desire to please the ladies (and here I wish to remark that a man who cares nothing for pleasing the ladies seems to me to serve the same purpose in life that the Canadian thistle, or cockle-bur, does on a farm), that you want his assistance for one hour. This you are sure to get, if you ask for it pleasantly, and if you do not do so, you don't deserve it. Then, having previously laid out your plan, have him spade up your beds, after having brought a wheelbarrow load of sand

(if your ground is not sandy), and twice as much leaf-mold from the woods. Leave your beds in this condition until spring. About the last of April manage to take another spare hour, and with garden-fork go over your beds again. You will find the ground in admirable condition, and the work so light as not to tire you. After raking smoothly, plant your flower seeds, being careful to arrange them tastefully in regard to color and habit of growth. Those requiring to be massed look well planted in rings, squares, or diamonds. In selecting your seeds you should select those which are hardy, as they will grow with the little attention which your limited time will permit you to give. When your plants are well up, pull out the weeds and loosen the ground around the flower stalks with a small hoe, or a knife. This will require, perhaps, a half-hour, and in two or three weeks, if you can spend another half-hour in the same way, you will be amply rewarded. Thus you may have an abundance of beautiful flowers, with comparatively little labor, and the whole amount of time required not exceeding three-and-a-half hours, which you will never miss; and your home will be made so much more beautiful. And the admiration expressed for your flowers by the neighbors, as well as by papa and the boys, will amply repay you for time and toil.

COUNTRY GIRL.

HINTS ON GROWING FLOWERS.

There is scarcely a family which has not some place that can be devoted to the culture of flowers.

They may not be able to furnish a large, commodious garden; but there will be a little corner somewhere which will be just the place to make a flower-bed. If it is small it will furnish as nice flowers, and give great pleasure.

To be successful in growing these gems of the floral world we must first put the soil in a proper condition. Well rotted turf and leaf-mold are excellent. Procure a quantity of these, and in some handy place make a compost by adding stable manure, charcoal, sand, and some good garden soil; upon this turn all the waste water from the kitchen, and the suds of washing-days, and when well decayed work it till pulverized fine, and you have the best soil for the flower garden that can be had. Next get your seeds of the most reliable seedsman in the country. Those best adapted to the climate will flourish with less care than the more tender plants. Constant bloomers generally give good satisfaction, and are preferred by many. Asters, Petunias, Verbenas, Pansies, Pinks in all varieties, Dahlias, Lilies, Tulips, and Gladioli, are indispensable, and many more might be mentioned that would delight every eye.

After planting the seeds, care must be taken lest they should be burnt by the scorching rays of the sun.

Superphosphate of lime costs but a trifle, and if hoed in around little plants will give them an early start; after which, water occasionally with liquid manure.

When buds make their appearance the soil should not be disturbed, as you would be in danger of injuring the little fibrous roots, which might blast the buds of some species. In season of blooming pick all the flowers you please. The more you cut the more blossoms you will have. Let ripen only what you wish for seed another year. All the old stalks should be cut and cleared away as soon as frost has killed the leaves; manure the roots, cover up the less hardy ones, and they are ready for the snows of winter; and many dreary days must elapse before you can again watch the little sprouts of your floral beauties.

CLARINDA E. WILLCUTT.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Rain Plant.—Will you please tell me something of the Rain Plant and its treatment? I have some fine double Hyacinth bulbs which I would like to exchange with some of the CABINET correspondents.

Kittrell, N. C.

MISS L. FOSTER.

Answer.—If our correspondent will inform us the botanical name of the so-called Rain Plant, we will try to assist her.

Hydrangea.—1. Would it be any safer to put Hydrangea Grandiflora in the cellar through the winter? 2. Are all Moss Roses hardy enough to endure a southern Wisconsin winter? I have just received some and am anxious to give them the best possible care, and dare not trust them in the garden, though the catalogues do say they are hardy.

Footville, Wis.

MRS. BELVA STEVENS.

Answer.—1. If Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora is meant, it is hardy in the Middle States, but would winter well in a cold cellar. 2. It is doubtful if any Roses would live in your latitude such a winter as last.

Plants from Seed.—Can Fuchsias, Rhododendrons, Gloxinia, Begonias, Cyclamen and Achimenes be grown from seed? I have tried Fuchsias and Rhododendrons several years in succession, bought seed from different seedsmen, and never had a plant. The others I have mentioned, I have tried also without success. I planted them every way I could think of, some under glass, some without glass, all with the same result; so I begin to think they can't be raised from seed. I am very anxious to have some of those flowers, but I suppose I will have to give them up. I live so far from the railroad that if I have the plants brought by mail they die before I get them. I received a box by last mail, but they were nearly all dead when they arrived.

Flatwoods, Ga.

MRS. DR. VERDIL.

Answer.—All the plants named can be raised from seeds, but a few plants by mail would give better results. Plants are sent to Texas and California by mail, and a large percentage arrive in fair condition. We see no reason why, if properly packed, they should not reach Georgia. The plants named are among the best to travel if sent when at rest.

Primroses.—Last year I had a young plant of double white Chinese Primrose, which grew finely, until all at once it wilted. On examination, I found the stems decayed at the root, also the root. It was gone beyond hope of recovery. One of my friends lost one (a single pink had bloomed) in the same way. It was during the very hot weather of last summer. Did they die from that, or was there some other reason for it? Should Primrose seedlings be picked out in thumb-pots, and shifted until large enough to bloom, or may they be placed at once in the pots they are designed to remain in; and, are three or four-inch pots large enough for them?

Answer.—The hot weather and water lodging in the heart killed the Primroses. Seedlings should be potted into small pots, and larger ones as they grow; it depends on the size of plants; we flower them in six-inch pots.

Begonia Seeds.—I have purchased seeds of the Camellia, Begonia Sedeni and Bocconia Japonica, and would be glad to receive information as to their seedling and culture in the gossip corner.

S.

Answer.—The Begonia must be sown on the surface in a warm frame, but it does not come true from seed, and the Camellia seed will produce single flowers.

Double Fuchsia.—1. I have a double Fuchsia that I have kept all winter; it had but few leaves on, and now I think it should improve in appearance, yet it seems to be dying. I examined the roots carefully and found no worms, and have watered it moderately. What can the trouble be? 2. Can the root of a Chinese Primrose be divided; if so, what season is best? 3. I have sown some small seeds in saucers, they come up nicely and then the two leaves turn yellow and die.

NANCE MULLER.

Answer.—1. If it is not growing, it was probably frozen in the winter. 2. Yes; any time during summer. 3. Probably too wet and cold.

Pots.—Will you please tell me if it is better, in setting out house plants in the summer, to sink the pots or set the plants out in open ground, such plants as Geraniums, Fuchsias, Roses, etc.

EMMA.

Answer.—Sink the pot in the ground, but prevent worms from entering.

Hydrangea.—I have some difficulty in getting a tender woody Hydrangea to grow. Wintered in the cellar, nicely repotted and put in the bay window, but instead of growing it began to fail, and although not dead it does not grow. What kind of soil suits it best? I do not know the specific name of this Hydrangea. Please tell me what peat is; I see it recommended for potting nearly all plants. What is the best substitute for it when it cannot be obtained? How many kinds of plants should be put in a hanging basket? I have a Dracena, Smilax, Alyssum, Partridge Berry, Verbenas, Ice Plant and Ivies. Out of this collection, what would be the most suitable for a basket. I have a basket filled with two kinds of Tradescantias, Smilax and variegated Ivy, that is the admiration of all who see it.

MRS. LUCIE A. SCHROCK.

Answer.—Plant the Hydrangea out in open ground; if any life remains it will make a good growth during summer. The plant was no doubt dry. These plants require a large quantity of water if grown in pots. Peat is the top sod from places where Ferns and Kalimias grow; it is composed, principally, of the live roots of trees, plants and decayed leaves. Decayed leaves from dry woods is the best substitute. All the plants mentioned are suitable, the number required depends on the size of basket, but it is a mistake to crowd too many plants in one basket; the basket you describe would be a good guide in filling others.

Honey Dew.—What is the cause of a sweet gummy substance, that apparently exudes from the leaves of plants, that we call "honey dew"? We find it on our Ivies and a few other plants with leaves of similar nature. It seems to injure the plants.

DOVER.

Answer.—It is often caused by insects, is easily removed with a sponge and soapy water. All broad-leaved plants require frequent washing in a room to remove dust, when the substance you mention will be removed at the same time.

Hyacinths.—What do you think of transplanting Hyacinths immediately after they are through blooming? At what period in the life of the Hyacinth bulb is the germ of the flower formed? I supposed it to be between the time of flowering and the beginning of the summer rest, and consequently thought that during that season they should not be disturbed; but a lady friend, with whom I was making some exchanges recently, says she takes up her Hyacinths at any time and they never fail to bloom the next season. I know there are some winter flowering bulbs that refuse to display their flower stalks after being

transplanted in the spring, but am not prepared to answer for my pet Hyacinths. Will not you or some of the CABINET readers enlighten me?

ESTELLE F.

Answer.—It is best not to disturb bulbs until growth is finished; if transplanted when growing the next year's flowers will not be so fine.

Poinsettia.—Will Anna Griseom or some of your many correspondents tell me what I shall do with my Poinsettia. It has grown in one straight stalk, two feet high, and blossomed once (being only one year old). I want it to branch, but if I cut it I fear it will die. It has neither leaf nor branch now.

Earl, Ill.

MRS. C. B. CLARK.

Answer.—Cut it down to about three buds from the pot.

Why Plants do not Blossom.—Mrs. Sarah Martin, of Barre Centre, N. Y., is desirous of knowing why her plants grow so very high, do not branch out, run to leaves and have no blossoms on them.

Answer.—Growing in a dark place; give more light and air and keep cooler.

Wandering Jew.—At what age does the Wandering Jew bloom? Is there more than one kind?

N. H.

Answer.—We do not recognize the plant by the name given.

Wistaria.—We have a thrifty growing Wistaria which never blooms. What is the matter with it?

BERTHA.

Answer.—If the plant is healthy and the rank shoots are pruned each year, there is no reason why it should not flower.

Yucca Filamentosa.—Does it blossom every year or every third? Mine has not bloomed for two years, and I have been told it did not bloom every year.

Answer.—Every year.

Lemon Tree.—What shall I do to our Lemon Tree to make it bloom? It grows very fast but will not blossom. We have no greenhouse and keep it in our sitting-room.

Answer.—It is probably a seedling and requires grafting.

Calla.—Should a Calla be re-potted; if so, how often during the year? What kind of soil, and when should it rest for winter bloom?

MRS. W. H. WOOD.

Answer.—Yes; once; loam and manure; from June until September.

Sweet Peas.—Why do not my Sweet Peas blossom? I have tried for two years; the vines grow luxuriantly but will not bloom.

H. W. M.

Answer.—Never heard of Sweet Peas not blooming. Are you sure you have Sweet Peas?

Cape Jessamine.—Will you give plain directions for caring for a Cape Jessamine. It has been about two years from a hot-house, seems to be thriving and green until it begins to bud, preparatory to blooming, when the leaves on the outer ends of the branches turn to a pale yellow and the buds all drop off; after which the leaves gradually resume their green appearance and proceed through the same formula again and again, about twice a year. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received. I should have said the yellow leaves drop off, giving place to new ones.

E. M. WILLIAMS.

Answer.—The plant probably becomes very dry. It requires a large quantity of water, if in good health, when growing in a pot; plant it out in the open ground during summer.

Flower Gardening.

THE NEW WINTER GARDEN AT EDINBURGH.

An elegant structure has been recently erected at Edinburgh, Scotland, for the purpose of a Winter Garden and Public Conservatory, concerning which the horticultural world of Great Britain have exhibited a worthy enthusiasm; public interest in its successful establishment has very generally been elicited. We are glad of the opportunity to present a fine engraving of it, which appears on this page. The construction, detail, plans, and idea of it are well worth copying by some of the public-spirited citizens and horticulturists of this country.

The structure has been admirably planned and adapted to the purpose intended.

hall, and is carried along the transept to the back door.

This walk will consist of two feet of iron grating, with hot-water pipes under; and on each side of that, two feet in width, will be laid in encaustic tiles.

The ventilators are so arranged that large groups of them open with one handle; and they are so finely balanced that a child could open or shut them. The frontage of the structure is one hundred and thirty-six feet. To the rear of this building there is a hot-house, about fifty feet long from east to west, and twenty-eight feet broad, for tropical and warm-climate ferns. At the east end of this fernery commences a long structure of two floors. The ground flat, which is of brickwork, will be used as boiler, potting, packing and counting rooms, and a soil store. The upper flat is of wood and glass, and will be used to prepare plants for the palace.

spring—a kind of dry-rot, apparently. The best way to keep them, after gradually drying off in the fall, is to set the pot into some drawer or closet (near the chimney, too) in a room that is never allowed to become really cold. I have found them very satisfactory plants for the adornment of my flower-stand on a covered piazza—they will not bear sun. One must be especially careful not to let the sun strike the pots, when starting them in the hot-bed. Mine are a lovely blue. If H. has any other color I should be delighted to exchange with her, and hope she will write me at once on the subject.

MRS. J. H. BIGGS.

Washington Heights.

SOMETHING CHEAP AND GOOD.

We cannot all have the costly and highly ornamented fernery, Wardian cases, and propagating boxes, but no lover of flowers is so reduced in circum-



NEW WINTER GARDEN AT EDINBURGH.

In the front there are four massive stone pillars, surmounted by five clay naves. The building is in three stages, the upper roofs being convex glass roofs. Each stage of the roof is finished with elegant iron cresting, with finials on the points, which are seven in number.

The roof is supported on iron pillars, connected by light ornamental iron-bronzed girders.

The structure consists, internally, of a large hall, with a kind of transept, and a door leading out to the nursery behind. On the east side of this, the main part of the structure, are two smaller apartments, one to be used as a "small flowering plant" room; on the west side will be a waiting-room. The large hall, however, will be a real winter garden. It is surmounted by a fine dome, forty-five feet high. Under the dome will be a fire-clay fountain, seventeen feet high. The building has tables for flowers, about two-and-a-half feet wide, running along the walls. Inside of these a walk, six feet wide, goes all round the

ACHIMENES.

In a previous number of the CABINET, H. speaks of having Achimenes in a hanging basket, and of their being finer than those grown in greenhouses. I was also so fortunate last summer as to have the finest pot of Achimenes I had ever seen. There were three bulbs in a five-inch pot, and, for two weeks certainly, thirty-four blossoms were expanded every morning. Of course it commenced more moderately, and was blooming at least two months. This unusual thriftiness we thought was caused by their being home-raised bulbs; that is, bulbs wintered in some warm room, and started in a hot-bed in spring, instead of making a long journey from some florist's, which seems to impair their vitality. Achimenes are so beautiful, however, that one had better have them on any terms than do without them.

I have repeatedly tried to keep the bulbs in a cellar, and invariably found them reduced to powder in the

stanes as not to be able to possess the following plain (yet extremely serviceable) combination, yes, and make it, too: Procure two sheets of window glass, 9 by 12 inches, and two 12 by 16, and one 9 by 16; next obtain, or make, four nicely planed sticks, a foot long and a half-inch square; place the four pieces of glass in the form of a box, and with glue or paste unite one stick at each inside corner; when dry, paste a one-inch ribbon up the seam at each corner, then, when all is dry, unite the 9 by 16 inch glass to the top with ribbon, in the same manner as the corners. Thus, at an outlay of not more than 75 cents, and about two hours' labor, you have something that is equally as serviceable and looks as well (if you have used gay-colored ribbons) as a bell-glass costing three times the amount.

The size need not be confined to the dimensions here given, but can be made larger or smaller, as circumstances will admit.

L. D. SNOOK.

Window Gardening.

WINDOW GARDENING.

When stern winter frowns without it is charming to have a mimic summer smiling within, and this consummation can be successfully accomplished by making our windows gardens of sweet plants and fragrant flowers. To the uninitiated it seems a portentous undertaking to furnish a window like those often represented in the pages of the FLORAL CABINET and works of similar import. After admiringly contemplating the winning picture, they lay down the book or paper with a sigh of regret that they cannot possess one like it, and try to remain content with the customary pots of Geranium, a Calla, etc., that are arranged on a table or plant-stand in front of the window. My experience is, that there is nothing more easily done in the way of drawing-room flower culture than in furnishing and keeping green a window garden. Several things are imperatively required, and they are good soil to begin with, equable and not too warm temperature, prudent watering and a thorough sprinkling occasionally, say once a week.

I think a mistake is frequently made in selecting for the window garden too many choice and unfamiliar plants from greenhouses; we see them thrifty and attractive there, and hope by transplanting them to a very different atmosphere and surroundings, to perpetuate their beauties. By selecting more hardy and familiar ones, we are rewarded by a greater luxuriance of foliage and larger number of flowers; these can be interspersed with such as *will* bear the translation from the humid air of the conservatory to the often unequal temperature of our generally over-heated dwellings. I believe that I cannot do better than describe here my window garden of the past season, and my simple manner of treating it; it boasted of no remarkably rare plants, and yet elicited the admiration of all my friends. In the first place, I availed myself of every ray of sunlight that was afforded me, and concentrated it on my plants, and gave them fresh air on every suitable occasion.

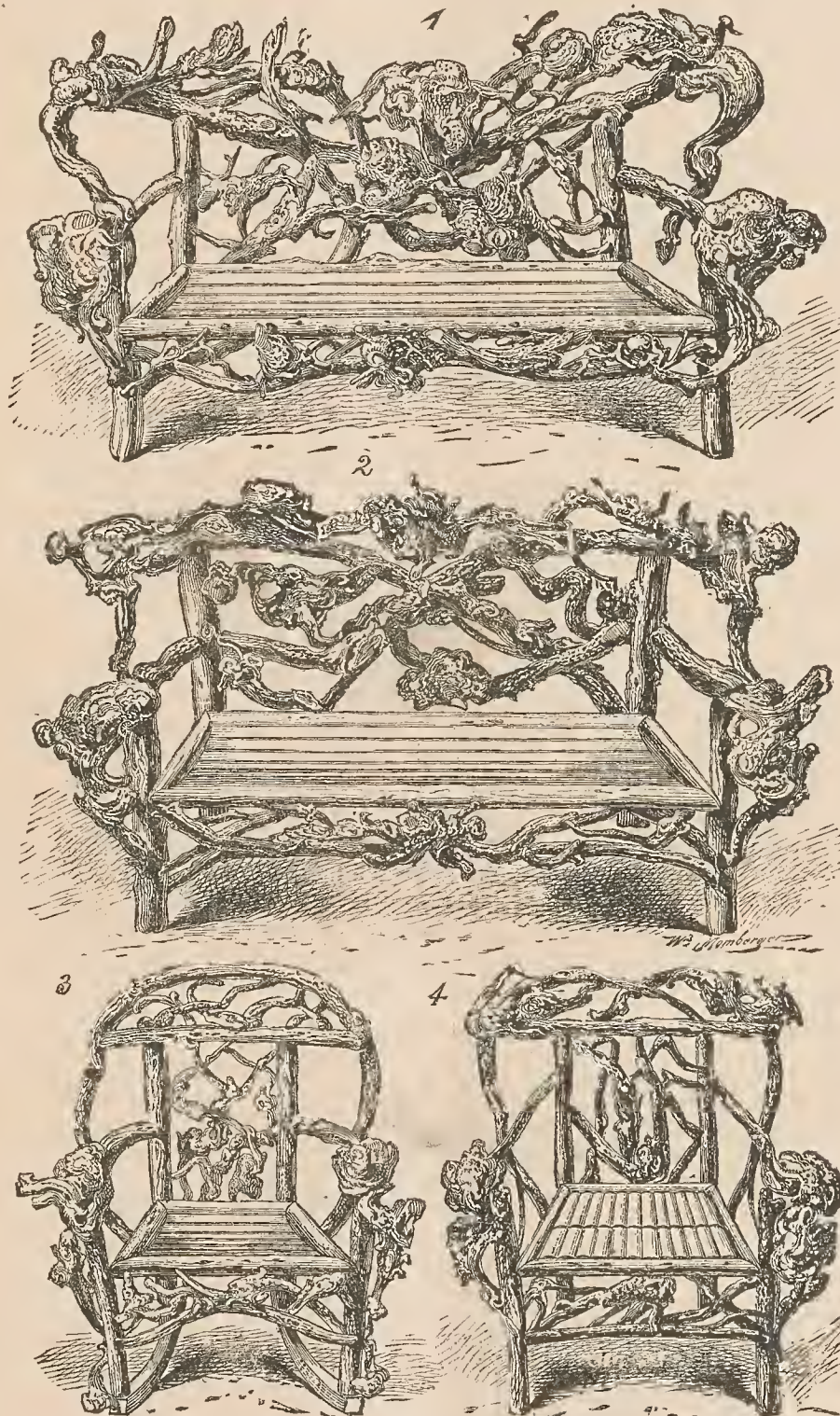
My sitting-room possessed two windows, one a single one facing the south and a double one with an eastern aspect. On each side of this large window I placed ornamental bronze brackets, which supported, on one side, a pot of Smilax, and on the other one of blooming Oxalis—the Smilax I trained on fine cords around the windows; attached to the brackets were eggshells, encased in a net-work of scarlet worsted, filled with water, from which Tradescantia hung in graceful plenty; from each division of the window I suspended a hanging basket containing, as trailers, the inimitable Tradescantia (both green and striped), Ivies and Periwinkle; ornamental grasses fringed the edge of the baskets, which were otherwise filled with Ferns, Oxalis, Begonias, etc.; immediately under these, and in front of the window, a large wire plant-stand held pots of

the following named plants: A Calla graced each side of the lower tier; Diadem Pinks (taken from the garden after blooming all summer) were their neighbors, while Zonale Geraniums, Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Mignonette, Candytuft and Monthly Roses mingled their sweet offerings together. The stand was finally crowned by a white Jessamine whose graceful sprays and pearly fragrant flowers gave enchantment to the view. The trailing plants, from the hanging baskets above, mingled with the foliage below forming a perfect bower about the window. My front window, which came nearly to the floor, was furnished with a

remains to me to my method of managing my window garden, which can be told in a few words: The soil used was leaf-mold fresh from the woods, prepared with a slight sprinkling of sand and a little manure added to the mixture; I watered them freely with warm water and transported them always once a week to the kitchen sink, where I showered them plentifully with tepid water, adding ammonia during the latter part of the winter; and once a week I also gave them, in lieu of their usual drink, a good dose of liquid manure; when the weather was very mild I opened the window and let them breathe for a few moments.

When insects appeared, as they will do "in the best regulated families," I picked or washed them off; if any plants drooped, I removed them to a cooler room and they rallied. A number of plants that are regarded rather as ordinary and only suitable for our summer gardens, frequently furnish the most suitable blossoms for our winter ones. I tried Petunias, Candytuft and Sweet Alyssum, and this season shall add Phlox and Dicentra; and as the same Diadem Pinks, that I transplanted from my garden, still look thrifty, I shall again take them up and crown my window garden with them.

VIOLET VANE.



DESIGNS FOR RUSTIC WORK.

shelf which held Tye's Hyacinth glasses full of the richest flowers, and above them hung a luxuriant hanging basket; near both windows, on corner and side brackets, were glasses and vases of Tradescantia, simply growing in water, whose graceful festoons nearly reached the floor, adding greatly to the green and cheerful aspect of the room.

The appointed space will not permit me to dwell on the beauty of the rustic stand, which was a pyramid of greenness and bloom, nor to particularize more freely than I have done, so I will devote the little that

Middle of May; 5. Echeveria, sow on top of soil as soon as ripe. The time of germination depends on the heat given; sow in the shade and keep them moist.

Wiggletails.—How shall I prevent and destroy wiggletails (mosquitoes) in a tub for aquatic plants?

HENRY CORDES.

Answer.—Boil the water; some gold fish might destroy some, and continual change of water might prevent their rapid increase.

Stories.

A CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

"Please, sir, take me over the crossing," said a little faint voice, as I was leisurely taking my morning walk.

The strange request roused me from my reverie; and looking imploringly in my face stood a thinly-elad, shivering little girl, who carried a small bundle, which she held in her hand with a singular tenacity. I gave a searching look into the child's face, while she imploringly repeated:

"Will you take me over the crossing quick? I'm in such a hurry."

Tossing her in my arms I bounded over the muddy pathway; and just as I set down my little charge the bundle slipped from her grasp, or rather its contents, leaving the empty paper in her hands, and an embroidered vest on the sidewalk. I picked up the vest, and in doing so unrolled the same, when lining, sewing-silk, and padding were all disengaged, so that the nimble fingers of the poor child picked up, and brushed, and packed them together again with scrupulous care; and tying them firmly, she gave me a sweet smile and bounded along. She would soon have passed from my sight had I not again called after her, and interrogated her why she made such haste.

"O, sir," she replied, "because my mother must have expected me an hour ago. I have been waiting for the young gentleman at the tailor's shop to decide which color he preferred, and then the tailor told me to stop while he cut it, and then he gave me such a beautiful pattern for my mother to embroider it by—but it's a sight of work to do it, sir, and I'm afraid she will set up all the long nights to sew, while I am sleeping, for the man said he must have it completed by next Thursday; the young gentleman is to be married then, and will want it—and if it isn't done, maybe he would never give mother another stitch of work, and then what would become of us?"

And as the child hurried on, I caught the same hurried footsteps, and followed on until we came to another crossing, when again came the beseeching tone:

"Will you take me over this crossing, too, sir?"

It was done in a trice, and my interest in the child increased as her prattle continued:

"Mamma is to have a dollar for this work, and she means to buy me a new frock with a part of the money, and then we shall have a great loaf of bread and a cup of milk, and mother will find time to cat with me—if there is any money left—she says I shall have a little open-work straw bonnet, and go to Sunday-school with Susy Niles."

And her little feet scarcely touched the walk, so light and fairy-like was her tread.

"And does your mother work for one man all the time, little girl?" I inquired.

"O no, sir; it is only now and then she gets such a nice job. Some of the time she has to sew for slop-shops, where she earns but about twenty-five cents a day, and then she has hardly enough to pay her rent, and it isn't all the time we get enough to eat—but then mother always gives me the big slice when there is one big and one little one; sometimes she cries and don't eat her's at all."

A coach was passing—the child looked toward it and remarked:

"I know the lady in that pretty carriage—she is the very one that is going to marry the young gentleman who is to wear this embroidered vest. She came to

my home yesterday to get my mother to spangle the wreath round her white satin dress, and it's just the same pattern that is to be put on the vest; but she could not do it, 'cause her eyesight is so poor; and the spangles shine so."

My tongue was silent. Could it be that these were to be the very articles that were to be worn at my Ella's wedding? For did I not pay for spangles yesterday, and what was it that vexed Ellen, but because she could not find anybody to sew them on when she returned? She said Mrs. Taggard was almost blind.

"My little girl," said I, "is your name Taggard?"

"Yes, sir, 'Gusta Taggard, and we live down in Sullivan court. Are you going home with me?"

It was a sensible conjecture; for why else should I follow on?

"I am going to see you safely at the door, and to help you over all the crossings."

"There's only one more, sir, and here it is, we live down there at No. 3, in the third floor back."

The child looked kindly, and as she sweetly bade me "good-bye, sir," I thrust my hand in my pocket and drew from it all the change it contained, which was a bright fifty-cent piece, and placed it in her little palm. 'Gusta Taggard gave me her heartfelt thanks, and was soon out of my sight.

An hour before, I had started from my home an invalid. I had long deliberated whether an exposure to a chilly east wind would not injure rather than improve me—I was melancholy, too; my only daughter was about to be married—there was confusion all over the house—the event was to be celebrated in fashionable style. Ellen's dress had cost what would have been a fortune to this poor seamstress, and I moralized. But I had forgotten myself—the cough which had troubled me was no longer oppressive. I breathed quite freely, and yet I had walked more briskly than I had done for months, without so much fatigue as slow motion occasioned—so that when I returned my wife rallied me upon looking ten years younger than when I left her in the morning; and when I told her the specific lay in my walk with a little prattler, and the satisfaction of having left her happier than I found her, she took the occasion to press the purchase for Ellen of a diamond brooch, affirming that if the gift of half a dollar made me so much happier, and that, too, to a little errand street girl, what would fifty times that amount confer upon one's only daughter, upon the eve before her marriage?

I gave the diamond brooch—I paid the most extravagant bills to upholsterers, dry-goods establishments, confectioners, and musicians, with which to enliven the great occasion, and yet I found more satisfaction in providing for the real wants of little 'Gusta Taggard and her mother than in all the splendid outlay at the wedding ceremony; and it was not that it cost less which made the satisfaction, but it was that all extravagant outlays, in the very nature of things, are unsatisfactory, while ministering to the necessities of the truly needy and industrious confers its own reward.

I had seen the glittering spangled dress—but it was made ready by some poor emaciated sufferer, who toiled on in patient trust, and the embroidered vest as finished by the strained vision and aching head of another, who was emphatically one of "God's poor," upon whom blight or disgrace had not fallen, save by His appointment; and the diamond brooch was borne off but to be envied and coveted by admiring throngs, while the simple coin bestowed upon my little street acquaintance had introduced me to a new species of enjoyment, which never cloyed in the retrospect or causes uneasiness in the prospective. I had learned

to do good in small ways—my morning walks have now an object and aim. I pass by splendid palaces to hasten to Sullivan court, and thence on to yet other sources of enjoyment, so that my invalidism is fast leaving me by the new direction which is given to my thoughts.

I am free to acknowledge that while I cheerfully pay for flannel robes, and whalebone skirts, and opera hats, and jewels, and silver-ware, and servants, and all the requirements which fashion imposes, I derive far less pleasure from surveying them, than in sitting beside some worthy recipient of charity, who tells me that the little sum "you gave me saved me from despair and self-destruction, and enabled me to become helpful, so that no other assistance is now necessary." Such a confession fills a void which administering to a luxury never can; and all this satisfaction originated in first helping a little child over the crossing.

A PARISIAN DESPOT.

During the palmy days of the ex-Empress Eugenie, there was current in court circles the following anecdote of Felix, her Majesty's hair-dresser: He was known throughout Paris as a thorough despot. Respecting this, the crowning glory of the toilet, he allowed no suggestions or interference from any of his customers, however seductively they might be offered. On the evening of a certain ball in the Tuilleries, his services being engaged by the Duchess of —, he entered her dressing-room with the air of a monarch. "What dress are you going to wear to-night, madame?" inquired Mons. Felix, leisurely drawing off his immaculate white kid gloves as he approached the dressing-table, where a magnificent set of coral ornaments was spread to view. "A white moire antique," was the reply. "White moire!" said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is common-place; all plebeians' wives wear white moire." "Oh! but this dress is really very beautiful," returned the Duchess, humbly; and certainly you won't see many plebeians' wives with such a dress as that," continued her Grace, waving her hand to the doorway, where her maid was extending her dress for inspection. It was surprisingly elegant—a lovely, lustrous fabric, the sheen of its spotless folds being almost hidden by rich meshes of *point de Venise*, arranged as a graceful overskirt. "Ah, 'um!" said the artist, scanning it critically. "With the lace it may pass muster," with a shrug; "but as for the coral, I shall not use it—it will not be becoming to your style of face." "But, Mons. Felix," ventured the lady, "I am so fond of it. I thought of asking you to dress my hair with double braids, and the beautiful coral beads you could twist among them." "Madame," returned this unfeeling autocrat, "your fancies are nothing to me; I must dress your hair according to my inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, not you, who are your hair-dresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican; fit only for Creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would suit you admirably." "Nevertheless, Mons. Felix," murmured his patron. "If you have no confidence in me, madame, call in another artist; I am responsible for the good looks of my clients," returned monsieur, haughtily drawing on his glove and moving toward the door. To hesitate was critical. "Justine," said she, addressing her maid, "take away the coral and bring a box of pomegranate blossoms." "And a few diamonds," added the unmerciful Felix, replacing his gloves in his pocket; and, taking up a comb, he was soon deeply absorbed in fulfilling his "inspirations." So much for the lordly hair-dresser. His price for his valuable time was almost incredible. The Duchess went to the ball immeasurably happy, because her exquisite coiffure was one of the marvels of Paris—a study by the superb Felix.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITES.

BY MISSISSIPPI.

Geraniums, Abutilons and Begonias, are everybody's favorites, and are flowers which best repay cultivation. They stand prominent in the greenhouse during winter, and are either pot or bedding plants during spring and summer, and reward the cultivator, all things considered, better than flowers of any other class. In point of rapid and thrifty growth, handsome foliage, symmetrical form, and principally as abounding in blooms of surpassing beauty at every season of the year, they are unrivalled. Many years of experience have shown me that these plants do not require a season of rest, but under a proper mode of culture will grow and grow, and bloom and bloom, until they elicit wonder from all who cull their blooms. Heat, moisture, and a rich, loose soil, are all that are necessary to insure a fine array of blooms of every shade, from deepest crimson and brilliant fiery red to softest rose and snowy white; some double, some single, together with leaves of delicious fragrance and extreme beauty. Lovers of flowers, reflect on the exquisite odor and loveliness of the Rose, Apple, Nutmeg, Coconut and Lemon Geraniums, together with the incomparable Zonales, which rival the Rhododendrons and Camellias, with their richly colored stately blooms surrounded by leaves with circlets, margins and blotches of bronze, gold and white, blended with the vivid green! Just with this one class we may fill our greenhouses, adorn our sitting-rooms and gratify a love of floriculture, did not the Abutilons claim to be inseparable from Geraniums. Abutilons so soon grow up out of the way of the more lowly growing shrubby-Geraniums, and thrive so admirably under precisely the same treatment, that it were a pity to separate them. Let us have them along with our Geraniums, and give them good culture, and we will please those whom a large variety strikes favorably, as Bell flowers range in color from deep orange veined with blood color to the loveliest and most delicate canary, pink and white. And in extending our choice,

increasing our variety, we must needs reject some varieties, and in so doing cast aside choice kinds, for all in this class are choice. I know not a Geranium or Bell flower unworthy cultivation, and who ever saw an amateur with every standard variety of either kind?

Florists tell us what to buy, tempt us with accurate descriptions of the attractions of every class of plants; journals devoted to floriculture recommend everything that is pretty in the way of a flower or decorative plant; handsome cuts are given on these pages of every flower that grows, from "Dan to Beersheba;" and one who loves flowers must invest in some of *this* and some of *that*, until they feel satisfied with a pleasing variety. But my humble province, now, is to go to the other extreme, and narrow the cultivator to a class of plants that will not disappoint her expectations, where the means and opportunities for the culture of flowers may happen to be limited. Next to Geraniums and Bell-flowers come Begonias. They root readily from cuttings of any size, multiply rapidly, and embrace a large and pleasing variety. For an idea of their indescribable waxen beauty, go to the sea shore and examine shells of the pearliest roseate hues, softly blended, rose into salmon, salmon into pearl. Look above to the clouds of heaven, with their marvellous beauty tinged by the setting sun. The damp, dewy, cool, succulent stems, leaves, and blooms of the Begonias are to my mind what Roses were to the gifted S. S. Prentiss, who in his dying hour bade his wife to bring him a "bushel of Roses." Not only in the last hour, "when I am called to die," but in the "sunny hours" of busy life, now, at all times, bring me a bushel of Begonias! I am partial to many other kinds of flowers, but—"not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more." My mode of cultivating the Geraniums, Abutilons, and Begonias, possesses not the charm of novelty, but has been thoroughly tested and found to be successful. My plants are all in boxes, filled with earth from the vegetable garden, and coarse manure from the lot and stable. The coarse manure is always on the surface. It is coarse and fibrous and admits the air, never bakes in a crust, and, by frequently renewing the supply and keeping the boxes well watered, the "strength" of the manure washes down to the roots without wasting. I am no scientist, and, on the other hand, would not carry a stone to mill, in one end of the bag, because "Daddy used to do that;" but my father was ever successful as a planter, and he used to say "the Almighty put the best soil on top," meaning the surface, and as he fertilized his corn and cotton so do I my flowers. And my flowers, or rather plants, grow so large that I never keep the "mother" plant over two years, for in that length of time they will fill a half-barrel, but propagate young plants from cuttings.

Rustic Flower Pots.—Last season I had a pretty arrangement in my front yard, which was much admired. When the winter's wood was hauled to the house, there were some hollow logs amongst it. These were sawed in pieces about eighteen inches long; the decayed wood from the inside was scraped out, then filled with rich earth and manure; in the centre I had a rose bush, and next moss pinks; on the outer edge I set slips of ivy and Wandering Jew; in one I raised some sweet peas. The plants all grew nicely, and they were certainly beautiful ornaments; a source of pleasure to myself, and admiration to passers by. These little arrangements are but trifling, but trifles add much either to our happiness or discomfort all through life.

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" 7 00 "	10 " 1 " and extra copy paper free.

Premiums for Clubs for Six Months.

1. Ivory Paper Cutter and Folder,	club of 8
2. Book. Every Woman Her own Flower Gardener,	" 5
3. " Window Gardening,	" 15
4. Box Initial Note Paper,	" 5
5. 1 Dozen Fine Gladiolus, worth \$3 00,	" 10
6. 100 " 25 00,	" 30
7. 1 Fine named Bulb Gladiolus, worth \$1 50	" 5
8. Lovejoy Weather House,	" 15
9. Any Game in our Premium List, worth 5 to 75 cents,	" 5
10. Bracket and Fret Saw, worth \$1 25,	" 12
11. The Acrobats, worth \$1 15,	" 10
12. Box Decalcomanie,	" 7
13. Pocket Microscope, worth \$1 50	" 10
14. Package Visiting Cards,	" 6
15. Ivory Breast-Pin,	" 10
16. Two Fancy Carved Napkin Rings,	" 8
17. Ladies' Fancy Ivory Bracelet—pair,	" 12
18. Ivory Call Whistle,	" 5
19. Emery Basket,	" 5
20. Silk Book Mark, worth \$1 00,	" 10
21. " " 50 to 75 cents,	" 5
22. Dress Elevator,	" 5
23. Butter Knife,	" 10
24. Silk Fan,	" 10
25. Ladies' Pocket-knife and Scissors combined	" 10
26. Any Game, 50 to 75 cents, in our Catalogue,	" 5
27. 40 Packages of Flower Seeds,	" 15
28. 20 " " " " " "	" 8
29. 10 " " " " " "	" 5
30. Any Book, worth 50 to 60 cents,	" 5
31. " " " \$1 00 or under,	" 10
32. " " " 1 50 " "	" 15
33. Indelible Pencil,	" 5
34. Pocket Knife,	" 10
35. One Pair Florence Skates,	" 12
36. One Dollar's worth of Plants,	" 7
37. One Volume of FLORAL CABINET bound, 1874,	" 12
38. One Binder and Portfolio for CABINET,	" 12

Special Premiums.

39. One Goodrich Tucker for Sewing Machines, price \$3 00, for club of 10.
40. One Johnston Ruffler for Sewing Machines, price \$3 00, for club of 15.
41. One set Goodrich Hemmer and Binder, price \$1 50, club of 5.
42. One set Metropolitan Hemmer and Binder, price \$1 50, club of 5.
43. One Bottle Payson's Indelible Ink, price 75c, club of 7.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Six Months Subscriptions.—With a little effort each subscriber can send us the name of some friend, or a club, for the rest of the year. We hope all will try. Prices have been fixed as low as possible. So beautiful a journal, on so costly paper, with so many expensive and charming illustrations, cannot be offered as low as other cheap papers, which are not worth keeping. The music alone for six months is worth \$2 at least, and the paper, with chromos, \$1 more—a total of \$3 for only 70 cents.

Plants for Sale.—We have several lots of plants, seeds, &c., owing us by florists, which we will sell at 25 per cent. discount from usual catalogue prices. Any one wishing to buy may choose a list from any floral catalogue, deduct 25 per cent. from price, send the order to us and we will have good plants and seeds sent for the money. As soon as we have traded out these accounts our offer will be withdrawn. Persons not wishing to buy now, but next fall, may purchase from us an order now, at this discount, good for any time it may be presented.

Household Elegancies.—We shall issue, Oct. 15, a new book about the size of "Window Gardening," full of fancy work, home decorations, household art, and elegant ways of adorning a home, with so many exquisite illustrations, that every lady will be fairly crazy with delight when she sees it. We regard it as the most desirable ladies' book ever published, and it will be truly the *grand Gift Book of the season*. Our readers know that anything we issue is so splendid in style and superior in merit, that, when we make an announcement, it is received with confidence and the most ready patronage. "Household Elegancies" is the finest work we have yet originated, and as a special offer to any one who will obtain 15 subscribers to the CABINET for six months, before August 1st, we will present a copy of this new book free, as soon as issued. Price will be \$1.50, and will be ready Oct. 15.

Home Pets.

CANARY BIRDS.

I have had Canaries for over eleven years. Have two singers now; one ten, one eleven years old. They are very fine singers; healthy and happy. I judge by their actions.

I have never had any sick (except once, they got their little feet chilled one *cold snap*, and were troublesome for a short time). I washed off the perches and the cage every day—not in salt water, tho'. I give them fresh water for bathing and drinking, and canary-seed and a bit of a cracker soaked in milk, every day. They have some dry cracker in their cage to pick, and some cuttle-fish. It takes me about ten minutes a day to attend to them, and they give me no further trouble. Is that a great care? I have never seen any mites, lice, or other vermin about them. I give them hemp-seed only as a treat, as it is too heating, and birds are healthier, I think, without it; but if they have been accus-

tomed to it, I am told, will not live when deprived of it. I give green stuff—chickweed, plantain-seed, lettuce, and sometimes cabbage, in the summer, or whenever I have them; now and then, a bit of sponge-cake and apple; but these latter are treats for which, I think, birds (some kinds, at least) don't much care. If one tries to raise a family of them, that alters the case.

S. M. BARBER.

The Mother and her Child.—Some mothers make it a practice to go themselves to fetch the candle when the children are in bed; and then, if wanted, they stay a few minutes and hear any confessions or difficulties, and receive any disclosures of which the little mind may wish to disburden itself before the hour of sleep. Whether then, or at any other time, it is well worth pondering what a few minutes of serious

How to Economize.—Ladies who wish to modernize plain basques, or change cuirasses into the new fashion, can now do so by adding to the lower part of the two middle forms a straight piece of silk, laid in from twenty to twenty-five fine plaits. Breast pockets are again in vogue, and there are also reticule pockets made to bulge out as if the oval pouch was nearly filled.

The Girl to come.—

She will be of some use in the world, will cook her own food, will earn a living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano and the washboard, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will darn her old stockings and know how to make dough-nuts. The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be, to keep her cheeks in a glow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her aged



THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY.

consultation may do in enlightening and rousing, or calming, the conscience; in rectifying and cherishing the moral life. It may be owing to such moments as these that humiliation is raised into humility, apathy into moral enterprise, pride into awe, and scornful blame into Christian piety. Happy is the mother who can use such moments as she ought, and put to good account the lessons derived therefrom.

mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to health, will not confound hypocrisy with politeness, will have the courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance, will not think that refinement is French duplicity, that assumed politeness, where hate dwells in the heart, is better than outspoken condemnation, and will not regard the end of her very being to have a beau.—*Ex.*

Ladies' Boudoir.

ALL MINE OWN.

There is for me a beauteous face,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
There is for me a form of grace,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, brightly bloometh that face so fair,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
Oh, fresh is the hue of her cheeks so rare,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, bright is the glance of her tender eye,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
For its light has been caught from heaven on high,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, dear are the lips that I fondly kiss,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
To view them is gladness, to press them is bliss,
For her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, tender the clasp of her arms so white,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
As she clings to my breast in her young delight,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, light is the fall of her fairy feet,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
As eager she cometh my steps to meet,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Yes, her heart is as pure as the mountain snow,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
The truest and dearest this earth can know,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

Oh, she is the crown of my earthly life,
And I live for my love, and I love alway—
And I call her my darling, my joy, my wife,
And her love it is sweet, and it bides for aye.

HAROLD.

MRS. PETERS' PHILOSOPHY.

Sisters of the CABINET, do you ever sing? I seem to hear the reply, "I used to sing in church when we lived in the country, but my voice is weak; I don't think I could sing now if I should try."

Let me tell you what Mrs. Peters has done. Living too far from the city to be benefited by public entertainments, and having also a dread of the time when boys leave home for a *pleasanter* place, she undertook the task of teaching herself and children to sing. If Johnnie fails in the bass she instantly sings with him, until he has his part learned perfectly, adapting her voice to the part most needed. "Joseph," she says, "doesn't like to spare the sunny window for my plants, so I've trained my Ivy in the shade; other hardy plants I keep in the parlor until the weather becomes too freezing cold, then they must go to the cellar to rest; but Joseph helped me carry loam to the flower-garden last summer, and perhaps it is only right to reward him with silence for a few months."

Now, Joseph is my own brother, and, I am ashamed to say, he refused to have a bay window in his new house, though it faces the south, and his dear little wife said, "Oh, what a nice place that will be for plants!" "You needn't think I'll be so extravagant," said Mr. Joseph; so the little woman philosophizes thus: "Joseph is willing we should sing, for it keeps him from having the blues; I've put away a nice lot of flower seeds for next season, my hardy annuals are sown, my perennials are in a fine condition, and Capt. Jack Frost can come when he likes and not harm any of us." Though I think a slight pain went through her heart at the mention of her summer delights. "Spring will soon be here," she added, "to woo me to my garden haunts. Poor Joseph; how much he loses in not loving flowers! But then he improves; he used only to admire Sunflowers and Potato-blossoms, now he thinks Tiger Lilies are beautiful, and last summer he brought me some Rose-bushes." "Probably because they bore masculine names," said I; "John Hopper and George IV." "Oh," said she, triumphantly, "I have great hopes for the future, by our singing at home a good deal, he will become more

refined, I know, and then—and then—oh! how happy I should be if he would love my pets as I do, and maybe, sometime, when Johnnie has the trade learned, he will let him put in the bay window. But at any rate, we will sing, it adds so much to the comfort and harmony of the home circle, it drowns many a care, checks many an angry word, keeps us from hearing and relating unkind stories, and brings nearer the angels, who, aware of our feeble efforts, hasten to join us with songs of gladness."

Who will follow the example of Mrs. Peters, and report progress next spring in the FLORAL CABINET? for I must think Mr. Williams encourages all such endeavors by his kindness in providing music on the last page of his paper.

Don't tell me you "hav'nt time." Mrs. Peters does all her housework with the help of two school children, for is she very strong, but her nome is a happy one, so the children say, and her voice, instead of being weak and broken at forty-five years of age, never was stronger or more sweet, as her neighbors will testify, who frequently hear her in the morning when the windows are open.

Try it, sisters, if you have the least love for music, and you will be surprised to know how much can be accomplished by only a few hours' practice every week. If you have a piano or organ so much the better, but don't leave all to the music.

An Interesting Story.—A very interesting story is now current in New York city in fashionable and philanthropic society. According to this narrative, a lady of advanced years and great social distinction, who is conspicuous for her energetic and efficient benevolence, had her pocket picked recently of a wallet containing about \$600, a large portion of which she had collected for a well-known and most deserving charity, of which she is a prominent manager. Of this sum a part was in checks and the rest in bank notes. She was greatly disturbed at the loss, and was just about to make it good from her own private resources when the servant one day told her that a strange-looking man desired to see her in the parlor. She went down without suspecting what was to follow. Her visitor, addressing her by name, said: "Madam, you have lost a considerable sum of money, and I have come to restore it to you. Of course you are aware that it was stolen by picking your pocket; but the fraternity have considered the subject, and we have concluded that we cannot keep any money that has been taken from you. We know your goodness and the charities to which you devote your time and your means, and we have determined to restore the pocketbook. Here it is with its contents undiminished, and I trust you will not be unwilling to receive and apply, as you apply so much other money, a small addition which we have taken the liberty of making." Saying this he handed her the pocketbook and left the house without waiting a moment. On opening the pocketbook she found everything that she had lost, and one hundred dollars added by the pick-pockets for benevolent purposes.

A Victimized Young Man.—An amusing story is told of a young American gentleman who, while sojourning in Paris, invited two demoiselles to accompany him to the theatre. He secured three seats and drove to the house of his fair friends, half hoping that one was indisposed, so that his felicity might be unbounded. The two were awaiting him, and their mother as well, who kindly invited herself to chaperon the party, and intimated that her daughters could under no circumstances go without her. There

was no help for it. The four crowded into the carriage. No fourth seat could be obtained adjacent to the three already secured, or even on the same tier, and during three long acts the three ladies sat in a box, while our young American gazed at them with feelings unutterable from his seat in the parquette. The drama over, only cabs, with room for two, could be obtained to convey the party home. Here, then, was a dilemma—which young lady should he select as his cab companion? They were both charming, and the matter was difficult to decide. The old lady settled it, however, to her satisfaction, if to the annoyance of our now miserable countryman. "Hortence and Sophie, you go in this cab. Monsieur and I will follow in the next." The young man now thinks that French social customs are barbarous.

A Noble Wife.—During the troubles in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the truest and the best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been king a hundred and fifty years before. Sobieski had three sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads. The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her. "Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?" "I know, sir." "If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned." "And shall I be safe?" "Yes, madame, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed." "Then, sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, laying her hand upon her bosom, "He lies concealed here in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him." Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a full pardon of the father and the sons.

A Good Daughter.—"My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir; and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls (and he might have added boys also) good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon because he doesn't loosen his purse-string whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened." So said a progressive farmer, a kind, appreciative, and proud father, and a big-hearted man on general principles. What he said the *Germantown Telegraph* thinks worth recording.

Sensibly-shaped Shoes are at last in vogue. The newest give ease and handsome shape to the foot, and do not cramp it into unnatural size. Yet some ladies will insist that their shoes are a "mile too big for them!"

The Newest Fans are a beautiful combination of tortoise shell and feathers.

Household Elegancies.

WAX FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

No object of adornment in parlor, library, or setting-room, is more beautiful than collections of natural flowers. Next to these come, I think, those in wax, which so nearly approach the beauty of form and color of those in nature as frequently to be mistaken for them. There are certain objections attending the making of fruit or flowers in wax, that is the expense of the materials and implements, and the patience and care required in execution. The implements required for flower and fruit making are gilt flower cutters, flower, fruit, and leaf moulds, bristle (poonah), and sable veining brushes, and camel's hair pencils (all assorted sizes), small, medium, and large sized moulding tools and steel pins, with glass heads, two or more sizes, small scissors, spatula or mixing knife, saucers, and palette. The materials are white and green wire (silk or cotton covered), of various sizes; wax, white and green (assorted shades), single; white double, and for Pond Lilies, the extra large; and for autumn leaves, variegated autumn leaf (assorted shades). The best wax is the Madam Scheffele's Sheet Wax, which will not dry out and crumble as that made in the usual way. Fine dry powder colors, which come in "Homo" vials, and are prepared expressly for coloring wax, diamond powder, arrow root, sprig moss (in eucalyptus), for moss rose buds; green and brown moss in bundles—stamens (assorted), and spiral or plain stems. These materials and implements may be obtained at any artists' emporium.

Having materials and implements ready, if the day is cool and the wax stiff, sit near a fire, or have a small spirit lamp with which to keep the wax pliable. The most simple article with which to begin is the marble cross. This is formed and ornamented with pure white flowers and leaves. Thus, have a plain wooden cross, of desired size, with three steps: paint with pure glossy-white paint; when dry give a coat of clear demar varnish, and while a little sticky, dust with the diamond powder. Take double white wax and the Ivy leaf moulds, dip in cool water, press the wax on the outside gently, but firmly, cutting the edges off with the edge of the mould; then lay a narrow strip of wax down the midrib, place the white wire stem on it; lay another narrow strip on this, then the lining of the leaf, which cut in the same manner as the outside; press every portion between the thumb and fingers, and loosening carefully, remove from the mould; proceed thus with the different sizes of Ivy leaves, covering the stem with a very narrow strip of thin wax, laying the stem in the centre, and twisting from the leaf downward between the fingers. When a sufficient number have been made, take long pieces of thicker wire, covering in like manner, arrange the leaves in a long vine and sprays, and keep in a close box or drawer until the remaining flowers are all finished, adding each one as it is accomplished.

Fuchsias, Convolvulus, or any other vine is pretty and appropriate for climbing up the body of the cross and drooping over the arms. Fuchsias are made thus, having a natural one to copy from, if possible; take a piece of finest wire, dip in melted wax, (unless the wire is very white, silk-covered wire is preferable for these white flowers and leaves, as it requires no covering of wax,) make a little ball of wax and place upon the end of it; cut coarse thread into proper lengths for stamens, waxing it until stiff (make the filaments upon their ends), and press them firmly against the ball.

The pistil must be of finest wire, bent into a graceful curve, the anther moulded as in nature, placed in the centre of the ball; then proceed to place the petals around it, first moulding them with the glass-headed pin (No. 2), until the edges are thin and the slight indentations made down the middle of each one. They must be placed to fold one in another by laying the left edge of the second one to the middle of the first, and so on until the entire four are folded in; the calyx is made from thick wax, doubled and pressed together before cutting. Mould them with pin No. 1, to be slightly hollow in the centre; place around the petals and mould smooth at the base. Make half open buds in similar manner; closed ones of a solid piece of wax (made from the trimmings), moulded into shape with the fingers; take the point of moulding pin and press or cut indentations showing the unopened calyx. The tiny buds at the end do not require any markings. Lily of the Valley is lovely clustered at the base, though a full-blown Rose, Passion Flower, or a collection of any flowers with their respective buds, leaves, and tendrils, are beautiful in pure white wax, looking like chiselled marble. Lily of the Valley is cut with the regular cutter, and then moulded into bells upon the rounded ends of one of the wooden moulding tools, a few threads of spool cotton form the delicate stamens, which are placed on a little ball of wax, on a thread-like wire. Make two sizes of bells, and then some small buds for the end of the stem, all drooping in their naturally modest fashion. Form leaves for these and the Fuchsias in their respective moulds; cluster them around the steps and base of the cross, and place the Ivy vine around the body, with drooping sprays depending from the arms and top. One of the most beautiful crosses I ever saw consisted of a collection of various leaves: Grape, Maple, Abutilon, Ivy, Geranium, etc., around the base, with a vine of Ivy and Convolvulus running up and over the entire cross. Another was a white cross (as described), with autumn leaves of most gorgeous colors: the crimson Dogwood, scarlet Virginia Creeper, yellow Elm and Maple, brown Oak, russet-colored Alders, purple-crimson Sumach, with the varied shades of yellow and green Peach, and the mottled green, brown, purple, crimson, yellow, and orange shades of other leaves found so beautifully blended in the autumn leaf wax. These white crosses are always a source of enthusiastic admiration, and they are (comparatively), so easily made, that every lady should try to possess one. I trust I have made this explanation plain, and if any desire it, I will take great pleasure in giving instructions for forming any other flowers, or for forming the Easter Cross Basket of Flowers, etc., in colored wax.

MRS. C. S. J.

HOW TO MAKE A USEFUL WORKSTAND.

This convenient article should be in every sitting-room, and perhaps some of the readers of the FLORAL CABINET will be benefited if I tell them how they can make one themselves. The design is simple and pretty, and can be made with but little expense and trouble. The wood-work must be made from light timber, and formed rather delicate; the stalk or body not exceeding three inches in diameter at the base, less will be quite sufficient, but give it a gradual slope toward the top, as this will better preserve the equilibrium. The stand will require three feet, about eight inches in length and two in thickness. Have them shaped something like the feet of a piano-stool, but not carved; put on with screws, or they can be mortised. The top of the stand should be twenty inches in diameter, very thin, and perfectly smooth on the

surface. A skillful brother (if you have one like I have), can construct the required wood-work in a very short time. The whole is to be covered with brown rep worsted; put the cloth—which should previously be sewed together—over the top, and draw it in half-way between the top and bottom of the stand, and tie it with scarlet cords and tassels; allow the cloth to fall gently from where it is tied to the feet, which should be covered with the same material. Make pockets of the brown, heading them with a ruching of scarlet silk or worsted; sew them around the top of the stand and suspend a scarlet tassel from each pocket; they are useful for holding many little things, such as thimbles, thread, scissors, and scraps of various kinds. Place on the top of the stand a fancy cushion of some pretty design and it is complete, and will serve as an ornament, as well as being very useful.

VICKIE BLUE.

To Polish Shells for Ornaments.—Many shells naturally possess so fine a polish that no preparation is considered necessary for placing them in the cabinet. In general, however, it happens that when shells become dry they lose much of their natural lustre. This may be very easily restored by washing them with a little water in which a small portion of gum arabic has been dissolved, or with the white of an egg. This is the simplest of those processes which are employed, and is used not only by the mere collector, but by the scientific arranger. There are many shells of a very plain appearance on the outside, by reason of a dull epidermis or skin with which they are covered. This is removed by steeping the shell in warm water, and then rubbing it off with a brush. When the epidermis is thick, it will be found necessary to mingle with the water a small portion of nitric acid, which, by dissolving part of the shell, destroys the adhesion. This last agent must be employed with great caution, since it destroys the lustre on every part exposed to its influence. The new surface must be polished with leather, assisted with tripoli; but in many cases where even these are ineffectual, the file and the pumice-stone may be employed to rub off the coarse external layers, that the concealed beauties may be disclosed. When this is done, the labor and care, though great, have a proportionate reward.

To Make Alum Baskets.—Prepare a foundation of wire and cover it with strips of old linen, and then dip the work into hot alum water till a thick coating of that substance is formed. The wires may be twisted into any shape that may please the fancy, and a good effect may be obtained by leaving little tags of the linen strips hanging in various directions. When encrusted with the alum they will have the appearance of icicles. The first dipping of the basket should be somewhat prolonged, but after that it may occasionally be immersed and dried until enough of the alum adheres to be satisfactory. In this way not only very pretty baskets can be obtained, but vases, card-baskets, cornucopias and other attractive ornaments may be prepared.

Horn Baskets are among the handsomest made. A nice white horn should be selected and scraped with glass, until a quantity of fine shavings have been obtained. Then make the foundation of the basket in pasteboard, and sew the shavings thereon in small clumps. The first or outer shavings are generally somewhat dark, but the remainder presents a beautiful white appearance. Baskets of this kind may be made either to sit flat or with standards; and when once covered both inside and out with the fleecy shavings, it is quite an elegant ornament.

Household Elegancies.

AUTUMN LEAVES—EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

Much nonsense has of late been written about autumn leaves, I know; and many failures have been caused thereby. But they can be preserved so that they will be really beautiful. I have never yet seen full instructions on the subject. My knowledge has been gained by experience, which I will give for the benefit of those who, yearly, "when the melancholy days have come," gather the bright-hued leaves, press, and give them one thin coat of varnish, only to have them wither and curl up. Much depends upon the selection of leaves. Many lose their beauty. The best I know are hard and soft Maple, Hickory, Quivering Aspen, Cottonwood, Pear, Shrub, and black and white Oaks. White Oak leaves are beautiful, but fade soon. Sumac leaves and the crimson leaves of the Sassafras are the very best. Leaves can be preserved by pressing and then dipping them in melted wax, or ironing them with a waxed iron. But the colors are much more brilliant when ironed and then well varnished, and will keep their color full as long. Gather the leaves and iron them the same day, and iron them *dry*. A little practice will teach you how hot to have your irons. You must have a good supply of leaves, as you will spoil many. For bouquets, bunches of leaves can be kept on the twigs by careful ironing. Frames should be large, or you must select very small leaves. Large frames will give most satisfaction. They need not be put together very neatly, as the leaves will hide all imperfections. Take strips of pasteboard on the frame, as some leaves will not adhere to wood. If medium size, very heavy pasteboard alone will do. Put in your glass and picture first, and fasten firmly with strips of muslin pasted around the edge. Put common brown glue in a large baking-powder can and fill two-thirds full of water; soak over night, then boil slowly. Have it thick and hot. Pour out a little in a saucer and dip in the lower half of the leaf, press it on the frame, leaving the upper half loose. They will curl slightly after a time and have a more natural appearance. If the frame is oval begin at the top, and finish the bottom with a rosette of leaves, having several long slender ones, like Shrub Oak, or Sumac. These should also be arranged along the edges. On square frames groups of leaves can be put on the top, bottom, sides, and corners. For the centre of these use everlasting flowers, berries, or acorus.

To preserve choice leaves, arrange on cards, or form into bouquets on heavy paper, and frame. A pretty design is a basket made of cones or moss, arranged to look as if filled with leaves and ferns. It must be framed flat against the glass. This arrangement will be sure to please. Ferns can also be made into many lovely designs. They must be gummed on paper, or put into books, as ironed, or they will curl. The secret of success in pressing autumn leaves lies in ironing them dry and using plenty of varnish. White is usually recommended. I prefer common furniture varnish. Leaves for cards varnish on one side, for bouquets on both sides. Frame immediately after the work is done. Give all two or three coats of varnish. Follow faithfully these directions and you will be astonished at the brilliant beauty imparted to the leaves. They can scarcely be distinguished from wax autumn leaves. Engravings look better framed in leaves than chromos, and small oval frames, or

wreaths of leaves, look well hung on the long cord above large pictures. Wreaths of grasses and everlasting flowers can be hung in the same way. Ornamental grasses and everlasting flowers, I think, are not very generally cultivated. To those who have not, I



DRACÆNA AND ORNAMENTAL FLOWER-POT.

say, try them. Besides being very ornamental in the garden, nothing you can grow will give such lasting pleasure. I have kept several kinds four years, and, by remodelling once in a while, have fresh bouquets. All kinds named in the catalogues are worth raising.



ANCHOR OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

The new scarlet globe Amaranth, though not classed as an everlasting, is splendid, and the old white works up beautifully. I have a bouquet made of the last-named and the scarlet berries of the Indian turnip, with Ambrosia or Jerusalem Oak for foliage. This

died green with one ounce of chrome green and half an ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of water, hot, but not boiling. This is the very best preparation I have found for coloring moss, seed-pods, or foliage of soft texture. To color grasses, dissolve the gum arabic, dip in the grasses, then dust them with the dry coloring.

I have an imitation of several hanging-baskets, filled with moss stripped from an old log, dried, washed, and colored without breaking. On its well-rounded cushion are everlasting flowers, berries, and shells. Frames and designs, such as arches, anchors, crosses, etc., can be made of this colored foliage and everlasting flowers, that will be *everlasting*, indeed. Many flowers and seed-pods, such as Love in a Mist, or Balloon Vine, can be dyed various colors, and are handsome when dyed and then crystallized. Early in autumn take a ramble in the fields, along the sloughs and creeks, and you will be surprised at the variety and beauty of the curious things you can collect. Then, with ten cents' worth of aniline dissolved in hot water, you can color enough for yourself and all of your friends. Faded grasses, everlastings, coxcombs, etc., can be dyed to look better than at first. With aniline you can dye any color. With purple aniline you can dye all shades of rose and pink.

Dried grasses can be painted in the following manner: Dip them in a solution of gum arabic, and with the fingers dust the following dry paints into them, viz., chrome green, marine green, Paris green, vermilion red, ultra-marine blue, and chrome yellow. To crystallize grasses use one pound of alum and one teaspoonful of fine salt in one quart of soft water. Boil together in a brass kettle, until dissolved. Lay the grasses in the solution, while hot, for five minutes; remove those that are crystallized, leaving the others till done. Some receive the solution more readily than others.

Don't make all of your bouquets tall and stiff, when there are so many pretty ways to arrange them. On a table they look best in small baskets made of straw, brown paper, corn-husks, lichens, or imitation of coral, or even burdock-burs, with or without crystallizing; or you can buy cheap little wicker baskets. If you have not plenty of everlastings, fill up with moss, shells, bright pebbles, and autumn leaves. It improves almost any kind of a bouquet to have a few autumn leaves stuck around and above it. Arrange myrtle, while fresh, around and over your baskets, and it will retain its beauty. Ambrosia is fine for foliage; Bitter-sweet, and what are known as Dry-land Cranberries, are very beautiful.

Cracked preserve-dishes can be converted into ornamental receptacles by painting, or using bronzine, inside. Plaster vases and figures are treasures; superfluous parts can be cut away, and bowls or goblets, lamp bottoms, or like valuable articles secured thereon with putty, then covered with bronzine. Cornucopias made of lichens are nice. Turn up your noses, you dainty ladies who are rich enough to buy whatever you may fancy, or who do not care to exert yourselves to follow these directions; but I know that not more than one woman in a hundred, however much she may love pretty things, likes to spend much money for what others are apt to think useless. And yet, homes of wealth look bare and cheerless without these little things, which give evidence of the presence of a woman of taste and refinement. Though you can buy such things, they usually have a boughten look. Besides, you lose the pleasure and interest of making them, and the satisfaction of knowing that you can.

BERRY WINTERBRIGHT.

Fireside Reading.

GOOD TALKERS.

Sir Walter Scott talked well, and was a most attentive listener. Shelley, the poet, wrote of Byron's more serious conversation that it was to him "a kind of intoxication." We are all familiar with the witty sayings of Sidney Smith. There seems to have been no end of them, as each of his biographers have told us something new and quaint. He talked well, because he was bubbling over with health and spirits and new ideas. He was the prince of wits, and had as much sense as wit. He called Macaulay "a book in breeches," which would imply that he (Macaulay) was fond of the sound of his own voice—was a *monologueist*, not a converser. Rogers talked well, but in a critical spirit. Of that delightful author and conversationist, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt wrote: "No other person ever stammered out such fine, deep, eloquent, piquant things in half-a-dozen half-sentences." Another writer says: "His jests seald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words." Madame de Staël's conversational brilliancy has passed into a proverb. She was weak and vain and excessively plain, but charmed all whom she chose to charm; as Curran said, "she talked herself into a beauty." Samuel Taylor Coleridge so dazzled those who heard him that "they forgot all place, all seasons and their change." The "silver talk" of Thomas De Quincey is said to have had an indescribable charm. His favorite hour for conversation was at "five o'clock in the morning," when under the full influence of his daily dose of opium. "He was fond of words ending in *osity* and *ation*, and addressed an illiterate servant with as much pomp as though he were making a vexed point in metaphysics with an Oxford professor." Of living conversationists, Carlyle has undoubtedly the greatest reputation, if one who harangues can be a good talker. Margaret Fuller once said of him: "He allows no one else a chance, raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sounds." Another has written of him: "His talk, like his books, is full of pictures." Thackeray was a delightful converser, because he never talked for effect. An American author wrote of him: "As the night wore on, and only a few centurions remained, he would tell stories, sing songs, and set the table in a roar."

Alas, the art of conversation is dying out! The age of economy and calculation has succeeded. A trifling joke, a scrap of information, a petty experience, a change of fashion, is made profitable by the literary miser. Once men and women spent days and nights in getting up a brilliant repartee; but now, in social intercourse, ideas are hoarded for after use.

A Kansas farmer solemnly declares that a grasshopper sat on the gate-post and threateningly asked: "William Bryant, where in thunder is the balance of that cold meat?"

A Sunday-school teacher in Indianapolis, while catechizing a class of six bright boys, had occasion to speak of the two roads, one leading to heaven and one to hell, and stated that God had placed the Bible in our hands to direct us to the right road, and warn us from walking in the road which leads to ruin. Wishing to illustrate the importance of the finger-board, he asked the boys: "Boys, have you ever been in the country?" "Yes, sir." "Did you ever come to a point where two roads met, and found no finger-board

voice inside responded that "De bank is closed." But he replied that he had left a new pair of boots there the day before and wanted them. The sable financier opened the door softly, and throwing out one boot, remarked: "We is only paying fifty cents on de dollar."

A Negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things, she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her: "Sister, did you see any black folks up in heaven?" "Oh, get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?" This reminds us of the anecdote of a colored man who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was a natural lot, that he even was so indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work eben ef he go to hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing this not to be the ease, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was: "Oh, you g'way, massa, I knows better. If dere's no work for eulled folks up dar, dey'll make 'em shub de clouds along. You can't fool dis ehile."

Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin, at what age does love begin? Your blue eyes have scarcely seen summers ten, my fairy queen; but a miracle of sweets, soft approaches, sly retreats, show the little archer there, hidden in your pretty hair. When didst learn a heart to win? Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin! "Oh!" the rosy lips reply, "I can't tell you if I try, 'tis so long I can't remember; ask some younger lass than I!"

A Youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go 'way from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent rather demurely, replied: "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

Traveler in New Hampshire to farmer by the roadside: "I suppose you enjoy these glorious views which people come so far to look at." "Why, yes; but if I'd had the 'sortin' of these hills I'd made 'em a little peakeder."

Bayard Taylor says of California children: Nowhere can more rosy

specimens of health and beauty be found. Strong-limbed, red-blooded, graceful, and as full of happy, animal life as young fawns, they bid fair to develop into admirable types of manhood and womanhood.

A Reverend Gentleman, during a sojourn among the hills of New Hampshire, stopping at a cottage, inquired of the occupant if there was any Episcopahans in the neighborhood. "I don't exactly know," replied the dame, "but I believe John shot one in the garden last week, but he thought it was a chipmunk."

The following notice, written on the door of a village school, would seem to indicate that the schoolmaster is abroad: "Kea at the woden house necks dor."



THE UNWILLING PUPIL.

to direct you?" "Yes, sir." "What road did you take?" "The road that had the most black walnuts on," was the quick response of the bright lads.

Where is my little darling going to, if she is good?" asked a Danbury mother. "Up to New Haven," prattled the little flaxen-haired innocent, pointing up with her tiny index finger.

During the great collapse of 1857, a gentleman of color kept a bank in a Western city. His institution was apparently in a sound condition, but to be in fashion with the white folks he concluded he must fail. Next morning a man came and shook the door, but a

Housekeeping.

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY.

Regarding theories only as nicely poised speculative principles—to be more admired than practiced—we pass them lightly by, and deal with the facts of commonplace things of every day life. For the benefit of the young housekeeper, just embarking on this chequered voyage, we would repeat the few simple principles given to us twenty-five years ago by an experienced, practical friend, in favor of which we now declare after so long a test. First, look with care that nothing be wasted; second, a place for each article, and always in its place. This is quite easy even for those who occupy small houses. A few bags, each with two eyelets, by which to hang against the wall, in some convenient place, will afford ample storage for a great number of articles. One will contain the hosiery for a family; another, the waste scraps, fit only for the ragman; in another may be deposited in neat rolls the larger pieces for future need. One should always be provided in the pantry for holding spare tea cloths; balls of cotton, also, are quite safe in such a place. Thirdly, see that everything is kept scrupulously clean. Once each week the labors of the laundry should embrace and cleanse each soiled garment or piece of cotton or linen, no matter how small or unimportant it may seem. Let no garment pass from the ironing-board to its fixed deposit without being in perfect readiness if called for at any moment. Especially is cleanliness desirable in all culinary operations. First, in the proper care of stove furniture, well washed and rinsed, then dried and hung or placed on shelves, then rinsed again with scalding water before being used; this will insure freedom from the least particle of impurity.

The comfort and elegance of a meal consists not so much in the elaborate display of china, glass, and silver, or the great variety of viands, as it does in simplicity and neatness. A snowy, well-ironed tablecloth, with bright service neatly arranged, and a few well prepared dishes, chief among which are the soft, fresh bread, and sweet golden butter, from out a dairy kept sweet by plenty of pure air, and whose pans are regarded as carefully as though they were china vases. With these few easy principles accepted as guides, many a gloomy house would be converted into a cheerful, smiling home. Many a poor man would become wealthy. Comfort and plenty would take the place of disquiet and want.

In every well regulated home there are seasons and hours for recreation, both for body and mind. Rest consists not in the entire cessation of labor, but we find it most and sweetest in the change from drudgery to some lighter employment in which the mind takes a pleasing interest; something that calls into exercise the pleasing emotions of our nature, from the constant exercise of which we receive a healthy vigor that laughs at nostrums. A thrill of joy sends the blood through its channels with an accelerated motion that drives disease away. Hence, we find the care of flowers of so great consequence, and assign to them a place in every home. So easy it is to achieve success, that the novice need only make the trial; and with the aid of a few suggestions, her first experience will be crowned with satisfactory results. At least we have been abundantly rewarded by treating our plants much as we did our children. After giving them a good soil, cleanliness next, allowing no insect vampire to feed on them, neither dust to obstruct the free influence of the

atmosphere through their delicate leafy textures, for these are the lungs through which they inhale the same air in common with mortals, and very important it is that it should be pure and moist; after this, we consider their nourishment. Once a week, or at farthest once in two weeks, we give ours liquid manure. This treatment, in temperature suited to my own comfort, is rewarding me even now with bloom on very many of my floral children, also a vigorous growth that ensures me blossoms through all the coming winter. If there are a few very delicate varieties requiring special treatment, with the FLORAL CABINET as our oracle, together with the instructive gleanings from the many "Floral Guides" so liberally distributed among us, one can scarcely fail to realize their most sanguine expectations.

The above we have written, not for the connoisseur with wealthy surroundings, but for the tyro whose scanty means make economy an important matter in their everyday life. MRS. M. E. WALDEN.

The Housekeeper's Table.—The following is a table by which persons not having scales and weights at hand may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe without the trouble of weighing, allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured: Wheat flour, 1 pound is 1 quart; indian meal, 1 pound 2 ounces are 1 quart; butter, when soft, 1 pound is 1 quart; loaf sugar, when broken, 1 pound is 1 quart; white sugar, powdered, 1 pound 1 ounce are 1 quart; 10 eggs are 1 pound; flour, 4 pecks are 1 bushel; 16 large teaspoonfuls are 1 pint; 8 large teaspoonfuls are 1 gill; 4 large teaspoonfuls are $\frac{1}{2}$ gill; 2 gills are $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; 2 pints are 1 quart; 4 quarts are 1 gallon; a common-sized tumbler holds $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; a common-sized wine-glass holds $\frac{1}{2}$ gill; a teacup holds 1 gill; a large wine-glass holds 1 gill; a tablespoonful is $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; 40 drops are equal to 1 teaspoonful; 4 teaspoonfuls are equal to 1 tablespoonful.

Baked Sweet Apples.—Sweet apples, which are not relished for eating by the many, may be converted into a palatable baked apple dish, half jellied, delicious in flavor and moisture, which any one can have by stewing them in a porcelain kettle with just enough molasses and water to prevent them from burning, till cooked through, and then transferring them to the oven with all the liquid residuum, to dry and brown.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistency. Pare and core a dozen apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard as you would doughnuts. For trimmings use powdered white sugar.

French Pancakes.—Two eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pint of new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and put them into a basin with the butter, which should be beaten to a cream; stir in the sugar and flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed stir in the milk; keep stirring and beating the mixture for a few minutes. Serve with a cut lemon and sugar, and pile the pancakes high on a dish, with a layer of preserve or marmalade between each.

Italian Beefsteak.—Score a steak transversely with a sharp knife, cutting it through, lay it in a stew-pau with a small piece of butter; season it with pepper and salt and an onion chopped fine. Let it cook three-quarters of an hour in its own gravy, and serve hot.

Oyster Omelet.—Whisk four eggs to a thick froth, then add by degrees one gill of cream; beat them well together; season the egg with pepper and salt to taste. Have ready one dozen fine oysters; cut them in half and pour the egg into a pan of hot butter and drop the oysters over it as early as possible. Fry a light brown and serve hot.

To Bake Beans.—Soak one quart of beans over night in warm water; set them on the stove in the morning and let them come to a boil; drain the water all off, and fill up again with hot water; set them on the stove again, and let them cook slowly until they commence to be soft; throw the water all off, put the beans in a deep pan, or "Yankee bean pot," with a small piece of salt fat pork; fill up with hot water, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, and a piece of soda the size of a bean; bake four or five hours, and keep them filled with water.

Corn Bread.—Two cups of buttermilk, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of molasses, small teaspoonful of soda, three cups of indian meal, one and a half cups of flour—Graham is best. Steam three hours.

Paradise Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, one and a half cups of sweet milk, a small teaspoonful of soda, four large cups of flour, one pound of raisins; cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

To Iron Velvet Ribbon.—Dampen the underside slightly, and draw it back and forth over a hot stove-pipe until the velvet is quite dry. A still better plan—though in winter it is not always convenient—is to lay a wet piece of cotton cloth on a hot flat-iron placed upside down, and while the steam is rising from it draw the underside of the velvet lightly backward and forward over the wet cloth.

To Remove Paint from Windows.—Take strong bicarbonate of soda and dissolve it in hot water; wash the glass, and in twenty minutes or half an hour rub thoroughly with a dry cloth.

A Solution of gum arabic will remove dirt and stains from marble. Let it remain till it dries, when it will peel off or can be washed off.

When it is necessary to break a bottle, the quickest way is to soak a string in turpentine and tie it round the neck of the bottle, and then set fire to the string and it will break in good shape.

The appearance of old wall paper will be very much improved by rubbing it with a woollen cloth dipped in dry indian meal. It removes the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread are equally efficacious.

To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble of preparing.

To extract Ink from cotton, silk and woollen goods, saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

An Economical and effectual method of cleaning greasy cooking utensils, like kettles or spiders, is to use wood ashes with a little warm water instead of soap. After standing awhile, scrape and rinse out the ashes, and then only ordinary dishwater will be required.

A Teaspoonful of powdered borax, dissolved in a quart of tepid water, is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

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Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener.—By "Daisy Eyebright" (Mrs. S. O. Johnson). A delightful little Treatise on Out Door Gardening for Ladies—Practical, Timely, Charmingly Written. Cannot fail to be universally liked. Valuable Information about Pansies, Roses, Geraniums, Climbing Plants, Annuals, Perennials, Fuchsias, Ribbon Beds, &c. Send for it. Printed in Excellent Taste. Price, 50 Cents, postpaid. Bound in cloth, \$1.00 (Premium for club of 5).

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Breck's New Book of Flowers.—By Joseph Breck. Contains a descriptive list of all varieties of Flowers, Vines and Flowering Shrubs in usual cultivation, with hints on selection of Flowering Plants, Insects, Lawns, Culture of Perennials, Biennials and Annuals. A handy floral encyclopædia for the amateur. 480 pages. Price, \$1.75 (Premium for club of 10).

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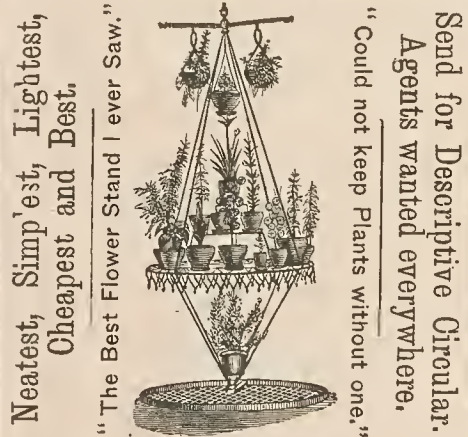
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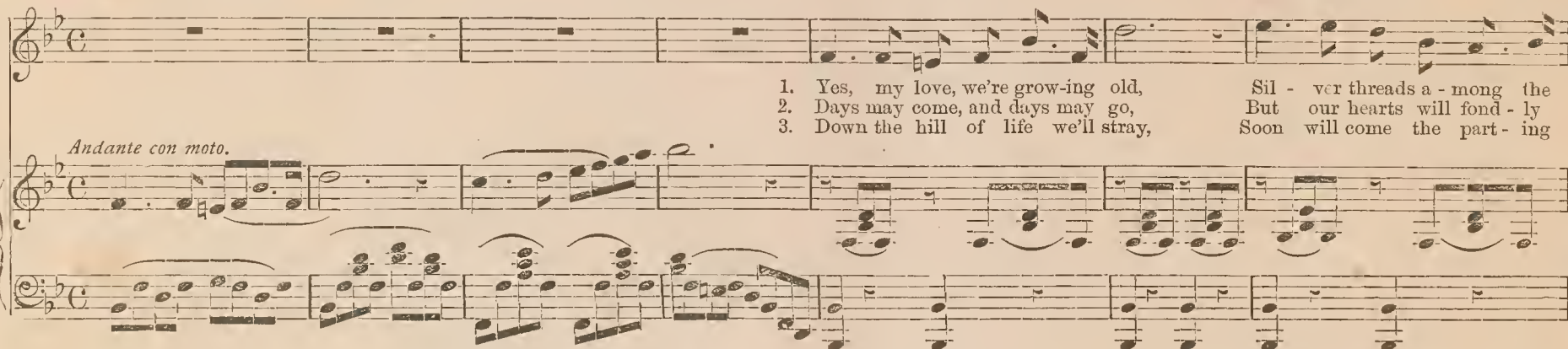
You are always Young to Me.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

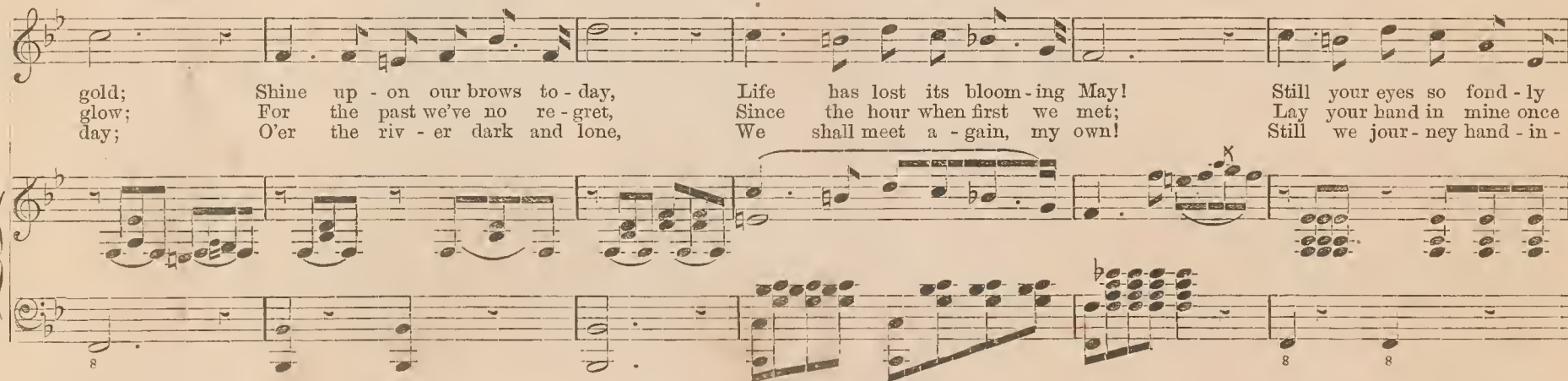
Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante con moto.

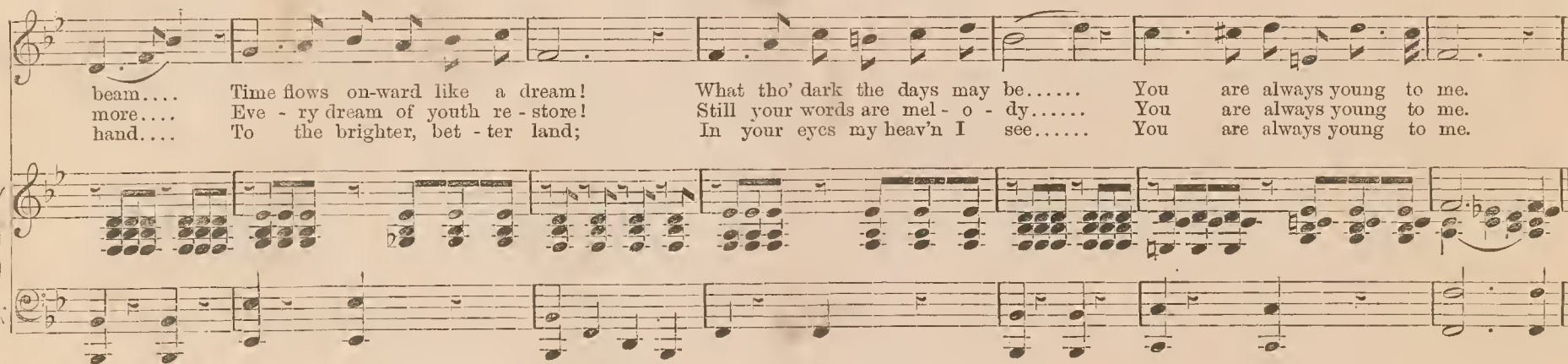


1. Yes, my love, we're grow-ing old,
2. Days may come, and days may go,
3. Down the hill of life we'll stray,

Sil-ver threads a-mong the
But our hearts will fond-ly
Soon will come the part-ing

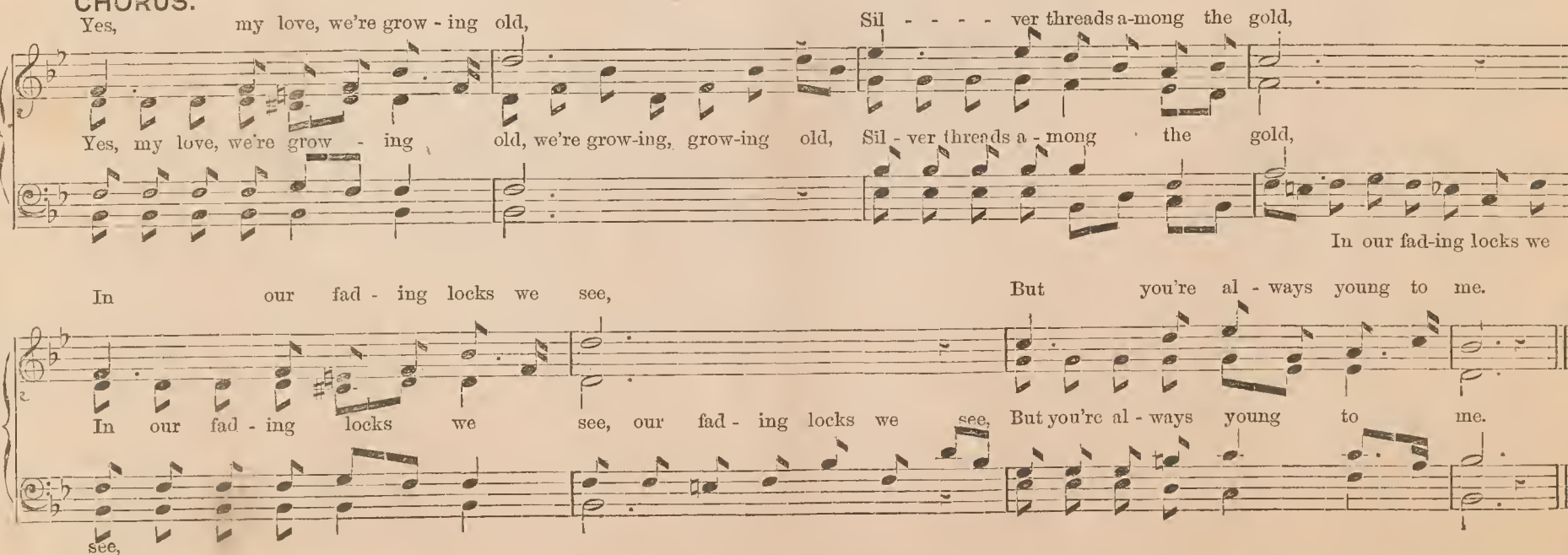


gold;
glow;
day;
Shine up-on our brows to-day,
For the past we've no re-gret,
O'er the riv-er dark and lone,
Life has lost its bloom-ing May!
Since the hour when first we met;
We shall meet a-gain, my own!
Still your eyes so fond-ly
Lay your hand in mine once
Still we jour-ney hand-in-



beam.... Time flows on-ward like a dream!
more.... Eve-ry dream of youth re-store!
hand.... To the brighter, bet-ter land;
What tho' dark the days may be.....
Still your words are mel-o-dy.....
In your eyes my heav'n I see.....
You are always young to me.
You are always young to me.
You are always young to me.

CHORUS.



Yes, my love, we're grow-ing old,
Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
Yes, my love, we're grow-ing old, we're grow-ing, grow-ing old,
Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
In our fad-ing locks we see,
But you're al-ways young to me.
In our fad-ing locks we see, our fad-ing locks we see,
But you're al-ways young to me.
see,

THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 46.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

SKETCH OF A WINDOW GARDEN.

BY M. NEALL.

It is a spacious bay window, with a southern exposure. From a hanging basket over the entrance and on the floor at each side start the Ivies—English, German and Irish—their twining tracery forming a lovely border and rich relief work upon the panels. Directly underneath the rustic basket, on a flower stand, is a superb Calladium, with its peculiar and highly-ornamental foliage. A Calla is on either side, and under this green canopy an aquarium, with the merry fish, like gleams of gold, darting over the fringing mosses and marble sands. Groups of plants cluster all about it and extend along in front to the centre of the window. Here are Geraniums of all colors, Pelargoniums, Heliotropes, Roses, Lilies, and Carnations, and for oriental effect, a few French Poppies, which develop a somewhat gaudy and very showy flower. Achyranthus Lindenii form an elegant contrast in their ruby and green liveries. Of the three hundred and fifty species of the Begonia family, for a wonderful plant commend me to the Begonia rex, with its beautifully-marked and crimson leaves. Back of the flower-stand is the Wardian case, in which many of our native ferns and mosses vie with those of the florists, the Silver Leaf or the delicate tropical Maiden-hair. A limpid little stream at the bottom is spanned by a mossy arch formed of Scoria, with graceful festoons of the Moneywort growing in the clefts purposely made for it. Here are

climbing Ferns, curious Walking Leaves, Pitcher Plants, Scarlet Cup-Moss, and green frosted with

silver Moonworts and pearl Plantains. The chief convenience of this arrangement of plants is the entrance on each side of them to the window. Here are two small recesses, with two tiny tables in them; the one is used for a writing desk, and on the other is the last *Harper, Scribner's*, and the *FLO-RA-L CABINET*. Overhead, in suspended vases, are blooming Lobelia flowers of blue, and pink, and star-eyed Oxalis. Between them, in a handsome bird-cage, swings the gayest and prettiest canary that ever trilled a carol. "Fun" is his name, and fun is his nature. Every day he waits by his little door till it is opened, and he comes out to make his afternoon calls. He will fly to my finger and talk to me in the drollest imaginable chirrups, and then pour through his throbbing throat a flood-tide of entrancing melody. Birds lead a lonesome life if we do not always try to make them feel they are really one of the family. I must not forget my nook for garden favorites, which received not a little attention. Sweet Peas, Alyssum, Mignonette, etc., as well as numerous devices, I am continually trying for experiment. Very charming is the result if, for instance, you tie a bit of muslin over a tumbler, depressing in the centre till it touches the water, and dropping seeds thereon. The dainty Violets and sprouting leaves form a beautiful study. Here one can read or write in the odorous atmosphere or regale the senses as in summer with the perfume and beauty of the many lovely flowers.



PALM FOR GARDEN DECORATION.

Floral Contributions.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Goethe says—

"Happy the man who hath escaped the town,
Him did an angel bless when he was born."

To the devotee of country life was this apostrophe addressed. And one of the most striking proofs of the progress of refinement in the United States is the rapid increase of love for the improvement and embellishment of our country homes. Men of business are now looking forward to the time when they may have a spot of earth all their own, which they may make beautiful by their love for rural homes. But all country homes are not beautiful. Yet, if there is a woman in it, I cannot understand why there is not at least a flower-garden on a small place in the yard, made lovely by the varied tints of our common annuals, that do not require much attention.

Who would be without a rose? It is the type of everything fair and lovely on earth. I think Leigh Hunt knew what he was saying when he wrote:

"Whatsoever of beauty yearns and yet reposes—
Blush and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses."

She is the queen of flowers; and there is no limit to the variety and beauty of the forms and colors which it assumes. If you want a vine to hide any defect you can get it from the rose—the wild rose, or, as we here call it, the "Queen of the Prairies," and "Baltimore Belle." These hardy climbers will grow well in any exposure. If you want something that is always sweetness and sunshine, plant you a few or many everblooming roses—they make a garden of themselves—for there are many of them. I have only three different kinds—and to do without them! money could not buy them, scarce as that indispensable is at this place.

Among the list, the most perpetual of all, the most lovely in form and color, and richest fragrance, is the Bourbon rose—(this branch of the family is not repudiated by Republicans). Of that family there are many, more than I am acquainted with, but ask Uncle Vick; he can give you the full nomenclature of that illustrious family, also of the Remountantes, but these can't be depended upon for a constant supply of flowers. Be sure if you have but a small collection to have the Old Red Moss, still at the head of all beautiful roses, and its lovely sister—the Crested Moss. We love roses, and could keep singing of their beauty; but there are also other plants far more rich and vivid, such as bright Lilies and gay Tiger flowers, lovely Dahlias, &c.

And there are others—the Violets, sweet, modest flower, and Jessamines—and with us the lovely Cape Jessamine, all filled with "more passionate sighs of sweetness" than the rose; and all easy of culture. If you once get them to take root they are there always to repay you for your trouble. If you want something to be a thing of beauty at all times, a foliage of rich and glossy green when all things have dropped their summer dress and prepared to meet the snow king, then get you a Laurel, Magnolia, Sweet Bay or Norway Spruce—our woods furnish many lovely evergreens—and let me beg my sisters, if your home is not surrounded with them, get to work and keep humming the same tune "plant me some evergreens," and you will get them, if it is only to hear the tune turned to something else; and while you are nursing your window sweets, your home will have a

warm look outside. If I could have but one or two flowers (annuals) I would certainly have the Petunias and Zinnias. What improvements have been made by florists in these common plants! I said to a friend when walking through her garden, "Where are your Dahlias?" "Who would be bothered with the care of roots when they can be so well imitated with these Zinnias; they rival them in brilliancy of color, and are so double that their petals, in curling back, form almost a round ball, and are in continual bloom from May till killed with frost."

For several years I have been trying to get a variety of bulbs, but have failed; being an invalid I can't get out much. When we moved to this place I tried to get some seed, but not from a neighbor could I get so much as a Prince Feather or Bachelor Button, nothing in the way of seedlings—some had shrubbery—now almost every yard has more or less flowers, and some are real beauties; so much for the determination of one. One of my greatest pleasures is the music of the humming bird as it gathers its breakfast from the dewy Honeysuckle and Morning Glory Vines that hang in festoons around my porch; the dear little ruby-breasted beauties, how I love them. If your neighbors have no flowers, give them some seed; send them a bouquet with dew-drops hanging heavy as emeralds upon leaf and bud; let the soft, rich colors delight the eye with their lovely hues, and the rose odor which every one feels has lost nothing of divine sweetness since its first bloom in the garden of Eden, and if she is a true woman she will never rest till she can gather flowers her own hands have planted, and you will do more good than if you follow the teachings of every woman's rights woman on earth. You will be in your own true place—a lover of all things beautiful.

S. B.

FERNS.

"Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There the Lady Fern grows strongest."

One can do so many things with so little trouble if one only knows how. Once in a while they do stumble on discoveries without really knowing how they do it. That was the way with our Ferns; first we thought of one way of doing them, then, almost before we knew, we had thought and been told of more than a dozen ways of arranging these most beautiful and delicate of plants.

Several of our windows are adorned with plates, cups and saucers filled with moss and Ferns in a state of luxuriant growth and beauty. One great recommendation is that they will grow in a place which is too shady for anything else.

The early months of spring are the best time for collecting them, and a basket and trowel all the tools needed; the less distance they have to be carried before planting the better. Flat dishes are the best, and if ornamented by a crack, which would exclude them from table service, so much the better. Put the Ferns, with as much of the dirt adhering to them as possible, in groups, and cover over the entire surface of the dish with moss. Give them plenty of water and not much sunshine, and the moss should always be wet, not merely damp. They ask no attention beyond the supply of water, and you will be surprised and delighted with the number of new Ferns constantly appearing.

A pretty ornament is a large oval platter with a smaller dish of the same shape set in the centre; in

the middle of the dish place a large group of the Ferns, and in the platter a row of them half way between the dish and the outer edge. Cover over with moss so that the dish does not show, giving it the appearance of a mound. One similar, but on a smaller scale, may be made of a cup and soup plate.

We have in our mind's eye a thing of beauty, which we hope will be a joy all next summer. On the outside of one of our north windows, and even with the sill, we intend to fix a box as long as the window, and twelve inches wide, made firm by supports to the ground. Up these supports at each end Madeira Vines are to be trained, and let run up each side of the window as far as they will. All around the edge we will plant scarlet-flowered Tropaeolums, which will fall over the edge in green wreaths and scarlet flowers, reaching to the ground; in the centre of the box, as many Ferns of as many different kinds as we can find room for.

We have got into the habit of carrying with us, in our rambles in the woods, a book for the capture of any specimens we may come across. Patent Office Reports are about the right size; not too large to carry, yet large enough to accommodate almost any Fern. We found it much the best plan to have a book with us and place the Ferns right for pressing, as we gathered them, for if we waited till we got home many of them were withered and worthless, and often we would be too tired to attend to them properly, while the other way there was nothing to do when we got home but to put the book away to press. We like pressing better than ironing, though the latter has often been recommended. The pressed ones look just as well, and do not take one-fifth the time nor patience. For winter decoration nothing can excel pressed Ferns mixed in with bright colored autumn leaves, also pressed.

In one corner of our parlor on a bracket is a miniature bust, and over it a wreath, or half wreath, made by cutting out of stiff paper a crescent-shaped piece; at each end is placed a gracefully curved Fern, and the rest covered with bright leaves and Ferns mixed so that none of the paper is visible; it is put at an angle on the wall just above the bust, and fastened by little strips of paper, which, if carefully done, will not show.

The long stretch of picture cords can be improved by carefully sewing pressed Ferns along them with a black thread; the Ferns will have the appearance of a drooping vine. Finish off at the top by fastening to the nail from which the picture hangs a cluster of bright leaves and Ferns. You can have no idea till you have tried how pretty the effect will be.

Ferns are made still more beautiful by bleaching, though many are lost in the operation. One cup full of chloride of lime to a half gallon of soft water gives about the strength necessary. Put in a jar, stems first, and let them remain till they are perfectly white, which will be from a few days to a week. A glass jar is the best, as you can see which ones are bleached without disturbing the others. When white, take out and put between the leaves of a book till ready to use.

We intend to make ours into a phantom bouquet, framed in a deep frame, with a background of crimson velvet.

No doubt there are many other ways yet unthought of for arranging Ferns so as to bring out their full beauty. I only suggest a few. Whoever tries them will be more than paid for their labor.

JOAN SAINT PIERRE.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Growing from Seeds.—I noticed in the March number a little girl's inquiry as to growing seeds. I will give her my plan, which never fails me. I take a box some two or three inches deep, and as large in other dimensions as I want. I fill this in the fall, before freezing weather, with about equal proportions of garden soil, sand, and well-rotted manure well baked in a hot oven; (this to kill any insects or seeds of weeds. I put this box away in the cellar until about the middle of March—(early enough in our latitude.) I then bring it up into the sitting room, or any room which is kept warm all the time; I thoroughly warm and pulverize the soil, leaving no lumps in it whatever; I take out a part of the soil for covering the seeds, I then smooth the surface perfectly smooth. When it is ready for the seeds, if I have a new variety of seeds and would not know how the plants would look, I make dimensions in the box giving the names. Having the soil prepared, I scatter the seeds on the surface in their respective places. I then sprinkle them very lightly with the soil I reserved for this. Don't put on too much; better not put enough on than too much. After putting the soil on, I take a piece of flannel large enough, when folded two or three times, to cover the box; I put this on the soil smoothly, covering it entirely; I then take water just as hot as I can bear my hand in and thoroughly saturate the cloth and sufficiently dampen the soil beneath; you can tell this by lifting one corner. Some of the seeds may not be entirely covered, but it don't matter. This cloth must be kept on until the tiny flowers begin to burst the ground, then they must be taken to the sunny window and given all the sun they can have. I keep my box covered with glass after removing the cloth. After I plant my seeds, in this way, I keep them behind the stove in the warmest place I can find, wetting the cloth if the soil begins to look dry. The ends will generally be coming through the ground within a week. I have several kinds of plants growing now from seeds started in that way.

Mervin, Ind.

MAGGIE.

Justicia.—Can you give me any information in regard to the Justicia, what kind of soil, temperature and treatment is most favorable? Also, the Farfugium Grande. Should the leaves be large, does it bear a blossom, and require a high or low temperature? Mine shows up one leaf after another, but they are small and delicate and die off, or wilt away gradually, perhaps, like the Geranium, it flourishes best in confined quarters. I have been trying the hot water treatment on several different kinds of plants. I find that the Fuchsia likes it (I frequently give them tea) and thrives well on it. The Geraniums can hardly make up their minds whether they like it or not, and the Begonias disapprove of it decidedly. A mulch of tea leaves seems to keep the Fuchsia feeling moist and comfortable, but all of them turn up their noses at a little bone dust which I ventured to dig into the soil of the pots. The Begonias have all dropped their leaves (except the white one with large, thick leaves, of which I do not know the name,) and look woe-begone and discouraged. The room in which they are kept is warmed by a heater on the floor below, and in all but the most extreme cold weather is warm enough to sit in comfortably, and the window upon which some of them stand, faces the southwest. The leaves of Tradescantia and German Ivy are very much smaller than they should be, though the plants themselves

look healthy enough. Vittata repens I have had several months, and though it seems bright and healthy, does not increase a particle in size, never having had more leaves on it, I believe, than the original ones. Is it of slower growth than the Zebrina, or does it require more elbow-room than a somewhat crowded wire basket affords? Can you tell me of a pink or red Rose that is a profuse bloomer and is certain to be hardy in this latitude a little north of Philadelphia? I have purchased various kinds, at different times, of Dreer, but though two have managed always to survive the winter, they bloom so scantily that I have ceased to care for them. By what name is the old-fashioned Cabbage Rose known now, or has it been, like many other good old-fashioned plants, entirely crowded out by newer but less deserving rivals? Will the Prairie Queen be hardy in this latitude, and what exposure is most favorable to it? I should very often like to ask questions and beg advice in times of perplexity, but as you must, of course, act upon the principle of first come first served, in your replies, and my turn always seems so far off in the distance, I cannot always have the heart to wait, though I fully appreciate the kindness and patience with which you answer the many questions asked, some of which are so trivial and so oft-repeated that they must certainly annoy you.

Upper Dublin, Pa.

MRS. W. J. TAYLOR.

Answer.—The Justicia will grow in any good soil. It requires a warm house in winter. Farfugium grande does best in a cool, shady place in summer, and a cold house in winter; the flower is not handsome. None of the Tea or China Roses would be quite hardy, but the hybrid perpetuals such as Jules Margotten are good and hardy. We expect the Cabbage Rose is not in the trade, but buyers will have their roses to flower all the year, and this blooms but once. Prairie Queen will grow in any aspect; it is perfectly hardy.

Lily of the Valley.—I have had a Lily of the Valley for six years, and have never had a bloom. Can you tell me how to make it bloom, or what is the matter?

MRS. A. J. HOY.

Millbrook, Ark.

Answer.—Plant the Lily of the Valley in rich, cool, shady soil, and it will most probably flower; it is quite hardy.

Heliotrope.—Why do the leaves of my Heliotrope turn black and fall off? Why do the leaves and blossoms on my scarlet Begonia drop off before they are half grown?

MRS. H. C. DUFFEE.

Answer.—Both the plants named drop their leaves from cold, and perhaps too much water.

Questions.—1. Please inform me if Water Lilies can be grown in the house—in Aquarium? 2. Can they be grown in a small pool in the yard, say 4 or 5 feet in diameter? 3. How deep should the water be in which they are to grow? 4. And where can roots be obtained?

MRS. M. F. HESTER.

Answer.—1st. No. 2d. Yes. 3d. Not less than two feet. 4th. From Mr. George Such, South Amboy, N. J.

Smilax.—When may I look for blossoms on my Smilax? and does it ever grow from cuttings? I have a very nice plant of this variety, obtained from a root last spring, and would like to know in regard to these.

Randolph, Ohio.

MISS CELIA HUTSON.

Answer.—The Smilax might be in flower now if large enough, the flowers are small so that they are very inconspicuous. It does not grow from cuttings.

Rose.—I would like to ask the readers of the Cabinet if they can tell me why a Rose will not bloom, or in other words, why the buds blight? I have one that was given me three years ago; the first year it had forty blossoms at one time, it was the most beautiful Rose I ever saw, such large flowers and so fragrant, a very bright pink, but since that time it has seldom bloomed, the buds start out but seem so compact they cannot open.

Ellsworth, Maine.

MRS. C. B. GRANT.

Answer.—Plant out the Rose in good rich soil and it will probably flower all right.

Dutch Bulb.—1. Will you please tell in the Cabinet if Dutch Bulbs and Hyacinths can be successfully grown in the garden until they multiply, and then grown successfully in the house, either in glasses or pots? 2. Also, if it would do to plant them early in the spring? 3. Also, how to grow fine French Gladiolus in the best manner?

Beamsville, Ont., Can.

J. C.

Answer.—1. Yes, for private use. 2. Plant in the fall. 3. Dig the ground deep and add some manure in the fall, and plant the Bulbs in April, from four to six inches deep.

Cyclamens.—I wrote before something in regard to Cyclamens, as a lady had quite a piece about them, I've had some, both pink and white, for some years and they do well with very little care. In H. H.'s "Bits of Travel," she says: they are called in Italy where they grow wild, Mad Violets, and she herself thinks them a good representative of a vicious horse with his ears thrown back, and I believe I agree with her. The white ones I think are the prettiest, but Mrs. F. N. B. of W. Heights, Ill. can get seed of pink if she wants. Some one else spoke of slugs troubling her rosebushes, I've used white hellebore, sprinkling it over my bushes when the leaves first come out, either when the dew is on them or first using a solution of the powder, syringing them, and then using the dry powder. I've not seen a slug for three years on any of the bushes. The rose-bugs are a nuisance, and as they pay no attention to washes or powders or anything but my fingers, I pick them off and burn them. In my little greenhouse I've not the books by me just now to refer to. I have a Saffron rosebush 5½ feet high, spreading out in a space of about two yards, and I've had roses all winter. Madeira Vines, I can't boast of big leaves, for I let my vine run in length, not to leaves. The root is in the greenhouse, starts its multitudinous branches, and as soon as warm I put the vines through a little door in a large window and let the vines run up the eaves spout to the top of the house. They just revel in the sunshine and spread out over the roof, (house two stories) and in the fall the spout is just one mass of blossoms from the top to the bottom. I believe I like the flowers better than large leaves.

Lemon Tree.—Please tell me how to treat my Lemon Trees? I have one a year old and another two years old, both look well. How shall I get them to bear, by budding or grafting? What time of the year is best? We have no florist nearer than fifteen miles from here, but if you think best, can send to them. Are Lemon Trees deciduous?

Neville, O.

MARY C. GALBREATH.

Answer.—Bud or graft them at any season. Lemon Trees are evergreen.

Amaryllis.—Where can I get an Amaryllis bulb, and what is the price?

Reily, Butler Co., O.

C. E. D.

Answer.—From Mr. Geo. Such, South Amboy, N. J., from 50 cents to \$3.

Flower Gardening.

DEMOCRACY IN THE GARDEN.

BY E. E. DICKINSON.

"Consider the lilies in the field." In these days of greenhouse pets and gorgeous exotics, how few there are who heed this injunction. We exult over our fine Geraniums and Verbeuas; we vie with each other to obtain the greatest variety of Carnations and Pansies; we expend time and money upon Balsams the most double, and Asters the finest. But who thinks of cultivating the delicate Wood Violet, or the curious Wild Turnip? Who plants Cardinal flowers or Wake Robins? It is true that much has been said within the past few years concerning Wardian cases and ferneries, and that is well; but it is not of these that I would speak. I will take you a step farther and show you, if I can, my "beauty spot." I will hold up before your wondering eyes a picture of Lilies which shall constrain you to exclaim, "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." I have spoken of my beauty spot. It has, indeed, been a thing of beauty, and will be a joy forever. It was not a regulation rockery; it was not a fernery; it was not a grand Wardian case; it was simply a bit of the woods, fresh, green—beautiful description! I brought rich, black mould from the woods, mould so filled with seeds and sprouts, and Fenus, that it was like planting a little wood to place in the shady spot I had selected. I gathered old stumps, clumps of moss, knots from trees roughened by time and weather, hollow pieces of bark, decayed stones, covered with little red and brown lichens, and mossy stones. I cut down those curious growths which we sometimes see on tree trunks, nature's brackets, finished "to order." Everything that I could find to make the place look "wild and woodsy and lonesome." And how the plants did grow, to be sure! It is in its third year of glory now, and you would never know the place from the woods were you to see its wonders. I have taken up roots at all seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn; yes, even in the dead of winter—and the dainty things have never known the difference. Lovely Woodbine covers the rough fence at the back of the place, and twines pretty wreaths around the posts. Lofty Fenus of many varieties wave their plumes in the breeze. Jack preaches his daily sermon from his unique pulpit, while blue, yellow and white Violets nod their unvarying approval from their low seats in the moss. Gill trails her vines over the ground, covering the unseemly places with her round leaves. Liverworts, pink and blue, peep out from their soft calyxes and make love to the pure blossoms of the Bloodroot. There are wonderful Orchids, and wild Lilies of the Valley; there are sweet blossoms of Arbutus in the spring, and splendid Cohosh berries in the fall, and the half I have not told you. Try for your own satisfaction, my friends, this woodsy gardening; you will be surprised

at the number of wild flowers that will grow at your bidding, beneath your very windows. Woo them with shade and moisture, study their habits, give them their native soil, and you will be richly rewarded. If you will do this, many a flower heretofore unknown to you, shall no longer "waste its sweetness on the desert air," but shall henceforth delight you with its rare beauty.

WINTER FLOWERS IN GEORGIA.

I have a very pleasant home in a fertile valley, and among many flowers. During the winter months I keep my plants—Zouales, Bouvardias, Heliotropes, Cactus, Ivies, Nasturtiums, Smilax, Corals, Azaleas, Fuchsias, etc., etc.—in a large pit, four feet deep, with a glass cover facing the south, while the north and sides

among the many white rocks. It is near the entrance and is very ornamental. I must tell you of my Heliotropes. I have two, dark and light purple; they are two years old, about two and a half feet high, and can be appropriately styled perpetual bloomers, for I am rarely ever without a number of blossoms, and to me this delicate fragrant little plant is one of the sweetest gems we can cultivate. It grows luxuriantly in very rich leaf mould and cow manure, in a sunny situation. I think the older the plant the better the bloomer. My Nasturtium is one year old, and has been since the first of December one of the prettiest plants I ever saw, perfectly covered with its rich yellow and black blooms; it, too, is in leaf mould and cow manure. It came from seed, but can be propagated from cuttings. Double Pink Geraniums are now in full blast and very beautiful.

S. W. C.

MY FLOWERS.

Last spring I procured a box that would hold half a bushel of soil, filled it with good rich soil, in the centre of which I placed a large gourd handle, pierced full of holes, for the purpose of watering in the centre. Around the edge of the box I planted Ground Ivy, filling in with a red and yellow Four o'clocks, Petunias Tropæolums and Cypress Vine. I then placed the box on a post five feet high, on the top of which was a round board which somewhat helped the square appearance of the box. At the base of the post I planted Morning Glories and Madeira Vine. Carefully watering and cultivating, I awaited the result. Soon the Ivy started earthward, while the Morning Glories and Madeira went in the opposite direction, and then they embraced and twined together in a lovely manner; but when the Madeira reached the top it gave signs of continuing its expedition elsewhere, so I gave it a string and sent it across to an adjoining building, where it run and raced and shot out in lovely festoons its little tassels of white for the play of the wind and the admiration of my flower-loving friends.

I remarked one day that I thought my Madeira had very large leaves, but did not think of measuring until I saw the statements of others, when, with rule and line, I set to work to take a careful measurement, and judge of my surprise when I found one measuring twenty-six inches. The soil was rich, water abundant, and the box and its

contents was a novelty to visitors, who wondered how I succeeded in getting the plants to grow so well. Now, while the cool winds of autumn whistle around, a Madeira drapes my window in living green, entwined with the graceful branches of the Maurandya and the pretty flowers of a winter-blooming Begonia.

INDI ANA.

Plant for Name.—Will you please tell me the name of the enclosed Lily, and if hardy? It was sent me for a house plant. It blossoms in August, and is sweet scented.

MRS. W. A. HORTON.

Answer.—The enclosed is the hardy Day Lily, or Funkia grandiflora.



DEUTZIA CRENATA: FL. PL.

are more securely protected from the weather. In there they have the benefit of the sun, and bloom beautifully. Often, when all without is snow and ice, I am in there, warm and comfortable, with my pets. The plants I desire to bloom first I place nearest the glass, then move back as they open. In summer I take them from their winter home and adorn the porches, rooms and windows. I am never troubled with the bug or lice, which I think is owing to the water which stands in the bottom of the pit; it rises there during heavy rains in winter. I made this season quite a neat, showy rockery, piling rich soil the height and width I fancied, and planting Coleus, Cuphea, Lemon Verbena, Salvia, Flowering Verbena, Heart's-ease, Violets, Phlox, and other small plants,

Ornamental Cottages.

HOW TO LAY OUT COTTAGE GROUNDS.

The design for a cottage upon this page affords, in its description, a favorable opportunity to give some useful hints and suggestions regarding cottage grounds and ornamental planting.

The plans for the house, and even for laying out the foot-paths, walks, roads, etc., are necessarily the work of the architect, but the arrangement of the shrubbery, flowers, etc., are far better attended to by the proprietor himself, who can develop his taste, and add, leisurely, some tasteful touch, or some graceful outline, and fill in one after another choice shrubs and climbing vines.

This lot may be located either in the suburbs of the city, or in some country village of considerable population—facing the village green perhaps. It is at the intersection of two streets, and comprises between an eighth and a quarter of an acre, devoted to ornamental purposes alone, the kitchen garden and domestic offices being in the rear, and not included in the plan.

The dwelling stands back thirty feet from the street, on a slightly elevated spot, which slopes gradually away to the boundaries. A foot-path, five feet wide, starting from the front gate, passes the front entrance, and finally terminates in the open yard in the rear. This, with the carriage road, which leads from the side gate to the stable, is the only path we have introduced on the plan; nor is it desirable to traverse the whole lot by graveled walks, tending as they do to diminish its apparent size by bringing the boundaries nearer the eye, and involving a considerable outlay of money and time in making and keeping in order. It is, however, of great importance that what paths we do make should be made in a thorough manner at the outset. In order to have a perfect road, the soil, in the first place—after the curves have been marked and the lines run—should be excavated from eighteen inches to two feet deep, and all the loam taken away and spread upon some part of the garden; then this ditch should be about half filled with any small stones which may be picked up here and there about the place, and the whole filled up to the desired height with the best gravel that can be procured, taking care to make it a little higher in the centre than at the two sides—say a couple of inches in the five feet path—in order that the surface may better shed what water does not soak through into the drain, and finally, the whole may have a finishing coat of blue screened gravel, evenly spread, and well rolled, and with proper care we shall have, at all seasons, firm, dry and clean walks.

The foundation of the ornamental portion is smooth, green lawn, extending to the boundaries on either side, which are hidden by plantations of evergreens and shrubbery, with occasionally a deciduous tree introduced, to produce a variety and give character to the whole. They are mostly arranged in irregular clumps, connected together by other shrubs and evergreens, and planted with a view to obtain as great a diversity of outline as possible, and heavy masses of foliage and flowers, from spring to late in the fall. The clump on the right of the front gate is

composed principally of tall-growing shrubs and evergreens. In the corner is an American Mountain Ash, the color of whose red berries contrasts well with the heavy green of the two Norway Spruces, one on each side of it. Close to the path is a large, flowering Syringa, and in front some low, bright, flowering shrub, such as Rose Weigela, Double Tree Peony, or

underneath, heavy plants of the rose-colored Kalmia and Rhododendron.

In the centre of the lawn is a single specimen of the Larch, which will here have ample room to show its graceful form and light, airy foliage, to the best advantage.

Returning to the gate, we have on the left a Sugar Maple, and a Scarlet Flowered Hawthorn, surrounded by a white Persian Lilac, a Rose Weigela, a St. Peter's Wreath, and a Fragrant Currant. Beyond this, and close to the fence, is another specimen of the Scotch Larch, and a little beyond, a Maple or Tulip, or some other deciduous tree of graceful form. In the corner range, we might have first a Venetian Sumac or Fringe Tree—desirable on account of its brilliant yellow flowers—and near it one or two plants of the Persian Lilac, or white Mezerem. A Tulip tree, near the corner, forms the central point of this group, while beyond it, and along the side street, are a Syringa, a red Strawberry tree, a Catalpa and a mixed Althea, besides a couple of Evergreens and smaller shrubs to fill up the front. Next comes an area of lawn and flowers, with a view across, into the street, from the bay-window, and beyond this, extending to the carriage road, another group is made

up of a Larch, a broad-leaved Laburnum, a tall Silver Maple, Persian Lilacs, and a trimmed Arbor Vitae tree, with a Fragrant Currant and a Double Dwarf Almond in the foreground. On the opposite side of the road we have a Rose Weigela, a white Japan Quince, a tall Catalpa, and a couple of Evergreens. From this group an Arbor Vitae hedge extends to the pump, and will in a few years separate and partially hide the kitchen garden from the more ornamental portions. A tall Norway Spruce or a White Pine should be set where indicated on the curve of the road, as a reason for making the curve as prominent as we have.

If the buildings are already built, or their positions located, finish up the roads and paths, and as much of the lawn as possible; set the hedges, the larger trees, and the principal background shrubs. Let them get well started, and their forms and outlines in a measure determined, and then, by another spring, perhaps, set out the smaller foreground shrubs, so that they may fill up the space left between the others, and thus form, when fully grown, thick masses of foliage and flowers from the trees down to the grass. Flowers may be cultivated wherever a suitable place offers itself. We have marked the positions of a few of the principal beds. Around the house are four large beds of standard roses, which should be selected so as to offer a variety of color and a constant succession of flowers throughout the season, and in other spots are figures cut in the turf and filled with attractive flowers.

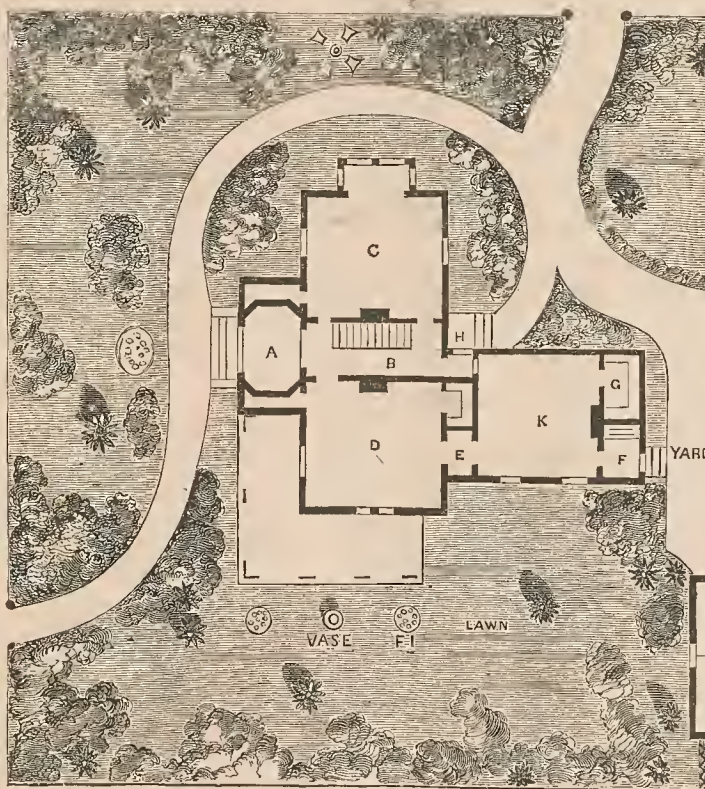
The house itself is an example of the simplest rural Gothic style. It is one and a half stories in height, and contains three finished rooms below and three chambers on the second floor.

This cottage is designed to be built of wood, covered in the vertical and battened manner, and finished inside and out with moldings of a simple Gothic pattern, and will cost from \$2,500 to \$4,000.



DESIGN FOR SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

Double Dwarf Almond, while farther back, near the fence, are a tall Purple Lilac and a Tartarean Honey-suckle. From this clump the range to the stable is as follows: A row of half a dozen evergreen trees of good size near the fence—two or three deciduous trees at convenient distances, and between, and forming the clumps, are Purple and White Lilacs, Altheas, Honey-



PLAN OF GROUNDS AND FIRST FLOOR.

suckles, Syringas, Hawthorns, and Laburnums, while the foreground is made up of specimens of the Spirea, Rose Weigela, Japan Quince, Pink Mezereum, and Fragrant Currant.

Near the corner of the stable is a group of three or four Evergreens, and between it and the corner of the dwelling house there is a clump made up of a couple of Firs, an American Mountain Ash, and in the shade

Stories.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

There are but few events in history more full of pathos than the divorce of the Empress Josephine. The Emperor Napoleon I (the Great Emperor), weary of incessant wars, thought if he could form a marriage alliance with some one of the royal families of Europe he might put an end to these conflicts, and perpetuate the order of things established in France. For a long time he dreaded to speak upon the subject to Josephine. To Cambacères, the Arch-Chancellor, he said:

"I will have nothing which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded on mutual consent; a consent itself founded on the interests of the empire. Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris, with a princely residence in the country, with a superb income, and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses, after the future Empress. I wish ever to keep her near me as my best and most affectionate friend."

Josephine became aware of her impending doom, and was overwhelmed with grief. At last the fatal hour came when the Emperor was to make the dreaded announcement to the Empress. It was at the Palace of Fontainebleau, the last day of November, 1809. Dark clouds obscured the sky, and a freezing, wintry wind moaned through the towers of the castle. The Emperor and Empress dined alone. Neither had the heart to speak a word. As the attendants retired at the close of the repast, at which it was said that neither could eat a mouthful, the Emperor, pale and trembling, took the hand of Josephine and said:

"My own dear Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The dreadful blow prostrated the Empress, and she fell fainting to the floor. The Count de Beaumont was called, and, by the aid of the Emperor, Josephine was borne, apparently lifeless, to her apartment.

Queen Hortense (her daughter) was summoned. She said reproachfully to the Emperor:

"My mother will descend from the throne as she ascended it, in obedience to your will. Her children, content to renounce grandeur which have not made them happy, will gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers."

The Emperor sat down and wept bitterly. Then, raising his eyes, flooded with tears, he said to Hortense, whom he loved with parental fondness:

"Do not leave me, Hortense. Stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy, in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene (Josephine's son) soon came from Italy. He immediately repaired to his mother's apartments, and clasping her in his arms, they wept in mutual anguish. He then entered the cabinet of the Emperor, and recoiling from the cordial embrace with which the Emperor would have greeted him, said:

"Sire, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"What?" said the Emperor, sadly, and with deep emotion, "will you, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer Empress cannot remain Viceroy of Italy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

The Emperor was deeply moved. Tears filled his eyes.

"You know," said he, "the stern necessity which compels this measure. Will you forsake me? Who, then, should I have a son, the object of my desires and the preserver of my interests, who will watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father?"

They both then retired to the garden, and, arm in arm, for a long time walked up and down one of its avenues engaged in earnest conversation. The noble Josephine, with a mother's love, could not forget the interests of her children. She urged Eugene to remain faithful to the Emperor.

"The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, Eugene; your more than father. To him you are indebted for everything. To him, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

A fortnight passed, and the day arrived for the consummation of this cruel sacrifice. It was the 15th of December. All the members of the imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. An extreme paleness overspread the face of the Emperor. In his brief address to the assembled dignitaries, he said:

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration alone which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart; to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. God only knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. Let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine then endeavored to read her consent to the divorce. But tears blinded her eyes and sobs choked her voice. Sinking into a chair, and handing the paper to M. Reynaud, she buried her face in her handkerchief. He read a paper containing the following statements: "I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and the social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will, in no respect, change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart. But we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country."

Napoleon then embraced Josephine and led her, almost fainting, to her apartment, where he left her alone with her children. The next day the Senate met to sanction the divorce. The Emperor, careworn and pale as a statue, leaned against a pillar. A low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the gloomy silence of the room. There was a table in the center of the apartment, on which there was a writing apparatus of gold. Josephine entered, leaning upon the arm of Hortense. Her face was as pale as the muslin dress she wore. Her daughter, not possessing the fortitude of the mother, was sobbing aloud. The whole assembly rose. Tears blinded nearly all eyes.

Josephine sat down, and, leaning her pallid forehead upon her hand, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Eugene and Hortense stood by the side of their mother, the daughter weeping convulsively.

Josephine, as the reading was finished, for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in clear but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, and taking the pen, signed the deed which sundered the dearest ties which can be formed on earth.

Eugene fell fainting to the floor. His inanimate form was borne out of the room by the attendants. Josephine retired with her daughter. Night came. The Emperor, utterly wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door was slowly opened and Josephine tremblingly entered.

Her eyes were swollen and her hair and dress disordered. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing, as with hesitating, tottering steps she approached the bed. Then in a delirium of grief, all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and she threw herself on the bed, clasped the neck of the Emperor in her arms and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" while sobbing as though her heart would break.

Napoleon also wept convulsively. He folded Josephine in his arms, and assured her of his undying love. For some time they remained in each other's embrace, while mutual words of tenderness were exchanged. The *valet-de-chambre*, who thus far had been present, was dismissed, and for an hour the Emperor and Empress continued in this their last private interview. Josephine then parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and tenderly loved. They remained the best of friends until the death of the Empress. And one of the last words of the Emperor, as he was dying at St. Helena, was "Josephine."

SMALL TALK.

Never abuse small talk; nobody does unless he be a stranger to its conveniences. Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it. There are times when 'tis folly to be wise; when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in the ball-room unless he leaves his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling; in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles; and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

Conversation.—A Celebrated author says: If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but little care in clothing them."

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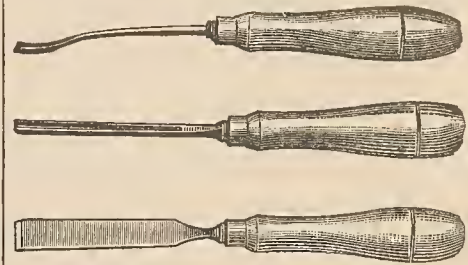
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1875.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The illustration given on the first page represents a Garden Decoration of a Palm, surrounded with two basins, one large and one small, filled with earth, out of which are growing ferns, flowers and ornamental plants. This variety of Palm (*Latania borbonica*), is becoming exceedingly popular for display on the lawn in summer, as also in vases, or in windows, or in conservatories, during the cold months. Its long foliage, broad branches and rich tropical appearance are unexcelled by any Palms for this latitude for in-door or out-door ornamental use.

Upon page 148 is figured a bouquet of the flowers and spray of the *Dentzia crenata flore pleno*, one of the most beautiful shrubs in cultivation. The flowers are double, pure white; the edge on the under side of each petal is slightly and delicately tinged with pink. The shrub is very hardy, and extremely beautiful in its habit of growth.

The Cottage, on page 149, is fully described.

Upon this page is a suggestive scene of one of our lady friends looking from a cottage window, admiring floral beauties and lawn verdure below. We have, doubtless, many such, with beautiful faces, beautiful homes and kindly hearts. We wish we could see them all, for we know every home has a happy welcome for us.

Page 153 introduces one of those bewitching little family cherubs, who persists in getting into all sorts of mischief, and cannot keep its hands off

the sweet things in the dining-room cupboard. She knows she is wrong, but how she enjoys it.

Page 156 has an illustration of a key rack, ornamented with cones. The foundation is first made by cutting out a pattern in pasteboard. This is covered with cone work, leaving a space for the board that contains the hooks, which is about four-fifths of an inch wide, and ten and two-fifth inches long. The board may be made by any carpenter, and is furnished with brass hooks. A wire nail, bent over at the back, suffices to fasten it to the cardboard back. A brass ring at the top serves to hang the rack up, besides this, two cords each eleven inches long, meeting beneath a circle of pasteboard two inches in diameter, and covered with cone work, then secure the rack to the wall.

Upon page 156 is also figured a mat for lamps, hot dishes, &c. The materials consist of a piece of fine matting, green oil-cloth, green and brown twist silk, bronze beads of different shades, green chenille, &c. The foundation of the mat, which may be made round or oval, and of the most various sizes, consists of a piece of fine matting stretched over cardboard. The wreath consists of oak leaves cut in various sizes of green oil-cloth, and of acorn twigs made of bronze beads, taking black beads for the darkest and gold beads for the lightest shade. The leaves cut in various sizes are button-hole stitched at the edges, some with brown some with green silk, and have veins of the same silk; however, the green should predominate. The acorns are made of batting and crinoline, and covered with orange beads. The stems are wound about with green silk, and decorated with green tendrils of wire chenille, two shades of green. Such tendrils may, as the engraving shows, be placed here and there among the wreath.



WAITING.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

New Premiums Ready.—Our new Premiums for 1876 are now ready and can be obtained by all agents and club agents who wish to canvass for THE CABINET the coming season. Prices to agents as follows:

Steel Plate Engraving, "The Rustic Wreath,"	\$0 25
New Chromo, "Autumn Leaves,"	25
Chromo, "Gems of the Flower Garden,"	25

Steel Plate Engraving, "The Rustic Wreath."—To every subscriber of THE FLORAL CABINET for 1876 is given our new art premium, "The Rustic Wreath." This is a first class steel plate engraving, engraved specially for us from a splendid painting worth over \$5,000. This engraving is one of superior merit, representing a beautiful mother and child playing in a grassy field, the child is laughing with glee as the mother twines around its hat a rustic wreath of flowers, grasses, &c. In the distance is an old farm house, and beyond, the village church just peeping out of the trees. We submitted a proof of the engraving to one of the first art publishers of the city, who candidly declared it one of the prettiest subjects of the day, and if the edition was sold wholly at private sale it would readily bring \$2 per copy. This engraving will appear as a frontispiece to the CABINET, and every subscriber at \$1.30 will be entitled to it.

We have discontinued the gift of chromos at the price of \$1.30, and hereafter our yearly art premium will be a first class steel plate engraving, which we guarantee will be really artistic and alone worth the full price of the paper.

Chromos.—Those who desire chromos can remit \$1.50, which will entitle them to the paper one year, the engraving "Rustic Wreath," and one chromo additional. Our new chromo for 1876 is "Autumn Leaves," a small chromo, beautifully colored with the tints of autumn foliage, printed with black ground, varnished and mounted with mats of various colors. It is really a beauty, fully as desirable as any ever offered.

Chromos for Sale.—We have on hand a few chromos of the past year, which we will close out as follows to all who are now subscribers:

"My Window Garden,"	Price, \$0 30
"Gems of the Flower Garden,"	30

Term of Trial Subscribers.—We begin all three months trial subscribers with September or October, as we see fit, and do not permit any other months to be used for this purpose, nor any trial subscriptions to be renewed again. Any one sending us fifteen cents a second time will get the very same number she received before. Our trial offer is to get people acquainted with it. If paper is wanted any longer subscriber must pay regular prices.

To Club Agents—New Terms.—Our new terms to club agents are ready. All who expect to get up large clubs will do well to send for them. They are very liberal. Also, see new premium list.

New Terms to Agents and Canvassers.—These are now ready. All who wish to canvass on commission, and work up large lists of subscribers, will do well to send for them; also, agent's outfit of new engraving and chromo.

No Price Less than \$1.30.—We have no price less than \$1.30, either in clubs or otherwise; neither have we any price without engraving. This is part of the paper, a frontispiece; no volume is complete without it.

Get up a Club of Trial Trip Subscribers.—For club of ten trial trip subscribers, at 35c. each, we will give to club agent a choice of one of the following: A Paper Cutter and Folder; a box Initial Note Paper; a Book, "Every Woman her own Flower Gardener;" 1 Bulb Gladiolus, worth \$1; 1 box Decalcomanie; 1 Silk Book Mark, worth 75c; 1 Indelible Pencil. To each subscriber will be given the CABINET three months, and a copy of chromo, "My Window Garden."

CASH PRIZES FOR ARTICLES.

—To encourage flower lovers, and also those who are interested in household topics to communicate their bits of knowledge, and also to reward them for special efforts, the publisher of the FLORAL CABINET offers the following prizes for the best articles submitted to us for special competition. Contributors will note the following

REQUIREMENTS.

1. Each article must not be over six letter pages long, nor less than four.
2. All articles must be labelled "For Competition." Communications not so labelled are supposed to be for gratuitous publication, as we see fit.
3. All articles must be sent to this office by Nov. 1, and prizes will be announced in December number, the prize articles being published in January number.
4. Articles may be on any topic interesting to ladies—Flowers, Gardening, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Fancy Work, Elegancies, Home Pets, Household Art, &c.
5. Articles sent for competition which do not draw prizes, and which contain no request to return to writer, we suppose are intended for contributions to be used at our convenience.

CASH PRIZES.

1. For best article on Flowers or Window Gardening, \$15
2. For best article on Household Topics, 15
3. 2d best article on each above topics, each 10
4. 3d " " " " " " " " 8
5. Each of next five best, 5

All articles must be sent with letter postage fully prepaid; as far as possible write only on one side of the paper; avoid foolscap or small note paper, and choose large letter paper.

Special Offer to Trial Trip Subscribers.—To any trial trip subscriber, who has sent 15c. or 25c. for trial trip subscription for three months, who will send a club of five more subscriptions at 35c., the club agent shall receive a chromo free, "My Window Garden," and each of the club the same chromo also. Any one willing to form such a club may send 25c. for sample copy of the chromo, and then deduct cost from full club remittance after club has been raised.

Home Life.

SAVED BY GOOD COOKERY.

Careme was the most famous of French cooks, and many curious anecdotes are told of him. One day he was sauntering along the quays of Paris, dreaming of some new dish, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a middle-aged woman who was crying bitterly at the door of a wine-shop. Careme kindly asked:

"What is the matter, my good woman. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, sir; but if I cry it is because no one can help me. My husband, who is a first rate silversmith, spends all he earns in that abominable tavern, and leaves me to starve with my two children."

"He is too fond of good fare, then?"

"Ah, if he were half as fond of his work, we'd be well off."

"Yet, although he is a man of taste, you condemn him to eat boiled beef every day."

"Eh? Who told you that?" asked the woman with a look of surprise.

"I guess it," replied Careme. "No man cares to go abroad for a bad meal if his wife can cook a good one. If you will listen to me, I'll teach you how you can keep your husband at home. Where do you live?"

"No. 33 Royal street."

"And what is your husband's name?"

"Wagner."

"Very well. Take these five francs, and purchase some charcoal. To-morrow morning you'll receive a basketful of provisions, lay them out in the kitchen and wait till I call, for I intend to do the cooking myself."

Next morning Careme paid the promised visit, and found the workman in bed.

"Sir," said he, "I have heard of your talent as a chaser, and I have brought you this silver cup, which requires to be repaired. Though the task is a difficult

bring me an apron. We'll begin with the woodcock."

Careme distinguished himself, and the meal was worthy of Talleyrand himself. Wagner, who was a real *gourmet*, had never tasted such fare.

"Why," he exclaimed, "Careme himself could not prepare a woodcock in better style!"

"Thank you for the compliment; I am Careme," replied the cook. "With your permission I'll come back this day week, and if my cup is ready, we'll try a wild duck. In the meantime your wife, to whom I have already given some good advice, will pay more attention to her culinary duties."

Careme, at his next visit, found his tankard admirably repaired. The wild duck was eaten and found more delicious than the woodcock. Madam Wagner quickly learned how to prepare more tempting food than boiled beef; her husband ceased to visit his favorite tavern and became an artist instead of a common workman.

One morning Careme received a box which contained a silver woodcock, admirably carved and bearing on its bill a small cup, with the following inscription:

lowing inscription:

"To Careme, from a friend who was saved by good cookery."

A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and a lively Irishman dropping his hod of bricks caught the parachute. "Faith, ma'am," said he, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it would not have got away from you." "Which shall I thank

you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady smilingly. "Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."



IN MISCHIEF.

one, I know that I can safely entrust it to such an artist as you, and you can charge your own price. By the bye, I have invited myself to breakfast, as I want to show you that I too am an artist. Now, Madam Wagner, lead me into the kitchen, and

Ladies' Boudoir.

AH, LITTLE MAIDEN.

Ah, little maiden, frank and fair,
With rosy lips apart,
With sunbeams glinting in your hair,
And sunbeams at your heart!
Glad sounds about your senses rise,
That have no voice for me;
Blithe visions dance before your eyes,
That mine may never see.
And are the flowers so rare, love?
And is the day so bright?
For me the boughs are bare, love,
And chill descends the night.

Ah, me! I mind me of a time,
Deep in the buried past,
When I, too, dwelt in the sweet elime
Wherein your lot is cast;
When fragrance floated on the breeze,
When heaven bent blue above,
And every wild bird in the trees
Sang still of hope and love.
Dead are those flowers so rare, love,
And dimmed that day so bright,
For me the boughs are bare, love,
And chill descends the night.

Grim clouds came up, and overspread
The heavens with sullen gray;
The roses drooped, the fragrance fled,
The breezes died away.
And now, of all the happy throng,
One bird is left alone,
To sing a broken-hearted song
Of joys forever flown.
Dead are those flowers so rare, love,
And dimmed that day so bright,
For me the boughs are bare, love,
And chill descends the night.

HOME.

Housekeeping, in the generally accepted sense of the word, is home-keeping. And home is, or should be, the magnet toward which our hearts ever turn. It is a necessity of our civilized nature to have some abiding place. What a strange spectacle would be presented if our home-keepers were to fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away. How deeply must the author of "Home, Sweet Home," (himself a homeless man) have felt the meaning of the words he uttered. Although our homes may be "ever so humble," they need not necessarily be bare and unattractive. It should be not only our pleasure, but our duty, to make them as pleasant and inviting as is consistent with our circumstances. Housekeepers are no longer looked upon merely as drudges, who perform their whole duty if they prepare the regular meals, wash, scrub, and mend for their families. Many ingenious devices of the brain have been utilized for their benefit, so that whichever way they may turn there is something to lighten or expedite their tasks. And now may we not look for, and confidently expect, a higher plane of housekeeping, or home-keeping?

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command,
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

If every woman would endeavor to raise herself to this type of womanhood, then might every heart truly sing:

"The dearest spot of earth to me,
Is Home, sweet Home."

There are too many homes where brightness and pleasantness seldom enter. There is always something to be done, too much remaining undone to think of pausing a little while to do any unnecessary "fixing up," or to brush down the mental cobwebs (which will oftentimes collect in the busy housewife's brain,) by devoting a few moments to reading. To such we would say: Read whenever you do have a spare moment, though it be scarcely sufficient to glance at a single article. You will have food for your thoughts as you busy yourself again about your household duties. Reading is, as it were, only the

cream. Unless we subject it to the churning process of thought, we can never expect it to develop into anything that will benefit ourselves or others.

Every woman knows best in what elements her home is wanting, and any one possessing ordinary intelligence can gather, from the multitude of articles written upon the subject, such suggestions as will best enable her to supply the want.

Who need sigh for anything prettier, with which to adorn their homes, than flowers? Who could ask or a beautiful gift to become theirs more freely or spontaneously? If we "look through Nature up to Nature's God," then, truly, are flowers educators as well as books, pictures, or music, and more truly beautiful and pure in their teachings. Then there are a thousand pretty and useful articles which skillful hands can fashion from almost nothing. Long curtains, looped at the window sides, do not, necessarily, belong only to them who can afford damask and lace. A cheap material, for humbler homes, costing but a few cents per yard, will last for a long time, and always come out the whiter and fresher for the repeated baths it may require. Loop them back, loosely, with bright ribbon; suspend a rustic basket containing vines midway in the window. Train the vines over the curtain, they are easily secured just where they are wanted. Try it. You cannot fail to appreciate the change from the stiff, rolled curtain and bare casings. Old boxes, tolerated only for their capacity of holding just what there seems to be no other place for, may be converted into pretty seats to place under windows, by making a cushion for the lid and covering the whole with some pretty material. Do not allow your walls to remain destitute of pictures because you cannot afford costly or showy frames. From the old magazines lying about, clip some of the pictures you like best, those which seem to have the most reading in them, for if there are "sermons in stones" are there not volumes in pictures? Leave a white margin all around your picture. Procure a glass of the same size and bind the two together with gilt, silver or fancy colored paper. Strings are easily added by pressing strips of cloth, wet in glue paste, over the ends. Be sure that your work is thoroughly safe and dry before you trust it upon the wall. Bind several and hang in a group, or about other pictures. Autumn leaves, nicely pressed and varnished and arranged in the form of wreaths, harps, or crosses, upon a white background, are tasteful ornaments to any home. Imitation coral baskets and baskets made of hoops, with the webbing left on, are very pretty. Tie the pieces in small circles, or in the form of the figure 8. After you have fastened them all together as you wish, tie on grape stems (minus the grapes.) Have ready a mass of melted beeswax, thickened with vermillion, and with a spoon turn it carefully over every part. If your treatment has been skillful, you cannot fail of being pleased.

One short article can, at most, contain but a few vague hints about our home surroundings. Yet "a word to the wise" may not be amiss. Only

"Make your home beautiful—gather the roses
That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art;
Perchance they may pour, as your dread darkness closes,
That soft summer sunshine down into your heart!
If you can do so, O! make it an Eden
Of beauty and gladness, remember 'tis wise;
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
That heaven of beauty beyond the blue skies."

* * * * *

"Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revelations,
And love its bright angel with 'shadowy wing.'
Then shall it be when afar on life's billow,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home weeping willow,
And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung."

Cost of "Keeping Company."—The cost of taking your girl to a ball in New York, according to Jennie June, is not at all a trifle. Supposing the young man to be possessed of the indispensable "dress" suit, the faultless shirt, the fine cambric, the French boots, there is sure to be the delicately-tinted cravat and kid gloves to provide, tickets to purchase, (for *ma belle's* mamma is, perhaps, a lady manager, and depends on selling a hundred dollars' worth at least, to the young gentlemen who dance with her daughters and eat her chicken salad), a bouquet to order, carriage to look out for, supper to pay for, (the latter for mamma, a cousin, a hungry friend, or something, as well as *ma belle* herself), so that, before he is through, the expenses of a single ball will foot up something like the following: Cravat, \$1.50; Gloves, \$2.50; tickets, (2), \$10; bouquet, \$5; supper, (3), including champagne, \$15; total, \$39. An item this, in a salary of \$1500 a year, or \$30 per week. This, too, is doing things on the very smallest possible scale, and at the risk of being considered "mean," for there are always unattended sisters, or some one spending the winter, who would like to be invited, and for whom must be executed the entire programme. Then, no unmarried lady is now content with one bouquet. Belleship is counted by the number of magnificent bouquets of English rose-buds and carnations it draws at its chariot wheels. Shall all the flowers be bestowed upon favorite singers, and none left to crown the queens of youth and beauty? By no means. Sharp young fellows who have learned tactics, therefore, are rather apt to fight shy of inviting young ladies to balls on their own account. They let papa or a chaperone take a couple of carriage loads, set them down inside the "Academy," and then they appear in a faultless get-up, present their bouquets, and come off with flying colors, for an extra bouquet will make amends for everything with the belle of a ball.

Ladies Worth Marrying.—"A few days ago, just at dusk, after a cold rain had set in, two English girls and their handsome gray-haired father arrived. They were cold and damp, and the hotel was cold and damp, and as we sat by our blazing fire and heard them go into their cold rooms, we pitied them so much that we opened our door and invited them to share our warmth and comfort; so they came in and chatted together all the evening. Those two bright, fresh-looking girls sat calmly in their chairs and told us they had crossed from Meiringen to the Rhone Glacier, over the Grimsel, on foot the day before, through a foot of snow; had walked nine miles down the valley that morning, and then climbed up all the way from Viesch to the hotel on foot in the rain that afternoon. We looked at them aghast, and murmured, 'Tired!' 'Oh, no,' they briskly chorused; and indeed they did look most revoltingly fresh and pretty. When we did appear in the morning, father (who always comes to breakfast from out of doors, with a blast of cold air, very much as if he had slept on the nearest glacier) announced that 'those English girls started to walk up to the summit of the Eggischhorn two hours ago, and are coming back in time to cross the Aletach glacier to go to the Belle Alp for the night!' Before long they came in brisk and rosy as usual. 'Oh, no; not tired at all!—and without waiting for anything more than a lunch they were off again. We groaned in spirit as we saw them disappear around a promontory—*Hartford Times*.

Precocious Boy munching the fruit of the date tree: "Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

Household Elegancies.

WINTER GARDENS AND MOSS COTTAGES.

When I was a little girl in Vermont, more than thirty years ago, I loved flowers just as I do now. The dear old hills are dear and beautiful in this season, but winter comes early, and lingers long. I used to hunger and thirst for my favorites as the long months went by and the tardy footsteps of spring still lingered. At last I bethought of a solace, and made something I called a "winter garden."

I sought out flat stones, well covered with moss, and with these I covered the bottom of quite a large shallow box. Branches of evergreens served for trees, of ground-pine for shrubs. The beautiful scarlet wood-moss, found round old stumps and clusters of the pretty pearl-white wild everlastings, were grouped for flower beds, and the few shells and minerals I possessed were added, without the least idea that "rock work" would ever be so fashionable as it now is.

I hope every little flower-lover of the present day has something better than this for a winter solace; even my little four-year-old flower worshiper has her little plant of German Ivy, and loves it well, but we used to make moss cottages which I think were really pretty.

Older brothers, "handy with tools," were in great request when a "cottage" was to be built. A pine board was provided, rather larger than the top of a common, old-fashioned "light-stand." This was the "yard," and was surrounded with a neat fence, plain or ornamental picket, or of slats crossed obliquely, forming diamonds. Then a little cottage of suitable size was fastened firmly to the board, some in the middle, some at the back of the yard. Some cottages were plain, with steep, over-hanging roof, some gothic, with many gables.

Our part of the work now began. Coarse white thread was fastened in diamonds across the openings left for windows, and the house entirely covered with the fine gray moss so abundant there, glued on as evenly as possible. Some had panel-doors of two kinds of wood, some were covered with a different kind of moss, as the yellow moss on old apple trees. The yard was covered with green moss; a walk of shells or pebbles was laid from the door to the gate, and the yard decorated, according to fancy, with evergreens, moss-wood, &c.

If I ever find time to make one I think I shall try to make some additions to the plan. A doll, not too tall for the door, dressed like a cottage maiden, might stand by the gate. I should try to make a tiny bird's nest for one of the trees, and I've seen toy kittens which I should like to have basking in the sun on the door-step. A little "cottage-girl" in a swing, a miniature bird-eage, and even a mite of a hanging-basket might be possible. Of course the simplicity suitable to a cottage should be preserved in all parts of the work, but with the superior materials and facilities of the present day, I think something really beautiful might be produced.

MRS. FANNIE E. BRIGGS.

Toilet Set.—I give you a brief description of a toilet set, consisting of a pine cushion, hair, hair-pin and match-receiver. Make the pine cushion seven inches square; take canvas the same size, working it with

zephyr on cross stick, four stitches square, one white and one red alternately, until the whole is covered. Place a row of white glass bead trimming around the edge to complete it. For the hair-receiver, use perforated cardboard nine inches square; work with scarlet zephyr in squares of five holes, leaving a space between the same size, in which insert a long white bead; bind all around with scarlet worsted braid; join into a cornucopia; sew a piece of box-pleated worsted braid up the front and around the top, also a loop at the top; get a piece of gold-tinted paper, cut a smaller square and slip in for lining; one bunch of beads, which you can purchase at the store for eight cents, will fill the spaces and have enough left for a tassel on the bottom. For the hair-pin receiver, take a collar-box, without the cover, fill with hair, then take a piece of perforated cardboard the width of the box, and worked with scarlet zephyr and beads the same as the hair-receiver; then join together just tight enough to fit the box nicely; crochet the top with scarlet zephyr round and round in double stitch until you have a piece the size of the opening of the box; place a row of box-pleated scarlet worsted braid around the top and bottom, and it is completed. For the match-receiver, cut three pieces of perforated cardboard three and a half inches square; work a small vine around the edge of each, leaving one hole to join together with, then join in shape of a cornucopia; place the backs of the three together and join them together with a cord and tassel at the top and bottom, made of scarlet zephyr; cut a lining of gilt paper. This completes the set. These are very handsome and useful ornaments for a bedroom or chamber.

EDITH.

Wax Fruit.—Commencing with grapes, procure natural specimens, if convenient. For black Hamburg the materials necessary are rosin, lampblack, prepared wax, cotton, wire, carmine, Prussian blue and powdered verdigris. Take wire, cut as many pieces as there are grapes in the bunch, about three inches in length, bend one end slightly, bind on cotton batting, not too tightly. Take a small tin dish, put some lumps of rosin in this as free as possible from pulverized dust; place on a stove; when melted, put in sufficient lampblack to color. Do not heat too hot. In this dip lightly the wire on which you have wound the cotton, turning constantly to form proper shape. Repeat this process until they are of the required size. Then take one-quarter of a pound of white wax, one teaspoonful of Canada balsam and one-half tablespoonful of spirits turpentine; melt in a separate dish, and color with Prussian blue and a little carmine. Dip separately to form skin. Fasten on larger wire, cover stems with tissue paper or Berlin wool. Take powdered verdigris, tie in muslin bag, shake over them; leaves and tendrils to be added when put in baskets or frames. Plums are made in the same way. Dip and hold so as to form an elongated shape; take a blunt-pointed knife and press lightly to form seam; dust with Prussian blue and white lead.

POLLY POPKINS.

The Phantom Basket.—I have not been taking THE CABINET very long, but am delighted with what I have seen of it. I see in your April number you wish articles on fancy work. I have not seen the Phantom Basket spoken of in your columns, so I will give you a description of one. Material required, one and a half yards of bleached cotton flannel and thirty-two inches of heavy bonnet wire. Get the cheaper quality of cotton flannel, as it is easier frayed. Tear it in strips three-fourths of an inch in width (crosswise

of the goods), then ravel it out, leaving but four threads exactly in the centre. After you have all the strips frayed out in this way, take your wire and bend it square, then commence and fasten your strips all around it; put eight strips on each side (have it suspended some way that the strips will not become mussed). After they are all fastened at the top, commence at the bottom and twist each strip, then gather it up carefully in your hand and tie it about fourteen inches from the top, then cut it off four inches below from where it is tied that forms the tassel. That which is cut off can be neatly tacked together and used if needed. Now take a strip and tack it on one corner, then twist and tack it on the next corner, leaving the loop long enough to come almost to the tassel; take another strip, fasten it inside of that, leaving the loop a little shorter, and so on, making five of these loops. Fix all sides alike, then make little tassels and fasten on each corner. These baskets are really beautiful for the window or under a chandelier. The handles of the basket depends upon where you hang it as to its length. My basket hangs at the front window, and attracts the attention of passers-by. I often hear ladies outside the windows talking and wondering what it is made of, it is so pure white and fleecy looking. If you fix something in the inside of them they are beautiful for holding dried flowers.

MRS. B. F. H.

Baltimore, Md.

Cements.—I believe gypsum and oil very good; but, however, here are three descriptions of cement. **Universal Cement.**—Curdle skim milk, press out the whey, and dry the curd by a gentle heat, but as quickly as possible. When it has become quite dry, grind it to powder in a coffee or pepper mill, and mix it with one-tenth of its weight of finely powdered quick-lime, and a piece of camphor, the size of a pea, also reduced to powder, to every ounce of the mixture. Keep it in wide mouth one-ounce vials, well corked. For use, make it into a paste, with a little water, and apply it immediately. **Diamond Cement.**—Isinglass, one ounce; distilled vinegar, five and a half ounces, gum ammoniacum, half an ounce; gum mastic, half an ounce. Mix, and it is ready for use. **New Cement.**—A little ground borax, mixed with plaster of Paris, makes an excellent cement for many purposes. It is simply mixed up into a plastic consistency, then applied with a trowel. It soon hardens. Having used all three of these receipts, I can fearlessly assert they are good.

Ferneries.—Ferns have become household favorites; nor is this strange, as, beside their beauty, they are fine for household decoration, are easily grown, requiring little care when once established, and furnish an interesting study of plant growth. Four essential conditions are necessary in order that the culture of Fern plants may be successful, namely: abundance of water, shade, shelter, and drainage. The roots of the plants should always be well supplied with water, which should on no account be allowed to remain stagnant. The only soil should be the finest prepared loam. Previous to planting there should be some pieces of board or bark placed in the bottom to avoid bottom dryness, and not have the roots come in contact with zinc-lined boxes or pots of any description. The fernery should be slightly raised on blocks, from the table or stand, to give free circulation of air underneath. If mold or dampness appear, the glass should be removed or air admitted, as it indicates the existence of too much moisture and confined heat for success in the development of plant life.

Household Elegancies.

WINDOW DECORATIONS.

There are so many pretty things to be purchased that, if one has plenty of money, it is very easy to make a selection from the many well-filled baskets, stands, vases, etc., that almost any good florist will provide; but, if money is not plenty, there are few so poor that they can not buy one of those small round stands that can be bought for seventy-five cents or a dollar at any furniture store. Then, when the tiuman comes around for the old rags, it is easy to procure one of those round hand basins, which, after being painted green and having two holes punched in the bottom, will be ready to fill. First, strew in a few bits of broken crockery, then mix two parts good garden soil, one part silver sand, and one part charcoal, powdered fine. This compost, when thoroughly mixed, is the best thing for young Ferns. Then plant whichever you can best procure. Among those that are very beautiful and easy of cultivation are the smaller varieties of Polypodium, Lycopodium, Maiden Hair, Lastrea, Davillia, Lygodium, and Woodwardia. When these are well started nothing can be more lovely. Then, if you can not afford new and handsome flower-pots and vases, take those that you have, that are unglazed, and convert them into very beautiful articles by coating with copal varnish first, into which has been worked the color desired, either chrome green, or vermilion; or, let the color be mixed with turpentine first, then varnish over; when varnish is almost dry, dust brouze powder over the whole, those painted with vermilion being a copper color, while those painted green will be a beautiful bronze.

There are numerous ways of making hanging baskets, all of them simple and handsome enough when completed and filled. The most popular way of making those rustic ones that are so much admired, being a change from the bowl covered with roots and branches, are the log cabin baskets, made by taking pieces of oak, maple, or other suitable wood, in lengths of eight or ten inches, and about an inch in diameter, boring a gimlet hole about an inch from the end of each stick, then building then up log cabin style, and passing with loop on upper end through the holes at each end or corner a wire, and bending it up on the bottom to secure; place a piece of board the required size in bottom, between third and second sticks, then fill with moss and ferns, and you have something worth having. Then the pressed ferns for vases, brackets, etc.; mosses, lichens, and creeping ferns are all beautiful.

There is a way of arranging acorns in bunches in their natural state that has a very pleasing effect; take the leaves of the oak, any of those handsome russet shades, and arrange around a bunch of acorns with caps all on, then add dry tendrils and mossy twigs, and place upon a bright blue or scarlet velvet back-ground, then frame, and you have a "thing of beauty." The beautiful wax autumn leaves are so

pretty and so durable that every one should have, at least, one spray to brighten up the room most used. The process is so simple and they are so inexpensive that any one can have them. For the benefit of those

to copy from, to imitate the most beautiful autumn leaves that so soon fade after being gathered.

I have made this article longer than the rules allow, and so cannot notice at any length those lovely fern mottoes and tidies, but will do so another time.

CABINET READER.

WAX FLOWERS.

CROSS AND AUTUMN LEAVES.

After forming the pure white cross and flowers, the next and easiest step will be a cross, ornamented with the gorgeous and beautiful autumn leaves. Many of these leaves must be colored by hand, in imitation of natural ones; others can be naturally and beautifully formed from the mottled and colored autumn wax, sold at the shops.

Having a cross of suitable size, paint it a very light stone color, also some rugged pieces of rock, varnish the whole with denar varnish, and while a little sticky, dust with the fine diamond powder. Place the cross upon a stand and group the stones around it; select various leaf moulds, as maple, sumac, oak, dogwood, ailanthus, apple, peach, etc., then form the leaves as nearly like nature as possible, and as formed lay carefully aside. Make the oak of russet brown, ivy leaves green, veined with blue or blue-white paint; make scarlet and purple berries by moulding

the wax in tiny balls of different sizes, and stems of wax, then clustering naturally.

Bright scarlet and yellow wax can be obtained with the autumn leaf, for certain of the leaves requiring these colors, and many can be formed of white wax and colored with shades of crimson, orange, etc.

Many green leaves are greatly improved by being touched upon parts with umber or raw sienna. Having formed sufficient leaves, group them around the vase of the cross, allowing some to form long trailing vines, to fall over the stones, and a vine of Ivy, with one of bright autumn tints intertwined, running up and around the body of the cross, across the arms and over the top in thick clusters and graceful sprays. Intermix the berries and you will have a most beautiful ornament. Protect with glass shade.

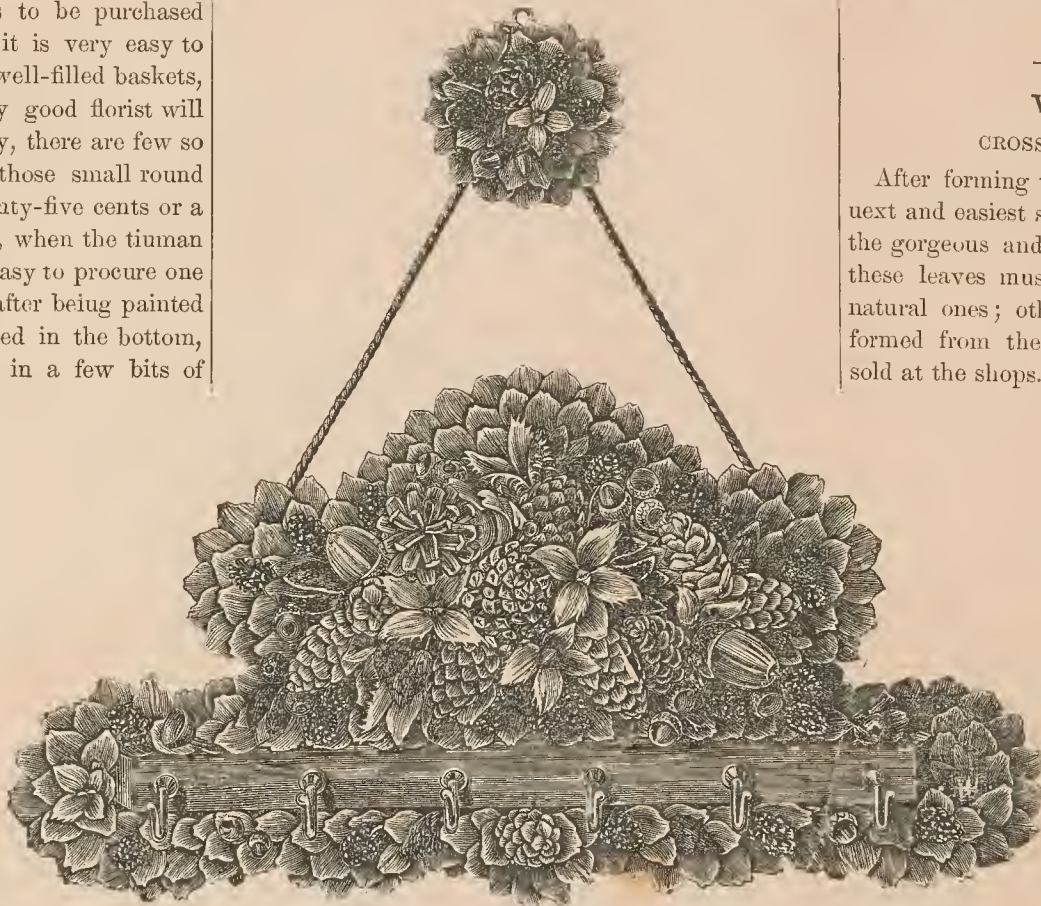
MRS. C. S. J.

Rustic Ornaments.—I make very pretty frames, comb cases and brackets by using pine and spruce cones, acorns, nuts, and burrs. Cut heavy cardboard in strips the width and size you wish your frames, or make them oval; pick the large ones apart, leaving the small ends two inches;

soak in warm water the cones picked apart, or they will split when sewing; sew them on your frame all around the out and inside, projecting over the edge far enough to hide the cardboard; if the frame is wide, two rows look better. Then use your ends of the cones, burrs, etc., for the corners and centres, arranging in clusters to suit the taste. Comb cases and brackets are pretty covered in nearly the same way, and varnishing adds greatly to their beauty.

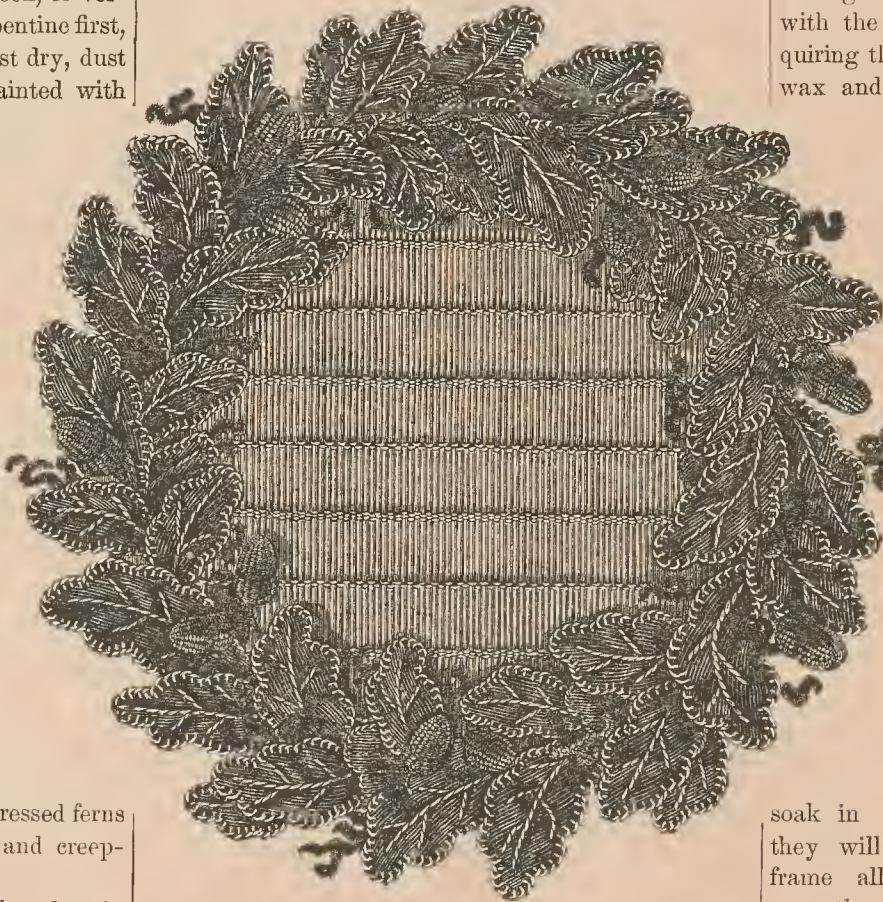
St. Petersburg, Pa.

MRS. N. C.



KEY RACK—CONE WORK.

that cannot procure the metal moulds I would say that paper patterns cut from the natural leaves are full as



MAT FOR LAMPS.

satisfactory, if one has a mould to mould or line them after they are painted. And if very bright scarlet ones are desired, the darkest yellow wax makes the most brilliant leaves, and I desire no better brush than my right forefinger to rub the bright carmine in with. A little practice will enable one, with nature

Hireside Reading.

PRETTY SPEECHES.

Caustic speeches are sure to draw, and the most amiable people, who would not themselves hurt their friends' feelings on any account, chuckle over them as much as others. Therefore they are continually chronicled; but pretty speeches lack the same pungency, and are passed by as insipid; yet there is a fine savor about some of them—that said by George the Fourth to the officer of marines, for example.

There was an empty bottle on the table, and the King told the servant to “take away that marine.”

A guest sitting next the King whispered in his ear that an officer present belonged to that branch of the service. George the Fourth ascertained his name, and then, addressing him aloud, asked if he knew why an empty bottle was called a marine.

“No, your Majesty,” replied the officer.

“Because,” said the King, “it has done its duty, and is ready to do it again.”

Which was as neat a way of getting out of a rather awkward phrase as one can well imagine.

Ladies, however, are the fair and proper recipients of pretty speeches, and a man who gets them is a sort of poacher.

The Duc de Nivernois made an ingenious one to Madame du Barri, who was endeavoring to persuade him to withdraw his opposition to some measure she had set her heart on.

“It is of no use, Monsieur le Duc,” she said; “you are only injuring your influence, for the King has made up his mind, and I have myself heard him say that he will never change.”

“Ah! madame, he was looking at you,” replied the Duke.

Could any but a Frenchman have ever conveyed determined resistance in so polite a form?

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire, when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star.

“Oh! do not, do not praise it like that!” he cried; “I cannot get it for you.”

It was no wonder that Tom Moore was such a general favorite, if he often said such charming little things as he wrote. The very prettiest, quaintest quip ever penned is in one of his love-songs. The lover cannot deny that he has paid homage to others before he saw the present object of his affections; in fact, he learned lip-service very early:

“That lesson of sweet and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I'll allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now.”

Irish Wit.—On one occasion the poet Moore—Tom Moore, of immortal memory—stayed one night in the house of Mrs. Blake, in a little village in Scotland. The lady troubled him all the evening to write for her an epitaph, and at length, to be relieved of her importunity, he wrote:

“Good Mrs. Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at length at Heaven's gate—”

which he gave her, saying he would finish it in the morning. He quite forgot his promise, and was already in his carriage about to drive off, when she came to the door with the sheet of paper he had given her, demanding a performance of his promise. “Oh, yes,” said he, with a smile, “I'll finish it for you.” And he did so, by adding:

“But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Beelzebub.”

Bad Spelling.—Frequently cases of bad spelling crop out among the professions, and some lamentable.

The proprietor of a country store once worked himself into a brain fever endeavoring to make intelligible the following note given to him by a small boy, the son of one of his customers: “mister Gream Wunt you let my boay hev a pare of Easy toad shuz?” However, he was probably not more horrified than the schoolmaster who received a letter from a man who wrote: “I have decided to inter my boy in your scull.”

A Churchwarden's wife went to church for the first time in her life when her husband was made churchwarden. Being late, the congregation were getting up from their knees when she entered, when she said, with a condescending smile, “Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself than I did before.”

A young lady, at home from boarding-school for the holidays, was asked if she would have some roast beef, when she replied: “No, I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity.” The young lady was never asked if she would have anything after that.

A French butcher who was on his death-bed said to his wife: “If I die, Francoise, you must marry our shop boy. He is a good young man, and the business cannot be carried on without a man to look after it.” “I have been thinking about that already,” she replied.

Profane versus Sacred Music.—Dominie Thomas Campbell, of Glasgow, was one day watching a carpenter making repairs in his house. The carpenter whistled “Maggie Sander” as he worked, and worked in time to the tune. “Sauners,” said the dominie, presently, “can ye no whistle a mair solemn and godly tune while ye'er at wark?” “Ah, well, minister, if it be your will I'll e'n not do it,” said Sauners, and changed the tune to the “Dead March in Saul,”

still planing in time to his music. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said: “Sauners, I hae anither ward to say till ye. Did the gude-wife hire you by the day's wark or by the job?” “The day's wark was our agreeing, minister.” “Then, on the whole, Sannars, I think ye may just as weel gae back to whistling Bonnie Maggie Sander.”

“Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?” asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat knitting. “No, my dear, what is it?” said grandma, bending her eye eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet. “Because there is nothing in the way,” replied the young philosopher, resuming the astronomical research, and grandma her knitting.



THE COMING EXPLOSION.

instances of weakness in this respect come to light among the “humanitarians.” For instance, a young lawyer in an interior city early one morning locked his office and left upon ‘it this mysterious legend: “Gon to brexfus.” In a small New England town a druggist was surprised and disturbed to receive at the hands of a dirty-looking customer the following prescription: “Please give the bare sumphin to fizick him 15 cts. worth.” During the war a letter written by a rebel soldier to his sweetheart was captured, wherein the writer said: “We will lick the yanks tomorrer if godlemity spares our lives.” Some wonderful things in the way of directions appear on letters passing through the mails; for example, the letter directed to a Pittsburg judge, endorsed, “To the onerable gug.”

Housekeeping.

POETRY IN THE KITCHEN.

Do you say it is only prose, and very prosy, too, you who find your penitential among pots and kettles, bread-making, dish washing, and the thousand and one petty cares that crowd your days? But rhythms and rhymes may have their place even in the kitchen, if you know the art of making them. Pots and kettles may shine with a glory of their own, and your dishes may sing you a song while you wash them, if you will take the trouble to teach them how. And, first, be sure to make the room as bright and cheery as possible. Dark paper and dull surroundings will cause even a parlor to look dingy and uncomfortable. You are fortunate if your kitchen is sunny and boasts a number of windows, but if not, make it light with hangings and pictures. It is a mistake to suppose that in papering a kitchen, dark paper should be chosen; it will show the soil of dust and smoke much sooner than paper of a light shade. It is also more economical to purchase satin paper, since the dust slips off easily from the smooth surface. Beautiful pictures can be cut from papers and tacked against the walls, and albeit they have no frames, will do much to brighten the room. If you cannot have these everywhere, do not forget the kitchen in your distribution.

Every kitchen should have a pin-cushion—a pretty one, too—which can hang quietly in some corner, and give its help towards the lifting of skirts and sleeves in times of need.

Who will say there is not something pretty and quite poetical about washing dishes, when one has a bright pan for washing and rinsing, clean, hot water and plenty of good soap; when the sink can be kept sweet and unsullied by means of a small brush broom hung conveniently near at hand; when spiders and kettles can be agreeably cleansed with a ring dish cloth—blessings on the man who invented it, or was it a woman?—when cloth and towels are hung on a galvanized wire line, which will not rust; and when a general air of order and good management prevails in the cupboard? There should be also a large tunnel in the opening of the spout, which will save a too frequent use of the brush broom when moments are precious.

Plants are as fond of the kitchen as the library, and will beautify the room with their greenness and fragrance even if they have no blossoms. Happy are they who live in the country, for are there not the glorious woods? Put on your hat, take your basket and trowel, and come back laden with sturdy ferns, bright partridge berries and clumps of green moss. You can take up these wood darlings, even though they are fast asleep in their snowy beds; bring them into your warm kitchen and plant them in saucers and plates—anything that will hold them; give the dears enough to drink and they will make poetry for you all through the winter months. And what else shall you bring to your *sanctum sanctorum*? Do all this and other ways will suggest themselves to you; ways of making the kitchen one of the pleasantest, brightest, happiest rooms in the house. Let it be cosy; have a rocking chair or two, three or four books and a case for newspapers. Let it wear a homey look; make it pleasant with pictures, plants, conveniences, cleanliness and sunshine. Let us have such appointments in this hitherto prosy kitchen of ours, that it shall grow into a poem.

LUCY C. ORDWAY.

TESTED RECIPES.

RICE PLUM PUDDING.

One quart new or raised milk with the cream, one cupful seeded raisins, one cupful washed, dried currants, half cupful chipped dried citron, and lemon, (or orange peel, candied), one cupful rice, one cupful sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful butter, a little salt, and one teaspoonful mixed spices, (cinnamon, nutmeg, and a small portion cloves). Burst the rice for two hours, keeping it on the stove in a little water for two hours, until soft, and each grain entire, then add the milk, the eggs beaten separately until light, sugar and butter, and lastly the spices and fruit. Stir carefully, so as not to break the grains, bake about three-quarters of an hour.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.

To two coffeecupsful of mashed sweet potato, (boiled), add one teacupful sugar, one teacupful butter, four eggs, one teacupful sweet cream, one glass of brandy or strong wine, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful lemon, (extract) and a pinch of soda, dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. Beat the eggs light, add sugar and butter rubbed to a cream, stir all together into the mashed potato while hot. Cover a deep plate with puff-paste, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven; when done, cover the top with slices of fruit marmalade, and sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar. To be eaten with a glass of rich milk. This will make three puddings.

CREAM CAKE.

The Shells.—Beat five eggs, yellow and white separately, add to the yolks one cupful of sugar, then the whites whisked until they “stand alone,” rub half a teaspoonful of soda into one teacupful of flour, beat this into the eggs and sugar, and add one full teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat well, and divide into cakes by dropping a large tablespoonful upon a baking tin, not allowing the drops to touch each other, nor placed near enough to run together when heated. (“Gem pans” are best to bake them in, the flat circles instead of deep ones). Let the oven be quick, and when the cakes are a light brown, remove them and allow to cool a little, then split them open on one side and drop the cream in the hollow opening.

The Cream is made as follows:—Boil one pint of new milk, beat the yolks of two eggs and add half a teaspoonful of sugar, and enough of corn-starch to thicken, (about three even tablespoonfuls) stirred smooth in a little cold milk; add these to the milk also, the whites of the eggs, a teaspoonful extract of lemon, one also of extract of vanilla, beat well, and as soon as thick remove from the fire, allow to cool before placing in the puffs, pinching the parts together after filling. Paint over with white of egg and dust plentifully with powdered sugar.

WASHINGTON PUDDING.

Two cupfuls white sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful sweet milk, three eggs, nutmeg and extract of lemon. Beat the eggs separately, add three teacupfuls of flour, in which a half teaspoonful of soda has been well rubbed, and a full teaspoonful of cream of tartar added (sifting after adding these). Bake in shallow pans or “jelly-cake pans.” Peel and grate two large juicy apples, and the zest of one lemon, also the strained juice, one heaping teacupful of fine sugar and one egg, boil in a stew pan, when cool spread over the cakes, placing one upon the other as with jelly cake; sift powdered sugar over the top, and serve with rich wine or lemon sauce.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Two eggs, (whites and yolks beaten separately), one cupful of mixed sweetmeats, (left in jars or at table), table spoonful sweet butter rubbed in a cream, half a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Butter a baking dish and bake quickly. Serve with tart lemon sauce. This is a delicious pudding.

WASH-DAY PUDDING.

One pint of flour, three eggs, one teacupful of pounded sugar, one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one full tablespoonful of butter, rub the soda through the flour, dissolve the cream of tartar in the milk and stir all together quickly, just before dinner is served; bake in a quick oven, and eat with sauce, either hard or soft. Baked in small tins or open pans, this forms nice tea cakes.

GINGER PLUM CAKE PUDDING.

Two cupfuls of brown sugar mixed in two teaspoonfuls of dark molasses, (not syrup) two teacupfuls of butter, six eggs, six cupfuls of flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of dried currants, one lemon chopped fine, one teaspoonful ginger, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful nutmeg, clove and maise, (mixed), one cupful of brandy or wine; beat thoroughly for a half hour before adding the fruit, and finally add a half teaspoonful of soda and the same of cream of tartar, dissolving each in water. Serve hot, with wine sauce, (the fruit should be prepared the day previously. Bake in a slow oven for three hours.)

BOILED CUP PUDDING.

Beat four eggs very light, (the whites until stiff), mix together one coffeecupful of flour, one coffeecupful of brown sugar, one coffeecupful of butter, one coffeecupful of raisins, one coffeecupful of currants, one coffeecupful of citron and candied lemon and orange peel, (mixed), one nutmeg, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful mixed spices, and any flavor desired. Pour into a well floured bag and boil four hours. Serve with sauce.

C. S. J.

USEFUL HINTS.

Frosted glass, useful for screens, etc., is made by laying the sheets horizontally and covering them with a strong solution of sulphate of zinc. The salt crystallizes on drying.

Butter will remove tar spots. Soap and water will afterwards take out the grease stains.

Black shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of aniline red in alcohol.

Flaxseed and tallow are used in Germany as a stuffing for cushions. One part of tallow to ten parts of flaxseed are employed, the mobility of the greased seed rendering the cushion very soft and pliable.

Four parts borax and three parts Epsom salts, mixed with three or four parts warm water to one part of the combined substances, is said to form an excellent fireproof wash for clothes. It should be used immediately after preparation.

The total number of strings in a piano, when properly stretched to produce the right tones, exert a pull of over ten tons; this explains why good pianos must be durably and heavily built.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them with spirits of turpentine and benzine.

Straw matting should be washed with a cloth dampened in salt water. Indian meal sprinkled over it and thoroughly swept out will also cleanse it fully.

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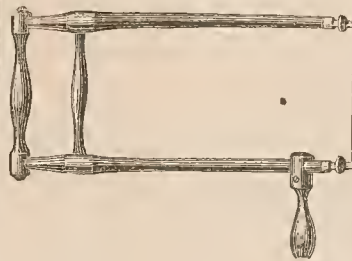
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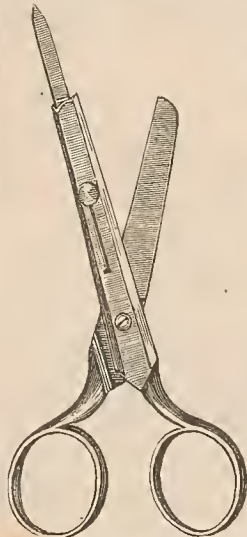
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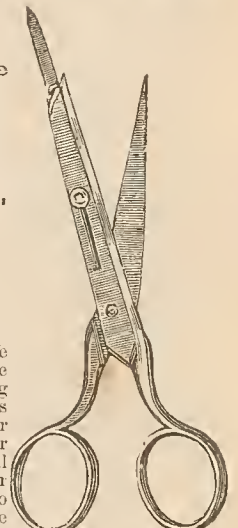
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Angels Guard thy Little Bed.

Words by S. N. MITCHELL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante, grazioso.



1. Slum - ber, lit - tle dar - ling, slum - ber
 2. Slum - ber, lit - tle dar - ling, slum - ber,
 3. Slum - ber, lit - tle dar - ling, slum - ber,

On your pil - low soft and
 It is time you were at
 'Till the ear - ly rob - in

white, rest, sings,
 Close your eye-lids, pret - ty dar - ling,
 All the bir-dies, pret - ty dar - ling,
 I will call you, pret - ty dar - ling,

For I know you're tired to-night;
 Now are sleep-ing in their nest;
 When the dove-lets flap their wings,

Do not think of fear or dan - ger,
 Hide your toes with-in your blank - et,
 Give a good-night kiss to mam - ma,

But re - pose your cur - ly head,
 Put your arms be-neath the spread,
 Now your evening prayer is said,

And thro' all the dark-ness, dar - ling,
 And un - til the morn-ing, dar - ling,
 And un - til the day-light, dar - ling,

An - gels guard thy lit - tle bed.
 An - gels guard thy lit - tle bed.
 An - gels guard thy lit - tle bed.

CHORUS.

Slum - - ber, lit - tle dar - ling, slum - - ber, Rest your pre-cious cur - ly head,

Slum-ber, lit - tle dar - ling, Slum - ber, sweet - ly slum - ber, Rest your pre - cious cur - ly head, Oh, rest your precious cur - ly

And thro' all the dark-ness, dar - - ling, An - - gels guard thy lit - tle bed.

And thro' all the dark - ness, Yes! thro' all the dark - ness, dar - ling, An - gels guard thy lit - - tle bed, thy lit - tle bed.

head, thro' all, &c.

Rall.

Rall.

THE LADIES' *Home Cabinet*

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 47.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

KEEPING FLOWERS.

I have so much pleasure and profit from the elegant pages of the *CABINET*, I would like to give some of my own experience in the keeping of flowers. My hands are more accustomed to the trowel and rough flower-pots than the pen, but a few words from one who has had for near forty years successful cultivation of fruits, flowers, etc., might set some of your readers thinking.

The beautiful days of early autumn make one desirous of keeping some of these lovely flowers all winter; so I wished last fall, and determined to try it. Our sitting-room is in the south-east corner of the house, with veranda on both sides, closed on west end with wall of vestibule, but open east and south; a window to the floor on the south side was made a door by removing sash and shutters. First laid thick building paper on the veranda floor, then 2x3 inch scantling, filling it in with dry sawdust; then the floor, a double base a foot high, with three inches space stuffed with sawdust, made it cold-proof at bottom, and enclosed a space seven feet square. The east and south sides are all glass, fitted close to the ceiling and sides; a narrow stud between the sash gives strength. Outside, the base is finished in panel work, and painted to correspond with the house, the

sash stained cherry color; inside is finished smooth and painted sky-blue; is heated through the open (window) door from the sitting-room; the stove is a coal stove, and the fire never goes out, and burns no

very warm water with ammonia in it. It was a perfect success and a blaze of bloom all last winter. On the coldest nights newspapers were put between the plants and glass; the temperature was between 60 and 90°.

The whole cost was fifty dollars, and I think the pleasure of being able to lift your eyes to the floral treasures from the work-table or sewing machine is heavy interest for the money. It is all put together with screws, and two hours work took it down, packed it away (will soon put it up again), and restored the veranda to its summer use; the sash and shutters were replaced early. Such is my conservatory, which was the admiration of all the country, and made our place known as "the house where the flowers are."

JERSEY WOMAN.

Sweet Peas.—In the September number of the *CABINET* H. W. M. wishes to know why Sweet Peas fail to bloom. I am satisfied late planting is the cause. I planted seed in June two years, the first year not a bud appeared, though the vines were very thrifty. This year they did not show signs of blooming until the first of September. This morning I find a few scattered blossoms, while those planted early in April have supplied us with bouquets the whole season.



SCENE IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

extra coal; the sun often helps by warming the earth. The floor is covered with thick oilcloth, and the plants are kept clean by frequent showering with

I find a few scattered blossoms, while those planted early in April have supplied us with bouquets the whole season.

Floral Contributions.

FOLIAGE FOR CHURCH FLOWERS.

[In reply to the inquiry of Mitchellia Repens, in August number, "What shall we have for green?"]

"Deterioration" has run low with me, even down to the carrot patch in the vegetable garden. A year ago I would have despised it, but now, I confess, when I steal out of the house of a Sunday morning—short waterproof dress and rubbers on, basket and knife in hand—my first visit is to the garden, to line my basket with the tall, dark and light, plummy, ferny leaves of the carrot. They should be gathered while yet the dew is on, or thrown soon into water; else, especially if the weather is dry and warm, they might wilt before going into the vases. Once in water and erect, they will stand a week.

Let me describe my last arrangement for a mid-August Sunday service. The vase came from the breakfast-room closet—a tall, large glass fruit-dish, filled with wet sand. At first I went to the carrot-bed, and next to the poppy and dahlia borders adjoining; lastly, I visited the vases that stand in the front yard, and the borders cut in the lawn, the brackets under the piazza roof, and the vines that cling to the trellis and pillars all about the house. There are always in summer abundant half-spent trusses of scarlet and white geraniums needing to be cut, the pods and withered parts of which can be trimmed away with small, sharp scissors, and the remainder massed to excellent advantage. Thus, with my vase and my large market-basket filled to overflowing, the trailing vines laid on last, I proceed to the chapel, to lay my offering on the altar of the Lord.

Long sprays of the Clematis, or Virgin's Bower, are placed in the sand, to fall over the front of the dish, and, lest they draw out, small stones are laid over the ends of the stems. My vine, I judge, is the infertile plant which grows much larger and more massive than its mate—the vine that runs daintily over thickets, and after flowering, is tufted with the silky tails of the seed.

Back of the Clematis are inserted longer sprays of the Madeira Vine, so, when the vase is in place, these may be brought forward to come beneath and below, their fresh, waxen leaves and graceful fall making a fine contrast to the Clematis, which is in fringing blossom and white bud to the very tip. Straying outside, and over and among these, are the trailing stems of that most exquisite of all vines—the Adlumia Cirrhosa, or Mountain Fringe—its fine-cut leaves and tendrils, and pale, drooping flowers, showing against the tinted wall of the chapel, have a charming effect, though in a very large church it might be lost.

In the middle of the dish are placed a few stiff asparagus branches, with the tops cut off—I am not yet so deteriorated as to be willing that these should show—and in this are set vivid Nasturtiums, falling down among the vines, pale Dahlias, Double Poppies, in shades from gray-white to deep crimson; scarlet, cream, and buff Zinnias; white Drummond Phloxes—far more effective than Candytuft, and as easily raised—double white stock Gillies, and large, white Asters. Among these, green sprays of the more delicate Clematis, and for a background, the carrot leaves, and—shall I say it?—the rather graceful spiked panicles of the Pigweed (*Chenopodium Album*), and—tell it not to ears polite—the Nettle. Its gray-green blossoms, in a panicle spike, looked pretty to me; with its leaves cut away, very few would guess what it was, and both had a good effect to vary the outlines and shades of green. I find often how lowliest things may serve highest uses.

Done, and in a measure to answer my ideal. Three hours of my precious Sunday morning are gone; the books I long to look into must remain shut; but have I not heard from afar the song of the wood-thrush which would never have reached me save through the hush of the early Sabbath hour? Have I not revelled in the dewy freshness and fragrance and beauty of the garden and lawn, and rested while I worked alone for the love of the dear Lord and his followers, in the sanctuary? I know how many weary eyes will find refreshment in the beauty of the flowers, while the spirit is strengthened by the service, and thus I get my compensation.

The vase for next Sunday is all in my mind. A tall silver pitcher in quaint design. From its narrow throat ray out spikes of Gladiolus in flame color, and shades of cherry and scarlet; above them deep green river grasses, which I grow for the purpose in abundance around a fountain, and a few sword-like leaves of the Flower-de-Luce or the Cat-Tail (or reed mace), *Typhoea Latifolia*. Lower, white day Lilies—the early ones, to save the buds, are held by the stem against the end of a twig, and damp moss wrapped around and fastened by thread-wire; a few of the cool Lily leaves or small Caladiums or Cannas, are among and below the Lilies, and the pitcher, too graceful to be hidden, is lightly draped with *Maurandia* in blue and white bloom, *Adlumia* caught into the handle, and one or two English or German Ivy vines. If I have enough time and material, I shall hang a large pearl snail from the rod of the chandelier near the desk, and deck it with looping, falling, straying vines and standing ferns of the firmer sort, or with the pretty erect leaf stalks of the first year's growth of the *Adlumia*, and fill in with flowers—sometimes with deep pink and white Geraniums, Verbenas and Phloxes, or with white only, and it is charming, outlined against the wall.

The long compound deep green leaves of the Sumachs, *Rhus Typhina*, or *R. glabra*, stand well the test of the church vase; the Mountain Ash is also good, and the leaves, not the sprays, of the American Ivy, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, both to droop and stand.

Carrot, Clematis, Madeira Vine, Sumach, Ivy, *Adlumia*, only ask for a foothold in the soil, and hoe culture or no culture, or string or trellis, to furnish foliage in prodigal abundance; and ferns with little care will flourish in out-of-the-way places.

After church, the flowers are given to those who love them best or need them most. Sometimes, instead of a vase, a large brown willow basket is dressed with green, and bright bouquets, all ready to give away, laid in vase or basket, redressed with some small flowers, answer well for the dining-room mantel, or parlor, or hall bracket, after church, and so may serve a double purpose and twice repay the trouble of arranging.

IVIE GREENE.

MY CALLA LILIES.

The Calla Lily, that beautiful Nile flower, has always been a great favorite of mine. Though not an amateur florist, for I never succeed in making anything grow, I determined, after due reflection, to undertake the management of a Calla Lily which a friend presented to me in the fall of the year. As I was not gifted myself where flowers were concerned, I always envied those people who did not appear to have any more brains than I, who could carelessly break off a slip here and there from their luxuriant plants, and by merely sticking them in the ground find them sprouting in a few days in the most encouraging manner.

Still, notwithstanding the drawbacks I had to contend with, I took hold of the Calla with a cheerful heart and faithfully tended it through the winter. I soaked it in water daily till it could almost swim, bearing in mind the injunction that accompanied the gift: "Remember, the Calla comes from the wet banks of the Nile and requires a great deal of water." Through persistent effort the leaves presented a very green appearance, corresponding to the florist in charge, but there was no sign of a blossom.

When the warm weather came I determined to treat it scientifically, for I had read in different floral articles on the subject something like this: "Take your Calla Lilies, after the cold weather is over, and turn them, pots and all, on the sides, so that they will receive very little sun or rain, and pay no attention to them during the summer. In the fall take them up, re-pot them, and you will have beautiful flowers during the winter."

I attended to the first part of this piece of advice, but alas! alas! I was unable to follow it up. There is an Isaac here (I am Rebecca), and soon after my Calla was left to the tender mercies of the elements, Isaac became suddenly infatuated with gardening. My protegee being out of sight and out of mind, I had not glanced at it for two or three weeks; then, on going to look at it one day, I was quite dismayed to find nothing but a broken pot; even the earth had disappeared. Isaac was entirely over his "spell"; didn't know anything about it, but supposed he might have thrown it out as useless. I did not cry over spilled milk, for I was resolved not to acknowledge a defeat until after another trial, and in the fall I went to the florist's, bought a beauty of a Calla, already in bud (one bud), and tended it as carefully as the other. As the bud did not seem inclined to unfold, I was afraid the air of the room did not suit it, so I tried it in nearly every room in the house, and finally landed it in the lumber-room, in the fourth story. I made pilgrimages to it as to a shrine, every day, with a large supply of water, which "affliction sore long time it bore," and my efforts were in vain; the bud dropped off unopened. Still I was not discouraged, I kept at it, and finally another bud made its appearance and actually opened into a very beautiful Lily, as if under somebody else's care. I felt triumphant.

When the summer came round again I proposed to try the plan once more of turning the pot over on its side and leaving my Calla to take care of itself. I was pretty sure that Isaac would not meddle with it this time, as a burnt child dreads the fire. But there happened to be somebody else's Isaac visiting us soon after; he was taking a stroll one day in our 25 x 80, and seeing a pot lying down as if blown over by the wind, stood it up again in its normal position, and then dug up the plant to see if anything was the matter with the root, as it did not present a thriving appearance. This was a little too much for my equanimity—I happened to catch him in the act; I had quenched one Isaac, and here was another taking his place.

Now, what I am aiming at in my story is this: To find out whether anyone knows what to do with the Isaacs who, when they are not whittling, are apt to be in mischief? I think I can manage the Calla Lilies.

ELMER LYNDE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Water Lily.—Will any of the kind readers of the CABINET tell me if I can succeed in growing my Water Lily (*Nymphaea Odorata*) in a large basin of a fountain which has a northern exposure? and oblige

MRS. A. K.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Calla, or Bulb Box.—I should like the many readers of the CABINET to know how to make a bulb box like mine. Any one with common sense can make it, and it is so pretty and inexpensive it must be admired. Materials: A box two feet long, twelve inches wide, eight inches deep, made of half-inch pine plank; one pound inch brads, one pound white paint, a little glue and a little white varnish; also some straight rods of willow or cedar, half an inch or an inch thick, with the bark on. Be sure the box is strongly made. Commence by nailing a rustic strip around the upper edge so as to cover it, then strips up at each side of the corners, then a strip around the bottom. Next make the length into spaces of eight inches each, and nail a strip down to divide it off, fill in each panel for an inch and a half with strips, and it will leave you six panels, five inches square, and the ends 5x9. Next take some thin wood (shingles will do), and cut out panels to fit the spaces, making them as smooth as possible with plane and sandpaper; nail them in with brads; then after you are done nailing, have it lined with zinc; when this is done, give the panels four coats of white paint; when the paint is dry, take some nicely pressed ferns and gay leaves, group them nicely and glue to the centre of the panels; give all a coat of white varnish, and you will have a beautiful tiled jardiniere.

M. G. OSGOOD.

Cinnamon Vine.—A correspondent who sent us once last summer a wreath of the branches of a Cinnamon Vine, so delighted the visitors of our office with the delicious fragrance which filled the entire room for days, has at our request given us more specific information about it. "The tuber we have sent was grown in a pot, the only experiment of the kind, which proves it may be grown in the house, and in pots of almost any size for this purpose. I would recommend yearling tubers; the bulbs should be planted in the garden, and the tubers at one and two years old, planted where vines are wanted for ornament around arbors and front-doors of dwellings. Our strongest vines, from three-year old roots, ran 30 feet; these were in the garden on lofty poles; those by the side of the front-door, two-year old tubers, were conducted on heavy twines perpendicularly, and then horizontally to completely surround the entrance, top and sides. Morning Glories were trained upon the same string. The effect of the beautiful green leaves of the two vines, and the open flowers of the Morning Glory, together with the fragrance of the Cinnamon Vine, may be imagined, but realized only by their presence."

I. W. BRIGGS.

Church Flowers.—I was much interested in an article on "Church Flowers," in August number of CABINET. Mitchella asks if some one will suggest suitable green for her church bouquets. The most beautiful I have ever seen is the Cypress Vine, so graceful and delicate; then the varieties of Tropæolum, the leaves of the English Ivy (the shoots are too stiff); try the old fashioned sweet Clover. I agree with her that those who will work may, but do not consider the work of beautifying the house of God a thankless task. Anything will not do if you can get better. Do not the eyes of perhaps hundreds feast upon these our Father's gifts, and the more heartily thank the Giver? God has given us so much of the beautiful in this world, let us in beautifying His temple, dedicate the best back to Him. Once, I

too had the privilege of adorning the sanctuary. Now both pulpit and decorations are things of the past, for in my far off home in the rural districts of Oregon, these privileges are denied me. My sister, work while you can. The ten-weeks stock, double white, Sweet Pea and Mignonette, are all lovely in church bouquets.

MRS. C. S. HAMILTON.

Sooly Qua.—Has any one heard of this famous cucumber? W— bought a package of seeds early in the spring (cost fifty cents), and as soon as possible submitted them to the test of growth. One was planted in a small wooden box, and after careful nursing in the house, was planted out on the approach of warm weather. With great delight we watched its growth, and when at last a cucumber (?) appeared, we were on the *qui vive* for the result. A delegation was appointed every few days to measure and report its length, while we daily hied to the garden with solemn and expectant aspect and visions of the rare and delicious dish dancing through our heads. At length it was said to have reached maturity, and our expectations being at their highest, we cut it open for inspection. Picture our chagrin and dismay when it proved to be a Luffa, or Dish-rag! Any one who has seen the latter plant will know it to be of fibrous substance, not unlike a sponge, and is used for the purpose of cleansing, as its name implies. The catalogue had reported the Sooly Qua as a Chinese cucumber, used when fully grown and served with rice; now if a Chinaman's digestive organs can manage that vegetable, I think his *post-mortem* examination will be a revelation to science. At any rate it can be but a benefiting process to devour dish-rags, and I congratulate them upon their excellent constitutions with all my heart. We threaten to give W. nothing to eat for the next six months but those delicious Sooly Quas, a proceeding which will at least cleanse him of all ideas of novelties. And now I must say a good word for the Luffa; in its own true character it is of inestimable use to housekeepers. It resembles nothing more than an irregularly woven, tangled mass of thread, absorbs readily, and is especially adapted for washing tin or glass, as it leaves no lint as a piece of cloth would. When bleached well it is beautifully white, and being cut into shapes and bound with bright colors, makes very pretty baskets. The plant is gourd-like, but much prettier and has large yellow flowers. I can furnish seed to those who will intimate the wish through the CABINET. I enclose flowers and leaves of a vine whose name I would be glad to learn. It is an evergreen, grows astonishingly fast, and clings in the same manner as do the Thunbergia and Barellyana vines—by the stem of the leaf. Can any one tell me how to destroy cut-worms? I have tried everything I hear or see, but without success.

JENNIE.

Wax Plant.—Having gained much valuable information from your paper, I beg permission to send through your columns some which I have gained by experience. L. H. H. asks, "Why do the leaves of my Wax Plant (*hoya carnosa*) wither?" I am the possessor of a Wax Plant, 36 inches high. In April, the leaves began to wither and turn yellow; in May I changed the plant to a larger pot, putting in rich garden earth well sifted—I let it stand for one week, watering it as usual; I then made a water-pail full of soapsuds of common bar-soap and tepid water, and using a watering pot, washed the plant with it, rinsing it well with clear tepid water; in two weeks after I repeated the washing, both times selecting rainy days. My plant is now sending out new leaves; it

has regained its original rich green color, and has lost but one leaf. Whale-oil soap is the best kind to use for washing plants of all kinds, if obtainable.

Brooklyn, L. I.

MRS. L. DEF. B.

Squills.—Will S. J. of Easton, Mass., please describe the plant Squills, of which she writes in the FLORAL CABINET of June, 1875? I have a plant known by the name of Onion Lily, also the plant Star of Bethlehem—they are quite distinct plants. My Onion Lily is ten months old. In February last, five bulbs grew from its side, amounting to nothing, dropping off one by one. In April I changed it to a larger pot and richer earth, gave it plenty of water at night, and sun by day; on the 14th of May I saw signs of bulbs forming; in two weeks afterward the outside layer (which is very thin) peeled off and exposed to view five of the most perfect little Lilies, each having a leaf; they still cling to the parent bulb, and three days since the opposite side burst open through the second layer of the bulb, which is very thick (the same as an onion), and exposed to view four more little Lilies in good condition, making nine in all. The parent Lily looks exactly like an onion; is very transparent, measures five inches in circumference, has growing from the top long narrow ribbon leaves, which droop gracefully over the sides of the pot. I suppose it belongs to the family of Amaryllis, and as this is my first experience with one, I would like to know from some of the readers of the CABINET what they know about them.

MRS. L. DEF. B.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Tradescantia.—Vines are great favorites of mine, especially those which will grow in the shade. They look so graceful and pretty twining around picture frames, trailing over vases, brackets and mantels, and making our very walls a support for their brightness and beauty. Surely, there are no ornaments more beautiful than those which nature provides, for making our homes cheerful and pleasant. Last November, before we had hard frosts, I cut about fifteen sprigs of what we call Jacob's Ladder or Joint Plant (I think it is the green variety of Tradescantia); they were very thrifty, having grown in a shady, sheltered place in the garden. I put them in a Parian marble vase of water, where they rooted, and grew very fast. The longest ones were eight inches in length when cut, and now (1st of June) they are five feet, and several of them have branched. I have trained them over our book shelves, and a picture which hangs above them, and the glossy green vines are peeping out from every nook and corner, looking as pretty and growing as fast as ever. I keep the vase full of water, and when the leaves get dusty, I take it down and sprinkle them. If those who never have grown this plant in water, would do so, they would be amply repaid for their trouble. I think the cuttings should be thrifty, and placed in something which the light cannot shine through, as the roots like darkness. Can any one tell me of another vine that will grow in water? Does any one know of a remedy for lice on Aster roots? We lost three-quarters of a large collection last year by the little torments. The black ants destroy our Peony buds every year; what will prevent them?

Warren, R. I.

MINNIE.

Asparagus.—In answer to Mitchella Repens, in the August number of the CABINET, I would say that Asparagus will, in my opinion, answer her requirements, and add grace and beauty to her bouquets. If she will send me her address, I will send her some seeds in the Autumn.

C. L. MARION.

Woburn, Mass.

Flower Gardening.

PELARGONIUMS, Etc.

I have frequently seen communications in the CABINET in regard to the culture of Pelargoniums; and as I have had some experience in raising them, I thought perhaps it would help some despondent sister to successfully grow them and have as handsome plants as mine.

Three summers ago a friend gave me a large and healthy slip of a fine Pelargonium; for want of better knowledge I planted it in quite a large pot. I kept it all winter in this pot and it did not grow at all, but when spring came it began to grow; its branches spread far and wide, and it blossomed profusely the last of May.

Following the directions given me by some one, I then cut it back, and the consequence was I had no more blossoms that season, and very little growth. I concluded that I'd "kill or cure," so I cut it back to the main stalk that was about five inches high; the top had three main branches, and I cut it just below where they met, so that all three were joined together; this top I planted in a three-inch pot, it rooted immediately, commenced to grow and made a lovely bushy plant, and is now full of large promising bunches of buds. The stalk remained in the large pot and put out a few leaves and then stopped. Completely exasperated with it I took it out of the pot and shook all the earth from the roots, potted it in a three-inch pot with street dirt and garden soil, half and half. Did it grow? Yes, it grew, and is now a great bush about a yard in circumference, and just as full of buds as it can be.

Shown from above, I think, that a small pot, rich soil, not too much sun, and avoid cutting back, will generally produce plants that will be a delight to behold. They do very well bedded out in the summer.

Geraniums are very easy to cultivate if properly managed. To begin with, about midsummer obtain young healthy slips that break easily; root them in tiny pots or saucers of sand, and as soon as they begin to grow, pinch back to make them throw out branches; for if they grow after their "own sweet will" you will have plants very awkward in appearance. Pot them now in two-inch pots in good soil, two-thirds garden soil and one-third leaf mold, and a little sand (I prefer the coarse river sand, but fine silver sand does very nicely) is about right for all Geraniums.

In the autumn re-pot them in three or four-inch pots and place them in their winter quarters before a fire is started, and thus accustom them to the change; they will go straight to growing, and always, provided you wash their leaves and keep them clean, you will have plants that will be sure to attract attention by their rich green leaves and distinct markings, even though you have no blossoms. Geraniums treated in this way will bloom about the middle of January (if they have a sunny situation) and continue in bloom all through the remainder of the winter and spring.

In summer, bed them all out, and your garden will be a mass of bloom until heavy frost. I hear through the CABINET that United Italy and many others lose their markings when bedded out; such has not been my experience; my United Italy and all my Zonales are bedded out, and are as distinct and beautiful as though in a greenhouse, and in size and texture of the leaves much superior.

In the grounds of the United States Treasury, they

I have also had some experience in the culture of Begonias, and for the benefit of Mrs. Stewart, and any others who may be troubled in keeping them through the winter, I will tell my experience. Last summer I bought three, one—a leaf variety—Madame Alweldt, one pink Weltoniensis, and a white Passiflora. They did very well all summer, and bloomed, and in the fall I brought them in the house and placed them in a south window. The leaf variety was in my basket and it was too wet for it, and it soon dropped all its leaves and did not appear again all winter, while the white one grew more and more feeble and finally died; so I brought my poor little one into my room where it was warmer, but with only a north window, and gave it very little water; it commenced to grow very nicely, when one day I broke off one of the two slender stalks. I was in despair; however, I planted the slip in the same pot and was soon delighted to know that it had rooted. The parent plant grew quite slowly, but finally put out two new shoots from the roots, and then it began to grow faster, and is now a large flowering plant.

The leaf Begonia showed itself this spring, and I took it out of the basket and planted it in a pot by itself, and it has now two large handsome leaves and another coming very rapidly. A slip of white Begonia was sent me in the winter from Indiana, and although it came in such cold weather it grew and flourished and threatens to rival my Weltoniensis in size and beauty. The leaves are large and smooth, a very light green that sparkles when the sun shines on it. If any rule can be laid down for the culture of Begonias, I think the following directions learned from dearly bought experience will come as near being correct as any:

A rich garden soil with a little leaf mold and enough sand to make it quite light, and common flower-pots without glazing or paint, and bits of charcoal for drainage, will be almost certain to grow Begonias.

In potting them put about two inches of broken charcoal and fill the pot to within one-half an inch of the top to allow for watering; be sure to place the plants in the centre of the pot, for they are a perfect eyesore to me if at all one-sided. Use only common pots, as they are porous and absorb all surplus moisture, and only water when dry, and you will have no trouble in raising large, constant and flourishing plants.

A. F. PETERSON.

Washington, D. C.

Red Spider, Etc.—It is said that the plant pest called "the red spider," which often ruins the choicest house plants, may be removed by frequently syringing the afflicted plant with carbolic soap-suds.

Many people dose the "Aphis" with tobacco smoke. But this troublesome creature usually attacks only plants which are in some way diseased, and therefore the surest method of getting rid of them is to doctor the sick plant by sunshine, charcoal and good drainage. A white spot is often made on a painted window-seat by allowing flower-pots to set long thereon. To remedy this, take fine wood ashes, rub the spot, then wash off with clean water.



PASSIFLORA. PASSION FLOWER VINE.

have circular beds twenty feet in diameter, filled with brilliant scarlet Geraniums, and they are one mass of bloom all summer long, and perfectly dazzling to look upon; and then there are innumerable beds of Petunias that are all blossom, and Roses, Tropæolums, Perennial Phlox, Gladiolus, Carnations, and all beds edged or outlined by deep red Coleus; the walks are five feet wide, of grass, shaven so close that it looks like velvet.

Floral Pleasantries.

BOUQUETS.

What a pleasure to gather the beautiful flowers, and fashion them into bouquets, to ornament our rooms, decorate the graves of our dear ones, or gladden the heart of the invalid! They are fit messengers of love and sympathy to our sick and suffering friends, telling their own story of heavenly care and protection.

Many people dislike to cut their flowers at all, while others will pluck all kinds and colors in one bunch, and, never giving a thought to their arrangement, crowd them into a little vase, or put them in an old pitcher too large by half, and down go several of the prettiest into the water out of sight. We should know when we gather our flowers what we wish to do with them, and cut and arrange them accordingly. Some flowers have very short stems; these look pretty in something shallow like a saucer, for we dislike to cut off large clusters of buds every time we pick a Verbena, or take a whole plant to get one Pansy or Balsam.

Every bouquet should have a good proportion of green and white, and not too many bright colors, for it is in poor taste to put all shades and varieties together. Neither should flowers be formed into rank and file like a regiment of infantry, where like the soldiers they lose all their individuality by their similar positions and crowded appearance, but grouped loosely and gracefully, letting each flower show its own peculiar beauty and habit as far as possible. Those with long, slender stems, such as the Tassel Flower and Calliopsis, look so pretty nodding their heads above their larger and stiffer companions. Then the Pansy, which chooses a shady nook to grow and bloom in, should never be placed on the outside of a bouquet to stare at the whole world, but be seen peeping out from beneath the green leaves, half hidden from view; while the stately Gladiolus may look proudly fourth from the centre, surrounded and intertwined with fine flowers or wavy green.

Very pretty bouquets can be made in saucers of wet sand; they are easily arranged, the sand keeping each flower in place. These are very appropriate to place in the cemetery, as the flowers appear to have grown and blossomed there in the grass. Very beautiful ones are made with the June Pinks, the white English Pinks, and two or more kinds of Rose-buds, with a Rose just opened in the centre. For green the Scotch Rose leaves are the prettiest for the top, they are so small and delicate. Place larger Rose leaves round the edge, allowing them to fall over and hide the saucer, and the bouquet will appear to be made in a wreath of Rose leaves. The next morning the Rose-buds will have opened, and you will almost wonder if this is the same bouquet you made the day before.

There are no flowers that excel the lovely Pinks and

Roses; to their firmness of texture, perfect form, and beautiful coloring, is added a delicate perfume, more pleasing by far than that of the Mignonette, which is not a particular favorite of mine. I would choose first those flowers having beauty as well as sweetness, among which will be found the half-hardy purple Heliotrope and Sweet Alyssum. Let us always have the pretty, sweet-scented blossoms, for fragrance gives a delightful charm to our bouquets.

A very common mistake is the forming of too many flowers in one cluster, destroying their graceful, airy effect; a few, carefully selected, and tastefully arranged with slender sprays of running vine, and finely cut, wavy green, will surely give us more pleasure than a confused mass, of many varieties, so huddled and jammed together that they present the rueful ap-



GARDEN VASE OF FLOWERS AND GRASSES.

pearance of floral criminals condemned to die by suffocation.

MINNIE.

THE WATER LILY'S STORY.

When I first opened my eyes to the daylight I was in a lovely place. My home was a beautiful pond, whose waters were so clear they reflected the blue sky and fleecy clouds overhead, and where everything was still, and calm, and quiet; I was surrounded by fair companions each as lovely as myself. We grew fairer and sweeter every day, and we thought ourselves better than the common flowers that grew on the farther side of the pond, the Daisies, the Blue Violets, Adders Tongues, that queer fellow, Jack in the Pulpit,

and the Wild Rose, who was so rude if anyone touched her. Were we not tall and slender, fair and sweet of face, and did not our green dresses become our fair complexions wonderfully? Were we not admired by every one who saw us; and more than all, did not our mirror, the pond, tell us we were beautiful every time we glanced in it? Yesterday there came to our pleasant home a gay pleasure-boat with a party of ladies and gentlemen; the ladies all exclaimed, as soon as they saw us, "Oh, how sweet, how lovely!" and one, whose face was like an angel's, reached over and took me and several of my companions into the boat with them. The other ladies gathered some of my fair sisters, and we were all carried away to our new and separate homes. The lady that I and my sisters were with took us to a grand house on a hill, where we were again admired and our fragrance inhaled, and at night I shone like a star in the raven braids of my new mistress's hair in a ball-room. Her lover's hand placed me there, and as he did so, he bent and whispered something in her ear, and then kissed the rosy lips that looked so tempting. The warm blood rose to her cheek, and I thought I never had beheld anything so beautiful. I missed my old home and my pretty mates, but I felt sure I had fallen into good

hands, and I felt proud in having so beautiful a mistress, and being so admired. When my mistress came home and looked in the mirror she saw my drooping head, for the heat in the ball-room had made me faint and languid. She took me from her hair, and said, tenderly, as she held me in her hand, "Poor wilted lily, I'm sorry you faded so soon." Then she put me in a vase of water, which refreshed and strengthened me, and this morning when she looked at me my white petals were open once more, which made her exclaim: "Ah, my pretty lily, you are alive yet, aint you." But I have lost some of my fragrance, and I know that before the sun sets I shall be dead, for the life of a lily is very frail. They say this is a cold world, but "my lines have fallen in pleasant places," and I am sure that when I am dead, and all my beauty and fragrance gone forever, my sweet mistress will not throw me into the street to be trampled in the mud, but will lay me carefully away in remembrance of the night when her lover whispered sweet tender words as he placed me in her shining braids of hair.

Wiggletails.—I see in the September number of the CABINET that Henry Cordes wishes to know what will prevent wiggletails in a tub of plants. A small fish, say perch, caught in any stream or pond, will keep the water entirely free from the above pest, and mosquitoes will not bother. Only keep the tub full as it evaporates, just fill up with fresh water, no need to bail the water; I have a perch in a tub of Water Lilies, and the tub of water is free from all pests of the kind. I catch a few house-flies once or twice a week and throw them in the water just to see the fish eat them.

PRISCILLA.

Stories.

A HEART'S REWARD.

Mabel Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion. A servant stood in waiting.

She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps attracted her attention. She raised her eyes and looked out. The crimson flush deepened on her bright young face, as "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret escaped her lips.

She turned round after an instant of thought and said:

"John, I am not just ready to finish this list, and shall not send it for an hour yet. If you have anything to attend to in the meantime you can do it."

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a distant part of the room. Hearing the door close after John's departure, he said:

"You have not forgotten to send for those wines I spoke of, my dear?"

"He has not gone yet, papa."

"Ah, well, do not make it late. They will be very busy to-night," her father said, turning again to his paper.

"Papa."

"Well?"

"A boon, papa. Promise to grant me this last day of the year my boon!"

"What is it, my love?"

"Promise to grant it, first."

"Not in ignorance, my child."

"Trust me, father."

She had an eager, earnest, noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her.

"Well, you shall have your way."

"Father, let us abstain from using wines to-morrow."

"What! no, no; I cannot grant you that. No wines! Why, child, have you gone crazy? For twenty-five years I have offered my friends wine on New Year's day, and never have felt that I was doing anything wrong. What has come over you?"

"Oh, father, I have never felt just right when offering men wine, and just now as I was making out the order for John, I chanced to raise my eyes just as Edgar Livingston was passing. It needed but a glance to see he was very much under the influence of liquor. Father, his mother is a widow; he is her only child, and all her earthly hopes centre in him. Will they not be wrecked, think you, if he indulges in the wine cup? To-morrow he will make many calls. Beautiful women will offer him wine. He will not have the courage, possibly, to wish to decline. To-morrow night, most likely, he will return home to fill his mother's heart with sorrow. I do not wish to contribute one drop to that bitter cup."

"My dear, whether we have wines or not, with him it will be all the same, as you say he will make many calls."

"Father, if you had a son, would you not talk differently? Think how many young men of the brightest future have failed, nay worse, won disgrace and early graves, from love of wine. I feel as if Edgar Livingston stood upon the brink of a fearful precipice. Father, stretch forth your strong arm to draw him—if only step by step."

Just then a servant entered and handed him an envelope, saying:

"A telegram, sir."

Mr. Clifton tore it quickly open, read it, and exclaimed:

"Really, this is too bad, but I must go. John, here—"

And hastily writing a few words for a return dispatch, he handed it to the servant, and turning to Mabel, said:

"My old friend Harwell is dying, and begs that I will hasten to him. I can not deny him. So you will have to entertain my friends to-morrow, and explain to them the reason of my failing to see them this first time for so many years."

"And—well, dear, you can do as you choose about the bill of fare. As I shall not be at home, the people will not hold me responsible for what happened in my absence."

An hour after, Mr. Clifton was on his way to the side of his dying friend, and Mabel sat down and wrote:

"DEAR FLORA:—Come help me to receive our friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away, and I must have you with me, as I am particularly anxious to have my reception a success. Lovingly yours,
MABEL."

"Edgar likes Flory, I can see plainly, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him. Together I think we can manage to hold him here to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, most likely," said Mabel.

Mabel Clifton was one of the loveliest girls in P—. Friends wondered that her heart had not yielded to some one of her many suitors. They did not know that she had no heart to yield to any of those who had sought it. The first season she appeared in the select circle in which her father's wealth and position had placed her, she met Ernest Addison. He was a noble looking man, talented, with mind and heart alike filled with true resolve. To Mabel he had been very attentive, and she grew to love him, feeling sure the time was not far distant when he would come to tell her of his love. But months rolled by, and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until they ceased. What it was that had come between his love and her she could never think; but she felt perfectly sure that he did love her, and so, hoping that time would solve the mystery and bring a balm to her wounded spirit, she watched and waited for the coming.

New Year's day came beautiful and bright. Mabel and her friend, Flory, never looked lovelier. Mabel had explained her wishes, and fully infused her spirit into her friend. It was impossible for any indifferent person not to feel their power of fascination. To Edgar Livingston, one of their first guests, they were quite irresistible. He lingered on, notwithstanding the many efforts of a young friend who accompanied, to draw him away.

"Do stay and help us," said Mabel, and when Flory's beautiful eyes repeated the wish, Edgar yielded.

Few, if any, went away from the Clifton mansion dissatisfied. But, as her father had said, many tongues were busy speculating about it, and in a few hours it was widely known that Miss Clifton was giving a temperance reception. Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the door on every new arrival of guests. She had hoped for the coming of a certain one. She had seated herself wearily in an arm chair when the same greeting that had fallen on her ears so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes, the beautiful flush to her face, as she rose to receive Ernest Addison. There was rare expression in his eyes, when he received from her the greeting which seemed as if seeking an answer to the suspense of years. Edgar Livingston

had drawn Flory to the window. They were looking out on the passers by. Reeling along the sidewalk, shouting and singing a drunken song, came Edgar's friend of the morning. Flory turned from the sickening sight. Edgar followed, saying:

"But for you and Miss Clifton, I might have been one of that party." And going to Mabel, he said:

"Miss Clifton, your slumber to-night should be peaceful. You have not helped to cloud either brain or heart of any of your friends to-day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me from both."

Edgar saw an expression in Ernest's eyes that made him think it would be quite as agreeable to all parties if he would take Flory back to the recess of the window, to the piano, or any where out of hearing just then. A few moments after his fine voice was blended with hers in a well chosen duet. Then Ernest told Mabel of the love that had been hers ever since he knew her.

"I came one night to lay my heart before you. You had many guests and offered them wine. You noticed not that I placed my glass untouched on the table. I left early. I dared not woo the heart of one who held such a fearful temptation before me; why you will know when I tell you the terrible truth. My only brother went down to a drunkard's grave, the woman he loved urging him on. For a time mother and I won him from the fatal passion. He was doing well. We believed he would fulfil the bright promise of early youth. He grew to love a beautiful girl. She was wild and thoughtless, and one night at a party in her father's house, she urged him to drink. 'One glass. Every one but you takes wine,' said she. He resisted. She taunted him about having to abstain entirely because he had not the self-control to use wine in moderation. He yielded, accepted the fatal glass from her hand, and drank, first moderately, then on and on, in the old fearful way, until the end came—a ruined life and a mother's broken heart. Do you wonder that I fled from you? Every hour since, yearning to return yet daring not. To-day I heard what you were doing. Earnestly thanking God that light had dawned upon you, I hastened here to lay my heart before the only woman I ever loved. Will you be my wife, Mabel?"

Her heart was too full of joy; she could not tell him in words how happy she was, but her little hands lay still in his. She raised her eyes a moment, and he saw the love of years beaming there. He needed no answer. Judging from the low tones into which the voices in the other room had fallen, I think some other hearts must have found their mates. But the pairs were separated, or rather rejoined, by the return of Mr. Clifton, who entered, calling out:

"Mabel, dear, to me these rooms look rather dark. Let's have the gas turned on, if you please."

And when there was light enough for Mr. Clifton to look into his daughter's eyes he saw a bright light shining there. Another moment, when Flory came to greet him, he said with a smile,

"Ah, I see why you young folks know nothing of the surrounding darkness—guided by the light within. Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"A happy day, father; there are no regrets to steal in and mar it," Mabel said with a bright smile.

"I am glad of it—glad of your resolve, Mabel. How glad you will know when I tell you that this morning I closed the eyes of a father whose only son was away in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that father! And what a balm it was to think at that time my daughter was not holding the fatal glass to any young man," said Mr. Clifton, his voice trembling.

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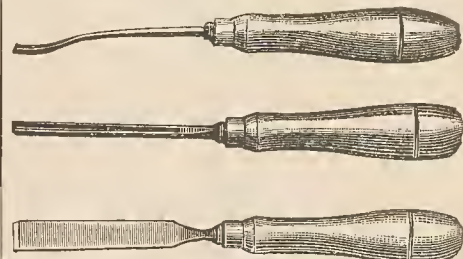
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Home Life.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

Of all the myriad forms of government that have existed since the world began the most enduring and beautiful is that of home. A dominion divinely appointed, in no age or country has it equalled the fair proportions of the present day.

It is comparatively easy to make home attractive with abundant means at command; but it is a most invigorating art and science in the opposite case. It calls out the dormant energies and faculties, exciting to healthful brain and finger work. Circumstances are powerful allies; they do not wholly control us. We may be chained to an unceasing round of toil and care, with no outlook on any side. Then we must look up! High above us let the spirit soar like one of Liszt's grand triumphal strains, "I will hope and I will conquer," and we do conquer if but one heart and life by us is made happy and forever blest. Not what our family have but what they are, that makes the superiority of classes with all truly cultured people. The most charming room in the house should be the living room, even if the sunshine has to be the principal furniture. No upholsterer's art can introduce a feature that can approximate to it for comfort and beauty. Let it come to the flowers first, freely with its royalty of warmth and splendor. Corolla and calyx will expand and throb and burst into a passion of efflorescence for the lover they adore. Let it light up the glory of the paintings, strike down in golden bars upon the music and play in aureoles around the heads

of children. Many a woman would think three hundred dollars a meagre sum for a year's outlay on dress, yet will such a one for a moment consider that this will procure the principal reproductions of classic

tian schools is a rich recompense for some reduction in expenses. Less than this fills the shelves of the family library. The education of our schools is potent, but that of home paramount to all! The work of the day ought never to prevent at least an hour's recreation

with books by the mother who would command the respect and admiration as well as the love of her children and husband. She owes this to them no less than to herself. We instinctively imitate whatever we love.

Therefore, it is the true ideal of a young girl's heart to sometime occupy a position as honored and pleasant as her mother's;

that of the son to win for himself a lady whose chief charm in his eyes is that she is like his mother! Such a one is dearer to her children to their dying day, in reality and memory, in that peculiar and indefinable relation than any other. None ever take her place. She inspires the highest love and reverence and to deeds of deathless daring, as much as the memorable mothers of Napoleon and Washington, what though they go unrecorded. Her home is a focus of attraction; it does solid good in the

world, and is a perpetual reproach to the neglected and gloomy abodes near it. It puts to shame their monstrous growths of selfishness and pitiful abortions of Christianity. Few are the children that will dishonour such a home, and those will suffer the poignant sorrow of the earliest created for the paradise they lost.

The interest that invests such a place is undying, till the contemplation of the change from the beautiful home on earth to the more beautiful one in heaven seems but a transformation scene. Heaven becomes but a continuation of home.

M. NEALL.



LITTLE COQUETTE.

sculpture in ancient and modern times. This is of itself a rare education and beautifier of home. To have upon our walls copies from the works of the celebrated painters of the German, French and Vene

Ladies' Boudoir.

BY AND BY.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the love of a dear one nigh,
Yet thinking, still thinking, of hopes by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with grief or joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Ever believing—yes, yes, I—
Joy would be sweeter, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel—Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh?
All will be otherwise, by and by.

What will it matter? Naught! if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;
Mentioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What the sorrow, grief, or unheard sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it, by and by?

Oh! it will matter, by and by—
Nothing but this: That joy or pain
Lifted me skyward; helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven! Home! Love! all—by and by.

OUR HOMES.

How gloomy are some places called home; not a plant in the window; but instead a torn paper window blind, looking as sorry and sad as the inmates themselves. Did I say torn window blinds? Yes, only look! They are not half tacked up, as they should be, and the children not being trained that there is a place for everything (as Carrie Lee says, and she is exactly right, too), have been shooting holes through the blinds, instead of playing out doors with their bows and arrows. "There, now! Charlie, I told you to take that garden-rake out of the house; now that makes two panes of glass you have broke to-day. Here! stick your pa's best hat in there; he wont want it to-day, as I know of. Children, what have you done with the cradle pillow. Here it is, ma; I stuck it in the window, to keep out the rain." At this same home (if you can give it that name), I'll defy you to get into the house without stepping on bits of paper, which should have been put into the rag bag; scraps of calico and muslin, which would have made a lovely quilt; carpet rags, barrel hoops, waiting to strike you in the face, if trampled upon; old bucket hales to hook fast in your dress-skirt, to say nothing of the old brooms, mop, empty fruit cans, dish-pan, and buckets, &c., &c., lying around all over the yard and porch. The wife of such a home is always to be found with a frizzly head, torn dress, and her apron would almost stand alone with dirt, instead of starch; I don't wish to visit such places, but I do say it is enough to drive a husband to hunt another boarding place.

This won't do. I did not take up my pen to write on the subject of dirt, but to tell our kind editor, as well as the readers of the CABINET, that I wish you could all see my CABINET pictures. I have "Primrose Gatherers" framed and hung in the parlor; in a group, in my sitting-room, I have "Gems of the Flower Garden," "Good Night," "Good Morning," "My Window Garden," and "The Morning Song." The two last named I happened to have old frames for, and I covered the frame with candle-wick, and crystalized it with alum, for the lovely song-bird. I thought to add to the beauty of "My Window Garden." I'd put a strip of white paper around it, about

an inch and a half wide, for a margin; and I succeeded in it, to be sure I did. I then covered the old-fashioned frame with raw cotton and crystalized it, and I feel proud of them; they are beauties.

Aunt Leisurely, could you visit Aunt Jemima, I would introduce you to my old man, made of cornstalks; but he is not so good-looking as William Penn. He has a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, filled with the "weed;" but I never have caught him smoking yet; and he has a gun, ready to fire at the big stuffed owl, wild pigeon, or grey squirrel, by which he is surrounded. The wild pigeon has been sitting on a nest of eggs for five or six years—I guess she'll never hatch—and the squirrel sits up with a hickory nut in his mouth. Isn't it strange that these folks can all live in one dooryard? Well, they do, and live in peace. Their dooryard is a board, a little over a foot wide, and about four feet long. This is fastened up to the wall with strong eord (wool twine), and I trimmed the eord with shrubbery. I begged a pasteboard box of our clever storekeeper; cut out a window, and pasted white curtains inside; made a door, and sewed it fast, and left it standing half open, with a white button sewed on for a doorknob; put carpet on the floor, gave the roof a high slope, and covered it and the dooryard, also, with moss. I have a fence all around the yard cut out of pasteboard, and a gate, too; and a graveled walk to the house from the gate. I also have an old-fashioned log cabin, made of cornstalks. Success to the CABINET.

AUNT JEMIMA.

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving Day!" what magic do those two simple words contain. Well we remember how our youthful hearts swelled with gladness as the time drew nigh. Yes! we were going to the old homestead to spend Thanksgiving; eagerly we counted the days until at last the Wednesday evening came; our dreams all that night were of the good times we were to have on the morrow. Early the next morn, long before the great god of day had made his appearance over the mountain tops, we were awakened by the sleigh-bells. Bounding out and peeping through the curtains we saw the big sled drawn up before the door, waiting to be filled, and filled it was in a very short time; father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, all crowded in, with many a laugh and shout, and away we sped over the level road, bound for grandpa's. Many sleighs were passed, brimful of men, women and children, who were all brimful of fun. Soon we saw the old red farm-house with its weather-beaten gables and broad chimneys; with one grand shout we all landed safe in the sitting-room, where grandpa's and grandma's cheery voices bade us a hearty welcome. We were soon divested of our wrappings, and gathered around the big fireplace which was well filled with hickory logs, whose cracking and snapping made a merry accompaniment to our happy hearts.

Soon sleigh-bells were heard again, and the well-known forms of Jonathan Peabody and his mother, dear old Aunt Sally, came in view. Out in the hall we bounded, and after cordial greetings Aunt Sally was established in her accustomed place in the chimney corner, Jonathan in his favorite position before the fire, his hands stuffed in his pockets and his thin Yankee physiognomy beaming with supreme satisfaction. Aunt Debby was flying back and forth, her bright sunny face giving pleasure to all who came near her; every time the door leading into the kitchen was opened we stretched our necks and peeped about to see if we could catch a glimpse of the well-filled tables we

knew were there. Soon Aunt Debby's cheery voice announced "dinner is ready!" What a rush! we all knew that on this day there would be no unlucky ones whose fate would be to wait, but we were all seated, from dear old grandpa and grandma, whose heads were silvered by the frosts of many winters, to Aunt Katie's little two-year-old Nellie, whose round blue eyes gazed in wonder at the scenes around her.

How could we wait while grace was said? But we had been trained by pious parents, and reverently bowed our heads while grandpa with tremulous voice asked God's blessing on all, and thanked Him for the bountiful store spread before us. Soon he breathed the low "Amen." Then began the fun—turkey, chickens, and boiled ham; potatoes, turnips, and cabbage were piled on our plates; then came mince pie, doughnuts, and, best of all, pumpkin pie—how we did eat! No caution; no thought of getting sick, or having bad dreams; but we ate and ate until we could hold no more. After dinner the kitchen was soon cleared, and we young folks took possession of it. We played "Blind Man's Buff," "Pussy wants a Corner," and all the games dear to our young hearts. As the shadows lengthened, and the kitchen grew dark, we piled the broad, old fireplace full of logs, and the bright flames cast their ruddy light over the low ceiling and whitewashed walls. Nuts, apples, cider, and popcorn were brought, and we all gathered close around the hearthstone. Stories were proposed, and Jonathan was called, who was always ready to spin his long yarns. He soon had us spellbound with his wondrous ghost stories; some of the more timid glanced uneasily toward the dimly lighted corners, and we all sat (mouths, eyes, and ears open) as if we half expected a white, spectral form to step down the wide, old chimney. The fire burned low; and, at Aunt Debby's call, we all went in where grandpa was seated in his armchair, with the time-worn bible on his knee. He read a psalm of thanks, and offered up a fervent prayer that we all might meet on many other Thanksgiving Days, and when death called us home, we might all be united in that land where there is one eternal thanksgiving. Good nights were then spoken, and we were soon in the land of dreams.

Stockwell, Ind.

SUE O. PIERCE.

Mexican Beauties.—Ber. Percy Poore writes from the City of Mexico: "It used to be said that the Mexican ladies began the day in black, on their knees in chapels, and ended their waking hours amid the blaze of dress and jewels in the family box at the opera. I think that the matin prayers are rather out of fashion, but an opera box is still an indispensable necessary of life. Social visiting is not common, but ladies are 'at home' in their opera boxes, where their friends call upon them between the acts. The moment the drop-curtain descends there is a crackling of the wax matches in use here, cigarettes are lighted, and the gentlemen go the rounds of their lady acquaintances, who receive them courteously, coquettishly using their fans, while their lustrous eyes welcome favorites. A gentleman who has resided here for some time declares that if the Mexican ladies are not so variously beautiful as the women of the northern lands, in whose veins the blood of many nations has mingled, they are most lovable creatures in spite of the uniformity of their national type. There is a degree of exquisite tenderness and an expression of affectionate sincerity in the faces of the Mexican women which instantly wins not only respect but the confidence of the gazer. The toilets we saw at the opera were elegant, but not in any way gaudy.

Household Elegancies.

EASTER CROSS AND BASKET OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. C. S. JONES.

In answer to Mrs. James A. Morgan's request to give instructions in making Easter Cross and Basket of Flowers, I am somewhat at a loss to know whether she means with wax or natural flowers. To make a basket of natural materials entirely, first obtain one of the tiny willow baskets sold at the floral stores, or construct one of pasteboard or wire (in the latter case make only half a basket, as if it were cut longitudinally). By cutting four pieces of card, wider at top than bottom, and sloping in the sides, a recurved form will be given as in the imported baskets; sew the edges together, with a slender wire along them, fasten in a little semi-circular (rather half-oval) bottom, put a wire handle across, and you have a pretty skeleton which may be covered with scales of cones, small lichens, colored straw, or moss; fasten this half basket against a piece of white card and fill with tiny leaves in autumn shades (that have been duly pressed and fastened to thread wire), feathery and downy grasses (a few crystallized), small Immortelles or Everlasting Flowers, and sprays of Ferns and Moss. A few very small shells fastened on here and there add to the effect. Make a log of a mossy little tree branch, and place beneath the basket, dusting it with frosting around the edge of the card; make a border of Fern fronds both brown, and pressed green ones, and a motto in fancy letters by fastening the leaves and tips of Fern fronds on the traced pattern. This will, of course, require a recess-frame.

EASTER CROSS.

Take the stiff, white-tufted moss found on rocks and crystallize sufficient to cover a cross (of any dimensions required), which should be made of thin strips of wood. Cover sides and back of a recess with black velveteen, and fasten one-fourth the distance from the bottom a piece of cardboard (or section of a box) so that it will extend out like a shelf. It should be not quite as deep as the depth of the recess, and extend only across one-half the frame (in the centre). In this shelf, and about in the centre of depth and width, cut a slit sufficiently large to accommodate the body of the cross, fastening it in at the bottom and placing a piece of wood behind the arms to keep it in position, and slightly projecting from the back. The cross must be made of size suited to capacity of the recess, as if too large it gives a crowded appearance, and in a small one looks lost in the centre of a capacious frame; to have one two-thirds the size of the recess will be a good size. Next cover the shelf with moss, allowing it to hang down in graceful sprays over the edge, and on it arrange clusters of grasses, groups of flowers, and directly against the back a little range, as of mountains in the distance, made of shaded bark. Around the base of the cross group flowers and grasses, with a delicate vine climbing up the body and falling over the arms. This may be made by fastening small leaves and moss on wire with scarlet berries and scarlet sealing-wax, or white wax painted purple or yellow; these must be adapted to the size of the leaves, &c., and all embellishments should be made to correspond with the cross and recess.

When finished touch parts with fine gum-arabic muelage and dust with diamond frosting powder,

such as is used in waxwork (or varnish with demar and then frost). Make a tiny crown of briar rose and three nails, which cover with calcined plaster until perfectly white (or if preferred leave of natural color); place these on the green moss beside the cross. The crown must be only half the width of the cross, and the nails in proportion and heavily frosted.

Another beautiful cross is made of branches of Sweetbriar twined together, and trimmed entirely with Violets and other spring flowers in wax. A pure white one is made by covering with horn scrapings, then ornamenting with Ivy leaves and purple berries, with clusters of scarlet Geranium at the base, and trailing sprays of the Partridge-vine falling from the lower part, the scarlet berries lying on the moss covering the shelf. This will be found exceedingly beautiful and chaste.

A very artistic and lovely cross is made thus: Prepare the cross and base as previously described, cover the cross with white muslin and make a number of Rose and Convolvulus leaves by cutting from the muslin, with gilt molds or natural leaves as patterns. Paste three of these together, using fine flour paste. Make also some small Roses and buds by cutting scalloped circles of several sizes, gathering the smallest around wire stems and adding the others (as in paper flowers), curling and moulding the petals while damp with the paste. The buds make of the smaller circles and a few single petals surrounded by a calyx cut as in nature. It is a good plan to paste the muslin together in large pieces, and then to cut out leaves and flowers while partially damp, pressing smooth with a warm iron. Mold all the leaves in order to vein them, and curl each petal of the Roses. Make tiny Convolvulus flowers by cutting three-fourths of a circle, fastening the edges and making stamens of thread. Arrange a vine of this and clusters of the Roses, buds and leaves; finish the cross by sewing or pasting folded strips down the edges, as if carved in moldings or panels, and if liked make three steps or a deep base, and cutting I. H. S., of muslin in several diminishing sizes; paste one on another, and fasten this monogram on the base. When the preliminaries are finished, make a wash of finest French plaster, mixed in thin gum-tragacanth water, and either by quickly painting with a brush or dipping each piece in, cover the whole with a uniform, smooth coat. Mix but little plaster at a time and work with rapidity lest the plaster set or harden before it is applied. When all the pieces are finished fasten the cross in position, as before described, and group the Roses and buds around the base, not over-crowding; make Convolvulus leaves and flowers to twine around the body and cluster thickly on and over the arms and top and fall in graceful sprays here and there, using very small ones for thin parts. Varnish with fine demar, and dust with finest diamond powder. This cross is exquisitely beautiful.

WHITE WAX FOR FLOWERS, ETC.

I would say to Mrs. Morgan, in answer to her next question regarding the coloring of wax, that I never use colored wax excepting in some cases of mottled autumn leaves, bright scarlet or yellow ditto, or the shades of green; these I purchase in sheets colored, but for flowers I use white wax colored in imitation of nature with the regular wax colors put up in the "Homo vials." In some cases I moisten with thin gum-arabic water (the least drop) where glossy textures are required, but in soft velvety surfaces I endeavor to produce the bloom of nature, which is best imitated by using powder with the tip of the finger, or

with a "stumper," which is merely a camel's hair brush cut off almost to the end of the hair. As Mr. Williams applied to me, I have given my experience, but perhaps some of the other sisters will know of some method of using oil paints on wax.

VASES FOR WINTER GRASSES, ETC.

As elegant vases are costly affairs, I will tell our friends a method of making little "beauties" at small cost. Obtain some pretty pictures (the "scraps" sold at fancy stores answer finely), either paper or muslin, gilt paper, some colored paint mixed with turpentine, and lamp chimnies of the kind that turn over at the top like a lamp shade. Clean the chimnies and fasten on round boxes as bottoms, paste rims or bands of gold paper around the top, and gum the pictures on (from within); then, when every edge is tight, give the whole a coat of demar varnish (inside); then a coat of paint, also within; fill with sand, and "there you are."

MRS. C. S. JONES.

Easter Cross.—Will Aunt Carry please give the dimensions of the Easter Cross, the directions for making which were given in the February number? Will she also tell us if by "white frosting" she means diamond dust? She says, "when dry dust the frosting over it"—does she mean over the whole surface of the cardboard, or only the cross? A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—I gave the size of the recess, and the cross was four inches smaller from top, bottom and end of arms; but the cross *may be* of any size desired, from four inches to as many feet, but the ornamentation must correspond with the size, using tiny leaves, berries, &c., for a diminutive cross, and entire clusters of Fern fronds, large flowers, &c., for one of large size. Diamond dust will, perhaps, answer better even than the ordinary frosting, of which the former is made. I use the mica, sillex, or "frosting," because I can purchase as much or as little of it from the druggists or art stores as I please. I said "when dry touch lightly with muelage," &c., meaning, of course, when the work just done was dry, the glue with which the mosses, &c., were fastened. You only frost and whiten the cross, using care not to let any adhere to the card-board. Shall be glad to answer any questions and make this work as clear as possible. C. S. J.

Bible Autograph Albums.—Every one has in store some sort of pictures, if only those which may be found in the illustrated papers, now so common; and many of you are probably the happy owners of nice steel engravings. Procure a pretty scrap-book, paste your pictures nicely in it, and get your friends to exercise their scriptural knowledge by writing an appropriate verse under each, accompanied by their autographs. Rare and expensive pictures may be used by those who have them; but, even with cheap and plain ones, a pretty album may be made, which will give you a pleasant and profitable Bible reading, and be a pleasant reminder of loved-friends.

Rustic Frames, skillfully designed, made of all the different varieties of burrs; of all varieties of mosses; of nutshells, every kind; of stones, all the prettiest pebbles that can be found, look much better, than to have a mixture of every thing that can be available for fancy work frames.

Worsted Tidy for Hair-Cloth Rocking-Chair.—Crocheted of black worsted, netted, for groundwork; a vine of roses and rosebuds, running over the network, for the figure. The vine, etc., of variegated green worsted; the roses crocheted of red variegated worsted. A handsome tidy for a parlor.

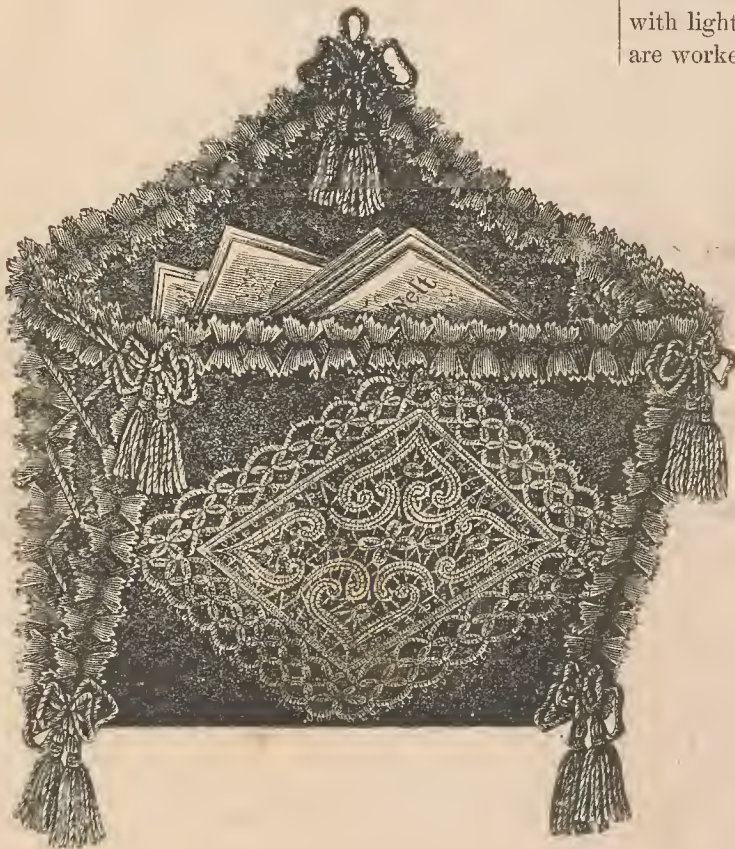
Household Elegancies.

HOUSEWIFE.

The Housewife illustrated on this page is so good that with our description any lady can, we think, be able to make one quickly. It is 6 inches wide and 10 long; the outside of green morocco, and the linings and pockets of green silk; it is bound all around with green galloon. The spools are held by a piece of strong wire, which is fastened at one end into a round pincushion, and at the other fits into a piece of pasteboard, covered with silk. A piece of tin bent in the shape of a half tube (cut in two lengthwise) is placed between the outside and lining from A to B, and fastened there; a round pincushion closes one end and the pasteboard the other. The pincushion is fastened in by only half a dozen stitches, so that the wire on which the spools are strung may be movable. This housewife may be rolled up and tied with a bit of ribbon. It may also be made larger, a foot wide and length in proportion.

WALL-POCKET.

Materials: Gray yarn, green woolen rep, stout cardboard, one small brass ring. This wall-pocket, which is a handy repository for newspapers and the like, consists of a back part $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 12 inches high in the centre, and slanting towards the sides, where it is 9 inches high, and a front part 9 inches high and of the same width as the back. These parts are covered with green woolen rep, and the front part is decorated with a square tidy crocheted or tatted in some pretty design with gray yarn. At its top, the front part is joined to the back by a strap of ruched merino $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, crossed in the centre by a double cord of gray yarn. The lacing

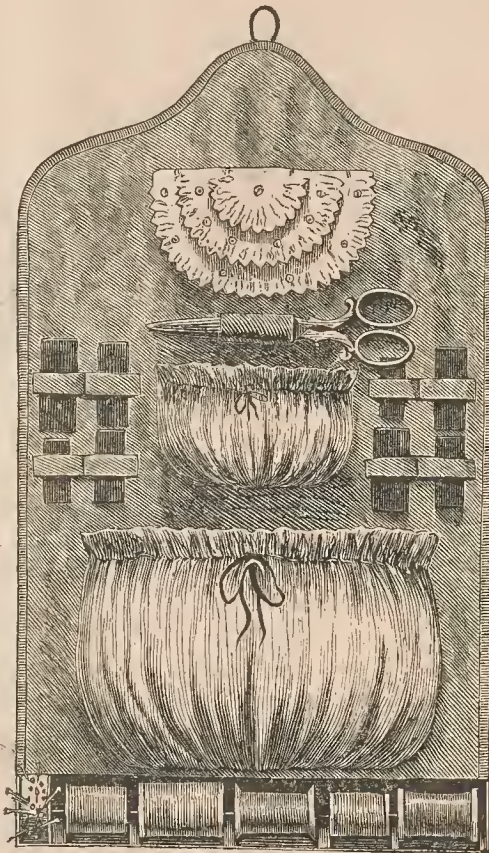


WALL-POCKET.

of gray cord at the sides prevents the papers in the pocket from falling out. Pinked ruchings of merino, and gray yarn cord and tassels, arranged in the manner the illustration indicates, completes the decoration of the pocket. A brass ring at the top of the back part serves to hang it up.

SOFA-CUSHION.—CANVAS WORK.

Materials: Canvas, four shades of sepia-colored worsted, four shades of a somewhat more reddish color in floss silk, silk lining, stuffing, trimming, etc. The embroidery is executed on canvas, in broad stitch and stem stitch; the blank spaces left are filled up with cross stitches. Four shades of sepia-colored worsted



HOUSEWIFE.

are used for the arabesques, which are worked in stem stitch, and for the leaves in the bouquets. Four shades of a more reddish tint of floss silk are taken for the flowers and tendrils, but each flower is embroidered with light worsted beneath the silk. The corn flowers are worked of one of the darkest shades of the worsted,

the net-work over them of a middle shade of floss silk. The stamens in the centre of the flowers consist of knots of golden yellow silk in three shades. For the filling in, choose a lively color, corresponding with the decoration of the room. The edge is surrounded by a ruching of silk bound with satin, and points of silk beneath it. This design may be worked on velvet or cloth, and is equally suitable for round cushions or chairs.

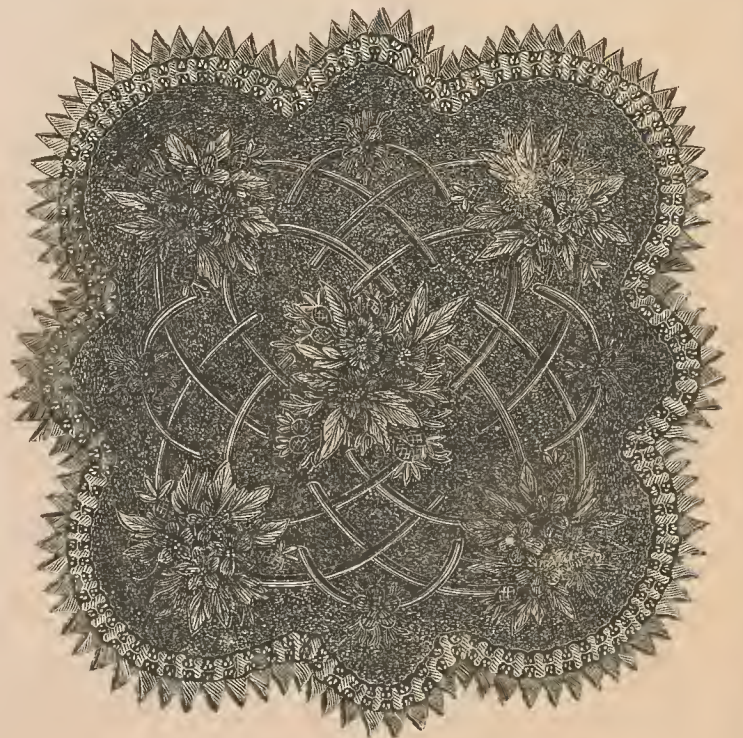
Star Frames.—Very pretty frames are made with stars made from paper. I will not describe them here, as some reader of the CABINET has already given their description. First make your frame the shape of a box, then put two rows of stars in the bottom of the frame and on each of the four sides, then in the centre

make a cross of your stars; they are to be set on black paper, or most anything black will do. I painted paper black for mine. Now fasten your glass with strips of cardboard on the frame with material to match the inside, cut stars or scallop gold-paper and glue on the strips that holds the glass; then attach a

cord and tassel (most any cord will do) and hang it in your sitting-room, and you will have something that will be admired by all, as it looks very much like wax-work. AMELIA.

Ornamenting Flower Pots—Imitation of Japanese Inlaid Work.—A method of ornamenting common pots, and one within the power of every one to accomplish, is by means of various colored autumn leaves, with a few gilt ornaments and some strips of plain gilded paper, such as is sold by the yard. The surface is painted ebony black and varnished, polished with pumice-stone and revarnished until smooth and even; the leaves, which should have been pressed perfectly flat, are then covered with mucilage (or very thin white glue) and pressed upon the surface in the place designed, using care to arrange the colors and sizes so as to form a pleasing and tasteful combination; put two or more rows along the upper edge, then a garland of tiny leaves, then another band of gold. This forms a beautiful border for the top. Have a soft napkin to hold and press each piece in place until firmly fixed. When finished paint with a coat of isinglass size, when dry varnish with copal. The appearance of this work when completed is exceedingly fine. Chintz, or the pictures used for Potichomanie work a number of figures, scenes and devices, such as we see upon Chinese work, when entirely covered (filling in with tiny bees, bugs, flies, leaves and odd devices); varnish with demar varnish. Another beautiful mode to imitate the Chinese style is to paint the ground black, and obtaining the gold and black figures used in Potichomanie fasten them upon the surface in the manner before described. A large piece, such as a pagoda with boat, figures, houses, &c.; then scattered over the surface the small separate figures, with a border around the edges.

Flowers.—For a rose, take a piece of wire for the stem any length desired, take a small button and fasten to the end of the wire, use paper cambric, pink and white is the nicest for leaves, cut out twelve pieces of cambric, three different sizes, having four in each



SOFA-CUSHION.

size, double four times, and cut round in the shape of a rose leaf; fringe some yellow tissue paper for the centre; you can use green cambric for leaves, or take green paper, which you can paint yourself. For a basket, make any pretty shape, and fill your basket with cotton, and then glue on the roses. HATTIE.

Home Pleasantry.

LOVE.

Hath the Lily no sweetness when closed to its sleep?
Have Roses when dying no fragrance to keep?
Love, pure as a Lily, is sweeter, and throws
The fragrance of Roses wherever it grows.
'Tis the gift of our Father, His own sweet breath,
Oh, what he has given, how can it have death!

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Said she, "Pray tell me, if you can,
Why men so bashful are;
They fall in love and dream and sigh,
And worship us afar;
But when they strive to tell the tale,
They stutter, hesitate and fail!

"We ladies like a man, you know,
One not afraid to speak—"
And here I thought a blush appeared
Upon the maiden's cheek;
Then to myself I said, "I see
This maiden's heart belongs to me."

Then out I spake—"Oh, lady fair,
My heart, my life is thine!
And since I boldly speak my love,
Pray wilt thou not be mine?"
"No, sir!" said she, with wondering stare,
"Strange, how presuming some men are."

VERY DRY.

On a sleeping-car the other night a lady exclaimed in a slow and solemn voice, "Oh, how *dry* I am!" There was a moment's pause, and again rung out, "Oh, how *dry* I am!" Another moment passed, and the dozing sleepers were once more startled by the sepulchral exclamation, "Oh, how *dry* I am!"

"Won't somebody get that woman a drink?" howled an old gentleman, who being rheumatic and occupying an upper berth could not very well do it himself.

The demand was soon complied with, and the grateful sound of gurgling water was soon heard. Then there was a moment of silence, and following it came the same solemn tones, "Oh, how *dry* I was!" There appeared no doubt of it by the occupants of the ear, and if the truth could have been known, they were unselfishly glad she had found relief, and they composed themselves afresh for sleep. Then the voice again smote the air, "Oh, how *dry* I was!" Everybody started and every eye was distended. "Oh, how *dry* I was!" repeated the grateful woman.

"Then dry up!" screamed the gallant old gentleman in the upper berth. She did.

An Iowa woman went to church one Sunday and "experienced religion." Arriving home, she called her children about her and said: "I am pious now, and I am going to give you two days to get religion. If you don't do it I'll whale your hides off. I have learned my duty. Do you hear me?"

An old Irish seaman at a prayer-meeting in Dublin, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great comfort from that passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

A lady occupying letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be,' don't let her be, nor letter B be; because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B, who

is to call at half past ten." The porter more of a boot-black than an orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to let her be.



THE YOUNG LARKS.

A lively urchin accosted a drug store man the other day thus: "Mister, please gimme a stick of licorish; your clerk goes with my sister."



MAKING THE "CAT'S CRADLE."

A widow was weeping bitterly at the loss of her husband, and the parson tried to console her. "No, no," said she, "let me have my cry out, and then I shan't care any more about it."

"No eetin appuls in sehool ours!" reads a sign on the blackboard of a school-house in enlightened old Massachusetts, where Education is supposed to sit on the top rail and make faces at Ignorance.

A three-year old boy asked his mother to let him have his building bricks to play with; but she told her darling it was Sunday, and therefore not proper for him to have them. "But, mamma," said the hopeful, "I'll build a ehureh." He got the bricks.

"I guess I'll take this book," remarked a Chicago lady to the clerk of a book store; "it's got twice as much gold leaf on the cover as any of the rest."

"Sarah was a good wife," said a Georgian, speaking of his last wife, "but she could never do up a shirt real nice."

A Clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the cotton umbrella under his arm."

"What's the matter, Unele Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah R. was passing by growling most furiously. "Matter!" said the old man stopping short. "Why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. —. "Ten cents! she told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

When the flood had commenced in Galveston, an old colored woman, whose house the water had not yet reached, was warned to get out of the way of danger. Firm in her faith that according to Scriptural promise the world would not be drowned again, she refused to budge, and stayed in her house until it went to pieces. Then she paddled ashore on the bed of a table, with a good deal of her faith washed out of her, but with no other remark than this: "I'clare to goodness, dis yer's bery 'markable!"

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the eonundrum of the eighteenth century." Woman is the eoundrum of the nineteenth century; we can't guess her, but we will never give her up. No uever.

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?"

"No, love; the same piece of bread does for both."

A Saratoga belle writes home: "It's horrid here—not a man in town worth over \$15,000."

FORGET ME NOT.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.

The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot,
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget Me Not. Forget Me Not.

Housekeeping.

RUGS.

As rugs are almost indispensable articles in a house perhaps one or two ways of making them may be acceptable to some one.

Take a coffee bag, cleaned well; cut the size and shape you wish; work a vine, or any pretty design you wish, around the edge, with coarse, Germantown yarn; put an initial, a star, or any figure you choose, in the centre, and bind the edge with woolen braid.

Yarn rugs, for common use, may be made of old woolen stockings. Make your foundation of burlap; cut your stockings in strips, about one and a half inches wide; ravel them, leaving about one-fourth of an inch for sewing on to the foundation. Begin at the outer edge, and sew around the rug the raveled edge of each row, just covering the part sewed on of the preceding one. Take Etruscan cloth, or Turkish toweling, cut in any shape you like; cut out figure, of thick flannel, or bright colored cloth, and button-hole stitch them on with worsted or fine yarn; cut a border of some pretty design, put it on in the same way, and either bind the edge or trim with short heavy fringe. By using a foundation of old, but strong white cotton, lined with something firm and durable, and putting on figures of black and bright-colored cloths, and trimming the edge with a strip of black cloth scalloped, a very pretty rug may be made.

Chenille rugs may be made from old bits of all sorts of bright and neutral tints of woolen, silk, and cotton, which are usually considered fit for nothing but the rag bag. Cut these in small bits, of almost any shape as their form will allow (though it is better to cut them nearly square, if you can); take a coarse needle and strong linen twine, double in long needlefuls, and string these bits of rags. After the string is full, take some shears and trim off the ragged edges, so as to make the roll as round as you can; when you have enough string, take a piece of tapestry or Brussels carpeting for a centre, and sew on the edge a strip of your chenille; then, on that another strip, and so on, just as you do braided mats. They are indeed very pretty, and children can do the stringing as an occasional pastime.

MARY I. HERRON.

THE TWO WAYS.

"Good morning, Annie; how is thee to-day?"

"Good morning, Auntie; I am very well, and so glad to see you, though you find me very busy. I have undertaken a task I always dread, and, that is, paring quinces; they are hard and often rough; I am fortunate if I do not cut my fingers, before the day is over."

"I can help thee. My method is better than thine, as it saves both time and patience. Will thee try it?"

"Certainly, I will, Auntie, with pleasure."

"Put a large pan of either cold or warm water on the stove, where the water will heat slowly; put the quinces in the water, not too many at once; they will be ready for our knives in a few minutes."

"Excuse me, Auntie; but I would rather not boil them."

"Yes, Annie; we will allow them to remain in the water only long enough to soften the skin; we can take these out now and put in the rest. Pare one, Annie, and let me know thy opinion."

"Oh! Auntie, this is splendid. Only see, I could not pare a peach with more ease. My parings, too, are nicer for my jelly, for by the old method, the par-

ings were cut in little bits, and the decayed part so hard to remove."

"Tell me, dear, where I can find something to put the rest of the fruit in, as they are all soft enough, then I can assist to pare."

"Look on the top shelf, Auntie, and you will find a nice tin pan."

"May I take one of these large yellow or brown bowls I see here?"

"Help yourself, Auntie, to anything you see; but why do you like the bowls?"

"Because, if you leave pared fruit for a short time in a tin vessel it discolors the fruit. I see thee looking very curious at this knife. Thee must not think I am putting on airs; I always carry this silver fruit-knife in my pocket, to use on such occasions as this. I never pare fruit with a steel knife, for it makes my fingers black. I am wonderfully proud of my hands."

HERRIOTT.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Good Bread.—For yeast, take six potatoes, pare and grate them, steep a handful of hops in one pint of water, turning the liquid on potatoes and scalding it together, stir it well, when nearly cold add one teaspoonful yeast, salt, ginger, and sugar, to your judgment. To make the bread, take two quarts milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls yeast, sift and stir as much flour as you can with the spoon, let it stand over night to rise. In the morning knead it into three loaves—one of which in biscuit for breakfast—let them rise and then bake. Take a six quart pail, a cover to it, to mix in.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and rind of one lemon grated into one cup of water, one cupful of loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls flour. Frosting, beat the whites of two eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread on the pie, and bake lightly in the oven.

Ginger Cake.—One egg, one and one-half cupfuls molasses, one large spoonful ginger, one teaspoonful allspice, one large spoonful butter, one and one-half spoonfuls cream, the same quantity of sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar, beat well together; made of coarse flour, same consistency as griddle-cakes.

Cookies.—One egg, one cupful sugar, two-thirds cupful sour cream, one teaspoonful saleratus, one tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls caraway seed, flour enough to roll. The foregoing are original.

Crullies.—One egg, one spoonful sweet cream, one pinch saleratus, four spoonfuls sugar, spice to your taste, flour enough to roll out stiff, and fry them in lard.

Advice to the Carver of Fish.—With epicures, the fins of all large fish are considered a delicacy, and should be helped to your guests when the fish is being served. The thickest parts of fish are the most esteemed, but a little of both back and belly should be offered to each guest at table, so as to gratify all tastes. Never help any one to the green parts about the eyes of a cod's head. The shoulder part of the cod-fish and mackerel, the cheek of John Dory, and the palates of carp, and cod-sounds are the most admired by epicures. Of all fish, the tail is the least desirable portion, except in lobsters. Short-grained fish, such as salmon, should not be cut crosswise, but lengthwise; the fat of salmon is much prized. All fish should be helped in tolerably thick slices.

To take mildew out of cotton or linen, wash in a strong solution of chloride of lime.

Corn Muffins.—Beat two eggs and tablespoonful of butter together thoroughly, add three cupfuls milk, one of corn-meal, and four of prepared flour, bake in hot oven.

One important item in making corn-bread is nearly always omitted in published recipes, namely: To put in the soda or saleratus the last thing, and just before it is put in the oven.

Make jelly in shallow pans and in small quantities. This way will insure solidity.

Custard Pudding.—Four eggs well beaten, and small tablespoonful flour, wet up with milk; have a quart of milk, boil and stir in the flour briskly with some kind of flavoring, put in eggs, boil three or four minutes, then put in whatever dish is going to the table—put one-half cupful white sugar in the bottom of the dish, then put one cup on the top of the pudding and set it in a cool place. Sauce cold.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Scald a quart of milk and stir in seven tablespoonfuls Indian meal, a teaspoonful salt, a teaspoonful molasses, and a tablespoonful ginger or cinnamon, bake three or four hours.

Roasting is the best method for cooking meat. It develops the flavor and preserves the juices, and is easily digested. It loses twenty-five per cent. of its weight in roasting, which is chiefly water. When first commenced, the heat should be great enough to coagulate the albumen on the surface, and thus form a slight crust; then cook slowly until a fork will readily enter any part.

Many people do not understand how to make nice baked beans. Bake your beans all day Saturday, and if convenient let them stay in over night, baking full twenty-four hours, and our word for it, your beans will come out in the morning smoking, with a flavor that will make your mouth water to taste of them, and your breakfast will be the best you ever had.

Hot alum will destroy insects indoors or out, says the *Journal of Chemistry*—one pound of alum to two quarts of water. It should be used while nearly boiling, and applied to all the cracks and crevices.

Brown Bread.—The Sweetest bread ever made. Take three pints of coarse yellow corn meal, scald it with three pints and a half of boiling water, add two pints of coarse rye meal after the corn has cooled. Knead thoroughly with the hands. Take it out into a stoneware crock which is a little larger at the top. The quantity here given will take a vessel which holds five or six quarts. Place it immediately in the oven, after smoothing over the top with a spoon frequently dipped in cold water. Cover with a stone or iron plate, and have but little heat in the oven. It should take three hours to begin to bake, then bake slowly four hours. Leave the loaf in until the oven cools off, if it is several hours longer. It should be dark-colored, light and firm, with a good soft crust. A round-bottomed iron kettle will do to bake in. Try it.

Warts may be cured thus: Immerse the parts on which the warts are developed in a strong solution of black soap. This causes a slight cauterization of the surface of the wart. The loosened tissue is to be removed and the application repeated every day till the cure is complete.

Safety requires that lamps be filled every day. As the oil burns down, a highly inflammable gas is created on the surface, and if the oil is allowed to burn very low, it gives room for the collection of a quantity sufficient to cause an explosion, which a simple jar of the table will sometimes produce.

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Cantabile.

1. Gent-ly down the stream of time, Floats our bark to-wards the sea: Sweet-ly peals the even-ing
2. Yon-der on the gold-en shore, Forms un-seen are chant-ing low, Strains we loved in days of

chime, Hear it ech-o..... wild and free, Friends have gone, ties have been brok-en....
yore, Mem-o-ries of..... long a-go, Voi-ces now are hush'd for ev-er.....

Fears and doubts and hopes sublime Care-less words, tho' i-dly spo-ken, Lie sleep-ing 'neath the sea of time, Care-less
Tears and flowers strew their graves, And this migh-ty rush-ing riv-er Bu-ries all be-neath its wave, And this

CHORUS.—*Air.*

Gent-ly down..... the stream of Time..... Floats our

words tho' i-dly spo-ken, Lie sleep-ing 'neath the sea of time. *p* Gently down the stream of Time,
migh-ty rush-ing riv-er, Bu-ries all beneath its wave.

bark..... towards the sea..... Sweet-ly peals..... the evening chime..... Hear its e-cho..... wild and free.....

Floats our bark to-ward the sea, Sweet-ly peals the evening chime, e-cho, wild and free.

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VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1875.

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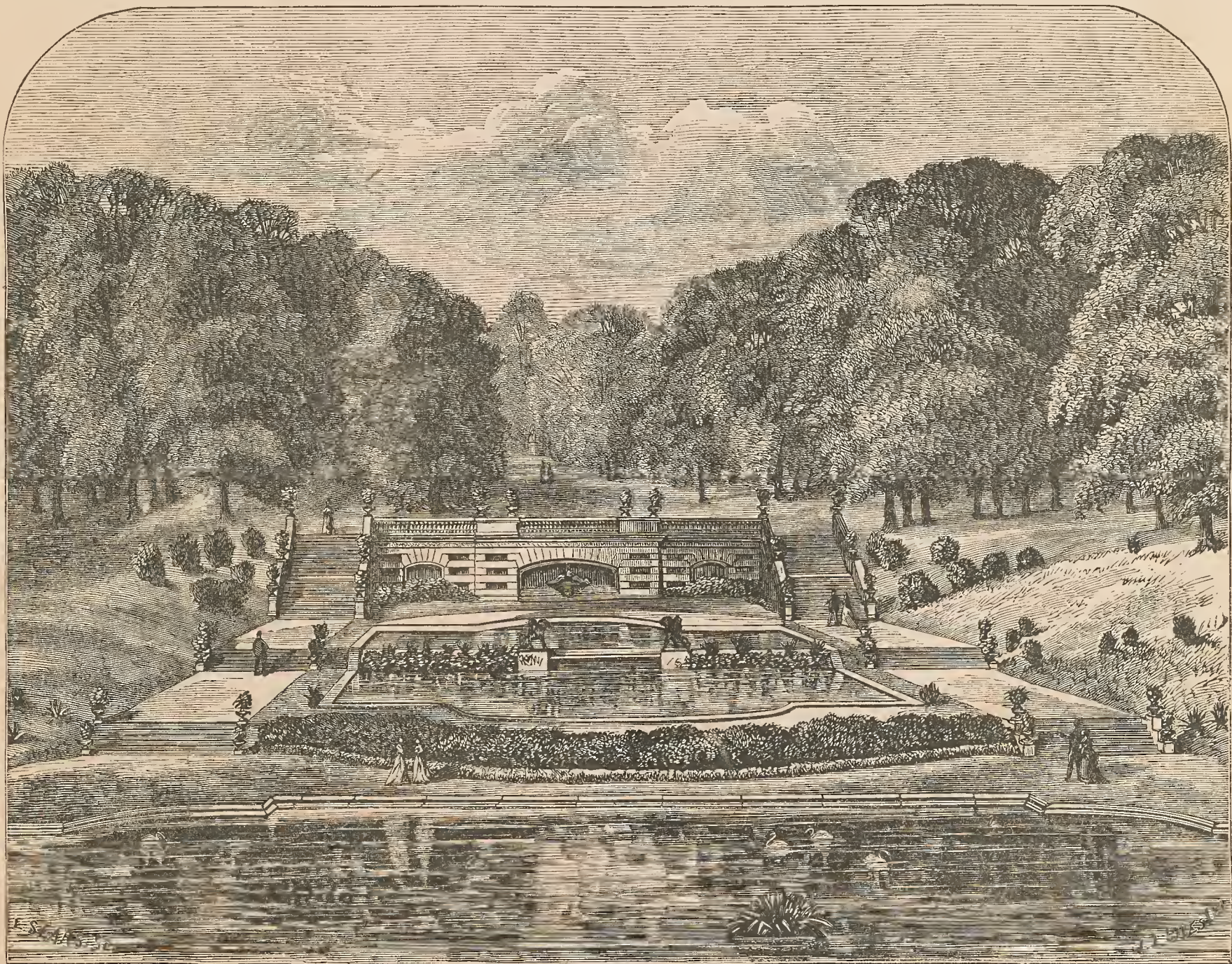
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FENCE GARDENING.

The upper end of my lot is laid out in walks, grass-plots, and flower-beds, and looks very fine. But the lower end running along the back building, is narrow

In May I bought a number of pots filled with hanging plants, and placed them on the ledge running along and near the top of the fence, and in August, the ledge and pots were covered with a mass of leaves

with a purple and green Tradescantia, Cuphea, a variegated Sweet Alyssum; just back of this is a pink Oxalis, a white Lobelia, blue Lobelia, and yellow spotted leaved Geranium; the whole forming a beau-



Gardens of Rentiilly.

and paved with brick, and dividing it from my neighbor's yard is a high board fence, the wrong side of it is on my side. This was a constant eye-sore to me, until a happy thought suggested fence gardening.

and flowers. The first pot is filled with Kenilworth Ivy; twelve inches from that, a pot of Moneywort, then white edged Ivy Geranium; then comes the first post, on which I fastened a Cypress Knee, filled

tiful group. Next, a green Tradescantia, a Water Ivy, Ground Ivy, Nasturtium, orange and white Thunbergia, Madeira Vine, white edged Myrtle, Cypress flowered Morning Glory. Mrs. H. G. A.

Floral Contributions.

WINDOW GARDENING IN THE WILDS OF IOWA.

Last year I made a new beginning with in-door as well as out-door gardening. I kept nothing through the winter except one Carnation, but towards spring I prepared to entertain some new-comers. I used rich surface soil from the woods, with some sand and pounded charcoal and calcined bones, sifting the finer parts into the soil, and using the coarser for drainage.

First came a lot of plants from a greenhouse, just at the time of the great April snowstorm, and they had been nearly two weeks somewhere on the way. I sprinkled them and made a shelter with two chairs and a blanket, next day set carefully, and kept them in the dark a few days, admitting light gradually, but lost nearly all.

Nothing can look more forlorn than a lot of plants under such circumstances, trying to hold up their heads in a new and uncongenial atmosphere, and only succeeding in dropping their leaves in the attempt. But the true flower-lover sees, not what they are but what they will be, and lovingly awaits that time. Some one, Mrs. Stowe, I think, says that "next to good wholesome care, nothing is so beneficial to children as a little wholesome neglect." I think this will also apply to plants, but I find it the hardest lesson of all to learn.

Other plants came from time to time, and slips from various sources. A friend sent an Agapanthus Lily. It seemed at home at once, and grew well for a time. It was a stranger to me, and as I like to know the relationships of my plants, I watched it carefully. As I pulled away the old leaves I noticed that the thick viscid juice spun into threads like a spider's web. This, with its general appearance, color of flowers, and reputed love of water, convinced me that it belonged to the family of Spiderworts. I do not know yet whether my theories were correct, but if they were, one little item of practical knowledge would have been worth them all. The plant likes shallow culture, the roots seeking the surface. Ignorant of this, I set it rather deeply at first, and as the earth settled, added more. I soon noticed that something was wrong, but too late to repair my error. I have another now, and promise that this little "Aggie" shall not be smothered.

I think my little Calla had been reading the authorities concerning its rights and duties. As it had never flowered nor grown any to speak of, I thought it needed no rest, but it just showed a little point of green above the surface, and there it stayed till the prescribed month for growth, September, then it started up wide awake.

I am not so clear in my mind as to what was the matter with my Amaryllis family, of which the same friend sent me four kinds. A. Atamasco being a native, grew without any trouble, multiplied well, and flowered till October. A. Regina attempted to grow without forming roots, exhausted her strength and died. A. Jacobea, and A. Vallotta, just did nothing at all. In vain I set them alternately in the dark loft over the kitchen stove to coax them to root, and in the sun to coax them to grow. I was absent nearly all of September, and found no change on my return, but within a week each put forth a leaf, whether touched at last by my devotion, or having in my absence secured that little portion of neglect, I am unable to say.

Geraniums were my greatest comfort. Whatever

else fails, if I can but get a slip of Geranium in good order I feel sure of success. I put them in a little can of good but not extremely rich earth, press it well around the base, water it sparingly until growth commences, and keep in a dark cool corner a few days, gradually giving light. The foolish little things nearly all wanted to bloom as soon as rooted, but of course I nipped that in the bud. For cleaning the leaves of Geraniums, and some other rough-leaved plants, I find nothing equal to a tooth-brush. I use it dry first, laying each leaf on the palm of the left hand and brushing lightly. Those who have never tried it will be surprised to see how the dust will fly from pretty clean looking plants. Then repeat with tepid water. It is rather slow work, but I think any one who tries it once will find time to repeat occasionally. The brush must be very fine and soft, and carefully used of course.

When cold weather set in I had about forty plants, more in number and variety than I had ever wintered before. Oleander, Hydrangea, and some others, were dried off and placed in the cellar. After the extreme cold weather set in I covered everything at night, chiefly with newspapers. I lost none by freezing after I adopted this plan, and only two or three before. I prepared a mixture of charcoal, calcined bones, hen manure, and soot; about two parts of charcoal to one of each of the other ingredients, pounded and sifted it, and applied according to size and condition of plants, lightly mixing with the surface soil. I thought that this would be distasteful to insects in some degree; and also, that anything that promoted the health of the plants would help to prevent their appearance. I kept water constantly on the stove to supply moisture, was as careful as possible about dust, and watered and sprinkled as I judged necessary.

Not a single insect made its appearance. A few boxes were infested with little white worms, but a little mingled soot and ashes made an end of them. My plants all made constant, though not very rapid, growth through the winter; a few bloomed, and others are blooming.

When I add that my house is small and partly unfinished, and that I have no help with my work or in the care of my plants, I think I may say that if I have succeeded in some degree no one need to fail entirely.

MRS. FANNIE E. BRIGGS.

WHITE WATER LILY.

If the readers of the FLORAL CABINET knew how easily this Lily (*Nymphaea odorata*) could be cultivated, we believe that many of them would be as proud of their lily gardens as of any other part of their premises.

The roots should be procured in the fall at the rate of four for a tub, which may be made by sawing any kind of a barrel (except oil and tar barrels) through the centre. Then put in from six to eight inches of fine black loam, mixed with well-rotted manure. If your roots have been procured from a distance, and packed in moss, they should be put into a pail of water and allowed to remain until the little fibrous roots can be spread out evenly (this might be hastened by taking them by the top, or crown end, and dipping them in the water). When your roots are ready for planting, take out two inches of dirt from the tub, put in your roots at equal distances around the tub, with the crown ends towards the centre, and the fibrous roots spread out straight with the fingers; then put back the dirt, leaving the crown ends of the roots just above the soil.

Now put in water gently, so as not to disturb the

dirt, and cover about six inches. Let them stand out doors until freezing weather, when they should be put into the cellar for winter with water added at intervals to keep them from getting dry.

In the spring set your tubs in some convenient place in the yard or lawn, fill with water and keep full by adding a little once or twice a week as it evaporates, and your work is done.

Truly, there is no flower that requires so little care, and yet is so beautiful and fragrant as the water lily. I have a number of these tubs sitting around my home, and from July to September, while they are in bloom, they are admired by all who see them.

These roots are hardy and will grow in any kind of loam or mud, but in sand or gravel never. A few roots put into a small muddy bottom pond would completely cover it in a few years.

J. E. S. CRANDALL.

NAMES OF PLANTS, ONION LILY, &c.

No doubt every flower lover regrets the confusion that exists concerning the names of plants. We have all groaned in spirit to hear *Paeony* pronounced "Piney," and *Asters* called "China Oysters;" and this summer I found an old lady who had her porch draped with the beautiful *Calistegia* and a group of *Gladioli* in her garden, and she called the latter "Olluses" and the former "Cast Ages," and I think enjoyed them even with these barbarous names. On the other hand, I think we all enjoy a pretty and appropriate English name. When a very little girl I saw some yellow *Xeranthemums*, and heard them called "Golden Eternal Flower," and the name impressed me then, and thrills me now like a strain of sweet music.

I have been looking over back numbers of the CABINET and trying to settle (for my own satisfaction) the "Onion Lily" question. I wish B. Grinshaw (Feb. No.), who has the plant, had described it.

I have in my garden a *Star of Bethlehem* (*Ornithogalum umbellatum*). It has white and rather small bulbs, grass-like leaves, marked with a white stripe, and clusters of white flowers with a bright green stripe on each petal and sepal. I have also a house-plant, sent me with the name "Squills, or Sea Onion." It has a large green bulb growing entirely above ground, very long leaves, and is said to bear clusters of white flowers. It corresponds with Webster's description of the Official Squill (*Ornithogalum Squilla*, or *Scilla maritima*). As both these plants belong to the order Liliaceae, and tribe Scilleae, the name Onion Lily would not be absurd for either. Perhaps the Alliums are the true Onion Lilies, for they belong not only to the same order and tribe, but to the same genus with the onion, leek, garlic, etc. MRS. F. E. BRIGGS.

Plants in Bay Window.—Is it possible to keep plants in the winter in a bay window in a room where no fire is kept, though there is a fire in room adjoining? We do not keep fire all night, as we burn wood here. Would a lamp kept burning be sufficient to keep out frost? Could I keep an aquarium in this room without danger of breaking, through frost? The room I speak of is well plastered and has an eastern exposure, and is somewhat protected by a room north of it. My house is a frame one, not brick. Your kind attention to this will much oblige, as I am very anxious to have flowers and ferns in winter.

R. PAYNE.

Answer.—If frost is excluded (which can only be tested on the spot by a thermometer or shallow dish of water), or thermometer keeps over 50°, you can keep them.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Water Lily.—I wish to inquire through your columns if some flower-lover from Massachusetts will furnish me with a root of *Nymphaea odorata rosea*, either in exchange or otherwise. Georgia B. Carver sent me two roots of the white in May, and contrary to her expectations it has bloomed, and has grown beautifully in a tub sunk in a flower-bed. It has excited much admiration, as it does not grow here.

MRS. R. S. TRUSLOW.

Kanawha C. H., W. Va.

Cobaea Scandens.—In the July No. of FLORAL CABINET the question is asked if the *Cobaea Scandens* will bloom the first year from seed. It is answered that it flowers the second year. I have a plant four months old from seed, which stands fifteen feet high, and is in bloom.

MRS. LOIS C. BUSH.

Angle Worms.—1. Do you know of any remedy for angle worms when they get in the earth in flower-pots. 2. What treatment do *Dracenas* require in the winter? 3. Also, *Begonias*, leopard and silver-leaf?

N. J. B.

Answer.—1. Water with lime-water. 2. *Dracenas* require a warm place, and to be kept tolerably wet; wash the foliage every week if grown in the house. 3. Keep the *Begonias* rather dry during the winter.

Wax Plant.—1. Information relative to the proper treatment of a Wax Plant is desired, and will be thankfully received by the writer from any of the numerous readers of the CABINET. The plant in question is quite large, and of luxuriant growth until about a month since, when the frame seeming too small, it was changed for a new one, without, however, disturbing the roots, since which time the leaves have lost their bright green color, and now present an unhealthy appearance, with shrivelled edges, &c., and gives no sign of budding, although this is the proper season. 2. Will thank some one also to prescribe some particular treatment for the *Rhododendron*. I purchased one last spring, while in bud, which bloomed beautifully in due time, and was admired by all who saw it, who predicted at the same time that it would never bud or bloom again in this climate. From present indications their predictions were correct, as there are no evidences whatever even of budding. Can it be so treated as to force blooms in this season?

Macon, Ga.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—1. The Wax Plant is probably broken in putting in the new trellis, or it had been over-watered and the roots are dead; in either case you will have to begin with a fresh plant. 2. There is no reason why a *Rhododendron* should not flourish in Georgia, unless it is a limey soil. The plant has probably suffered from want of moisture.

Hanging Basket.—Noticing that fragments of the pen were gladly received by the CABINET, I intend to describe to you my Hanging Basket, but more particularly to speak of my Wandering Jew. My basket is made of the root of a dead palm: the latter plant, you recollect has a crusty, scaly bark, and is very hard; when the palm dies, the fibres inside decay, and leave a perfectly hard hollow vessel, which is entirely round. Of this hull, I made my basket, fastening a tin bottom, and suspending by a rope, I placed

it on the northwest side of the gallery where it would receive a light sun. I then filled it with a light soil, and in the centre I planted a Fern; around the edges I set Wandering Jew and Moneywort. The latter having the smallest leaves, I trained up the ropes, and the Wandering Jew I left to grow around the sides of the basket. One year has not elapsed since it was planted, and it has not only covered the sides, but has grown about a foot and a half below it; all the limbs twining together beautifully, forming a complete network below the basket. I make a practice of watering it every morning, and lately it has been damp continually, in consequence of daily rain. I have never heard of Wandering Jew blossoming, but believe me when I tell you I was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of a delicate little blossom at the extremities of several limbs. It is of a light purple color, and has only the slightest fragrance. Its life is very brief, twelve hours being the time allotted for its earthly career. It uncloses its trio of petals when the sun is about two hours high, and closes them again before twilight. The best way to produce many blossoms, is to keep it damp continually; some plant in water altogether, but I have never tried it in this way; I imagine the soil strengthens the plant. I have also growing on the sides of my basket, a few twigs of piney woods moss. It is different from the moss of which beds are made, and I do not think it is used for any of the same purposes. It is of a light green color, and would be an ornament to any lady's basket. The FLORAL CABINET is a monthly visitor at our residence, and many a pleasant hour have I spent, perusing its interesting columns. Whoever subscribes for this little paper, can truly say, their money is well spent.

Miss G. H. C.

Cobaea Scandens.—1. How shall I treat my *Cobaea Scandens* this winter, that I may preserve it for another season? Will the root, planted out the second year, do as well as a seedling, and would it be advisable to save it? It is a fine plant, measuring thirty-six feet in height, and covered with more than a hundred buds and blossoms. It is planted where it gets the sun until 9 a. m., in a soil of leaf-mold, rotted turf and sand, equal parts. Have watered it thoroughly thrice a week, and given liquid manure a few times during the summer. 2. I have a rustic basket, in which are fine plants of *Vinea Major*, *Centaurea*, *Abutilon Thompsonii*, variegated leaved *Geraniums*, *Fuchsia*, *Begonia Rex*, etc. Can any of them be saved to be replanted in the spring, and what is the best way of keeping them through the winter?

Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. S. B. BUTTS.

Answer.—1. As your young plants have done so well, it would be best to plant a young plant another year. 2. The same answer to this; it is seldom large plants are worth the trouble of housing.

Pomegranate, Crape Myrtle, etc.—1. Will you inform the readers of the FLORAL CABINET how to propagate Dwarf Pomegranate and Crape Myrtle? 2. What is the proper treatment of *Cinerarias*, also for herbaceous and shrubby *Calceolarias*? 3. What is the best work on window gardening? 4. Will herbaceous *Calceolarias* succeed as bedding plants?

JENNIE A. REMINGTON.

Answer.—1. By cuttings. 2. Both plants require to be kept cool and moist; grow in rich soil; the least frost will spoil *Cinerarias*, which are usually raised from seed; *Calceolarias* from cuttings; these would do for bedding. 3. William's Window Gardening, to be obtained at this office. 4. No.

Rustic Hanging Basket.—I am a little girl, thirteen years old, and I thought I would suggest a design for a rustic basket. Procure a good sized gourd, cut out half of it (that extending from the larger part to the end of the handle), leaving four strips a half an inch wide an equal space apart from the end of the handle to the remaining half. Then paint, or varnish if you choose, and fill up the interior with earth, and plant vines, Moss, Dew Plant, or Ice Plant, which is a favorite with me. This looks very pretty, and it is cheaply and easily contrived. Can you tell me when the Jerusalem Cherries bloom? We have had ours two years, and they have never borne any cherries. Will the Calla Lily bloom all winter if in water?

DOLLIE HARDING.

Nelson Station, Cal.

Oleander.—Will Elvie E. Larkin give her experience as to the White Oleander? It has so often been spoken of as being very tender and not producing flowers to compare with the other varieties, consequently raised principally as a curiosity. Her name appeared in the January number of the FLORAL CABINET. Will she give her address?

Orange.

FLORAL SUB.

Wandering Jew.—N. H. asks, in the last FLORAL CABINET, how many kinds of Wandering Jew there are, and at what age it blooms. I have the brown and green variegated. I bought it as a small plant in the spring and it has bloomed all summer, a beautiful delicate pink blossom. I have two other species that I have never seen bloom. My flower garden, as well as my pot plants (of which I have a great variety), have been admired by all as the finest in our city.

Mrs. P. C. M.

Some Choice Plants for a Fernery.—While herborizing this summer, we have found in the depths of a sphagnum swamp, which none but an enthusiastic botanist would have the hardihood to penetrate, some very interesting little plants embedded in moss, which we think would thrive in a fernery, and would be very beautiful for that purpose. I will give the names of a few we should deem particularly desirable: *Chiogenes hispidula* (Creeping Snowberry), *Drosera rotundifolia* (Sundew), small plants of *Sarracenia purpurea* (Pitcher Plant), *Coptis trifolia* (Gold Thread), *Dalibardia repens*, *Mitella nuda*, *Smilacina trifolia*, also *Mitchella repens* (Partridge Berry), which is much more common. Nearly all that we have named are evergreens of dwarf habit, and all would be very attractive in a fernery. If any of the readers of the CABINET wish to exchange greenhouse plants, Roses, or fall bulbs (named or good varieties), for any or all of these, and will furnish a list of what plants they have to offer, and will specify what they desire, we will promptly attend to their orders. We can also furnish many varieties of native ferns, including *Adiantum* (Maidenhair), *Botrychium* (Moonwort), and dwarf plants of *Dicksonia*, *Aspidium* and *Asplenium*.

MRS. F. A. CURTISS.

Central Square, N. Y.

Mats.—Will the little boy's mamma be so very kind as to tell me, through the FLORAL CABINET, how the *drawn in mats* mentioned in the May number are made?

JINNIE.

Tuberoses.—What shall I do to make Tuberoses blossom? Please, tell me through the CABINET, and oblige a subscriber and agent.

MOLLIE.

Answer.—Plant thorny bulbs the end of May, or, if in a cold locality, start in pots in the house early in April, and plant in very rich ground early in June.

Flower Gardening.

THE PERPENDICULAR GARDEN.

A GOOD USE FOR OLD PRESERVE CANS.

Gardens generally grow on a horizontal plane, but the garden we wish to speak of stands in a vertical or perpendicular position, but which may be arranged in various ways; for instance, you can add to your land another piece all around in a perpendicular position, and a piece in the middle like a cylinder, thereby making the land much more than before. In the same way you can annex territory to the wall of the house, and in winter around the windows inside. Suppose we ornament the kitchen, that being the ugliest room, and see if it don't soon beat all the others in beauty. As this is all to be done by means of the flower-can, the first thing to talk about, is

HOW TO PREPARE THE CANS.

Set them on the stove and melt off the bottom of the can, leaving the top (the hole in it already) for the bottom of the flower-can; then punch a hole from the inside near the rim, to hang it up by, and rub off the paper by all means, as it would be ridiculous to see Verbena and Petunia labelled tomato and corn, or still worse, a beautiful Tulip, perhaps, called an oyster. Then give the cans a coat of smooth whitewash to keep them from rusting, and also from looking so can-nish; they are not preserve cans now, you see, but flower-cans. Put crocks in them, to keep the earth from running away; then they are ready for use, and as it is the season for growing plants indoors, we will begin with

THE VERTICAL KITCHEN GARDEN.

Hang the cans about half a foot apart, one above another, not too near the glass; suppose four cans for each side of the window, have in the lowest can a blue Lobelia Erinus, in the next one above a Sweet Alyssum, above that a rose-colored Oxalis (the kind with many small flowers, not that with a few large flowers), and here is red, white and blue; above that a vine, Barclayana or Smilax, to train over the top of the window. On the other side a yellow Oxalis, then a Topezia, a trailing sort of plant looking like a red Lobelia; then have a white Oxalis and another vine above; these blossom all winter better than most plants, and are among the showiest and most hardy. On the window-sill put either a box as large as will fit, or a row of large cans, in which plant a rose Heliotrope, Mignonette, Stevia, etc., and you will have a pretty garden all winter; hang the bird in the upper sash, and if the kitchen don't beat the parlor, if that is bare of flowers and bird, and the inmates look more happy, its odd. Miss Madeline may sigh with her novel in the parlor, while

little Susie in her kitchen will be as happy as her bird among the flowers; so much for the kitchen window garden. We will now proceed to

THE GARDEN ON THE PERPENDICULAR PLAN.

By this plan, if you have but the privilege of the fence, you can have a garden that will give you as much work and flowers as you may want. Hung in



VASE WITH ORNAMENTAL PLANT—VERSCHAFFELTI MELANOCHOETES.

flower-cans on the fence, the Petunia and Verbena, etc., can be made to look like vines; training the plants so as to cover the cans, they can be carried on as far as you please. The ribbon bed on the fence is a great novelty; plant a row of yellow Coleus a foot or little more from the fence, hang the next row (of red Coleus) a foot from the ground, then one of Golden

Feather a foot above the last; the next one of Alternanthera, a rose-colored plant, and top off with a trailing plant, Periwinkle or Lysimachia, to cover up the top row of cans; as they grow, clip the stripes even, when they hide all the cans. So much for this style. Another style, more novel is the cylindrical, or

THE BARREL GARDEN.

Bore several holes in the bottom of the barrel for drainage, and rows of gimlet holes around the barrel, about a foot apart; to use a poetic explanation, a foot apart tandem, half a foot abreast. To drive the nails, you must have a number of blocks about two inches square, and drive the nails into the blocks through the gimlet holes; you must hold a hammer head against the block inside as the nail is driven. Put the crocks in the barrel, fill it with earth and hang the cans, and then you can have Petunias and Verbenas, etc., all growing up on end, instead of lying on the ground; or make a barrel ribbon-bed in the same manner as that made on the fence. If you put a pole in the centre, with strings from the rim of the barrel to the top of the pole, and train vines closely to the top, it will be as handsome a lawn monument as can be seen. The canned garden for winter use will give decidedly more pleasure than canned fruit; it is good for as many months as the fruit is for days. It is not so much trouble to take care of flower-cans as flower-pots, as they do not dry up so soon. If you wish to take a plant out of a can, you tap the can on the side, and not the top, as you do a flower-pot, and don't quite fill it with earth, but leave room for water when required. This style of growing flowers is quite new, and we would like the readers of the FLORAL CABINET to be the first to introduce it. ZIVORE.

Church Flowers.—"Mitchella Repens" does not tell us what she does use for green in her church bouquets. I wish she had, for I have had some experience in the business, and have the same trouble that she has. We have a great many Lilac bushes on our place, and I often use branches from them for green, partially concealing them with Mountain Mist or Gypsophila. Asparagus is fine for bouquets, and is easily raised. The lemon Geranium grows very rapidly; small slips in spring will become large plants by the last of July; and the branches are beautiful for large bouquets; so is rose Geranium, but that is of slower growth. For white flowers, I like the Mountain Daisy; the flower resembles Pyrethrum, but

is somewhat smaller. It is a perennial, blooming abundantly, and remaining a long time in flower, and is perfectly hardy, requiring no winter protection in Maine. A very showy bouquet may be made of Mountain Daisy and scarlet Verbena. I hope we shall hear from others on this subject, and please don't forget to tell us what you use for green. F. J. S.

Window Gardening.

MY SITTING-ROOM.

Mrs. Reader, will you take a walk with me? I know a place where one can pass a pleasant hour even in a dull December day like this. It shall not be a long walk, so that, even though it should not give the same pleasure to you that it does to me, it will not be wearisome, I trust. It is by no means a paradise, this place to which I would take you, yet lying toward the south as it does, and protected on the north and west, it is warm and bright and—sunny, I was about to say, but a glance at the sky forbids that; however, it is altogether a very pleasant spot, so that, though I take this walk almost every day, yet I am never weary of it, indeed, am always ready to go again, especially if I can have a companion. Assuming, then, that you cannot resist so charming a prospect, I will imagine you at my side and that we are off for a tour—around my room.

This room is at once sitting-room, library, and conservatory. As I told you, it has a southern exposure, these two large, broad windows giving abundance of light, and air, too; rather more of the latter than we like, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that fresh air is healthful. Here, by this westernmost of the two, you see my stand of plants; but never mind them just now; I want you to look at this fine lot of Callas. That stool was formerly a music-stool, but has been diverted from its original use and made to do duty as a pedestal for my Callas. The pot they are in is nothing but an old soup-tureen. It was chosen for that purpose when we started them this fall (we turn them down on their side through the summer and take them up about the first of September) for its size, and because it had no place for drainage. I thought I would imitate its natural condition as nearly as possible, and see what the effect would be. Knowing that in its native place (the banks of the Nile) it was subject to an overflow during a portion of each year, and at the same time received its greatest heat, I accordingly placed it in a light soil of muck, with sand enough to give it some body, in this tureen where the water could stand on it. I added the water gradually at first till the earth was covered. Now, you see from the three bulbs there are fifteen good leaves, and any number of little bulbs are starting up. They are looking so finely that I think I must have hit on the right way of treating them.

Hot water? Well, yes; occasionally I make the water for all the plants a little warmer than my hand, but I do not dare to pour very hot water on these for fear, of injuring the stalks. Last winter, when I had them in pots with sauer, I used to pour boiling water into the sauer, and so I do now with my Oleanders. Besides keeping the roots constantly wet, as these plants seem to require, it gives them heat at the bottom, where it is better than at the top, I think. They are growing so fast and so thriftily that I am looking to find a bud as each new leaf comes out.

Before we leave this window just notice that basket above the Calla. Nothing but Oxalis? No, that is all I want in it. Two years ago, I had one bulb in that basket that had been taken from a crock the first of October. About the first of November it came into flower, and bloomed until we stopped it in April

or May, by cutting off its supply of water. All winter long that basket was a mass of those delicate pink blossoms. If you have not had them you can have no idea how the little things enlivened the room. It is such a bright pink, and it blooms so constantly. Through last summer I gave them only enough water to sustain them, purposely keeping them back that they might lose no strength in blooming when we had other flowers and did not need them. I fear now I did not bring them forward soon enough, for you see they have only just now begun to show buds, though the plant looks finely otherwise.

Now, come over to this other window; I want you to see my Cannas. I have nothing that gives me

have no idea how much that was admired. I kept the Ivy headed back so that it grew thick and bushy, and the leaves did not fall off as they are apt to do when it is allowed to run long. The Canna sent up two or three flower-stalks, and one of them was out at the same time as the Calla. Yes, you may well say so; they were lovely together. The contrast of the brilliant scarlet and the pure white was beautiful.

In the spring I took out the Calla and turned it down beside the house to rest; the Cannas I took out to plant in a group with Rieni; then filled in with suitable vines and plants, a Heliotrope and Begonia in the centre, and set it out on its standard in the garden for a vase. I ascribe its beauty entirely to the daily (or evening) waterings it received, and to the use of a super-phosphate. I don't know what it is. It is sold here in town as "super-phosphate." I suppose from its name it is a preparation of some minerals, but what materials of that kingdom can be combined to produce such an odor I can't imagine.

This fall I emptied the bowl and filled it with fresh earth, light and rich; then after dividing the Canna roots I put in as many as it would hold—O, there must have been a dozen or two—leaving only space around the edge for these slips of Ivy. I prefer to start my Ivy from slips. I know it does not look as well for a time, but is better in the end; it is not as apt to drop its leaves as that started from roots. I cut a branch into two, or at most three buds, and set one in the earth to form the root, and one above to grow. My success was so good last winter, with a few Cannas, that I wanted as many as I could get this winter; they require so little care, and repay it so well in flowers, that they are better worth housing than many things considered more choice.

Here you see are a lot of small things, young plants mostly. I took slips in the summer of all my Geraniums, Pelargoniums, &c., that I wanted for winter-blooming. My experience has been—and I have heard the same from others—that cuttings taken the last week in August are more likely to give satisfaction than old roots; though, if they are kept back through the summer and not allowed to bloom, they may do something in the winter. I keep these small pots standing in a box of sand; they do not dry out as they otherwise would.

Before leaving this window I want to call your attention to the hanging basket. First, you see all around the outside I have stuck slips of the Ivy and this little vine—I don't know what it is, I have heard it called "gooseberry vine." Inside I have placed around the edge Coliseum Ivy, an English Ivy, a couple of slips of the Tradescantia Zebriana and a Dew-plant, with Mandarindya to run up the wires. In the center are two Achyrathes, a Cuphea, Scarlet Geranium, a root of the ornamental grass used so much for this purpose, and a Begonia. Isn't that a collection for one basket? O, and there are four Nemophilas that I transplanted from the garden the other day, when the snow blew off. If everything continues to thrive as it does now, it will be very handsome in three or four weeks. As we turn away just notice that vine above you, looped back over those pictures; you recognize it, of course—the Inch-plant. It has several names, Wandering Jew, Joint-plaut, &c.

And now, Mrs. Reader, having completed our little tour, I shall take the liberty of returning you by the same conveyance that brought you here—our imagination—to your own fireside, craving pardon for so unceremoniously dropping you.

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more satisfaction; they are sure to bloom, and are so brilliant and showy. This bowl that holds them is nothing but an old butter-bowl. You see I have nothing in it but the Cannas, and German Ivy in the edge. I wish you could have seen it last winter, Mrs. Reader; it stood over there behind that door. Not light enough? O, yes; this Ivy does better where the sun does not shine directly on it. I had only a few Canna roots in the fall, but I put part of them in this and set slips of Ivy around the edge thickly, as you see here. Then I plunged one pot of Callas in the center. There was a root of Achyranthus, too, and one of the white-leaved plants, a Centaurea or a Cineraria, I don't know which. Well, Mrs. Reader, you

Social Topics.

LOVE.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

I thank the Great Fa her for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forins that we love and the lips we would kiss,
Shall offer love's welcome more sweetly again.

The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns.—*Shakespeare.*

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done slightly,
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.
—*Daniel's Sonnets.*

All true love is grounded in esteem;
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart,
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
—*Buckingham.*

Who never loved, ne'er suffered.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

O, she was all!
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She lived with life, and far the dearer she.
—*Young.*

O, Love! how hard a fate is thine!
Obtained with trouble, and with pain preserved,
Never at rest.
—*Lansdowne's Heroic Love.*

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness or in maiden pride,
The soft return concealed.
—*Thomson.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair;
But love can hope where reason would despair.
—*Lord Lyttleton.*

True love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
—*Scott.*

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye!
—*Montgomery.*

My dream of life from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
—*Moore.*

There's not a look or word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot.
—*Moore.*

I love thee, and I feel
That in the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.
—*Southey.*

She had marked
The silent youth, and with a beauty's eye,
Knew well she was beloved.
—*Percival.*

Ask me not why I should love her,
Look upon those soulful eyes!
Look, while mirth or feeling move her.
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast
Which is of innocence the rest.
—*Hoffman.*

O, lady! there be many things
That seem right fair above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

Thinkest thou
That I could live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no.
—*Moore.*

NEATNESS.

"What a very neat woman Mrs. Ames is," said a lady to a neighbor, who had called upon her.

"Indeed! is she more than commonly particular?"

"Yes, I should think so; she is scrubbing from morning till night; she washes her windows twice each week; there is not a speck of dirt to be seen in any of her rooms."

"I should think she would wear herself out: she will learn better one of these days, I reckon."

"Her mother was just so: she has washed herself to death."

"I do not believe in a woman doing that. I think intemperance in work as wrong as in other things."

"But she does keep her house nice: I wish you would go over and see it."

"Perhaps I will. I have never called on either of the Mrs. Ames. I believe the brothers were married about the same time. I ought to have called before."

"I do not know so much about Mrs. James Ames

as I do about William's wife; they live farther off; and she is a different kind of woman; their houses were just alike; they were both new when the brides came to live here. They say—— never mind."

Three years before two brothers had built each of them a nice, pleasant cottage house in the same village. They were just alike, both inside and out; nicely papered, painted and finished, with pleasant porches, green blinds and pretty fences; and about the same time they had each installed pretty, lovable women in them as mistress and wife. Both young brides were fortunate in their husbands and homes; The young men were steady, industrious and thriving, and the future looked bright to them both.

The furnishing of the new houses rested with the ladies. Mrs. William had a pretty fortune of her own, and she was lavish of her outfit. Her furniture was the best that could be obtained, and the pretty rooms were decorated in fine style; while Mrs. James, being an orphan and almost penniless, was contented with cheaper articles, but everything was in good taste, and if not as splendid as her sister-in-law's, were of equal adaptedness.

Two years had passed before Mrs. Leighton called; circumstances had prevented her from visiting; but as she stepped upon the porch of the first cottage, she noticed that the paint was badly worn, and around the door-knob and bell-pull was entirely off, giving the front entrance a decided old look. The oil carpet in the hall looked as if it had done service, and the beautiful parlor carpet was actually almost threadbare. Mrs. Ames herself looked as if she had almost come to mending; her face was thin and care-worn, and a little nine-months' baby was crying and fretting all the time of her stay. She noticed that the furniture looked dim, the bright polish had disappeared; the sashes of the windows had a worn look, and the paint was mostly gone entirely from the casings and stools.

"I have been trying to have Mr. Ames paint the inside of the house, but he says there is no use, I would scour it all off in a year; but I do wish he would, it looks bad."

Mrs. Leighton thought herself it did look bad, but of course she did not say it; the glass window panes were as clear as crystal, and the stove shone like a glass bottle.

After a polite call she took her leave, noticing as she passed out from the yard that neither bush or flower root had found a place in the little yard; it looked bare and lonely; a little further on was the home of Mrs. James. The walk was bordered on either side by beautiful shrubs and roses, and a luxuriant ivy festooned over the porch almost nodded a welcome; a home-made rug lay before the door, and the paint was as perfect and fresh as if just spread on. A sprightly rosy-cheeked lady gave her a smiling welcome, and seated her in the parlor, where everything looked as nice and fresh as if the painters had hardly gone out of sight. A few choice plants decorated the windows, and the pretty rag carpet looked as clean and bright as if it were just out from the loom. The furniture was bright with varnish, and some nice crayon drawings in home-made frames were hung upon the walls. A darling, bright-eyed, smiling baby sat upon the carpet busy with some playthings. Mrs. Ames herself looked contented and happy.

"What a pleasant home. Mrs. Ames! it is delightful!"

"Yes, I like it; I think homes ought to be cheerful."

"Certainly, but yours is almost as beautiful as a dream."

"I'm glad you like it. I hope we shall see more of you."

"I am sure you will. What beautiful brackets! you have been painting your parlor this spring. I see."

"No indeed! my husband had it nicely painted before I came, and it will not need it for some years, I hope."

"Well, it is nicely kept, certainly, and looks like new."

"These brackets which you admired, my husband made last winter in the long evenings, and we made the frames together."

"Well, Mrs. Ames, you understand making home pleasant, for yours is one of the prettiest places I ever saw," and smiling, "you ought to give your sister lessons."

"Oh, sister is too neat! She spoils everything with her scrub-cloth; it is a wonder she is not dead; I intend to be neat enough to keep sweet and healthy; but there is no use in making a martyr of one's self, so as to be called the neatest woman in the world: my husband cannot afford to have so neat a wife."

FARMER'S WIFE.

ENGLISH SOCIAL COWARDICE.

A London correspondent of the New York Sun makes the following daring assertions:

I suppose all my English friends will feel outraged by it, but the truth compels me to say that, in some respects, the English people are the greatest cowards in the world. Physical danger and suffering they will encounter readily enough, but ridicule and public disapprobation have terrors for them which they dare not face. One of the most charming Englishmen I ever met was narrating to me only a day or two ago how a young American, a common friend of both of us, used to wear, when he first came to London, a Scotch cap in the street, and he was finally obliged to tell him that unless he put on the orthodox stovepipe hat he could not accompany him. It seems that etiquette forbids a gentleman to appear in public with any other headgear than the stovepipe aforesaid, and my English friend dared not countenance a contravention of the law. A gallant captain of the Queen's bodyguard, to whom I related the matter, sustained his countryman, and declared that he himself, although of a profession which requires courage as its first essential, would not venture to show himself in Bond street or the park, in a soft felt hat.

Pursuing my inquiries, I have found that a similar tyranny prevails in innumerable respects. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said that a cabinet minister might better commit any blunder rather than have his front door opened by a maid servant. Custom demands that a man shall be employed for that duty, and whoever infringes the custom becomes an outcast at once. So, too, the carrying of parcels in the street by gentlemen or ladies is forbidden, and I have no doubt been set down as a lunatic by shopkeepers many a time, because I would insist on taking home my purchases in my own hands. I believe an exception is made in the case of books, provided they be not wrapped up in paper. These may be carried with no loss of caste, but everything else is a mark of infamy. To walk with the coat unbuttoned in front is likewise improper, and is regarded very much as walking without any coat at all. Nor may a gentleman, not in business, wear a sack coat in London. No matter how hot the weather may be, his outer garment must be a frock coat buttoned up as I have mentioned. Only in the country, and while traveling, is the luxury of looseness and comfort permitted.

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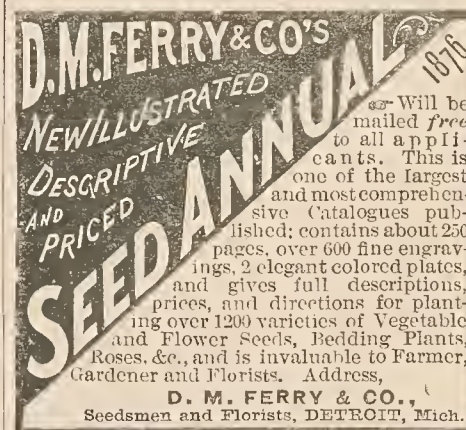
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1875.

MY WINDOW GARDEN.

I will tell you something of my window garden. I have about forty plants, and am never without blooms a day during the year. I wish so much that you could see how nice and pretty I have them arranged. My house is a small cottage, one room of which has a southern and eastern exposure. I have the walls decorated with some very beautiful pictures. In one of the windows, I have a box suspended about half way down, four feet wide, four feet long, and four inches deep, which contains twelve or fifteen eight-inch pots; I have the outside of this box covered with lead-colored cambric, in box plaits, which gives it a very pretty appearance; then under this box I have a table, which contains about the same number of plants, only larger ones. Then in the other window, which has an eastern exposure, I have my largest plants, and such as do not need a great deal of sun. I also have suspended from the top of each window, a hanging basket, containing the most beautiful vines you ever saw. I don't know what it is called by florists, but we down south here call it the Ruins of Rome. At one side of the window, I have a large pot containing a Madeira vine, which I have trained up the side and over the top of the window, which, with its large leaves and beautiful flowers, gives everything a most charming and beautiful appearance. My flowers are the envy of all my neighbors, many of whom have flowers and are wealthy; but as cold weather is here, they have consigned them to their pits (or graves as it were), where they will remain during the very time we need flowers most. I tell them there is no pleasure in having them, for the only time they do them any good, is in the summer and spring; then we have so many annuals which are so

much more beautiful, and do not need near as much attention.

I have been very successful with my plants, never being troubled with any kind of insects; I will at some other time tell you how I avoid them. I tell you there is nothing like having a home (though it be small), well embellished and adorned with flowers and pictures. It makes everything look so cosy and home-like, and has a tendency to keep our husbands at home at night. My husband, being a bank clerk, is absent all day, but when he comes home at night, I tell you we have a jolly time all among the flowers, with our Hope and our Ivy, into whose little hearts I have already installed the love of the beautiful. I never saw children love flowers so well in my life.

I will now tell you of what my collection consists, viz.: Night-blooming Jessamines, Fuchsias, Hydrangeas, Begonias, double bronze, gold, silver, tricolor and scented Geraniums, Ivy Geraniums, Smilax, Caeti, Calladiums, Coleus, Carnations and Callas—quite a varied collection. Don't you think so? Those that are now in bloom, are double and single scarlet Geraniums, one Ivy Geranium, night-blooming Jessamine, Lantana, Fuchsias and Carnations. My Hydrangea, Smilax, and several Geraniums, pink and white, will be in bloom in eight or ten days. Hoping that I have not wearied you, and that I will be welcome again, I bid you adieu.

BIRDIE ARNETT.

Augusta, Arkansas.



THE BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LAST NUMBER. RENEW! RENEW!—All subscriptions, yearly or trial, expire with this number, and must be renewed by sending direct to this office. Papers with labels or printed numbers beyond 48 will be continued till date of expiration. Money can be sent safely to us by money order or registered letter, express, or bank draft on New York. Do not send checks on local banks, or distant cities, and, if possible, no check less than \$5.

Prizes for Articles.—The prizes offered in October and November CABINET will be kept open one month longer, till December 25th, and awards published in January issue. The term hitherto given has been too short, and many good articles not yet finished. See November CABINET, page 168, for offers in full.

COMPLIMENTARY.

What the Ladies say of The Floral Cabinet:

You provide such a feast for the ladies as no other man in the United States could or would do. When we are allowed to vote, just run for President, won't you? **MRS. H. T. STRICKLIN.**

I would, under no circumstances, do without the FLORAL CABINET. There is no periodical which could take its place, in my estimation; and one thing strange, I like it for thus far, it has kept the "fashions" out of its columns. **MRS. E. C. BOYLE.**

A "Sunbeam" in every home. I want every lady to take it, for it is certainly a sunbeam in every home it enters. **MRS. A. M. JOHNSON.**

The CABINET has deeply interested me. Every lady ought to be a subscriber. I say to my acquaintances, "You don't know what a perfect little treasure the CABINET is; I could not do without it." **MISS LAURA B. HALL.**

Back Numbers—Special Offer to Trial Trip Subscribers.—Thousands of trial trip subscribers have now received the last three numbers of the CABINET. They ought to have all the back numbers to make the year complete. Many are expecting to take the CABINET for 1876, and still have as many back numbers as possible. We therefore make the following very fine cheap offers, clubbing the volume of 1876 with the back numbers of past year:

1. For only \$2.—I will send CABINET, January to December, 1876, and all back numbers of 1875, January to September, together with steel-plate engraving, "The Rustic Wreath."
2. For \$3.—Same as above, with addition of volume for 1874, and chromo, "My Window Garden."
3. For \$4.—Same as offer No. 2, with addition of volume for 1873, with chromo, "Gems of The Flower Garden."

Holiday Presents.—No more acceptable presents can be given than a choice of some of the splendid articles offered in our supplement the past three months. For a lady, choose the FLORAL CABINET, or Household Elegancies, or Window Gardening, or some of the little Book Marks. For the children, choose THE LITTLE GEM, or a Bracket Saw, or some of our Games. Any articles wanted for Christmas Presents should be ordered of us one to two weeks beforehand—although, in many cases, we can sometimes fill orders up to within three days of that date. Every order is now filled, and articles mailed within twenty-four hours of receipt.

Only One Dollar.—For only one dollar, we will send the LITTLE GEM for 1876, and all the back numbers of 1875. This is a splendid offer to any one who wishes to provide good, pure, entertaining reading for the children.

Household Elegancies.—This truly magnificent volume is now ready, and hundreds of copies are daily sent by mail to distant parts of the United States. It contains 300 pages, and over 250 illustrations; so full of fancy work, home decorations, and household elegancies, and its pages adorned with so many charming devices and exquisite engravings, that it hardly seems possible for any home to be complete without it.

FOR A PRESENT TO A LADY.—No book is more acceptable, and every one about to select a good, useful Christmas gift for a lady, cannot give her more genuine delight, than to select this book as their present. It is the finest household book ever issued. We also give it free to any one who will get up clubs for us as follows:

1. For 10 subscribers, one year at \$1.80, to the CABINET.
2. " 15 " " 1.80, and to club agent a copy of both book and paper, one year free.
3. For 5 subscribers at \$1.80, (and 65 cents extra) from club agent, either the book or one year's subscription to CABINET, will be given free.

Music.—The page of music we publish each month, is usually sold by music publishers at 35 to 50 cents. Each of our pieces are the very choicest of new music, and in the course of a year, every subscriber receives an honest value of \$5 in gems of song and musical melody.

Cheapness.—Besides the music, one year's numbers of the CABINET contain reading matter of choicest quality, sufficient to fill ten books at \$1.50 each; additional to this, is the steel-plate engraving, worth \$2.00—and for but \$1.30, the subscriber gets an honest value of \$4.00. No other journal offers so much genuine worth and merit.

Bound Volumes.—We can supply bound volumes of 1875 and '874, for only \$2.00 each, delivered only at our office. If ordered by mail or express, add 50 cents postage for each volume.

January Number will be especially brilliant in fine articles and delightful illustrations. It will be issued January 1st. Those who wish the CABINET for Christmas gifts, will have to order the December number, and a subscription receipt for 1876.

Silk Book-Marks.—The silk book-marks offered in our supplement, are so charming that if our subscribers could but see them, they would all declare them more handsome than the CABINET itself. We now offer special club terms for them.

For \$1.70, CABINET one year, and one 50c. Book-Mark.
" 1.80, " " " 75c. " "
" 2.00, " " " 1.00 " "

To any who will buy in lots of one dozen or more, we will give a discount of 25 per cent. To fairs, teachers, schools, and agents, who desire larger quantities, special wholesale prices.

SILK BOOK-MARKS TO CLUBS.

Any 50 cent book-mark is given free for club of but 3 subscribers to CABINET at \$1.80 each.
Any 75 cent book-mark is given free for club of but 4 subscribers to CABINET at \$1.80 each.
Any \$1.00 book-mark is given free for club of but 5 subscribers to CABINET at \$1.80 each.

Any club agent getting more than five subscribers, will be allowed 20 cents for each name in his club, towards the purchase of as many book-marks as he wishes.

Home Life.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise.

All's for the best—if a man did but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best.

All's for the best! set this on your standard;
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best! be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding
Wisely and warily all for the best.

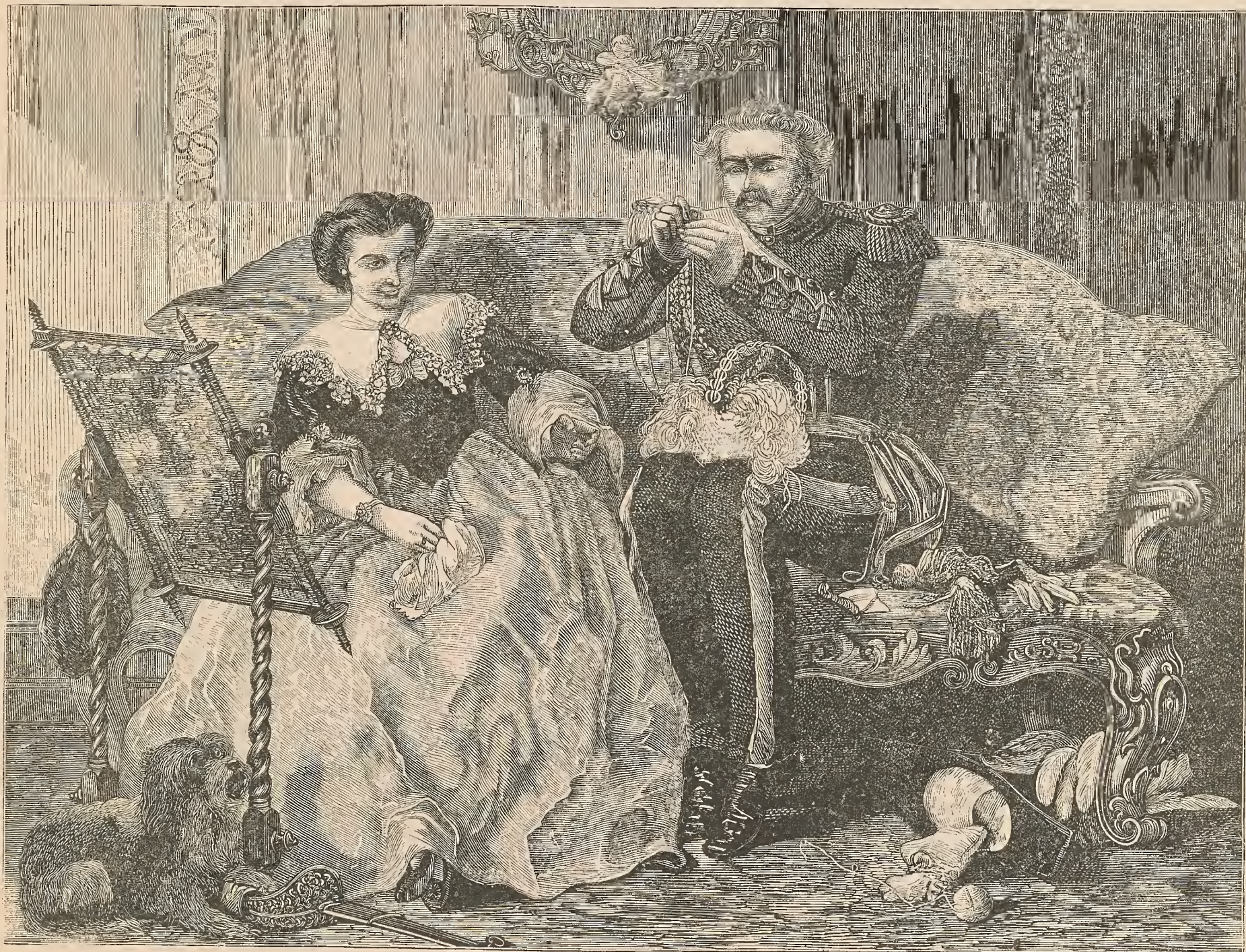
words, "To Thy," and below the cross the words, "I'll Cling." Have the letters rather large, as they are more easily filled out. For the letters, cut the ferns in small pieces with a pair of small, sharp scissors. Brush each piece with the brush dipped in mucilage, and fill out your letters, pressing the pieces of fern down neatly and smoothly. Fill the cross out in the same way, placing a pansy here and there (first having brushed the back of the pansy with mucilage) as your fancy may suggest.

After your motto is done, lay the bristol-board in a large book and weigh it down for two or three days, then frame. A motto of this kind made with bleached ferns, on a background of black velvet, is exquisitely beautiful. To press the ferns, and use them without bleaching, a very handsome effect is obtained.

SCRAPS OF WAX.

Ladies working in wax can use their scrap wax

in a deep dish, some melted lard, enough corn meal to fill your deep dish, a spoon and a case-knife. Then take a small but handsome vase (without arms, or side pieces, as they are sometimes called) and stuff it full of cotton; then paste a piece of writing-paper smoothly over the top; then grease one-half of the vase and lay the part which is not greased down sideways in the corn meal, afterward pressing the corn meal firmly around it, being careful to have it just half way down in the meal. Then, with some cold water and a spoon mix up a stiff batter of plaster-of-paris and pour quickly over the part of the vase which is not in the meal. Mix just enough plaster to cover that half of the vase with a thick coat, as the plaster will not do to use after standing ten minutes. Dip the case-knife in water, smoothing the plaster a little as you pour it on. Allow the plaster to run down into the meal, as that will give a good edge to your mold. Then set



THE LION IN LOVE.

very advantageously just now. Having gathered a quantity of autumn leaves—maple and oak are most beautiful—lay some of your scrap wax on a newspaper and rub a warm flat-iron over it. Then iron your leaves carefully, laying them in a book as you iron them. Leaves waxed in this way and then dried are very nice for making crosses, wreaths, or for decorating pictures. Sprays of oak leaves with the acorns attached are very pretty. Iron the leaves with a waxed iron as soon as they are gathered; do not have the iron too hot, as it makes them dark and dead looking; iron over two or three times, so as to dry them thoroughly, then suspend as your fancy may dictate.

TO MAKE VASE MOLDS.

Have ready half a pound of plaster-of-paris, a deep

in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dry remove the mold from the meal, but do not take the vase out. With a penknife scrape the edge of your mold perfectly smooth. Wipe all the meal from the other side of the vase, and grease it and the edges of the mold very thoroughly with lard. Lay the plaster side (or the one which is already molded) down in the meal. Mix up more plaster and cover the remaining side thoroughly with a thick coat of the plaster, allowing this last coat to run a quarter of an inch over the other part. Smooth with a case-knife dipped in water, then allow mold to dry one hour. Then place mold in a basin of water, allowing to stand a few moments, when the mold may be carefully taken apart and the vase removed. With a clean cloth rub the mold perfectly dry, and it is ready for use.

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

FERN LEAF MOTTOES.

Have ready a quantity of pressed Ferns and Pansies, a handsome rustic frame with glass, a bottle of mucilage and small camel's hair brush, and a piece of white bristol-board to fit your rustic frame. In the centre of your bristol-board outline a cross in any style, plain or fancy, that you may desire. Then above the cross draw in Old English capitals the

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child while you strive like a man.

All's for the best! unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE BOBOLINK.

Once on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts, in June,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood,
Threaded a rural solitude;
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along.
The air was fragrant with woodland scents,
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence,
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink!"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous field were strewn
Wilting winnows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume,
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sang, with his heart on fire—
"Chink! If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! kiss, kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vista of sweet breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road;
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And loitering slowly as lovers will;
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently gilded with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms that spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the flitting form of the dragon-fly—
Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darkling and eveling in merry chase,
Dipped and dimpled its clear dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink;
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within;
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch tree!"
But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—
"Do it! do it!" with a might and main
Warbled the tell-tale, "do it again!"

HOME-KEEPING AND HOUSE-KEEPING.

There is a vast difference between home-keeping and house-keeping. The first includes the latter, and a great deal more. Paul taught that women were to be homekeepers, and by that we do not suppose he meant that they were always to stay at home and scrub and cook. Many have an idea that the highest encomium that can be lavished upon a woman is that she is a good housekeeper, and by that they mean one who keeps the domestic machinery running without jar or interruption, one whose house is in perfect order from cellar to garret, and whose table is always with its appurtenances faultless.

This is desirable, and so far as it conduces to the true happiness of the family, is included in my idea of home-keeping. I have seen housekeepers who sacrificed the comfort and freedom of their husbands and children to the one idea of an orderly house. I have been a guest in a house so stiffly kept that I feared to take up a book lest I should forget which side up I found it. It is "Johnny! look at your boots!" if he chanced to come bounding in with some important news for mother. "Go right out and clean your feet! then I will hear you." Johnny drops his head and goes out and cares not to come in again, to confide in mother that item so important to him. That

mother had much better follow the little feet, with brush and dust-pan, than check the confiding nature of her boy, who will soon learn to look to some one else for sympathy. That mother may some time weep in sorrow for the lost confidence she might have kept. A child's home should be attractive and warm with love. A house built of clean cakes of ice may be neat but it would not be inviting.

Perhaps I can give my idea of home-keeping by describing to you a home I visited the past summer in the city of Rochester. The first thing that attracted the eye upon entering the well-lighted hall was the word "welcome," formed of green Moss and tiny Everlastings tacked upon the tinted wall. From that simple word radiated a warm cheer that pervaded the whole atmosphere of the place, and gave you an assurance of hospitality. It was a little thing, but how much of life's happiness or woe is made up of little influences. Let us enter the parlors: The first impression you have here is one of harmony, giving a feeling of ease and pleasure. Webster gives as one definition of home "a place of rest." Here you naturally drop into an easy chair and drink the quiet beauty of the place. There is nothing so startling in its curiousness, or glaring in its gorgeousness, as to arouse you, but it produces the same restful feeling that one has in looking upon a beautiful blended picture or a quiet landscape. Who would think of rest in a visit to Niagara, where every step reveals something new to arouse and excite the whole being? But this quiet beauty begins to resolve itself into pleasant details. A bay-window in the back parlor first claims attention; it is filled with vines, choice plants, and thrifty hanging-baskets. A stand holds a warden ease filled with ferns, and it does better for being partially shaded by the plants ranged between it and the glass. From this beautiful bower ran Ivies, Maurandia and Madeira vines over pictures, and apparently where their wild fancies led them, yet you knew they must have been carefully guided. They seemed like my friend's children, to have been so constantly and gently guided that they appeared to go of themselves just where they ought. The centre-table was filled with the choicest magazines and newspapers of the day.

I must have looked my surprise at the variety of periodicals, for my friend says, "nothing pays us so well as the reading matter we furnish our children—no retrenchment here." Over the piano are two fern wreaths—one of green pressed ferns fastened with touches of glue to white bristol-board, the other of bleached ferns upon a black velvet background. The frames were wrought in putty—leaves and fruit of the grapevine, and varnished. These home-made frames and their contents, which cost only patience and skill, were to me more beautiful than a pair of Prang's chromos with their expensive frames that hung opposite. The front parlor had its bouquets of skeletonized leaves and bleached ferns. Autumn leaves arranged like a vine ran over the doorway, over pictures, and fell in sprays over the lace curtains. These leaves were ironed with a warm iron, dipped in melted paraffine, and fastened to long wire to simulate a vine, and was beautiful beyond description. The wall being plain, and the slightest remove from white, showed the vine much better than a figured paper.

Suspended from the centre of the arched doorway was a large wreath made of green Moss and Everlastings, and standing within the wreath was a white dove with extended wings (made of cotton flannel), holding in his beak a green sprig. This, as an emblem of peace and love, was very suggestive. But time would fail me to tell of all the beautiful adorn-

ments that mother's love had created to make home beautiful to her children. In reply to a remark of mine she said, "I am striving to make home so beautiful to my children that no other place on earth, be it ever so attractive, shall look so pleasant to them. They went to Buffalo to spend a part of their last vacation with cousins, whose parents are very wealthy. I awaited their return without fear, yet with some anxiety. Almost the first exclamation of Emma was, 'Oh, mamma, how lovely our home is! Uncle Harry's house is so big and so stiff that I am dreadfully tired. Everything looks so bought.' The fine furniture is always kept covered, except on some grand occasion, and Effie says they made her think of the mummies she had read about. There is nothing in our home, as you see, too good to enjoy every day."

I must say a word about the children's rooms. Many who fill their parlors with beautiful books and pictures leave their children's rooms bare and uninviting. Not so here. Henry's room has his bookcase, filling with choice books, which he is made to understand is the beginning of his library. He is to read the last before another is added. His specimens of insects, his collection of fossils and shells, have their proper place. A bright carpet, a few chromos, &c., make a room that a boy is proud of and a man would love to look back upon. The girls' room showed the same evidence of the taste and love of mother, and contained many articles of their own handiwork. I could not but express my delight at the success of my friend in making a home. She says: "My time is nearly all given to the education and training of my children, and it seems to me that my work for the next ten or fifteen years, if my life is spared, will be to keep my home a haven to my children and a place of rest to my husband."

To me it seems that the calling of a true home-keeper is as much above that of a mere house-keeper as the position of a wife and mother is above the veriest menial.

MRS. H. M. BARKER.

The Tyrant Mamma.—"Letitia" writes to *The Louisville Courier-Journal*: "I have been invited to two parties during the past week, and am told by my mamma that I must not attend either, because the weather is changeable and severe, and because I will not consent to wear any other than a dress with low neck and short sleeves, which would necessitate the removal of my winter woollens. The conditions are peculiarly hard to me. For several weeks I have been endeavoring to rob a rival of her lover. I have invoked all my charms and blandishments in the contest, and the result of the battle hangs just now upon a thread. Indeed, I think I have the advantage of the fight, and could I only attend one of the parties in question I would feel confident of being rewarded with a complete victory. I dance better than my rival, and the gentleman over whom we are contending has often told me that I appeared to superior advantage in party dress. But I have just heard that in consequence of my refusal to accompany him he has made an engagement with my enemy. She, willing to be second choice, consented. And, oh heavens! They are going alone in a close carriage; I know they are! What am I to do? What a torture my imagination will be to me during that long and feverish night! The parental tyranny is the greatest of cruelty. I had rather have the pneumonia in its worst type than suffer this mental misery. Not that I care for the man, for I do not; but I want to spite my hated rival, and gain the glory of a victory over her. She loves him, and would marry him to-morrow if she could. But with the help of heaven and the hard times I will prevent it."

Ladies' Fancy Work.

PAINTING GRASSES.

In reply to Mrs. F. W. S.'s request for directions for coloring or painting grasses: I have tried coloring, but do not like it, as it soon fades and is so brittle and at the same time stiff and ungraceful.

I begin gathering the grasses as soon as mature, which is at different seasons. In June, blue grass, wheat, oats, and other grain and grasses, are in right condition, and then all along until frost. As I gather the grasses and grain I have an old pan, pail, or box of sand in a dark place, and stick the stems—a few in a place—in an upright position in the sand. In this way they do not dry too fast, retain their color better, are more pliable and graceful than when dried any other way. I leave them until I want the room to place more; I then remove them to vases or some place, keeping their heads up. When ready for painting I procure five cents' worth each of chrome green, Paris green, Chinese or California vermilion, yellow ochre. Mix equal parts linseed oil and turpentine, say one gill each, in wide-mouth vessel. I then make a little sieve of two thicknesses of tarlatan sewed on a piece of wire bent in a circular form, a little loose or bagging in the middle. Take one or two pieces of grass, lay the tops or parts to be painted on an old plate or piece of tin. Gently brush with the oil and turpentine with a clean paint or varnish brush. Be careful not to get too much on, but touch it all. Then with the little sieve, sift on the the desired color. Lay it on a paper for the dusting the color on, so as to catch all the dry paint and prevent waste, as it can be sifted on the next piece until used up. Have the sand ready again to stick the painted grasses in until dry, being careful not to let the different colors touch till dry; then arrange to suit the taste, mixing in a good deal of crystallized grasses and grain, and if you do not think them beautiful write and let me know. They are as pliable as when in their natural state, and retain their color for years. I sent to Vick and bought fifty cents' worth of Everlastings and Immortelles and Feather Grass, and made several bouquets which I sold for five dollars a pair—would sell for more in large cities.

CRYSTALLIZING.

My recipe for crystallizing is: One pound of alum to one gallon of water; very clear water should be used. When cool place the grasses in and leave for two or three hours. If fine crystals are desired, move the grasses every little while, turning them over. Then hang in a shady place to dry.

C. N. EVELEIGH.

A QUILTING PARTY.

"What shall I make for the fair?" some lover of fancy-work may ask, in great perplexity.

Tired of making pin-cushions, needle-books, tidies, lamp-mats, and all other articles with which the tables at fairs are generally stocked, a desire may perhaps be felt to make something new and different. For the benefit of such a person I will describe a miniature quilting party that I made once, after a description of one had been given me. As I was not in a city where I could buy the material used for the one I wished to copy, "necessity was the mother of invention," in this case, as it often is in others.

For a foundation of the whole I used a piece of stiff

pasteboard eighteen inches square; and making a covering of dark brown stuff, for one side, and cambric for the other, sewed up like a pillow-case, I put in the pasteboard and sewed up the end.

Next, having bought nine toy chairs, with wooden frames, I fastened the legs of all to the foundation, in the places desired, by putting strong short dressing-pins up through the pasteboard into the legs, making them quite firm. Four of the chairs were for the quilting frame to rest on, and the others were for the quilters. The frame was made of smooth, slender, pine sticks, fastened securely at the corners, and on this frame was sewed the little quilt, the blocks of colored print, and white muslin only an inch square, and the whole quilt a foot square.

As I could not find jointed dolls the right size in our village, I made all the six quilters with walnut heads and muslin bodies. A strip of muslin three inches wide, made into a roll the size of my thumb, served for each body; this allowed a sitting posture, without bending the body. A white lace cap, fitting closely around each head, with the ends of the lace gathered up, was fastened to the body. Of course there were features marked with ink on every face, and it was quite amusing to see the difference of expression on these sharp-nosed faces! Over the tight lace cap was a more dressy one with ruffles and ribbon bows. Their dresses were quite plain and just suited to old ladies with caps. One had on a brown dress, a long black silk apron that came nearly to the bottom of her dress, and a white kerchief. A black silk bag, with a white handkerchief just visible at the opening, hung on the chair near this one, who, with the help of another opposite, was standing up to mark the quilt with a string. Their hands were all sewed to the quilt, one hand of each quilter underneath and the other on top. Two of the old ladies had their heads so close together they seemed to be gossiping as quilters are apt to do. On the quilt were two or three very small spools of thread (Nos. 180 or 200), a small piece of wax, and some scissors an inch long.

It was rather tedious work getting all the materials together, from bags, and baskets, and boxes; ironing them, cutting them out, and sewing them; but, after it was done it afforded much amusement to those who saw it. I had the satisfaction of knowing that it sold for two dollars at the fair, for which I made it. The only expense that I incurred was twenty-seven cents, which I paid for the chairs. ABBY G. SHAW.

A PRETTY PICTURE FRAME.

I was so well pleased with the suggestion of the FLORAL CABINET, of the uses of autumn leaves, that I soon had two stars cut geometrically. The smaller one I covered with varnished maple leaves of different sizes and colors—very pretty. Another, quite large one, was composed of a variety of unvarnished oak leaves of various kinds, with a cluster in the centre of acorns or the cups. One day, among some broken picture frames, I found a long narrow one of some dark wood. Not caring for an illuminated text, or worked motto, which are so common, and having some pressed ferns and two sprays of red sumac leaves, I arranged them on white cardboard, so as nearly to fill the frame; in the centre a dark red and shaded initial letter was placed, but perhaps one of gilt might be preferred.

My two unpretending rooms have been made quite cheerful this dreary winter by various inexpensive devices. I have an anchor and lute of autumn leaves, the CABINET chromos framed, as well as many other pic-

tures, a cross of moss and basket of wax-work, hanging-baskets improvised to suit circumstances. One of German Ivy, in an ox-muzzle, has an old funnel in the centre containing Zebrina Tradescantia, which is of various shades of green, and looks like burnished silver—much admired by my friends. Another small piece is a cigar-box, covered with moss and fungi, containing some small vials of water with bits of vines and three kinds of Achyranthus. A lady caller fancies this last, and the rustic log, above any of the rest. Her coming is like a ray of sunshine, always finding something to commend, looking over my plants, and taking away some cheerful thought, like the busy bee, intent only on the sweetest and best, overlooking any discrepancies or failures. We receive so many useful hints and directions from the CABINET that I ventured to add my mite to the stock of the floral band. If one has but moderate taste, and some ideas as a basis, many home-adorments may be made, both pleasing and useful.

JUSTINA PALMER.

How to make Husk Baskets.—Very nice baskets and wall pockets can be made by taking pasteboard and cutting it just the shape you desire your basket, and then procure some husks; some prefer the outside husk, but I prefer the inside, it being so much whiter and easier to handle. Take the husk and cut it into strips three-quarters of an inch broad, lengthwise of the husk, then cut in lengths one inch and a half long, then double in the centre lengthwise, then double them over your finger so as to form a nice point in the centre, lapping the ends so as to sew on to the pasteboard, putting the open side next to the pasteboard, then sew on to the pasteboard; sew one row around the outer edge of the board, letting each one lap so as to hide the stitches in each piece, and then fill up the center in the same way, letting each row cover the stitches above; make a handle by taking a narrow strip of pasteboard and sewing one row of husks on each side, then one through the centre, hiding the ends of the outside row; a strip like this around the bottom of the basket improves it very much. If any of the ladies try this and cannot succeed, I will send them a sample by sending me their address.

Will some lady please tell me what is the matter with my Geraniums? I have some which grow very nicely and bud, but never open; some will almost open, and then just wilt and drop off, but I cannot tell why. M. I. Mc.

My Medley.—Last summer it became quite a fashion to make "medleys," as they were called. They were made of a number of small pictures pasted upon bristol-board, forming one large one which was then framed. Turning over my stock of pictures one day, preparatory to making one, my husband said, laughing, "You've got pictures enough to make a medley to cover one side of the house." "Well," I replied, "I shan't cover one side of the house, but I'll make a mammoth medley of the east hall." So I commenced operations that day. I had a large supply of plates from Godey and Peterson, also from the floral catalogues, and a quantity of woodcuts from various sources. I pasted these all over the walls of the hall, fitting them as well as I could; all places which did not join neatly I covered with a flower, cut from one of the catalogues and colored. When it was all finished and dry I gave it two coats of varnish, and now—well, now, I'm proud of it!

MRS. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Household Elegancies.

WALL-POCKET IN FRET-WORK.

Very ornamental and useful wall-pockets or receivers, made of carved black-walnut, as represented in our engraving, can be purchased in almost any fancy shop; but such things are apt to be somewhat expensive. A home-made article is, on economical grounds, more desirable, besides possessing an interest which the purchased one cannot have. Thin pieces of wood can be readily procured at the cabinet-maker's and sometimes at piano-forte factories. These obtained, you have only to copy or design a simple yet graceful open-worked pattern for the back and the front pocket piece, and with a sharp pocket-knife carve the wood to correspond. The sides of the pocket are made of cloth or leather, and it will be found an improvement to back the front piece with some bright color that will show through the carved open-work. Before using the penknife, it is a good plan to bore large holes in the wood at intervals, according to the pattern, and then cut away the wood from hole to hole. A very pretty wall-receiver, in the design of the present engraving, can be made of stout pasteboard, which, though not so durable, is more easily managed than wood. When the article is finished, paint it with hot glue, and instantly sprinkle ground coffee, ground allspice, or any kind of pretty garden seed, thickly upon it. If the first sprinkling does not completely cover it, touch the bare places with glue, and sprinkle again. The seed of gum-balls is very pretty for this purpose, but it is a good plan to use a mixture of various kinds of seeds. Split gum-balls, or acorns, may be used as a border, if desired, though the article can be more neatly finished with a stout twine, over cast all around its edges, and sprinkled and varnished like the rest. The lining of the open-work pocket-piece should be of a color contrasting well with the outside. Before the pocket is lined, however, the receiver should be varnished with gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol. This shellac varnish is preferable for the purpose to any other kind, as it gives a soft lustre instead of the unpleasant shiny effect of other varnishes. It is easily made by dissolving enough gum-shellac in the strongest alcohol to give it the thickness of fresh cream. It dries quickly.

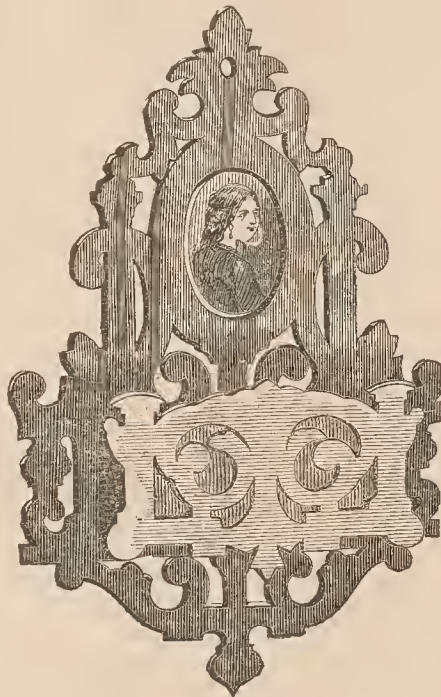


LAMP SCREEN IN FRET-WORK AND DECALCOMANIE.

LAMP SCREEN IN FRET-WORK.

The lamp screen illustrated in engraving is made of white holly, sawed out in fancy shapes with the fret-saw, of six or eight pieces, as fancy may prefer, joined together with loops of colored ribbon; the inside of

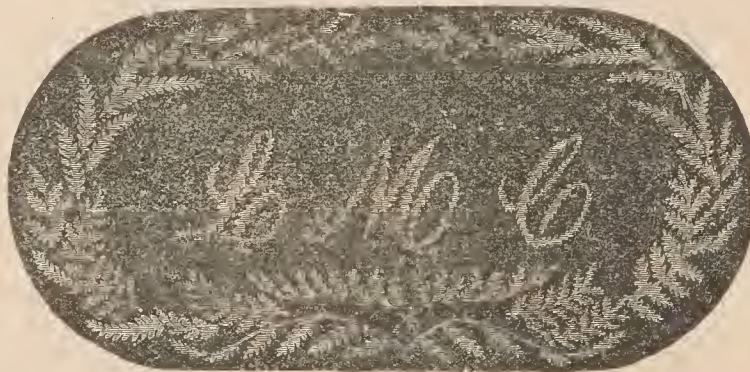
each section is covered with colored transparent paper, muslin or silk, and the panel on the outside is decorated with some fancy ornament transferred by decalcomanie. The entire screen is simple, easily made and very inexpensive.



WALL-POCKET IN FRET-WORK.

HOME-MADE FANCY TRAY.

Before commencing to make a tray, it is necessary to have a flat piece of wood cut round, square or oval,



HOME-MADE FANCY TRAY.

as your taste may decide; this should be bordered with molding, or with a narrow, pliable strip of wood, like the rim of a salt-box cover; perhaps you have a wooden plate, or the lid of a box, that may be used.

If your tray is designed to hold only a single glass, a salt-box cover will answer. The wooden form must be rubbed down with pumice-stone and sand-paper until it is as smooth as you can make it, and then painted black; as soon as the surface is thoroughly dry, rub it down again with pumice and sand-paper, and put on another coat of paint. When this dries, if the tray is not perfectly smooth, looking almost like Japanned work, you will have

to repeat the rubbing down. Next, with the best white glue, fasten pieces of dried ferns and small autumnal leaves upon your tray. Initial letters or monograms, made of fine pieces of fern, add very much to the effect. If you have no ferns, small gilt or

colored figures, such as are sold for decalcomanie work, may be used. After the leaves or pictures are fastened on, cover the whole with a coating of white shellac varnish, or any other which is colorless and water-proof; but be sure first to allow the glue a day for drying, so that there will be no danger of the leaves curling up when they are varnished. Small tables, work-boxes and glove-cases, may be very prettily ornamented in the same manner. In our engraving we represent merely the bottom of the tray, as the rim is not ornamented.

CARD-BASKET IN PHOTOPHAMIE.

This card basket is made of card-board, the sides joined with loops of ribbon; the double line around the edge of each side consists of embroidered stitches, and the fancy figures in the centre are made by pricking through the card-board with a needle or pin, from the outside. A little picture is first held on the surface, and its outlines are then pricked through; the other side shows the raised surface of the holes, which being open give the curious effect known as photophamie.

FRAMES OF WHITE PERFORATED CARD-BOARD.

These frames appear like white carved marble, or heavily embossed work, and are made by first cutting out a foundation of white bristol-board, leaving the corners projecting a half inch or more (according to size of frame). Then a section of perforated card is cut to fit on this, and the narrow part of the sides are ornamented with pieces of the card, square, round, or in any ornamental shape, making them ten or more deep, and cutting each one one hole less than the one beneath, until at the top only the section of card between two rows of holes is left. Use gelatine, flour or starch paste for fastening. The corners are ornamented in like manner, but the pieces should be so arranged that open spaces are left between the ornaments. When all the sections are placed, make a mat or edge around the inner part with plain gold paper.

Gold and silver perforated card forms lovely frames if embroidered with chenille and floss silk, cutting the corners deeper than the edges.



CARD BASKET IN PHOTOPHAMIE.

Beautiful lamp shades are made by cutting five panels of perforated card, white, gold or silver, and cutting out sections; line with various colored "glass-cards" (gelatine paper), then tying together with bright ribbons.

MRS. C. S. JONES.

Timeside Reading.

TIT FOR TAT.

A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a young man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, the lover placed the ladder to the window, and in a few moments the young girl was in his arms.

They mounted a double horse, and were soon some distance from the house.

After a while the lady broke the silence by saying:

"Well, you see what proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband."

He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered:

"Perhaps I may, and perhaps not."

She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind in my room."

"Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it."

They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called:

"Are you coming?"

Then she looked out of the window, and said:

"Perhaps I may, and perhaps I may not;" and then shut down the window, leaving him to depart alone.

A Dream that Parted Man and Wife.—Bundy has been married two weeks, and has left his wife. Bundy is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Peter Potts. About ten days after marriage, Bundy was surprised, on awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed, crying as if her heart would break. Astonished; he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply, he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him that was the cause of her anguish, so he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married, she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after considerable coaxing he elicited the following from her:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street, I came to a store where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and arranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to

them. Such beautiful men; some for \$1,000, some for \$500, and so on to \$150. As I had not that amount I could not purchase."

"Thinking to console her, B. placed his arm lovingly around her, and asked:

"And did you see any men like me there?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, drawing away from him, "lots like you, they were tied up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents per bunch."

Bundy got up, and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient ground for divorce.

A bashful young clergyman recently rising to

Two or three months ago a Detroitier started to build house, and as he had always heard his wife "jawing around" about the lack of closets in the house, he determined to give her an agreeable surprise. She went up with him a day or two ago, and he pointed out eleven different closets to her, and asked: "Now what do you say?" "Well," she replied, after another look around, "if there was another closet off the hall I'd be willing to live and die here."

A Little baby stranger came to a family in Augusta, last week, and a bright five-year-old brother, who had been heretofore the only child in that household, was brought in to see the new-comer. He greeted the little one with apparent pleasure and delight, patting it playfully under the chin and smoothing its soft hair. Then all at

once came the inquiry, "Say, how was God when you left?"

During a class-meeting held by the Methodist brethren of a southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there a man notorious for his endeavor to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said: "Well, Brother Dick, I am glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys." "Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens." "Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! That's doing well, my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief: "If he'd said ducks, he'd a had me!"

WEARY.

Weary of living, so weary;
Longing to lie down and die,
To find for the sad heart and dreary
The end of the pilgrimage nigh.

Weary, so weary of wishing,
For a form that has gone from my sight;
For a voice that is hushed to me ever;
For eyes that to me were so bright.

Weary, so weary of waiting,
Waiting for sympathy sweet;
For something to love, and love me,
And pleasures that are not so fleet.

For a hand to be laid on my forehead,
A glimpse of the dark glossy hair;
For a step that to me was sweet music,
And a brow that was noble and fair.

Tired, so tired of drifting
Adown the dark stream of life;
Tired of breasting the billows,
The billows of toil and strife.

Wishing and waiting so sadly
For love that was sweetest and best,
Willing to die gladly,
If that would bring quiet and rest.



THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME TO THE SNOW BIRDS.

preach for the first time, made a terrible mix of it, and announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

A fashionable young miss was taken by her mother to the eccentric and celebrated Dr. Abernethy for treatment. The doctor ran a knife under her belt, in presence of the mother, instantly severing it, and exclaiming, "Why, inadarn, don't you know there are upwards of thirty yards of bowels squeezed under that girdle. Go home, give nature fair play, and you'll have no need of a prescription!"

Another Kind.—Two Irishmen, lately landed in New York, were boarding at a hotel where they were sorely troubled with mosquitoes, and could hardly obtain sleep enough to satisfy nature. "Put yer head under the blankets," said Mike, "an' thin they'll not bite yees." Pat did as requested, but scarcely had he found himself free from the mosquitoes when he was attacked by the bed-bugs that he had failed to notice. "Bad luck to me, Mike," said he; "here's another kind widout wings an' fiddles; but, begorra, they bite as hard as the others."

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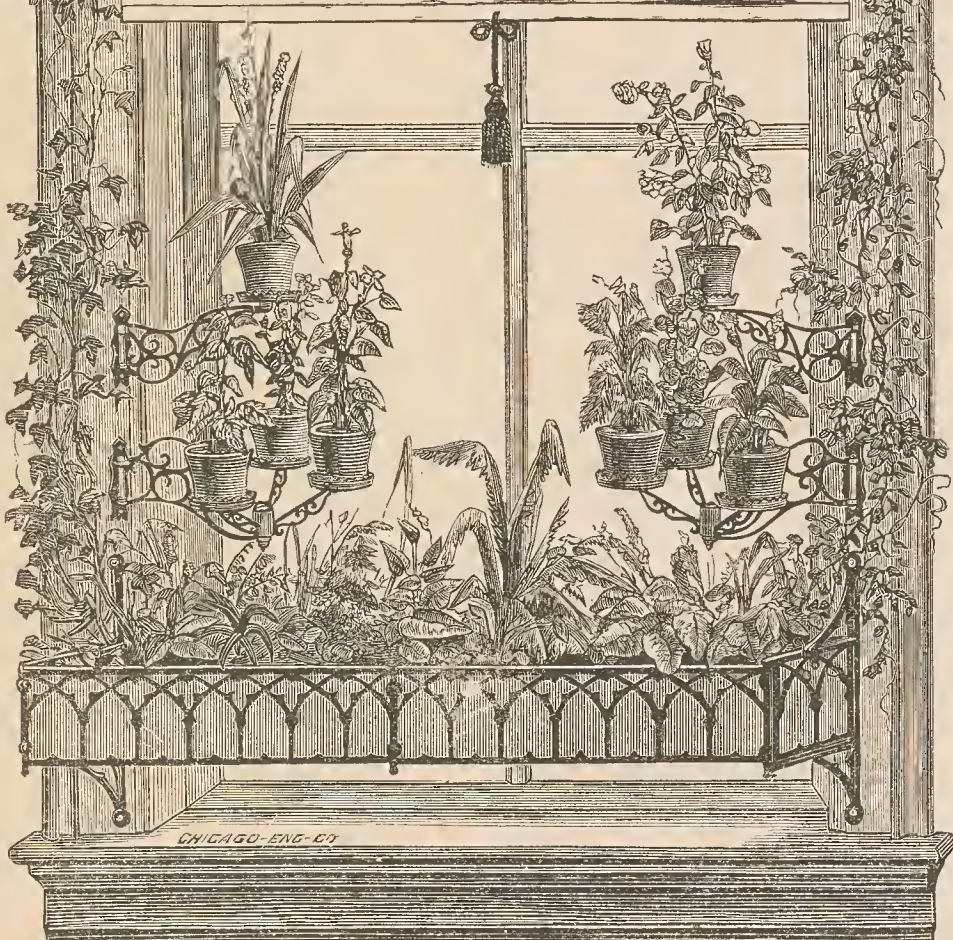
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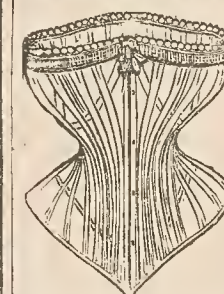
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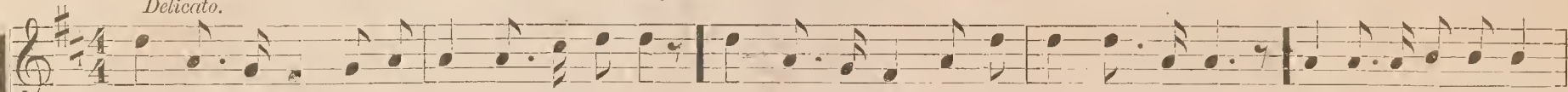
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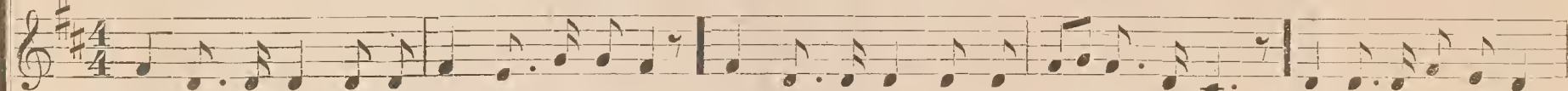
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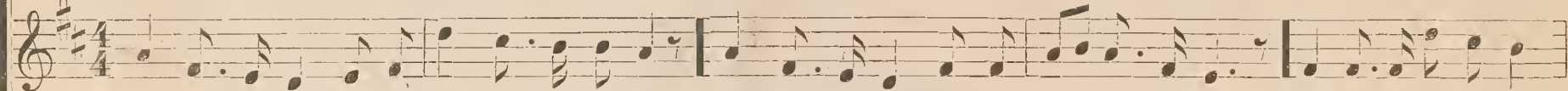
Delicato.



1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,— So let me steal a-way,



2. My name and my place, and my tomb all forgotten, The brief race of time, well and patiently run; So let me pass a-way,

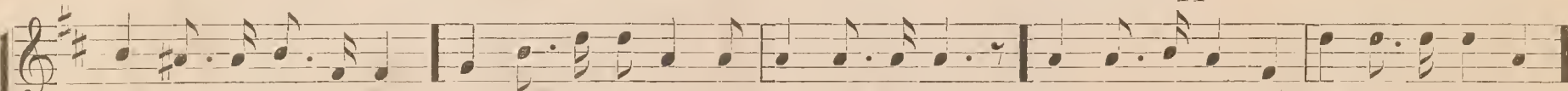


3. Up and a-way, like the o-dors of sun-set, That sweeten the twilight as dark-ness comes on, So be my life, a thing

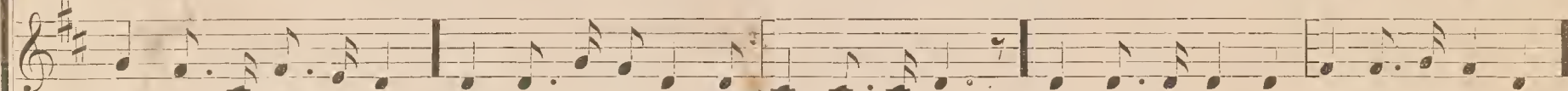


4. Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness, When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone, So would I be to this

CHORUS. *pp*



gent-ly, and lov-ing-ly, On-ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly remembered,



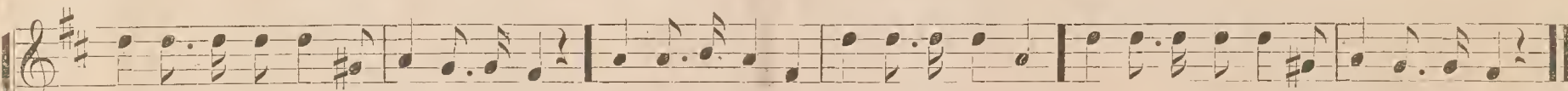
peace-ful-ly and silently, On-ly remembered by what I have done.



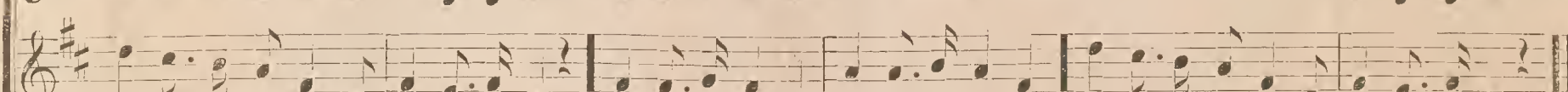
felt but not no-tic-ed, And I but remembered by what I have done. On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly remembered,



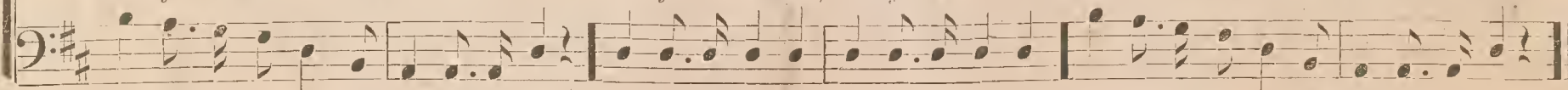
worlds wea-ry dwel-lers, On-ly remembered by what I have done.



On-ly remembered by what I have done; On-ly remembered, On-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.



On-ly remembered by what I have done, On-ly remembered, On-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.



5 Needs there the praise of the love written record,
The name and the Epitaph grayed on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let these be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.
CHO.—Only remembered, &c.

6 I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing,
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on;)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.
CHO.—Only remembered, &c.

7 Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown;
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the words, I have spoken, the things I have done.
CHO.—Only remembered, &c.

8 So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown,
Unpraised, and unmissed, I shall still be remembered,
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.
CHO.—Only remembered, &c.

THE LADIES' *Home* Companion

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. V

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1876.

No. 58.

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WINDOW GARDENING.

My window garden has a south exposure, and consists of a box three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and a foot deep. Early in September I filled it with rich earth and started my plants. At each end is a thrifty Boston Smilax, which I raised from seed started in the

the centre, with a Shot Canna, a sweet-scented Geranium, an Aloe, and a trained Boston Smilax. On a shelf, high over the box, are a Fuchsia, Wax Plant, Carnation, Heliotrope, two double Geraniums, a pot of Coliseum Ivy, and midway between this and the box is a hanging basket of Oxalis. The Swallow-tail

leaves, to woo a place among the more delicate vines in the window garden.

This room is warmed by a wood stove, and the fire is seldom entirely out, from early fall till spring. My windows are fitted with double panes of glass, and are frost-proof when all cracks are stopped. I always



WOODWARD'S GARDENS, SAN FRANCISCO.

house in April; Madeira Vines, Petunias, Pinks, Dicentra, Dusty Miller, pretty Moss, Yellow Myrtle, and Wandering Jew, are at the ends and on one side; the centre is filled with Cyclamen, a mixed variety, for winter blooming. On a low shelf, below the box, opposite the window, stands a magnificent Calla, for

Cactus, with thirty or more beautiful flowers, some of them not fully open, but dazzling with beauty, are the central attraction of this garden. The Smilax vines are trained across the window and around it, but do not exclude the sun. The Ivy-leaf Geranium is throwing out its long tendrils, filled with thick, glossy

keep water on the stove, and water the plants with warm water, and use a sprinkler to keep them clean. I stir the ground often, and if any signs of green lice or black flies appear, sprinkle or dust the plants with Scotch snuff, and they soon disappear.

Cornwall, Vt.

MRS. E. A. WARNER.

Floral Contributions.

[For the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

FERN LIFE.

October skies are molten gold,
October hills are gay;
We'll dig deep down in earth's dark mold,
And bid October stay.
The breezes and the summer show'rs
All died in summer's death;
And now we guard the fading flow'rs,
And catch their fluttering breath.
O! flowers of the woodland dell,
We loved and cradled you;
But He who doeth all things well,
He can create anew.

November skies are leaden gray—
The year is growing old;
The brown leaves shiver as they say,
"November winds are cold."
Scarlet and green, crimson and gold,
Fluttering on the sod;
Wrinkled and brown, withered and old,
We give them back to God.

December gathers all his strength
Of snow and icy blast;
He seizes ev'ry stream at length,
And binds it tightly fast.
We ferns are robed in softest snow,
"Ermine too dear for carls;"
We watch the Old Year lying low,
And wear his tears for pearls.
We greet with joy the new-born star,
While ev'ry spruce and fir,
Like Eastern wise men from afar,
Brings frankincense and myrrh.

With joy and brightness breaks the morn—
Welcome, thou glad New Year!
New joys, new hopes, new pleasures born—
Yet will we shed a tear.
For in the silence of the night
The weary Old Year died.
We watched the last dim ray of light,
Standing his cot beside;
The weary Year—sin grief and care
His shroud, and withered flow'rs
And dead, brown leaves. Yet he was fair
In sunny youth's glad hours.

February mocks the tyrant Death,
And whispers of the spring!
Still ice and snow, but in his breath
Is fragrance of the spring.
He calls the birds from Southern clime,
New life each fiber thrills;
We watch afar the glad spring-time,
The verdure of the hills.

March winds and sunshine, snow and death,
The travail of the spring;
We fought for life, we fought for breath,
And conquered the Ice King.
We lift our heads up to the light,
And stretch our quivering hands
To reach God's majesty and might,
Where on the hills he stands.
Through grief and pain, darkness and cold
We struggled; and at last,
In God's own sunshine, we unfold,
Safe from the wintry blast.

Weeping and laughing, sunshine and rain—
O! April! smiles and tears!
Sorrow and gladness, joy and pain,
God's smiles, man's gloomy fears!
We ferns have donned our robes of green,
Sweet life fills ev'ry vein;
And God's own glory, golden sheen,
Makes gladness after pain.
The wee, bright blossoms from their sleep
Have waked, the morn to greet.
O! Soul, fear not; God's love will keep
You safe, His face to meet.

M. H. E.

SCALE LOUSE, MEALY BUG, &c.

I have been wanting to have a chat in our paper for some time, and as I have had something to do with the above-mentioned intruders during the past summer, I have concluded this is a good time to have it.

These disgusting creatures were introduced to my notice by a Myrtle and two Bouvardias (pink and white), received from the greenhouse some months ago. I wondered why my Myrtle grew so slowly, and one day, on giving it a more loving look than usual, I discovered it was literally covered with little brown scales; the midribs and aril of every leaf, and all along the woody stem, till every joint looked swollen. I immediately thought of the scale louse I had read of, so I concluded this was the pest, and went to work. I put the pot on a paper, and with a dull penknife, carefully scraped every stem and leaf, till they fell down thick on the paper, which I burned;

then with an old tooth-brush I scrubbed the entire plant with soapsuds with ammonia in it, and have repeated this operation three times within as many weeks, and my Myrtle, even in this short time, shows a change; it is putting out tiny shoots all over, and every little glossy leaf looks bright and healthy now. I know it thanked me for those scrubblings.

In many places one would scarcely detect the scale louse, it looks so much like the bark, but a touch with the point of your pen-knife will soon tell you if it is there. My pink Bouvardia I treated the same way, and it is also flourishing. The white Bouvardia (Jasminoides) had the mealy bug on it, and before I had observed it, they had infested my Vinca Harrisonia, but constant watching has freed them both from this pest. One day you will see some white powdery looking stuff, and the next, perhaps, a snug nest of young mealy bugs; they increase rapidly, as it seems to me all enemies of plant-life do. I find it best to look over all plants from the greenhouse, for there is almost always some enemy hiding around, and one infested plant will soon spread through a collection, and give more work of the kind than one cares to perform.

And now I want to ask a few questions, one about Apple Geraniums—great favorites of mine—and this, by the way, reminds me to say, through the CABINET, that I answered Birdie Arnett's letter in February number of the CABINET, 1876 (Augusta, Ark.), and sent her some flower seed, but never after heard from her, and suppose the letter never reached her. I was so delighted at her success with Apple Geranium, and I wanted to ask her if a green excrescence ever grows down near the root of hers, and if it must be removed? or, does it develop into a branch? I have always taken mine off, as it looks like a disease to me. I have a handsome Poinsettia, and must speak in its favor as a winter window plant. I kept mine in a frame house, and more than a dozen times during the winter the thermometer was down to 40° at night, yet its scarlet bracts were lovely, and remained on for two months. I got it from a florist last October, repotted it, using a great deal of old manure (it is a gross feeder) and watered it freely till it was done flowering, then watered gradually for a few weeks longer, when I set it away for a good rest. About May 1st, I repotted and started it so as to be ready for another winter, and it has half a dozen new shoots, three of which I have pinched back, so as to have more branches for blooming. It is a fine stately plant now, and is admired by all, even when not in bloom.

I would like to know what is meant by a double Poinsettia. Does it mean several rows of flower bracts? If so, then mine is double. The true flowers have a yellow gland at the top, on one side, filled with a drop of honey.

I raised a slip of Hoya Carnosa last fall; it had but two leaves then, now it has eighteen and is over eighteen inches high. I also have a larger one, bought from a florist last spring; it has several branches four or five feet long, and I am looking for buds, as he said it would bloom in August. I give mine the hottest sun and plenty of water, while it is in active growth, and it has flourished ever since I got it, and sent out several new shoots from the roots, besides numerous side branches. It is in a six-inch pot, and I want to know if that is large enough. I will send slips to any floral friend who will let me know she wants one.

I have a fine double pink and white variegated Oleander, eight feet high; it has been a mass of bloom ever since June, and I have just budded it with the single white and buff. I wonder all the ladies don't

learn to bud their plants, it is so easily done; only watch it done once and you will know how. I am trying to bud Geraniums also, but they require more care than Roses, etc.

I did not allow my Calla to have an entire rest this summer, as there was a lovely pink Maurandya with it, which grew and covered entirely the large pot, so I kept the Calla damp enough to let the Maurandya live and bloom, and it has been covered with its pink Gloxinia-like flowers all summer, and now I have commenced to give an abundance of water, as I like my Calla to bloom early in the fall, and then it keeps on all winter. A Calla is no trouble at all, and its pure white spathe is too beautiful to try to describe. I like the name "Lily of the Nile," though we all know it is not a Lily at all, but belongs to the Arum family, like our "Jack in the Pulpit" (*Arisaema triphyllum*); neither is it a true Calla, according to Dr. Gray, but a *Richardia*, named for the French botanist, L. C. Richards, and is a native of the Cape of Good Hope.

My Catalonian Jassauine or *Jasminum Grandiflorum* is full of buds and bloom; it is such a fine fall and early winter bloomer, I wonder every one who loves fragrant flowers does not have one. I can furnish slips of it also.

I have three fine *Stevias* ready for winter-blooming; were slips last May, and now are over a foot high and very bushy. I keep pinching the branches up to Sept. 1st, and then let them grow to form buds. My *Smilax* is in a seven inch pot, is several years old, and has run to the top of a five-foot trellis, and is sending up no end of new runners. I let it rest in early summer (May and June), repotted, July 1st, in rich soil, gave it plenty of water and shade, and it is a marvel of beauty. If *Begonia* lovers want a beauty let them get *Glancophylla Scandens*.

Mrs. R. S. TRUSLOW.

Kanawha C. H., W. Va.

Scotch Thistle.—In your "Window Gardening" favorable mention is made of the *Daphne Odorata*, and I have searched for it in vain in every catalogue that I have, but without success. Can you tell me where I can procure one? As a slight token of gratitude for the numerous hints I have received from the various contributors to your pages, permit me to lay before them an annual not much cultivated in this hemisphere, but which makes a splendid foliage plant with no trouble. I refer to the Scotch Thistle. Do not start. I do not mean the Canada Thistle, or any other similar horror. The plant I mean is of a beautiful glossy green, reticulated with pure white, the leaves serrated and studded with strong sharp spines; it grows from two to four feet high, and then sends up a flower, such as you only see in heraldic paintings; there is no danger of it spreading, as the seed has to be carefully preserved every fall, and the appearance of the plant, in its various stages of growth, varies from sweetly cool to majestic; it will bear transplanting, but it is best to sow it where it is to grow, as it is tap-rooted and loses leaves and growth by transplanting. I have grown it every year for six years, and to all of your contributors, who send me their address, I will, if I have my usual good luck, send a few seeds, in the fall, for trial next spring. Mrs. R. CALVERT.

La Crosse, Wis.

Answer.—The *Daphne Odorata* is generally found in catalogues of the best florists, such as Dreer, Dingee & Conard, etc. You will probably be astonished at the correspondence the CABINET readers will favor you in response to your free offer.

Gossip with Correspondents.

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS READERS.

After a long summer's trip in California, Colorado, and among the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, the editor returns to the comforts of the pleasant office of the FLORAL CABINET, to meet with many enthusiastic and cheerful letters from our readers. Bright, witty, amusing, sensible, and useful, how truly delightful is the treat to read them over and respond, as far as we can, to their requests.

Few readers know how immense our army of friends and correspondents is. Within a year the CABINET has received over 50,000 letters from its admirers, and we hope neither their number or their precious encouraging contents will ever be less. The coming months we shall do more richly for our readers than ever before, and make "each particular face shine with thrills of delight."

In our rambles in California we saw many wonders of floral abundance. In a little garden at Los Angeles, we saw, clambering up the pillar of a cottage porch, a Fuchsia vine, only six months old, over six feet high, with three thousand blossoms upon it. In another garden was a Geranium bush; once it was but a little slip, planted last spring; now it had grown so fast that it had one hundred and fifty branches and over one thousand scarlet flowers. In a little garden in San Francisco I saw a large fence, fifteen feet high and sixty feet long, all covered with Geraniums (which grow there as fast as vines), and all in bloom. Think of one thousand square feet of red Geranium blossoms. What a glory! At a little cottage garden in Santa Cruz, we saw a Fuchsia so large as to be a tree eight feet high, with trunk nearly two inches in diameter.

But we will tell more of the pleasures of our journey another month, and now ask only a hearty greeting to the little notes our friends send us from so many portions of the country.

A Little Girl's Tub.—A little Texan girl has made up her mind to write us, and says: "MY DEAR FLORAL CABINET—I am only a little girl, but I love flowers very much. I want to tell you about my tub. Early in the spring I took a half of a molasses barrel, and set it on the northeast side of the house; I put about six inches of loam in the bottom of it; in that I planted a Calla Lily and three large roots of white Water Lilies (*Nymphia Odorata*); then I filled the tub with clear fresh water. It evaporates a great deal during the summer, and you will have to keep it filled. I have six little Minnows in my tub, and they play so nicely. The Water Lilies bloomed in June; I think I never saw anything prettier in my life. Do not let the water freeze more than one inch deep.

I have got a pitcher I want to tell you about. The bottom was broken out, and I was going to throw it away, when a happy idea struck me to plant it; so I put a lot of pebbles, etc., in it, and then filled it with sandy loam; in that I planted a Calla, some Ferns, *Lycopodiums*, Moneywort, and Kenilworth Ivy; all of these like plenty of shade and water, which I give them. The vines have nearly covered the pitcher, and it is beautiful.

How Flowers made a Happy Home.—An unknown correspondent writes us a pretty story of how much good a few flowers did in saving one family and making a happy home. How great the good done. Our correspondent has been richly repaid.

There once lived a family in the old town of G——, who never knew what happiness was. When the husband came home there was nothing to denote a cheerful greeting; the young wife's face presented one mass of frowns, caused by discontent. This family was small, consisting of man and wife only; no little bright-faced prattlers came to bless this unhappy couple; there was nothing to dispel the wife's gloomy monotony; therefore, we call this fireside the doleful wreck of what a home should be.

Indeed, this household could not stand; there must come

some change, it was too preceptible; they both knew and felt that things could not take this drift always; there were but few cheerful, loving words between this man and wife. "The rumblings of the volcano are still audible, and the smoke of the crater continually ascending, mingling not unfrequently with those flames and masses of ignited matter which announce a new and more terrible explosion;" in fact, gossipers said there would be a separation finally; some went so far as to say a divorce suit would ensue; others said, they each married for money and were both disappointed. "Oh, thou friend of ill omen, thou shalt live but to see the falsehood of thy prediction," but alas for human nature (or their tongues).

I am a great flower lover; I lived in this same town, took many flower books, papers, etc., cultivated flowers on a large scale, and had them in great perfection; in fact, by some I was called the flower leader in town. I chanced to visit a sick friend one day, and took with me some of my prettiest flowers; while there I met with this Mrs. ———, was much attracted by her face and the interest she seemed to take in the flowers, their culture, etc. I afterwards heard the rumor about her unhappy home. I resolved to visit her, did so, she returned my visit, during which time I took her to see my flowers (which are now snugly fixed in their winter quarters); her extravagant admiration pleased me much; when she left, I gave her a few papers and books to occupy some otherwise idle moment. A short while afterwards she called to return the books, which she said she had enjoyed much; and I, too, thought she looked brighter than before. When spring came, I gave her slips or cuttings of my flowers; her husband prepared soil and boxes, and that summer she could cope with most of the flower raisers in town. Her writing talent was tested, her pieces found great favor, so by this means she was well supplied with papers and flower books of her own.

Mrs. ——— has now a beautiful greenhouse, her husband has contracted the flower disease, spends much time with his wife in her flower work, in fact, they are as happy as any couple I know; but few can equal them in this point. The gossipers pass them and hang their heads with confusion and shame. Husband and wife are absorbed in their flower beds of bright Lilies and Roses.

Removing the Glove.—Not long since this was referred to in the CABINET, and now Willful Wayward writes us as follows: While enjoying your very interesting pages, I noticed an article from the pen of a lady. She writes of the ridiculous custom of persons begging an apology for not removing the glove before offering the hand. I do not know that I understand, but every one has a right to their own opinion, and I have, I believe, one idea about the glove question. Every lady must know it is a rule in society, or etiquette, for a gentleman to remove the glove before offering the hand to a lady, and if the gentleman should fail to do so, I think it would sound very nice for him to beg an apology. All such etiquette may be called ridiculous, or any other term the lady wishes to give it, but as for me I like such ridiculous etiquette. It is a modest gallantry gentlemen may show to ladies in a quiet way, for which a true lady will notice and feel grateful.

How to make Mignonette bloom.—"Artist Lake" tells "Cousin Cornelia" how she can make Mignonette bloom during winter. If before frost, she puts some cuttings (that have not bloomed) in clean wet sand until they have become rooted, which will take about three weeks, then pots them singly in two-inch pots, and last, but not least, gives them a little weak ammonia water once a week, after they begin to grow.

Mrs. A. R. R., too, favors us with a little bit of her experience: A lady asks for information in regard to raising this sweet little flower, and having it bloom. As my experience has been just the reverse of hers, having had constant bloom with very little trouble, I will here tell all about it. Last fall I had several young plants, raised from seed in common ground, which commenced blooming in October, and filled the room with its delicious perfume all winter; some seed was left to ripen, on a spray or two,

and the rest was frequently taken for my friends or for myself. I think it blooms all the better when the sprays are often picked off. I planted the seeds again, toward spring, and had young plants to set out among the earliest; also sowed more seed in the bed out-doors, so that I have had a profusion as well as a constant succession of Mignonette for bouquets, with Roses, Geraniums, Verbenas, Pansies, Petunias, and Heliotrope. Flowers possessing fragrance, as well as beauty, are doubly precious favorites with me, and having fragrance without much beauty, is far preferable to beauty alone. My plants are in an eastern exposure during the winter, having the morning sun, and the room is warmed by steam radiators, which I think is preferable to coal or wood fire. All my plants were healthy and bloomed freely; or, I should say, *are*, for they were never more so than now.

How to make a Wash-Stand.—Mrs. Irene wishes to tell Mollie how to make a wash-stand: Take an old office stool, cut the legs off until it is the desired height, nail a shelf on the lower rounds, for the pitcher, and another on the highest ones, to hold a saucer for soap, then stain the shelves the color of the stool, and the wash-stand is finished. Holes can be cut in the lower shelf and the top, in which to place the pitcher and bowl, to keep them in place, and a curtain, made of muslin over paper cambric, can be fastened to the edge of the top all around. A very pretty table is made by taking two pieces of board, cut round, or any shape desired, and fastened together by an inch and a half pole, or stick, cutting it as long as you wish the table high; bore a hole in the middle of each board, smaller than the pole, shave the pole off until you can drive it into the hole, cut it off even with the top of the board, put the other board, in the same way, on the other end, and the table is ready to cover. Cover one board with paper cambric, cut a little larger than the top, and fasten the edges; take a piece of cambric that will go around the board smooth, tack it on, draw it down half way between the two boards and tie a string around it, then tack the loose edge to the other board. Now you have a cambric table shaped like an hour-glass, and this you can cover with muslin, by covering the top smooth, making half an inch ruffle to go around the top edge and tying it in the middle with ribbon to match the color of the cambric. Plain muslin curtains, hemmed at top and bottom, gathered so as leave a little ruffle at the top, and tied back with a little ribbon fastened to a tack, improve the appearance of a room very much. And I should think no reader of the CABINET need have bare walls if they are only whitewashed. A pretty bureau might be made of a dry goods box set on end, with shelves nailed across the inside, the top and sides covered with cambric and muslin, and a curtain of the same in front.

Will some one tell me how to treat Zepheranthus and Ixia bulbs, Passiflora Flower vine, Plumbago, and Ivy Geranium?

A Pretty Ornament.—S. A. B. writes how to construct a pretty ornament, as follows, of a bowl of a goblet with the stem broke off: Wash it and wipe dry, then cover it as smoothly as you can with red flannel, leaving the top open, but the edges covered; then, after it is covered, wet the flannel so it will be pretty damp, have ready some flax seed, spread on a platter or plate, then roll the prepared part until it is covered with the seed, thickly, and what will not roll on place on with the fingers, being careful not to remove the others; place in a saucer with the open part downward, and fill the saucer with water, and as often as it dries up; in a few days the seed will begin to swell, and, finally, shoot forth little green sprays, which look very pretty on red ground; it has fine blue flowers, which are very pretty. The seed can be purchased at the druggist's, and five cents' worth is sufficient.

Autumn Leaves Exchanged.—Any of the subscribers of the CABINET wishing pressed Ferns and Autumn leaves, either in exchange for plants or bulbs, can address me. Kanawha Valley is famous for her autumnal tints and handsome ferns.

Mrs. R. S. TRUSLOW.

Kanawha C. H., W. Va.

Window Gardening.

A BEAUTIFUL WINDOW.

The summer is ended; the bright autumn leaves lie faded beneath our feet; we almost feel the breath of winter, and if we are destitute of house-plants to brighten our rooms, how long and dreary the winter seems. If we would have plenty of blossoms on our plants in winter, sunny windows are indispensable. But do not despair, you who are so unfortunate as to live where the glorious sun cannot enter, for I am sure I can arrange a beautiful window, even for you. Crochet three scarlet casings, with scarlet tassels and cord, just large enough to easily admit a cocoa-nut shell. Bore holes in each one to insure good drainage, and fill with light, rich earth. In the first plant Kenilworth Ivy; in the second, four or five bulbs of yellow Oxalis. Hang these opposite each other. Fill the third with German Ivy, pinching off the ends of the shoots until it has sent forth branches on every side. Hang this directly over and between the two first. Fasten side brackets on each side of window. Have window-box, or whatever you like, to fill lower part of glass. My plants for the sunless window shall be Begonias, Calla Lilies, Tradescantias, pink and white Oxalis, all the Ivies, Cobæa Scandens, Vineas if your room is warm enough, Ivy Geraniums, Madeira Vines, Acanthus, Coleus, Pilea, Chinese Primroses, Lycopodiums, Ferns and sweet-scented Geraniums. Train Cobæa Scandens and Madeira Vine up either side of window. The bright-hued foliage plants, judiciously arranged, will take the place of the blossoms one fails to obtain from the greater part of these plants. Begonias need careful watering and excellent drainage, or the roots decay.

A description of my window-garden may be of service to some one of the CABINET'S many readers. Its dimensions are, thirty-two inches by sixteen, and eight inches deep—painted green outside. The box is lined with zinc, soldered in the corners. Several holes are pierced through the zinc in centre of box, directly over one previously bored through the bottom of box—this is for drainage. A layer of charcoal to the depth of an inch is added, and the box filled with rich soil. In the centre stands my Smilax, in a pot sunk in the earth, and clinging to and around a frame two or three feet in height. On one side is a pot of white Maurandia, trained over another frame of different style and shorter than the first-named. It has completely covered it, and the white, waxen flowers contrast finely with the mass of delicate green, making a most beautiful plant. Opposite this, on a similar frame, is twined a lovely Ivy Geranium, Centaurea, the brilliant Acanthus, and different kinds of Coleus help to fill the box. Saxifraga peep out from each of the four corners. Tradescantia and Kenilworth Ivy run and race over everything, climbing up the plants and trailing over the edges of the box. Dear little Ivy, what should we do without it? Here and there, all over the box, are bulbs of yellow Oxalis. All too young to bloom are disposed of in this way, while a few older ones are mixed with them. I think them beautiful—the glossy, delicate, yellow blossoms look up so lovingly from their nest of green. Their leaves, with the Ivy, will entirely cover the surface of the box. A six inch pot, filled with good soil, will grow from one to two dozen matured yellow Oxalis bulbs, which give me every season many hundreds of fragrant flowers. In summer I take them out, dry them off, and put away in a paper bag until wanted in October. If I

could have but four plants, and those four to be of easiest culture, I should choose a pot of Calla Lilies, a pot of different kinds of Oxalis, an English and Kenilworth Ivy. If you are without a Calla there seems to be something wanting. They have such a stately, tropical appearance. I have seen them so large that leaves and blossom both touched the ceiling overhead, while the pot stood upon a common, low workstand.

My English Ivy was a tiny bit of a branch five years ago last spring. I rooted it in a bottle of water, then potted, repotting when necessary, and now it is yards and yards long, with many beautiful branches. The pot stands on the floor, behind an oval table which is placed against the south wall of my sitting-room. A large mirror hangs over the table, behind which the Ivy is trained, and from this point branches in all directions, covering that side of the room, with half of east and west side. In the summer it is trained up the front piazza, where it runs the entire length.

Chinese Primroses are most desirable plants for house culture, blooming abundantly the entire winter and spring. Bouvardia Hogarth is a fine winter bloomer. Primula sinensis albaplena is very beautiful. Did you ever try white Centranthus for winter blooming? It is lovely. Sow the seed early in spring in the hot-bed, and as soon as the ground is reasonably warm transplant. They bloom quite early, and I prize them very highly for loose bouquets, giving them just that finishing touch, that delicate net-work, one so much admires. The seed falling to the ground will sprout, and the young plants you find in early autumn are just what is needed for winter bloom. I put two or three in a cigar-box, with a plant each of Sweet Alyssum and Mignonette. They grew up and over the box, hiding it completely—giving me a profusion of flowers until they were banished from the house in May.

Browallia is a charming little plant, literally covered with its tiny blue and white starry-like flowers. But if you want an elegant, a rich, royal, velvety blue, search the world over and you will never find the equal of Torrenia Asiatica. I go into ecstasies over the flower, but the scraggy-looking vine I conceal as much as possible beneath something more pleasing to the eye. Catalonian Jessamine is exceedingly pretty, both in its manner of growth and bloom. Scarlet Salvias, if kept small and backward, pinching off any bud that may chance to show itself until the middle of October, make excellent and showy plants, but are prone, like Carnations and Roses, to be infested with that deadly enemy, the red spider. Thorough sprinkling will prevent its ravages about as well as anything; and I will say that an excellent sprinkler can be obtained in this wise. Go to the tanners and ask for a fine clothes-sprinkler holding a pint. If he has none, he will make you one for about twenty or twenty-five cents. Cork tightly, and you have just the thing—as good as a real shower. Geraniums are very easy of culture, and give great satisfaction, blooming freely if confined in small pots. The single Hybrid Petunias, blotched and striped with their many beautiful markings, are great favorites. Old plants cut back nearly to the roots, or young plants from seeds or cuttings, do equally well. Give them plenty of sun, and with delicious Heliotrope and fragrant Mignonette, your room will be filled with rich perfume. The Ageratums are excellent bloomers, especially A. Mexicannum, remaining in flower a long time. Pilea Arborea is very pretty. It is covered with myriads of buds so tiny one hardly notices them; but watch them closely, and when fully grown immerse the whole plant in a pan or pail of quite warm water. The tiny buds soon fly open, and you have thousands of Lilliputian Apple Blossoms (at

least they always make me think of them), while little clouds of smoke rise from here and there, and as you gaze you say, "Wonderful."

When you carry your Fuchsias to the cellar, be sure to leave one behind. I refer to the ever-blooming (called Lustre). Mine is so loaded with bloom all the year that it seems cruel to cut it back, even when it reaches the ceiling and begs for more room. A Sweet Potato Vine makes quite a pretty plant for a hanging-basket. Start it in a glass of water, and be sure to give it the very hottest place on the mantel behind your kitchen stove, lest your patience be exhausted while you wait for it to grow, and you be tempted to throw it away in disgust. If your soil is prepared aright, you will need no artificial stimulants until towards spring. The rest of the season a little can be profitably used. Here is a recipe for stimulant, perhaps new to some reader. Dissolve in one pint of hot soft water four ounces of sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, two ounces of nitrate of potash, one ounce of white lump sugar, cork tightly in a glass bottle, and use a tablespoonful to three or four quarts of soft warm water. I prepare my soil for potting in this way. In an old box or barrel, in spring, I put half a bushel of very fine, well rotted, barnyard manure, half a bushel of leaf mold gathered a year or two before, two or three pansfull of wood ashes, the same of sand from middle of street, and a quantity of common garden soil; mix well together, and leave it to decay until wanted in autumn.

I give you one or two inexpensive plans for window vases. Procure a deep wooden bowl, eighteen inches in diameter. Three-quarter oval iron; that is, oval iron three-quarters of an inch wide—it requires four pieces, each three feet long. Bend each one into the shape of a new moon, with a scroll at the lower end. The legs are joined in the centre by a cross-piece like a +. A blacksmith can shape the legs for you. They should spread at the top enough to admit the bowl, the edges of bowl being even with the upper end of leg; fasten to the bowl with screws; spread the legs at bottom one inch more than at top. Handle, half-inch rattan. Paint the whole green. Bore hole in bottom of bowl. Put six or seven inch pot in centre; fill with good soil, and plant whatever is suitable, twining the vines back and forth around the handle, and in a short time you will have a thing of surprising beauty.

Another, very simple and very pretty, is made in this fashion. A small box for lower base; a smaller plank for second base; an urn off the top of an old stove next; then a deep wooden bowl. Paint the whole two good coats of white, and sand with marble dust while the last coat is fresh. SEAWEED.

Propagating Plants.—Mrs. A. M., of Georgia, wishes to tell the CABINET readers her simple but reliable mode of propagating plants. Take an ordinary soup plate and fill it with sand; saturate thoroughly with clear water. Then pinch off the tender branches of whatever plants you wish to propagate, about two inches long, and set them out in the prepared plate, thick enough to cover the whole surface; then set the plate in the sun. Keep it thoroughly wet, and in the sun all day, (I set mine on a chair, and move the chair around as the sun changes). Treat in this way for eight days, then transplant in pots they are intended to grow in. In taking them out of the sand you will find a perfect network of delicate, perfectly white roots. I have just propagated a plate of Heliotropes, and this plan is worth the trial for these alone, as I have never succeeded in increasing them in any other way.

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

CHAPTER I.

"I pray you tell me if this be the
Lady of the house, for I never saw her."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"O, Steenie! Steenie! Whar's dat brat ob de ole boy—dat lin' ob Satan hisself? Done gone playin' truuns agin, I'll allow. Didn't I ketch him firin' ole Mass'r's musket at de laingander on'y las' night; and de picce jess kicked and keeled him ober in de dirt. O, Steenie! Steenie! if I lay a holt on ye I'll break eb'ry bone in your brack skin"; and the large, solid negress, with a face shining under her gay turban, a pair of comfortable, fat hands propped against her ample sides, and in a large print gown that rose in front and dipped majestically behind, again lifted up her voice out of the back kitchen window of the old Hall.

"I'm a comin', Gandy. What's de use of makin' such a 'tarnal clatter, and raisin' de neighbors? You might as well be a howlin' eat-a-munk"; and with that respectful announcement, a young Sambo, a shade lighter than his grandmother, whom he had denominated "Gandy," came lounging into the kitchen with an air of leisure, as if he had just as soon be all day about it as not. His tow trousers were tattered, and hung down in a fringe around a pair of shapely, naked legs and feet. His grandmother, commonly called Aunt Nanna, at the Hall, remarked with a chuckle, that they were a good wearin' color, "cos dey didn't show dirt." His monkey face, of a curiously ereased and wrinkled childishness, was crowned by a mat of highly frizzled wool, that stood out from his head with a breezy lightness, and was topped by a jaunty little glazed cap. He had on a braided jacket that might have been worn by a smaller child, for though the boy was twelve years old he looked a year or two younger. He had a wiry, mechanical restlessness that made one suspect he was interiorly fitted with steel springs.

"Whar's dem peas I sot you piekin'?" demanded old Nanna, sternly.

"O, eonfoun' dem peas!" returned the boy, using a word he had pieked up from the white farm laborer, Jake. "It's allus suthin nuver—pickin' peas, or cleanin' knives, or brackin' Mass'r Edgar's boots. I don't have no time to find out I'm a free nigga, and b'long to myself."

"You'll fine some sore spots on dat dar ungenerated hide ob yours," said the ireful old lady, reaching into the chimney corner where she kept her switches. She had taken the precaution to seize Steenie by what she called "the scruff ob his neck."

"O, Gandy! Gandy! don't whale me dis time. I'll be good"—wriggling like an eel, and hopping up and down among the pots and pans of the hearth—"I couldn't pick dem peas, cos I had to go kotch Thunderbolt for little Missy, and when I'd koted him, it took Jake and dat oder man both to hold him for little Missy to jump on his back. And den wasn't he mad! He went tearin' ober de gate, back'ards and for'ards, and she sot like a tree, and jess put de whip on good."

"De ole Peter! Dar is dat hair-burned chile," cried Nanna, releasing Steenie and running to the kitchen door, as a dark-faced, spirited girl, sitting splendidly in the saddle, went flying down the avenue on a powerful young horse, with fire flashing from his wild eyes, and a torrent of foam pouring over the bit.

Her hat had fallen off, leaving the long dark hair to float in the wind, and her form, though slender and graceful, with its tense muscled rigidity looked like a statue of embodied will.

Thunderbolt had ceased to plunge, and was simply running now, having gained the highroad. Winnifred Braithwaite enjoyed the motion so intensely that she let him go without curb or check.

Just as the struggle began between horse and rider, a flaxen-haired young lady, in a white dress, ran out of the old brown house, upon the lawn in front, and stood crouching and cowering, and pale with fright to the very lips, as she watched the strong, dark, determined girl shower down blows on the frantic colt. Though she uttered no sound, more than a half articulate moan, it seemed as if she would have fallen to the ground if a young man had not advanced from the house and offered her his arm. They stood silent for a few minutes, watching the horse and rider with painful suspense. The young man was even paler than his companion. "What inad recklessness," said he, in a low voice, almost under his breath.

His companion looked up timidly, and shrank away from his support. "Is there any danger now?" she asked.

"No," he said, rather coldly, "Miss Braithwaite has broken the brute at the risk of her neck."

Old Nanna, flourishing an iron spoon in her hand, and followed by Steenie, had waddled out as fast as possible to see the end of the fray. "Bress his heart and soul alive," she muttered, half scornfully, to herself, on overhearing the young man's remark, "he'll never resk nothin, nothin 'tall, poor little pigin, but fallin' dead in lub wid little Miss, and much good 'twill do him."

"She's done gone an' broke Thunderbolt," cried Steenie, hopping about on one foot. "He's comin' back joggin' along quiet as an ole sheep."

"'Twould ha' been wus for you, sah," remarked Nanna, with grim emphasis, as they took their way back to the kitchen, "if de little Miss had come to harm. For plottin' and contrivin' wid her, ole Mass'r would hole you ober de bottomless pit, to smoke like a side ob bacon, or he'll drop you in whar de Bible says dars washin' and wailin' and gashin' ob teeth."

"I ain't afeard ob ole mass'r; I'se a free nigga, and hole to nobody but little Missy. She'll hab a heap ob money one ob dese times, den she's promised to make me her totum, (dunno what dat means). I'se to have a tall, shiny hat, wid a cockade, and a pair ob white glubs, and to ride behind on a long-tailed pony, and to bow so 'spectful and perlite, you wouldn't know me. I'll do such credit, Gandy, to your nussin' and bringin' up."

"Specs de ole boy 'll know ye, whatsomdever you have on," said Nanna, with a half chuckle, as she bared her large black arms, preparatory to kneading bread. "He ain't to no kind o' loss 'bout his chil'ern."

"O, I don't 'low I'm one o' dem kind," said Steenie, rolling up the whites of his eyes in holy horror, as he took a boot on his hand, and began polishing away rather languidly. "I'se never gwine to de bad place, Gandy. I'se gwine to t'oder place, and I spees to do a powerful sight o' erabbin' on de river Jordan. I spees to get converted," he went on in his most wheedling voice, "and be first best at de shouts, if you'll lemme take Unele Teddy's Bible, dat b'longed to granddaddy, out to de barn, whar I can spell ober de texes, as little Missy teached me."

"Bress you, honey! said the simple old creature, beaming on him with a sudden revulsion of feeling, at this unexpected display of early piety, "if you want

to sareh in Unele Teddy's Bible, dar must be good spots in you whar de Lord can drop seed, if de heart is despately wicked; and you won't bring down ole Gandy's gray hair in sorer to de grave. Dar's ole Mass'r callin' powerful strong," she added, as she hastily freed her arms from flour. "He's pearter dis mornin' dan usu'l. I'se comin' Mass'r," she shouted through a back passage, and the next moment had pieked up a pan containing a scraggy joint of meat and a pair of scales, and waddled off to obey the summons.

Judge Braithwaite occupied the back chamber of the second story of this large and rambling place, called Haleourt Hall, for his sitting room and study. The old house had been built in Colonial times, and this room was wainseotted in stiff oak panels, with deep window-seats, and was partly filled with book-eases containing an extensive law library, the yellow calf bindings showing through the glass doors like rows of petrifications. All else in the room evinced the extreme of shabbiness, not excepting the little, wizened, paralytic old man who sat propped up in a high-backed chair. The carpet was worn in long threadbare stripes, and the chair coverings, once rich and handsome, were falling off in bits. The corners of the room were filled with rubbish piles, and the table was heaped with a litter of books and manuscripts, for the old man had an unconquerable aversion to having his room cleaned.

He was crooked and singularly dried up, like an anatomical specimen, with a tuft of white hair on top of his yellow parchment-covered poll, and a gray unshaven, foxy old face, with a pair of marvellously bright eyes, indicative of eupidity and cunning. His paralytic form was swathed in a ragged dressing gown, and he wore a colored silk handkerchief tied about his neck to conceal the frayed edges of his linen, not too immaculate in its freshness.

This decayed old man, sitting in that shabby and still stately room, had been a distinguished jurist in his time, with a wide reputation for learning and acuteness. Though slowly dying at the root, his brain remained unnaturally active and vivid in all its operations, and with the aid of a secretary he still spent many hours each day in compiling a learned treatise on the law. A sharp dry cough racked his frame, and he dosed himself with large quantities of patent medicines. His senses were preternaturally alive, and enabled him to still rule his household with a rod of iron, and make himself felt and feared all over the old Hall.

"Well, Nanna, well, Nanna," cackled the old man, in a high treble voice, as the negress made her appearance, "bring here the meat, and let me see if I can catch that rascal Burroughs at his old tricks. He's a clever cheat, but he'll have to get up early in the morning to outwit me," and with his old shaking hand he adjusted the joint upon the hook, and peered anxiously at the ounce marks.

"Does seem to be a mon'sus sight ob bone to dat dar meat," remarked Nanna, gravely, as she stood with her hands propped against her sides. "'Pears as if beef critters was made up different from what dey used to was."

"For my part I don't care about meat," responded the Judge in his thin, wiry voice. "I've lived on vegetables and oatmeal a good many years, and my mind is as clear as a bell. Bad in the legs, Nanna, and racked all to pieces with this cough; but my father had the long consumption for thirty years, and then died of something else. I have had it only ten, and I mean to live to be a hundred, Nanna, to disappoint the people who want to put the old man under ground." He gave a deep, inward laugh, like the rattling of peas in a dry pod, that wrinkled his old face curiously, and made it look more foxy and cunning than ever. After a moment of reflection, he suddenly asked, "Is Mr. Edgar down stairs?"

"Yes, Mass'r, I spees he's in de lib'ry. Shall I call him?"

"No, no. I was only thinking what an unnatural, I may say depraved appetite that young man has. Well people have no need of animal food. It is only a prejudice, and like putting fresh fuel on a fire already overheated. I give Edgar his board and the use of the library for his services, and he is dear at that."

"Dey do say," answered Nanna, soothingly, "its hungry work to keep de nose poke into books all day

long; an' it 'pears if Mass'r Edgar couldn't see noffin through his specs but print. Ef he do be hearty, toder folks only pick and mince like robins. Dar's dat new young lady, Miss Jinny, dey call her, bress your heart alive—"

"That new young lady," repeated the old man, shrilly, after one of his convulsive barks, "that foreign girl Winnie has taken such an insane fancy for. I have to thank my foolish, hair-brained nephew, Bradley Halcourt, for fastening her upon my back. What of her, Nanna?"

"'Pears she's dat small in her eating," returned Nanna, closing her eyes to represent the vanishing point of an appetite, "dat de keep ob a sparrow would cost more; and roun' de house she's still as a little mouse."

"Fiddle fiddle!" piped the old Judge, "she is another mouth to feed, and it has occurred to me if she can write a plain, legible hand, that I might train her in the duties of secretary, and let Edgar go."

"But it 'pears dat Mass'r Bradley 'gaged her to teach little Missy pinner music, and dem forrin tongues," said Nanna, with a dismayed face.

"Don't meddle with what does not concern you," snapped the old Judge. He would bear more from the old negress than from any one but his daughter Winnifred, the only creature he loved. "Go and tell Miss Virginie I desire to see her here in my room."

"Shall I speak to Mass'r Edgar?"

"No; I do not require his services this morning."

Nanna went out reluctantly, looking much discomposed, and closed the door behind her. At the same instant, Mrs. Braithwaite issued from her chamber. She was a large, heavy woman, lame in one knee, and with a slight halt in consequence. Her countenance had the waxen pallor of settled ill-health, and her pale, watery, blue eyes were dead and lifeless. She spent her life on the balcony or in an easy chair in her own chamber, adjoining the Judge's study. The old man liked to have her within reach, as a target for his sarcasms, which she received as a soft pincushion receives pins. If she was wounded, her dull, vacant face seldom gave signs of discomposure.

Now, as she came hastily out and closed the door, halting forward as rapidly as her lameness would allow, she looked unusually flurried and awake.

"Nanna," said she, in a deep, inward whisper, as she unclosed her hand furtively, and displayed a piece of silver, "its fast day and I must have some fish. Send Steenie down to Pete Finster, and see if he has caught a pickerel. And shut all the doors when you are broiling it, Nanna, he has such a sharp nose."

The old negress eyed the silver suspiciously without touching it.

"I took it out of his pocket, I don't deny it," said her mistress, abjectly. "You know, Nanna, I can't help it. He has got such a strong will, I never could resist, for I love peace and quiet. And Winnifred is just like him. They all oppose me, they all browbeat me, and keep me down. I shall confess it to the priest, the next time he comes."

"'Pears like 'taint right to do things underhand, Miss Susan," said Nanna, looking at her with her honest old face of disapproval. "Wasn't you borned into enuf, Miss Susan, and didn't de ole place by rights b'long to you, and didn't I tote ye and nuss ye when you was a pickininy, Miss Susan, and hasn't I a right to speak?"

"Yes, Nanna," groaned the poor woman, "the Hall was mine, it came to me by inheritance, with all the farms that belonged to the old manor. I was called an heiress in my day, and so was my mother before me, in those times when your mother was a slave. But I married the Judge, and then everything went out of my hands, I don't know just how. He had a strong will, and rode everywhere rough shod," and with a feeble sigh, "I always did love peace; but its hard to think how once I had my own fortune, and now I can't get the necessities of life."

"Little Miss will never let nobody saddle and bridle her," returned Nanna, with a peculiar twist of her broad shoulders, indicative of impatience.

"She's her father's child," returned Mrs. Braithwaite, out of the abyss of her nervelessness and weak spirits. "And Nanna, when he is gone, I've a feeling that Winnie will rule me in the same way."

"Tings would have gone a powerful sight better, if dem priests hadn't been let into de house," said Nanna, discharging this Parthian arrow as she turned to go down the broad oaken staircase that led into the

front hall. It was wainscotted like the Judge's study, in stiff panels, and was of the most generous dimensions. The house door was open, and the sun streamed in a broad sheet over the dark, uncarpeted floor, partially covered with a few faded rugs. A large hound lay in this strip of sunlight, and now and then he lifted his head to snap at the flies. There were old-fashioned mahogany tables, and carved high-backed chairs, and a few engravings in shabby gilt frames. An old-fashioned clock ticked slowly in one dim corner. The place had what an artist calls tone; it was like a picture.

At the moment old Nanna was about to descend the stately staircase, Winnifred Braithwaite, and the young lady in white, and the young man who had so anxiously watched the breaking of Thunderbolt from the lawn, entered the hall in a group. The dark, graceful girl was dressed in a long blue riding skirt, pinned over her white specer, and a hat with a blue plume sat jauntily upon her head. There was the lingering flush of exercise in her brown face, and her eyes were in a glow. It could be seen now that she was above the medium height, but the exquisite proportions of her form were the more striking in consequence. In one hand she held her riding whip, and the other arm was curled lovingly around the shoulders of the girl in white who had watched her mad ride with such undisguised terror, and who now looked almost like a child beside her tall protector; her abundant golden hair seemed to coil naturally around an elegant little head, with misty tenebres over the full white forehead; the large blue eyes were soft and appealing, almost pathetic in their expression, and now they were half full of tears as they looked up into the other's face.

"You silly little goose," said Winnie, laughing, and displaying a beautiful set of even, white teeth, while warm, vivid changes of color and expression passed over her face, "you were frightened nearly out of your wits to see me punish Thunderbolt. I saw that you were, as I was flying over the gate. Your face looked as white as chalk, and you had put your innocent little hands together as if praying to the Virgin, good protestant, though you are, Virginie."

"O, it was terrible!" returned the young girl, with a very slight but delicious foreign accent, and a half sob in her throat, "the furious beast snorted fire from his nostrils, and when he plunged I thought I should see you fall dead upon the road, I could no longer look, I hid my eyes."

"It was delightful to make the mad beast mind me," said Winnie, lightly. "He found there was a stronger will than his own that had the mastery and he was forced to obey. I shall have no more trouble with him now. He will jog along, under my hand, as gentle as an old cow."

"They say we all find a master sooner or later," said Virginie, looking up with one of her appealing glances.

"Thunderbolt has found a mistress and has learned a lesson he wont soon forget," returned Winnie in the same light tone. "As for my master, I don't believe he has been born; I would a great deal rather rule than obey. But it was a burning shame to give you such a fright, you dear little puss; and now your hands are like bits of ice." Winnie swept up the childish figure with a strong hand and laid her on the sofa. "There," said she, tucking in the little slippers, "I shall give you something to quiet your nerves, and you can sleep it off."

The near-sighted young man, with a pale, studious face and slightly consumptive bend of the shoulders, had stood for the last three minutes looking at this scene with a mild but fascinated gaze. Now Winnie flashed around upon him, and with a half sarcastic toss of the head addressed herself to him:

"Were you frightened, too, Mr. Edgar? Did your little heart go pit-a-pat when you saw Thunderbolt in the air? I will give you some valerian, if you will take it, and then you can read me a homily on the impropriety of breaking wild colts and racking the nerves of delicate young people."

The speech was cruel, and Edgar looked into the dark, brilliant, mocking face with a surprised, almost stunned air; he nervously readjusted his eye-glasses—a motion habitual to him—and a flush of pain and humiliation gradually spread over his pale cheek and even dyed his forehead. Before he could find words to answer, old Nanna had descended the stairs.

"Is the Judge ready for me?" he asked in a forced voice of composure, turning towards her.

"Ole Mass'r says he haint no call for you dis mornin'."

"What is it then?" said Winnie imperiously, reading something unusual in the old woman's face.

"'Pears ole Mass'r got suffun niver in his head, honey," she answered, fumbling about for words. "Took a freak all of a sudden like, and axed to have Miss Jinny walk up to de study."

Virginie, at the mention of her name, rose to a sitting posture and pushed away the shawl Winnifred had spread over her. At the suggestion of an interview with the dreadful old man, up-stairs, she shrank into a corner of the sofa and faltered out: "Does he want to send me away?"

"Tell me, at once, Nanna," Winnie demanded, imperiously, "why my father wishes to speak with Miss Virginie?"

"Bress your heart, chile! I nussed you and carried you in my bosom when you was little, and why should you speak cross to ole Nanna; de ole Mass'r has got a notion in his head to make Miss Jinny his see'tary."

"Virginie, his secretary!" repeated Winnie, in a shrill tone of wonder.

Virginie involuntarily put her hands over her face, with a little moan. The thought of being shut up hours a day with that old man, whom she so feared and dreaded, was unendurable.

"Then the Judge wishes to dismiss me from his service," said Edgar, in a low voice, as he moved nearer to Winnifred.

"No, it is I that must go away," suddenly broke in Virginie, "It is I that have intruded and done harm!"

"Hush!" cried Winnifred, with her imperious, clear, resonant voice. "You are neither of you going away; I shall arrange matters with papa myself. Go to the kitchen, Nanna!" And she immediately arose and swept up the stairway, trailing her long skirt like a young princess.

Edgar had taken a chair near Virginie. They were both pale, and sat looking at each other in silence, with painful chords vibrating in their hearts. The strange situation in which they found themselves had suddenly created a thrill of sympathy never before awakened during their residence under the same roof. They were both dependent, both homeless, both almost friendless, and on the issue of the moment seemed to hang the fate of the future. They waited with the breathless anxiety the prisoner feels when his sentence is about to be pronounced, and the moments seemed to prolong themselves to hours; but at last she came, sweeping down the grand staircase, in her long blue skirt, glowing, radiant with the light of victory upon her face.

"I have had a dreadful battle," said she, laughing gaily; "it was necessary to order up the heaviest artillery, but I have won. Mr. Edgar, you will resume your duties; I have convinced papa that Virginie could no more do your work than a butterfly could grind corn." She went up to him and held out her hand, with beautiful benignity and frankness shining in her eyes. "If I have wounded you, you must try and forgive me; attribute it to thoughtlessness, rather than to a bad heart."

Poor Edgar was wounded in a way she wot not of. He looked as if he would have fallen straightway down at her feet. "O, Miss Braithwaite!" he murmured, in a sudden rush of happiness that almost took away his breath. "I am not worthy of so much goodness!"

Winnifred drew away and released her hand. "Yes you are!" she said dryly, "You have done a great deal of hard work for small pay," and then she turned her back on his mortification and chagrin.

"The funniest part of it is, Virginie, that mamma thinks that you, being a foreigner, are a dangerous character. She fancies that you have brought an infernal machine into the house."

"O!" exclaimed Virginie, clasping her little hands in one of those expressive gestures that belonged to her French blood. "I have done a great wrong; I have made you quarrel with your parents!"

"Nonsense!" returned Winnifred, lightly. "I have always quarrelled with papa, and yet we love each other dearly; you know the old eagle would not like the eaglet unless it tried to peck; and as for mamma, it is not of the slightest consequence what she thinks."

Virginie gave her a glance full of wonder and pain.

[To be continued.]



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1876.

MY BLUE-EYED GENTIAN.

The weeks had been weary and full of pain. All through the lovely September weather I had been a prisoner within four close walls; and as October was flinging her banner of scarlet and gold upon the hillsides, I came slowly back to strength and freedom. John, my own dear blessed John, who had been so patient and tender through all the changes of mental moods and tenses caused by tortured, diseased nerves, persuaded me, one lovely Indian summer day, to take a drive with him out into the sunshine and softened, misty glory. But I was weak and depressed, and hardly knew whether, on the whole, to be glad or sorry I came. As we drove quietly over the hills and through the valleys, I was rebellious and out of tune, and all the beauty around me failed to bring harmony out of the discords. John, wise and thoughtful, did not directly combat my humor, but contented himself with a few quiet words now and then to draw my thoughts from myself to the lovely scene around us. But he did not break the spell of silence, for I felt so weak and useless, such a dead weight in God's world of busy workers, that all the beauty jarred upon me, and I longed for clouds to correspond with the shadows in my heart.

Suddenly John checked Neddie Norse, and, springing from the carriage, soon placed in my hands a bunch of the loveliest blue blossoms I had ever seen. "Oh, what are they?" I cried. "I have it now! You know in Whittier's 'Psalm' he says of Autumn:

"Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to Heaven;"

and see! this answers the description perfectly. They are very rare, and I never saw one before!"

John smiled at my flushed, lighted face, so different from the pale, listless one of a few moments before. "Drive on slowly, dear," he said, "and I will pick a large bunch for you. The ground is blue with them a little farther into the swamp."

Oh, those blue-eyed gentians! Never were larger, more perfect specimens found than those which came

to us that Autumn day. Neddie seemed to understand the case perfectly, and walked leisurely along, as though waiting for flower-hunters had been the business of his life, while I drank in the beauty of the blossoms eagerly, and studied their lovely proportions; noted the dainty pencilings in the heart of the flowers, and the exquisite fringes, which in their softness and grace somehow reminded me of the delicate drooping lashes which lay closed upon my dead baby's face, years ago.

When John returned, his hands overflowing with their wealth of beauty, he found my tongue verily unloosed, and my heart stirred to its depths with enthusiasm.

"Isn't it strange enough," I said, "and romantic, too, that Whittier should tell me the name of our flower? And Lucy Larcom, I think it is, says,

"The gentian
Hangs all her fringes out on sunny days."

O John, I am so glad I came!" And I kissed my precious blossoms in my delight.

My good man's grave and tender eyes looked at me with a smile in them. "Yes, darling," he said, "I thank Providence, and Whittier, and all the sweet influences which have proved such a potent medicine. Providence directed us this way, where we should find the flowers, and Whittier has suggested all sorts of happy thoughts by his vivid description. I am so glad that the sunshine has crept into your heart, and shines out of your eyes."

Then, as we rode homeward, I confessed it all to John; all the rebellion and bitterness that had blinded my eyes to the beauty around. But now all was changed. It seemed as though the golden, mellow day was sacred, and the calm, a Sabbath calm of peace. As I looked on the soft Autumn glory, Whittier's "Psalm" still echoed in my heart, and the same poem which had christened my treasures, sent its strong, grand measures to lift and sustain my weak soul.

Neddie walked slowly up a hill and through a grove where the dying glory of the trees strewn the ground, as I said:

"I see it all, John. The discipline is needed, and yet there are compensations. Autumn, bleak and dreary, has its Indian Summer, its drapery of scarlet and gold, and even its Asters, and blue-eyed Gentians."

I bent low over the blossoms which had been such eloquent teachers, and John repeated softly from this same grand poem, while my heart echoed his words:

"All as God wills, who wisely heeds,
To give, or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

"Enough that ble sings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

"That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good."

Looking up from the flowers with swimming eyes, I whispered, smiling through my tears:

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The sketch of Woodward's Gardens, on first page of CABINET, this month, is one of a famous place of resort in San Francisco, Cal., where is gathered many splendid specimens of plants from all parts of the world. The Gardens cover several acres of ground and are a great place of amusement for the families of the city, as many as 25,000 visitors having been gathered there in a single day.

"Queer Acquaintances" depicts an old man and woman from the country, visiting the curiosities of the city, and perfectly astonished with curiosity and amazement at the sight of a monkey, dressed in imitation of a soldier's uniform. They do not understand what race of creatures he belongs to.

"The Astonished Baby" tells its own story. Baby astonished to see another, puts out its hands—but finds nothing, and its face shows its feeling of wonder and almost fear.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—The following prizes will be given for articles on Flowers, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Elegancies, and kindred subjects relating to the comforts, pleasures and advancement of Home Life and Household Taste:

- For best article on Floral Subjects.....\$10 00
- For second best article on Floral Subjects..... 5 00
- For best article on Household Subjects..... 10 00
- For second best article on Household Subjects..... 5 00
- For each of next 10 best articles on Flowers; Book, "Window Gardening"
- For each of next 10 best articles on Household Subjects; Books, "Household Elegancies," or "Ladies' Fancy Work."
- For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subject): FLORAL CABINET, free one year.
- For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subjects): one Silk Book Mark.

Contributors will notice the following rules: 1. Label all articles, "For Competition." 2. Each article to fill space equal to three to five foolscap pages long. 3. Articles all to be forwarded to this office before December 10th. 4. Award of prizes will be announced in January number, and prizes forwarded to the fortunate competitors by Christmas. 5. Articles contributed, not specially marked for return, may be understood as having the desire of writer to be used in FLORAL CABINET, as a voluntary contribution whenever convenient.

The object in offering these prizes is not so much to induce the writing of articles for sake of pecuniary remuneration, as it is to encourage our readers and writers to contribute really useful information, which will be a help and benefit to others. All are sharers in the benefit; even those who contribute articles are immensely benefited by reading the articles of others, whose worth is far more than the value of any prize. The highest ideal of usefulness to which any of us can attain, is to try to do some good to others; and many of our readers who are confined at home can benefit the world by writing something which will help to cheer, brighten, and beautify another home.

Prizes for Coicest Recipes on Cooking and House-keeping Topics.—Desirous of encouraging Housekeeping Topics, in connection with the FLORAL CABINET, we offer the following prizes for best collection of recipes, proved by actual experience of our readers. We want all first-class housekeepers to compete for these prizes, and contribute from the stores of their knowledge. Send no recipe which is of ordinary value, only those which are the very best, superior if possible to anything yet published in any cook book. We do not limit the contributor to any class of recipes; their lists may consist of all things eatable.

- First prize, 25 best Recipes.....\$15 00
- Second prize, 25 best Recipes..... 10 00
- Third prize, 25 best Recipes..... 5 00
- Fourth prize, to each of 25 next best collections: Any \$1.50 book in our list.

Fifth prize, to each of next 25 best collections: Choice of any Silk Book Mark in our list.

NOTICE.—1. Each list should contain but 25 Recipes, not more than two Recipes for each class (such as cake, pie, &c.), and lists to be written on one side each of sheet. 2. Mark the 5 best Recipes with double cross, XX. 3. Mark the next 5 best Recipes with single cross, X. 4. All lists to be sent to this office by December 10th. Prizes to be awarded January 1st, and names of successful competitors published in January number CABINET. The Prize Collections of Household Recipes will be published each month in the FLORAL CABINET for 1877, and the series will alone be worth to each housekeeper five times the price of the FLORAL CABINET.

To Church Fairs.—Ladies, and others interested in Church Fairs, are invited to write to us for *Special Terms* of our Books, Papers, and Silk Book Marks, wherein we donate certain portion of the proceeds of sales to each Fair. Write for "Special Terms for Fairs."

Prizes for Largest Club Trial Trip Subscribers.—To Club Agents who will send us as many names of friends, as Trial Trip Subscribers, to CABINET, three months, we will give following prizes:

- To largest list—First prize, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Price, \$12.00.
- To second largest list—Second prize, Set household books: "Window Gardening," "Household Elegancies," "Ladies' Fancy Work," "Every Woman her own Flower Gardener."

Prize to be awarded January 1st. Everybody invited to compete. Probably a list of 30 to 50 would win the first prize.

Opinions.—As our readers renew their subscriptions, we would be pleased to hear them express their opinion of the CABINET. A good natured suggestion, how to make it better, will always be kindly received. Some topics, which we may not yet have discussed, may be desired. We would also like the views of our readers, whether the CABINET should give more of its space to home matters than it now does; also, whether readers would like an enlargement of the paper to four or eight pages more, with price at \$1.50 per year. There are many cheap journals published at less price, but our reading matter is almost wholly original; theirs almost wholly selections, and no illustrations. If any improvement can be made, or any change more acceptable, we will gladly do it.

Chromos for Sale.—To trial trip subscribers we will sell copies of our chromos for back years for following prices:

- "My Window Garden,".....\$0 30
- "Gems of the Flower Garden,"..... 30

Gardening.—All interested in gardening, floriculture, plants, trees, shrubs, fruits, greenhouses, &c., will find the GARDENERS' MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST very desirable. Only 30 cents on trial threemonths. \$2.10 per year.

New Story, "Winifred's Will."—We have engaged a charming new story, "Winifred's Will," to begin this month, and continue during the entire fall and may be a large portion of next year. It has been written specially for the CABINET, by Augusta Larned, one of the most pleasing writers of *The Independent*; and is, we are confident, bound to be considered one of the greatest attractions of our paper.

A Compliment.—An English gentleman, calling at our office and purchasing many copies of the CABINET to send back to his lady friends in Europe, said that the FLORAL CABINET was the purest and handsomest paper he had ever seen in England or America.

Teacher's Position Wanted.—To any family or school needing the services of a competent teacher, we can recommend a lady (late principal of public schools in a prominent place) who has excellent ability and recommendations. Any person knowing of a vacancy, or one soon to occur, will confer a favor by addressing Editor THE FLORAL CABINET.

PERSIAN LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Very beautiful is the Persian's love for flowers. In Bombay the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens to walk in, "to eat the air" — "to take a constitutional," as we say.

Their enjoyment of it is heartily animal. The Hindu would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers, and taking stray sniffs at the ends of his fingers, as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flowers was utterly sensual. Presently, a true Persian, in his flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat, "black, glossy, curl'd the fleece or Kara-Kul," would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when at last the vision was fulfilled

the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night

increasing troops to it, and sit and sing and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer, still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower, and serenade it, together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart.

This is the true æsthetic enjoyment of flowers, of which those can know little who in any way outrage the historical associations or their individuality.

Ferns.—

In the up-town streets of this city, on pleasant days, what is called "Hartford Fern" is peddled extensively. It is a creeper common in the woods of New England, and it is only within two or three years become an

and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night increasing troops to it, and sit and sing and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer, still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower, and serenade it, together with an ode from Hafiz, and depart.



QUEER ACQUAINTANCES. WHO'S THIS.

after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever

article of sale, but now large quantities are brought to this city, and sent all over the United states.

The Fireside.

GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight,
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle,
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells,
Come home on the wind of the autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel in the stillness of midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home,
Or afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam—
I quietly sit by the fire-light,
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart,
Deserted, I should not be lonely,
There still would be guests in my heart;
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet song of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost one brings me,
My heart holds a feast with them all.

ART TREASURES AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Among all the curious and interesting articles of foreign exhibit in the grand Centennial buildings, none is more worthy the attention of the women of our land than the unique and beautiful display of art embroidery from the Royal School of Needlework in Kensington, England. Perhaps all the readers of the CABINET may not be aware that this school was founded by one of the Queen of England's daughters, aided by other noble and large-hearted ladies and gentlemen there, artists, and persons of high rank, for the two-fold purpose of restoring needlework to the honorable place it once held in art, and of providing employment for women in reduced circumstances. Until quite recently, embroidery might have been called a lost art, having been but little practiced since the days when in castle and in bower the fingers of fair and gentle dames wrought out the most wonderful designs in tapestry, to wile away the time in which their lords were fighting for the cross and for fame in Palestine. Some of these remarkable specimens of woman's patient skill yet remain, and they have formed the nucleus from which has sprung, as if by magic, the fanciful and tasteful work we see before us in the tapestried alcove belonging to the school.

But the object of elevating the quiet and refining occupation of needlework, to take its rank as artistic work, suitable for furnishing our houses and adorning our public edifices, is only secondary to that of providing occupation to ladies in search of employment, who can thus find a remunerative and pleasing pursuit, which they can follow in the retirement of home, without being forced to struggle with the world, which, however it may suit some women, all are not fitted for.

Here are, in rich variety, chairs, screens, cabinets, cushions, table-covers, in fact every device imaginable from a curtain to a court train. Some of the designs exhibited are from antique specimens of embroidery, yet existing in the old castles of England; others are of modern style, suggested by the old. Many of the most beautiful were not only designed, but executed, by the Queen and her daughters, and a noble example they thus set of industry and taste which may well be emulated by our country women. There is a very rich parterre or curtain in a sunflower pattern, the counterpart of one in Windsor Castle. Among the screens, there is one which seems entirely new on this side the Atlantic, a combination of a screen and footstool, the valence of the screen being exquisitely embroidered. These curtains and screens were indeed all very charming in their effect. For example, one had lily stems on a ground of deep red; another, a delicate oriental tracery, with pale tints exquisitely blended; then again were honey-suckles, wild hyacinths, and acanthus leaves, on a pure blue satin ground. But what must first of all challenge attention, was a dado, or wall-screen, designed by Mr. Morris, the poet, who is poetical on walls as well as in books. It was a grape pattern on a deep green ground, with stately peacocks at intervals standing like sentinels at attention. The bunches of grapes and leaves all intertwined in a most graceful manner, and appeared as if raised from the soft background. But it is impossible to do justice to these paintings in needle-work, with a mere description; they must be examined and studied to be appreciated, and they well deserve the time and attention bestowed upon them. They may serve as hints in teaching some useful lessons even to those who only cultivate embroidery as an amusement. One is, that instead of devoting what little time and money they have on trifling, useless articles, they may see here how to economize their powers, and out of a little carefully bestowed, produce works of real and enduring worth. Another is, not to rely for effect upon gaudy colors. Most of these embroideries owe very little to bright or startling contrasts; the few colors used produce one rich, harmonious whole, with an effect perfectly exquisite. Blueish green, with pale yellow primroses, bright sunflowers on rich, dark brown, pomegranates on a cream-colored ground, are merely named as suggestive of the fine effects of two contrasting shades. Then again, many are deterred from embroidery on account of the expense of the materials. While much of this work is done on what may be called truly sumptuous stuffs, and with a great deal of rich silk and gold, some of the most elegant patterns owe their sole merit to the taste with which the design was carried out in simple artistic beauty, unaided by expensive materials. For instance, there was a white cotton stuff, like jean, worked over with worsted, in appliqué work, and a white quilt embroidered in gold chain-stitch from an old pattern. The Princess Christian and the Princess Louise, both have sent very lovely designs of their own, one a screen of dark green satin, with velvet appliqué leaves, and an admirably embroidered bird, which was tasteful, yet simple.

Much of this art embroidery, especially clothes and table covers, are done on linen, worked in various colored wools, which are less expensive than silks, and yet has almost the same effect done in those curious and beautiful stitches, which in proper hands works out such marvels. While some of the designs are classical, in many cases nature has been the teacher, and to her are due the foxgloves, poppies, and harebells that shine forth from their beds of velvet, as panellings for

doors or cabinets. But even to name over all these articles, worked out even more perfectly in this our Centennial year than by the fair embroiderers of mediæval days, would fatigue the reader, who must see and study for herself these objects of art, and take a lesson from this Royal School in the culture of the beautiful and the artistic in contradistinction to the vulgar and tawdry.

So shall we return in our way the graceful compliment paid us by the ladies of another land, in placing these treasures before our eyes, and not only admire, but cultivate such refining and picturesque work, in which all can unite who have nimble fingers and a love of the beautiful.

E. B.

HOME PETS.

It is very natural for us human beings to bring in some little creatures which are foreign to our homes, and to train, pet, and lavish upon them our warmest affections. So it was with a little yellow songster entrusted to our care. We expected this one, like most other canaries, being in a place to which he was unaccustomed, to remain quiet for at least a few days; but how agreeably surprised and delighted we were when the very next morning he awoke us with a sweet little carol.

Dick soon showed himself to be a very fearless bird, which inclined us to train him. After a little patience had been exercised on our part, a lump of sugar as reward would always tempt him to walk a tight rope, a cord stretched from one support to another. A miniature rocking-chair, belonging to one of the smallest dollies, was occasionally brought out, and Dick placed into it, reclining as near as possible in the same position which we are wont to adopt. In this posture he would grasp a piece of paper which was offered to him, and apparently read the news. He would also hold a short lead pencil in a horizontal position, by which, after enjoying the rocker which had been constantly kept in motion by his gratified exhibitor, he would be taken from the chair, and still clinging to the pencil, would then be the point of intensified interest and wonder in his athletic feat of swinging in the air with inverted body and closed eyes. This was generally ended by allowing him to fall for a short distance only, for his natural instinct would then direct him to soar to the highest object which met his gaze, which was not unfrequently the chandelier. And a nice little chase we were led then. No sooner would we be firmly located on a chair on one side, than he would hop over to the opposite side, chattering and enjoying it greatly.

But these were his brightest days. When the winter came, this dear little pet took cold and became totally blind. Though he could always feed himself, his boisterous and cheering notes were missed, and his wonderful achievements were gone. In the following summer he was taken with us to the country, where it was hoped he might recover his sight. But, alas! though he was the recipient of the choicest pieces of apples, pears, berries, plantain, lettuce, etc., he uttered not a note, save a call as he recognized our voices. We kept him all that winter, and by the following summer, when we were in the country, we made the acquaintance of a gentleman from the city, who possessed three or four canaries, and to him, though I regret to say it, Dick was given away.

We have never attempted to train another bird; the memory of what a brave little creature Dick was is too dear to us.

FLORENCE WINTER.

Household Art.

RUSTIC FLOWER-STAND AND AUTUMN LEAVES.

Having seen two or three designs for a rustic flower-stand, with accompanying descriptions, I conceived a great desire to possess one; and not only to possess it, but to fashion it with my own hands. For those I had read of, the Grape, Cedar and other knotty woods were recommended. But, after my rambles through the woods, I decided in favor of the Sweet Gum, with its rough, wing-like bark surrounding and projecting from even its tiniest twigs. Procuring several branches, I selected those which I thought best suited to my purpose. These were more or less curved and bent, in such a manner as naturally to assist me in the formation of the stand. I first tried three branches, but found that a fourth was better; all the small side branches I cut off, leaving them one, two and three inches long—when they had grown out no longer than this, I left them entire, these little twigs being quite ornamental. In all the cutting, I took care to expose the wood as little as possible; pruning so that the bark concealed the cuts. Having thus prepared them, I stood the four branches on the floor, as nearly at right angles as possible; all curving into the centre, thus forming the neck of the stand where interlacing. I secured them with a small wire, which the little twigs and projecting bark concealed quite effectually. Then I proceeded to form the basket or upper part of the stand, by intertwining the small branches or twigs, which were left uncut for this purpose—adding and interlacing others where the vacancies required, and securing them at different points with the wire. In order to give strength and steadiness to it, I put cross-pieces between the legs of the stand, one above the other, resting in the forks formed by the ends left on, securing them also with wire. Being completed, I then varnished it, and really I looked upon my work with some degree of satisfaction, but was quite surprised at the admiration it drew forth when I brought it out to view. It was deemed worthy of a place in the parlor, where it was placed in a conspicuous corner; and being light, graceful and artistic as well as rustic, it bore well its surroundings of carved walnut.

Being too late in the season to fill it with roots, I used it for cut flowers. And particularly pretty it was on one occasion, with long sprays of Periwinkle falling around it, some being caught up as though clinging to the tiny twigs; while the top was decorated with a plate and glass bowl filled with Stars of Bethlehem, bright, shining sprigs of Box, and drooping vines, and marsh grasses with starry blooms.

But wishing to decorate it with living plants in the spring, I took some cocoa-nuts which I had sawed in half, filling them with rich earth, and roots of Ivy, Vinca, Begonia and drooping mosses. One of these, with a fine Ivy in it, I placed on the cross-pieces below, securing it firmly. And now the Ivy has grown, and twined and festooned itself all around the lower part of the stand; while, from the basket above, the Vinca falls in long, winding sprays, intertwining with the Ivy below. And through the meshes of the basket creeps the Peperomia; and a Begonia peeps through on one side, showing its bright, glossy leaves, and delicate, cream-like blooms. Having been removed to the front veranda, every one who comes exclaims: "What a pretty thing! Who made it!" I have tried to tell how I made it.

And now, may I add my experience in preserving

autumn leaves to that of many others, whose articles in your paper I have read with instruction and pleasure? I have tried both ironing and pressing them in books, and much prefer the latter method, as you thereby avoid bruising them. I find that from ten days to a month is required to dry them out, so that they will not shrink or shrivel when exposed to the air. When thoroughly dried thus, they may be oiled or varnished on both sides, if used for vases, picture cords, curtains, etc. If wanted for gumming on paper or cardboard, take the leaves, after pressing them, have your sheet before you, select and arrange the leaves, then take up each leaf, apply the gum with a mucilage brush, replace it on the paper, and press it on firmly but gently until every part, particularly the edges, adheres to the paper. Then go over the leaf and stem with the brush, coating them lightly with the gum. I prefer it to varnish—the effect is the same and it wears better. Those I prepared thus two years ago are as bright and fresh looking as when just done. I procured nice, smooth, thick blank paper from the book-binder's—fourteen by seventeen inches in size—large enough to arrange the leaves as one may wish.

I have quite a collection of beautiful leaves, in various tints and shades, arranged in groups, sprays, wreaths, etc., as fancy may suggest; each variety on a separate sheet, with botanical name and class, and also the common name, written beneath each. These are placed in a handsome case of black walnut and maple, with glass top, showing a group as beautiful as a painting, my friends say. The case is, in size and shape, similar to a large, handsome Bible, the deeply fluted maple representing the gilt edges between the walnut framing. In another case with glass top, I have a collection of wild flowers, medicinal plants, and beautiful vines with rarely shaped leaves and delicate tendrils, all pressed, gummed and labelled, as the forest leaves. I prepared these collections for a State Fair, where they both took premiums. Both collections are greatly admired by my friends, and, apart from their entertainment, they have afforded me many hours of pleasant employment and instruction. The pleasure they give extends even to the little ones, who gather in their rambles every bright-tinted leaf, or pretty spray, or trailing vine "for mamma." And may not these beautiful things become family heirlooms? And loving eyes may look over the bright leaves when mamma sleeps beneath others, flitting down in their crimson and gold.

CECIL.

FLOWER PAINTINGS.

For some little time past, there has been quite a rage for hand-painting on small mirror frames, screens, fans, paper cutters, &c., and lovely designs in roses, forget-me-nots, and violets, have tempted lovers of pretty things to stretch their purse-strings rather widely to accomplish the desired end. For these dainty bits of ornamentation seem most unreasonably dear; the magic label, "Painted by Hand," is considered all-sufficient in the eyes of the sellers, and judging from the price it might be the hand of an old master.

But very satisfactory effects can be produced with real flowers by those who are willing to exercise a little skill and patience. It is fascinating work, and almost as artistic as painting. The materials needed are a quantity of paper known as botanical drying paper, which is light and soft, with an undressed face; two covers of wire cloth, which comes in sheets two feet long by one and a half in width, bound with a narrow strip of zinc; two stout leather straps, with buckles; a paper knife, and a camel's hair pencil.

The flowers for this work must be used as soon as gathered, and be quite free from moisture; half-blown blossoms and buds are preferable to fully expanded ones. The first step is to prepare a thick bed with the sheets of paper; this should be half an inch deep for small flowers, and a full inch for such large ones as roses, japonicas, etc. This bed, or cushion, absorbs the moisture, and dries them perfectly. The flowers are to be laid on this pile in natural positions, and far enough apart to prevent their touching, for this is one of those things that, if worth doing at all, is worth doing well. The paper knife and pencil now come into use in arranging the petals, stamens, etc., which must be done with the utmost care. It is better to put only flowers of a uniform size on one bed, and never to dry flowers of different colors together, as this is almost sure to dim or discolor them. When the bed is comfortably filled, a German style of coverlet may be placed on top; this should contain as many thicknesses of paper as are underneath. Then the other sheet of wire cloth outside of the whole, and the straps tightly buckled. The whole affair must then be hung where both sun and air will have free play; out of doors is best, if there is no danger of a sudden shower, and a summer breeze is a most desirable aid in the drying process. The small flowers will generally be ready for use in six or eight hours, while the large ones may require two days of sunshine; but they should not be removed from the papers until every vestige of moisture has disappeared. When quite dry they may be carefully removed with the paper knife to a sheet of stiff white paper, and put out of the way of dust or moisture until they are needed for use.

Foliage does not bear the process so well as blossoms, unless it belongs to the laurel family, and small quantities of lycopodiums and moss are used instead. Very little green is necessary, just enough to separate and relieve the colors. The flowers when carefully prepared in this way, will be perfectly flat, and retain their natural hues, so that any surface on which they are placed will look as though it were painted.

Cardboard is the most satisfactory foundation, and it is safer to trace upon it an outline of the design than the flowers are intended to fill. Brush this lightly over with gum tragacanth, or mucilage. Then put on the flowers, touching them here and there with the camel's-hair pencil, to make them stick. The gum must be put only on the cardboard, as it would injure the appearance of either flowers or verdure.

When the floral design is complete, the article must be carefully laid away in a dark airy room to dry. This will take a day or two. The finishing touch is given by placing lace very smoothly over the flowers, and gumming it securely at the edges. Ribbon, or small silk fringe, will make a pretty finish.

If properly done, these pressed flowers have almost the beauty and grace of freshly gathered blossoms, and can be used in many different ways as most effective ornaments. Pansies retain their form and coloring wonderfully, and a cross of heart's-ease, edged with a little lycopodium, makes an exquisite transparency. The forget-me-not is also very satisfactory and poetical, and a wreath of sweet peas, mingled with grasses, encircling a gilt monogram on a grey-covered portfolio, is one of those things of beauty that live in the memory forever. A fan of cardboard, covered with silver paper, or with black or white lace, and the pressed flowers lightly attached to this covering, is quite charming. Designs may be multiplied indefinitely, and these natural scrap-book pictures are so fascinating to handle, that after a few successful experiments, one feels like taking the entire contents of a garden and placing them between paper beds. E. R. C.

Household Elegancies.

PANSY MATS.

These mats imitate the shape and brilliant shaded purple and yellow tints of the Pansies, and are really beautiful. The materials required for a pair of them are—of single zephyr—one-quarter ounce of white, one-quarter ounce of black, half an ounce of the brightest yellow, and one ounce of richly-shaded purple. They are very easily made.

Commence with the white; make a chain of six, and join it; into that crochet twelve long crochet stitches, with one chain-stitch between each; fasten it, and make three chain-stitches for the next row. Do this at every row. Third row: Make two long crochet stitches into every loop of the second row. Fourth row: Two long crochet stitches, with one chain between, and alternate with one long into every loop, not stitch. Fifth row: Two long crochet, alternated with two separate stitches of long crochet with one chain between each. Sixth row: Two long crochet stitches, with three separate stitches of long crochet chain between each. Seventh row: Commence with the back; two long crochet stitches into every loop of the white. Eighth row: Commence with the yellow, and crochet two long crochet into every loop. Ninth and last row: Commence with the shaded purple, and crochet the same as the last two rows.

Thread a long needle with fine black thread, and catch down the fulness so as to give the effect of Pansies, as seen in the illustration.

NEEDLE-BOOK IN THE SHAPE OF A SHELL.

The materials used are, blue velvet, white glass beads, a bronze clasp or blue silk ribbon. Fancy dives to the depths of the sea for ministrants to her service. This time she brings us a charming needle-book in the shape of a shell, well adapted to grace a lady's work-basket. Two flaps should be cut of stiff, white card-board, covered on the outside with blue velvet and on the inside with white silk. In order to give the upper flap the shell-like curve, sew a wire around the rim beneath the lining. When the velvet has been tacked to the upper flap of card-board, decorate it with the embroidery plainly delineated in the engraving, passing your needle through the velvet and the card-board, thus giving the work a firmer hold. The stripes on the shell are made of fine gold cord. The leaves and the bunch of grapes are cut of white paper and tacked on the requisite spots. Tack two or three rows of beads in the direction of the veins of the leaves, then begin at the centre and sew rows of beads closely to each other over the preceding rows. The stitches in the centre are covered by the veins of the beads firmly fastened down; the stems and tendrils are made of closely strung beads, tacked down

here and there. The bunch of grapes is made of wax, and milk-white beads. Sew on the wax-beads in transposed rows in strict accordance with the illustration; surround the outer beads by a wreath of milk-white beads, and separate the inner wax-beads by loops consisting each of eight milk-white beads, that

by means of a bronze clasp. Instead of the clasp, the parts may be sewn together and finished off by a bow of ribbon of a corresponding color.

HOW I MADE MY LAMBREQUIN.

Having a large chamber, with four windows I desired to furnish with lambrequins at small expense, I set myself about inventing a way, and now wish to give the result to the readers of the CABINET. I procured five and a-half yards pink cambric, seven and a-half yards book-muslin. I cut the cambric the size of window at top, in the form of a crescent, only wider at the ends; this I sewed upon strips of cotton cloth the length of cornice. I then tore from the end of muslin twelve strips three inches wide, which I hemmed and plaited on the bottom of the cambric, for ruffling; then divided the remainder into four pieces, plaited about an inch below selvage, thus forming a standing ruffle at top; hemmed down the ends of muslin on inside of cambric, taking care not to take stitches through; gathered the muslin in centre with scarlet cord and tassels, looped in puffs, at sides. The entire cost of the four structures was only three dollars. We all think them very pretty and well worth the money expended.

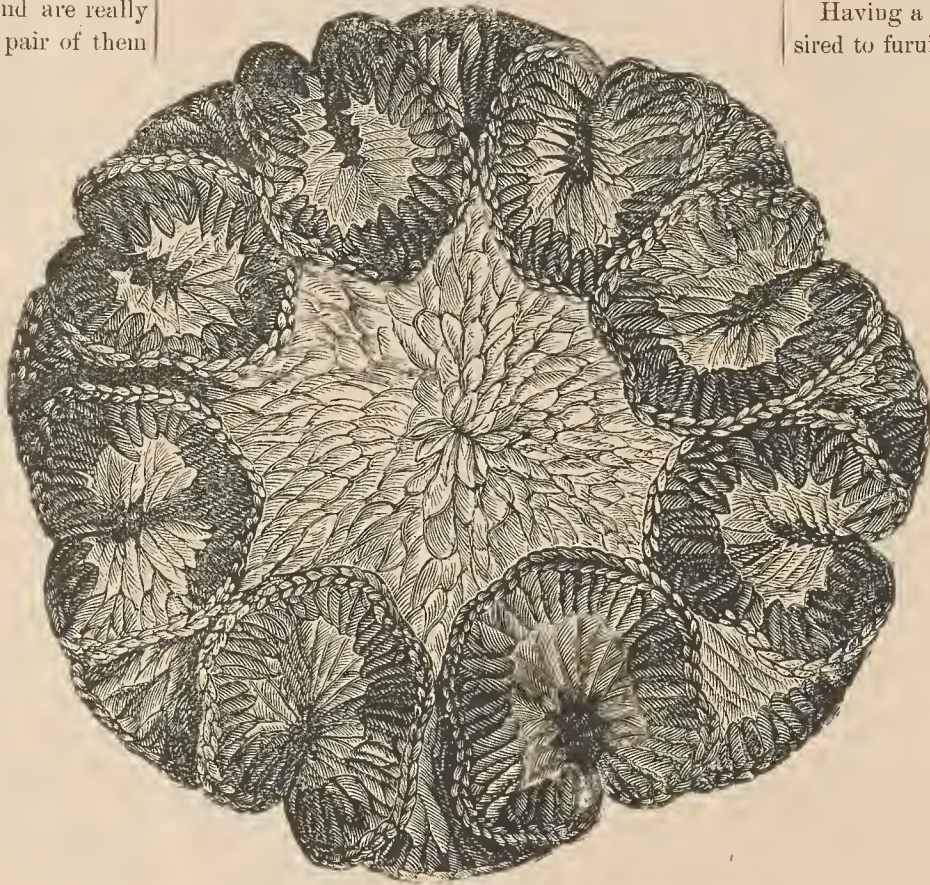
Last year a friend visiting me when roses were in bloom, seeing the ground strewn with decaying petals, asked me why I did not dry my rose leaves and make a sofa-pillow. I immediately caught at the suggestion, and from that day to this not a Rose corolla has been allowed to scatter its petals on our premises. The result is, my pillow is nearly finished and enquired—thanks to my fair friend and her timely visit. Now I will tell you how I made the case: One ball tidy cotton. No. 10, three ounces green zephyr; this I crocheted in stripes, afghan stitch, twenty-seven stitches in stripes, one stripe green for centre with white on each side. This forms one side. A narrow boxing unites the two sides, finished with cord and tassels. The white stripes embroidered with green vine and pink rose buds, green strip plain. Cost one dollar.

I am now eight years on the shady side of fifty. The probability is, the perfume of these Centennial roses will outlive the gatherer many years, and may be retained by some friend as a memento of this our Centennial 1876.

HORTENSE.

Spatter-work.—Procure a fine piece of drawing paper and fasten on a smooth surface, arrange a bouquet of pressed ferns on it and fasten them securely with pins, dip a tooth-brush in the ink and comb with a fine comb over the paper. When your paper is colored sufficiently take the leaves off and you will find a dark back-ground with a bouquet of the delicate white fern leaves. If this is done according to directions you cannot fail to have a pretty picture. You can make mottoes, crosses, and many other things the same manner.

FLORENCE.



PANSY LAMP-MAT.



NEEDLE-BOOK IN THE SHAPE OF A SHELL.

velvet by means of overhand stitches, and trim the outer edges of both flaps with slanting rows of glass beads, seven beads in each row, the latter binding, as it were, the edges. The whole is completed by cutting two flaps of flannel the same size as the covers, pinking them, and fastening them between the outer flaps

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Fireside Reading.

Levities.—When Mrs. ——— was working a beautiful WELCOME on cardboard to have framed and hung over the hall door, her 'cute little son asked her if she hadn't better work a "COME IN" to put over the outside of the front door.

Molly Smith's sweetheart's name is Will Bones. One day Molly was singing "Silver Threads among the Gold" while she was rolling out piecrust, and had just come to the line, "Yes, my darling you will be, will be—" Here her precocious little brother interrupted her with "Ha, ha, Molly, I know who you mean by Will B. You just emphasized the you all you could. Ha, ha ha! Yes, my darling you, Will B., Will B." Molly for the first time discovered the significance of her tantalizing little brother's remark, and she appreciates it so much that she never plays and sings "Silver Threads" any more, before company, while he is around.

Years ago, when the country was comparatively a wilderness, Miss Lawrence was engaged in teaching a district school in an out-of-the-way locality. Grammar and rhetoric were branches entirely unknown in that benighted neighborhood, if one might judge from the people's conversation. She started the oldest class of her school in grammar, and they finally learned to know the parts of speech, and to parse tolerably well. One day the brightest pupil in the class (a girl of about fourteen years) was called upon to parse the word "creature" which was in the lesson. "Creature? creature?" the puzzled girl slowly repeated, "think I never heard of creature afore, Miss Teacher." Miss Lawrence pointed out of the window where a number of cattle could be seen grazing in the meadow. She told the bright scholar that these animals was sometimes called creatures. At this a ray of intelligence seemed to light up the girl's countenance as she quickly responded, "Oh, now I kuow! you mean critter. Critter's a neoun."

The first chicken that Mr. W. ever carved was not exactly a success. It was in the days of log cabins when the country was new, and W. himself was young and green. Several ladies were present at the time, but no gentlemen except W. He was finally prevailed upon, when dinner time came, to carve the chicken, though he hesitated at first, doubting his own ability to attend to that branch of industry. The guests were seated at the table and he essayed to carve, but at the first pressure of the knife and fork, the roasted fowl bounded off of the plate, landed on the floor and disap-

peared from sight under a bed which was in a recess of the room. This caused some merriment, which was increased when a little black dog that was in the room scampered under the bed, and came out dragging the unfortunate chicken in its mouth. Luckily another chicken had been prepared for the repast, and was brought in upon a clean platter. W. made a determined effort to cut that meat into some kind of shape or other, and the meal proceeded with no more accidents.

Old Doctor Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had

to have you preach for me, and I want you to preach the same sermon you preached to my people this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Doctor Strong's people, and they had to listen for one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon they had heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would never undertake to run away from Doctor Strong again.

'Cute Little Girl.—A New Hampshire newspaper tells about a little six-years old girl in a country town in that State who went into a store where her father was lounging, the other day, and slyly approaching him, said:

"Papa, won't you buy me a new dress?"

"What! buy you a new dress, Susie?"

"Yes, papa, won't you?"

"Well, I'll see; I'll speak to your mother about it."

Elongation to an alarming extent rapidly spread over the little face, but a thought suddenly struck her, and with a smile she looked up into her father's face and said:

"Well, papa, if you do speak to mamma about it, touch her easy, or she may want the new dress herself."

The father at once saw the point, and the new dress was purchased without consultation.

Too Late.—The woman who arrived at the wharf just as the excursion boat had a start of ten feet, didn't comprehend the situation for a moment. She didn't know but that boats had a habit of starting off and backing up to keep the machinery from getting rusty. When she realized that she was being left, she jabbed a man in the back with her elbow, knocked a hat off with her parasol, and squealed at the top of her voice:

"Hold on, there—you haven't got me!"

"Make a jump!" screamed one boy. "Swim for it!" called out another; while the "left woman" fiercely shouted:

"Why don't some of you folks up there tell the captain?"

The people on the upper deck replied by laughing and waving their handkerchiefs. The woman on the wharf recognized only one among the crowd, and pointing her parasol directly at her, and holding it extended, as if taking aim, she shouted:

"You want to understand, Mrs. Baker, that you can never, never borrow any more butter or flat-irons of me!"

"Mamma, my doll's weared out, and I don't want any more rag dolls; I want a meat baby."



THE ASTONISHED BABY!

invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon proved unusually long. The people became wearied, and, as Doctor Strong lived near the bridge, about the time for the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking in great numbers across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should hear the same young man in the afternoon. Collecting his wits, he said to the young minister, "My brother across the river is very feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people. If you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and be as much obliged to you as I would

Housekeeping.

A CHAT WITH HOUSEKEEPERS.

Lovely autumn days, why cannot they be with us longer? Already the wind whistles among the trees, flinging their bright leaves to the ground, and reminding us that winter will soon be here. Gather these treasures, and fashion them into wreath and garland gay. Take small branches, press between boards with heavy weights, then hang on the nail from which pictures are suspended. There are so many ways of arranging dried flowers, grasses and ferns, and they all brighten our homes during the winter.

These housekeepers have many cares and troubles, too; and the more fresh air and sunshine they can get during the day the better they will feel, and I know of no better way to obtain these than by cultivating flowers. They will repay you a hundred fold with their beauty and fragrance. I always find a little time every day to work among my flowers, and never miss it. But I could hardly do without the dear flowers.

Very often we hear housekeepers complain that they are so tired. There is much tiresome work in the kitchen, but in many cases might not the fatigue be made less by a suitable work-dress? Have the dress made short, so that it will clear the ground, and it will be found to be much more comfortable than the long skirts which have to be held up with one hand every time one goes up stairs. What sport we would make of a man who, while at work, wore a coat that he was constantly obliged to raise with one hand to keep it out of the way. Let each housekeeper adopt a system at her work, and she will be surprised at the difference it will make in the course of a week.

I saw something pretty at a fair a short time since; a wreath, picked with a needle on bristol-board. I cannot describe it, but the flowers, leaves and buds were all there—pure white—and when enclosed in a heavy, dark frame, the effect was beautiful. I saw also some specimens of spatter-work. It was pretty, and I want to tell how to make it, so that some of the housekeepers who read this can make some for themselves. Bristol-board, India ink, a fine comb and some ferns are all that is needed. Arrange the ferns in any form on the board, fasten with needles stuck through each piece, take a little ink on an old tooth-brush, and draw the comb gently over it, letting the spatter fall on the work; after the board is blackened evenly, put away until perfectly dry; remove the ferns, and it is ready for a frame. Mottoes, crosses, anchors, etc., are a few of the many ways for arranging the ferns.

Many cannot afford to buy frames for pictures. Take old wood frames, and fasten to them with putty, acorns, now and then a bright leaf, with whatever cones or other articles you may have, with a row of popped-corn on each edge—varnish, and it is pretty.

To those who think soap-making a trial, I would tell my way. Take the soap grease, boil and cleanse with white lye, removing all the bones. Pour this grease in the barrel where you wish the soap; pour over it, a pailfull at a time, strong lye; stir often, and that is all there is of it. Any person can tell when it is thick enough. The lye will eat all the grease.

Let me tell my sisters how to wash calico so that it will not fade. When the garment is soiled, dip in strong salt water, and dry; then wash after the usual way, putting salt in the rinsing water. This need be done but once, the first time the garment is washed.

It is not known by every one that horse-radish root

cut lengthwise and placed on the top of your pickles will give them a pleasant taste, and also preserve the vinegar from mold.

It is rather late in the season to talk green corn, but this receipt will keep till next year, and none will be sorry who try it instead of drying their corn for winter. Cook the corn, cut from the cob, mix with as much salt as you can (there is no danger of too much), pack in a crock. It will keep a year, and I know not how much longer. When wanted for cooking, freshen a long time, changing the water often, then cook as usual, adding milk, butter and pepper when it is done. I often have compliments for my corn, and the question always follows: "How do you keep it?"

Let us not forget in our housekeeping that we should be homekeepers. Let us make our homes the dearest spot on earth, and the bright spot toward which the absent one will turn with longing. Let us make our homes cosy, and warm, and bright. There are so many little things that contribute toward the beauty of a room which are not costly, more than that they take time for construction. Those who sigh for costly furniture, tapestry and carpets rare, with lace and jewels, find too often that it is not in them that most comfort may be found. Then let us have flowers, vines and hanging-baskets; and, with snowy curtains at the windows, bright rugs on the much-used spots of the carpet, books on the table, a couch and rocking-chairs, with a bright fire, could we not spend a pleasant evening? Of course we would have pictures. Costly oil paintings would be out of place in this sitting-room; but nice engravings, a chromo or two to brighten up the wall, and the sweetest picture will be contentment written on every face.

MRS. G. T. CLARK.

VARIOUS THINGS.

Alas! for the vanity of earthly expectations! I spent a short time with a friend in the country last week. She said, one day: "Do tell me how you make a brown stew." "There is nothing easier to do," I replied. We drove in town the next day, and while we ladies held the reins, the husband of my friend ran into a shop for a piece of beef. "What kind shall I get?" he asked. "O! anything will do; get it with some fat, and as little bone as possible," I answered. But anything will not do, I found to my sorrow, particularly the piece known as brisket, which the gentleman bought. A thick piece, that will cut down nicely when cold, is best. To go on with my story. The brown stew was to be for dinner. At nine A. M. (mistake No. 1), I washed the meat, put it in a pot with a loose lid (mistake No. 2), and covered it with boiling water.

It is needless to add that the brown stew was a failure. I saw my friend mentally exclaim: "Humph! that is what she calls brown stew; city folks do not know how to cook as well as country folks, after all." To make this dish a success, have a piece of beef such as before mentioned. It need not be off the round. I have gotten nice pieces as low as fourteen cents per pound, which, for a place where sirloin steaks and rib roasts sell for thirty cents, is quite reasonable. Put your meat on four hours before needed. Be sure and pour boiling water on it. Understand me, I do not say put the meat on in boiling water—it makes all the difference in the world which you do. Have a lid that fits your pot perfectly. After the water boils away—you cover it with water at the first—only add enough from time to time to keep it from burning. Our object is to brown the meat; consequently, if all the water boils away after the meat has cooked tender, so much the better, for the fat will allow the meat to brown

without burning; provided, of course, you have a slow fire. Add salt during the first half hour of cooking. For a dish of cold meat for supper there is nothing nicer than this same brown stew. Cut in thin slices—not in wedges big enough to knock a body down—and garnished with parsley, its looks would tempt the most fastidious. It is far preferable to roast beef, in our estimation; for roast beef is often beyond one's control. "It might be tender, and then again it mightn't." Cooked in the way I have described, you have it under your thumb and finger. If needed for tea, put it on soon after breakfast; set it aside to cool in the pot in which it was boiled, with the lid on as nearly tight as can be without having it entirely so. Do not laugh at the minuteness of detail. Should this article find its way into print, and be carried into execution by some good housewife, all excepting the boiling water, for instance, what a host of denunciations would fall on my devoted head; for, instead of something eatable, you would simply have a tasteless lump of fibrous matter.

There is nothing nicer in the bread line than Graham biscuits. I fancy they are not as indigestible as hot white biscuit; still they may be. I never found out till last summer, and then only after a series of experiments, that it was as easy to have Graham biscuit as white for breakfast. I take one quart of water, or milk if you have it, butter the size of an egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of baker's yeast, and a pinch of salt. I take enough white flour to use up the water, making it of the consistency of batter-cakes. Add the rest of the ingredients, and as much Graham flour as you can stir in with a spoon. Set it away with your bread sponge till morning. In the morning, grease your tin well, flour your hands ditto. Take a lump of dough the size of a large egg; roll lightly between the palms of your hands. Let them raise twenty minutes, and bake in a tolerably hot oven.

Grape jelly. I know of no nicer way for making jelly than that given by Marion Harland, in her "Common Sense in the Household." I do not follow her directions verbatim, for I find it will do just as well without heating the sugar as she directs. For my table jellies—those I want to be extra—for example, take grape jelly, green or ripe, and either is delicious. I cover the fruit with water; let it boil slowly till thoroughly soft; then turn into a heavy muslin bag, and hang in the cellar over night. My husband—Mouse, I call him—fully appreciates that part. Many a night he has suspended for me a bag of "to be jelly," while I held the candle. In the morning, take the juice that has dripped into the bowl, which we suppose to have been placed under the bag on the preceding night, and proceed as usual. The juice still left in the bag can be squeezed out; though not so clear as the drippings, it is still most excellent for cake. I used last summer five pounds of sugar to seven pints of juice—not pound to pint as receipt-books say—boiled the juice twenty minutes, added the sugar and boiled five minutes longer.

ELLIE MORGAN.

It is said that lining the walls, ceiling and windows of a cellar with four or five thicknesses of old newspapers, pasted on with strong size, will prevent roots and other articles stored therein from freezing.

To Remove Old Paint, cover with a wash of three parts quick stone lime, slaked in water, to which one part pearl ash is added. Allow the coating to remain sixteen hours, when the paint may be easily scraped off.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY DURING THE HARD TIMES, NOW IS YOUR TIME TO SECURE AN AGENCY FOR THE CELEBRATED ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER.

This machine has been ON TRIAL for the past six months in every State and Territory in the Union, and the almost unanimous verdict is: "Your Washer has proved a complete success."

Some of the reasons why this popular verdict has been reached may be found in these facts:

The Robbins Washer is an entirely NEW MACHINE. It is constructed upon a NEW PRINCIPLE—that of forcing water by downward pressure through the fabric. The dirt or discoloration is removed by water force; there is no rubbing or friction about it. This principle is the only one that has ever been successfully applied to the cleansing of fabrics by machinery. All others have failed in one or more essential points. The Robbins Washer will cleanse perfectly, without rubbing, all kinds of wearing apparel, table or bed linen. It will not injure the most delicate fabric. It is the greatest bleacher extant, and for this purpose alone is worth ten times the price of the machine. It is simple, self-operating, never gets out of order, and will last a lifetime. It saves time, it saves labor, it saves material.

By purchasing a ROBBINS WASHER you can count the hard drudgery of the washboard among the things of the past.

Therefore, we confidently say to every housekeeper in the land, you want a ROBBINS WASHER. You cannot afford to be without one. It will pay to buy one. THE RETAIL PRICE IS ONLY \$3.50. Sample to those desiring Agencies, \$3.

The philosophy of the Washer is fully explained in the following circular, which is full of valuable information to housekeepers. We bespeak for it a careful perusal.

In bringing the Robbins Washer before the public it becomes necessary to take into brief consideration the

ART OF CLEANSING FABRICS, which, although so common, is yet imperfectly understood. Having had a life-long experience in the laundry business—in connection with first-class hotels, public laundries, asylums, hospitals, etc.—we know whereof we speak. The numerous devices of friction rollers, pounders, squeezers, dashers, agitators, steam wash-boilers, etc., have all done very well, so far as it was possible for such principles and devices to do. But they have all failed in one or more of the three essential points, viz.: The saving of labor, the wear and tear of clothes, or in perfectly extracting the dirt or discoloration—all of which are accomplished by the ROBBINS LITTLE WASHER.

WHAT IS IT THAT REMOVES THE DIRT? You may ask all washerwomen and housekeepers, and your answer from nine out of ten will be, "Plenty of elbow grease," or, in other words, plenty of hard, laborious rubbing on the washboard. And such is the case, for you first have to rub soap upon the cloth, then you have to rub it in, to make the dirt soluble. But does that remove it? No; to do that you must first dip it in the water, and then rub it in again to force water through the fabric. That is what removes dirt after being softened by the chemical action of the soap upon it.

The way in which this could be the most economically accomplished is what we have so long and patiently sought after, and at last a principle has been developed in the LITTLE WASHER that embodies all the above-named points.

All the aforesaid mechanical devices have many objectionable features. It is harder work to operate them than to use the common washboard. They are constantly getting out of order, and, at the best, wear out in a short time. They wear out clothes ten times faster than the rubbing board, because the friction is a hundred per cent. greater than can possibly be applied to that article. They take the entire time of a person during the whole wash, and, last of all, they will not perfectly remove streaks from clothes.

THE GEO. D. BISSEL CO., Naugatuck, Conn.

Aster, Zinnia, Pink, Phlox, Pansy. Packets of each of these very choicest seeds mailed to new customers for trial on receipt of only ten cents and stamp. Large packets, well worth \$1.00. Address E. WYMAN, JR., Florist, ROCKFORD, ILL.

Birds! Birds! Birds! Large lot of Song and Ornammental Birds, among them is the Hartz Mountain German Canary, the finest songster in the world. Address GEO. C. PEARL, Bird Store, READING, PA. N. B.—Birds shipped by express any distance.

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. \$80 a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. MONITOR MANUFACTURING CO., Cincinnati, O.

PRESSED FERN.

A large quantity of the beautiful CLIMBING FERN (Lygodium Palmatum); also, PRESSED Fronds of a great variety of exotic Ferns, by Express at the following rates:

Per dozen Fronds, 60 cts.
Six dozen " and upwards, per doz., 37 cts. Cash.

Address DEXTER SNOW, CHICOPEE, MASS.

50 Your name on Postmaster, 50 Mixed Vis. Cards Mallet Creek, O. 10c.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE LITTLE WASHER embodies all the essential points. First, we have the desired heat, which expands the fabric, and causes it to discharge the dirt. Second, we obtain a powerful suction beneath the clothes, which causes a rapid downward current or water force through and through them, thereby removing the dirt. Third, we use a large body of water, which holds the dirt in solution. Thus we cleanse thoroughly, rinsing the clothes as usual being all that is required to complete the operation.

The Washer is composed of solid galvanized iron, which will not rust or corrode. There are two sizes—the No. 1, or family size, for ordinary household use; and No. 2, or hotel size, suitable for country hotels, boarding houses, laundries, &c.

Family size weighs 6 pounds, is only 7 inches long by 5 inches wide by 1 1/2 inches deep. The discharge pipe is 13 inches high over that, and is 1 1/2 inches in diameter. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of 15 to 20 gallons per minute, will work in any common family boiler, and if you wish will do the work in a boiler nearly twice that size, thereby enabling you to do twice as much, or the same amount in half the time. It takes only 3 ounces of soap to 15 or 20 gallons water, and will wash household linen, such as bed and table linen, a boiler full in ten to fifteen minutes, and do it perfectly; wearing apparel in from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, and will remove all streaks without any rubbing; requires no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night, &c. We take the clothes dry, and when the Washer gets thoroughly at work we will fill the boiler as full as it will hold by gently pressing them down with a stick. We use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is perfectly harmless.

The No. 2, or small hotel size, will do the work in a boiler four times the size of a common family boiler, and wash of average pieces from 1,500 to 2,000 per day; or it may be used in any smaller boiler. They will work in anything that has a bottom large enough for them to rest upon.

OUR METHOD OF HANDLING.

We want agents everywhere throughout the United States in every State, county, town, and hamlet. The retail price of No. 1 Washer is \$3.50; of No. 2 Washer, \$5. But we will sell sample machines of No. 1 size at \$3; No. 2, or small hotel size, at \$4. Canvassers for this Washer can make more money with it than with anything ever before offered to the public. As, for instance, we established two agencies to test the sale of the Washer upon its merits—one in Naugatuck, Conn., and one in Providence, R. I. The former, Mr. Charles Daniels, in a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, sold by canvassing in two weeks eighty-two Washers. In the latter place, Mr. James Roberts, now of Naugatuck, Conn., sold in less than three months, without canvassing or advertising, outside the store, over 500 Washers. A thing never before heard of.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT

we would say, if you want to secure a paying business, now is your time. Don't wait until the best territory is taken up, but send at once for sample machine and go to work. By following instructions you can sell to nearly every family in your neighborhood. Others have done it, and there is no reason why you should not. Full directions and instructions accompany each machine. Also special terms to agents, circulars, testimonials, etc. All orders must be accompanied with cash. Remit by money order or registered letter to

THE GEO. D. BISSEL CO., Naugatuck, Conn.

5 Magnificent Lilies for \$1

AURATUM, ROSEUM, LONGIFLORUM, CANDIDUM and DOUBLE TIGER.

POSITIVELY NO SUBSTITUTION.

12 Double or Single Hyacinths, \$1.00
12 Tulips, Double or Single, 50
12 Crocus, Mixed, 15

Sent by mail upon receipt of price.

W. S. ALLEN, QUEENS, N. Y.

ROYAL FRAGRANCE SOLID COLOGNE. Double Strength of Perfume! Excellent to prevent ravages of moths in clothing. Send for it. 3 samples for 25 cts. Postage stamps will be received. DR. W. A. HUBBARD, Chemist, 45 N. Anderson Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE BEST ENGLISH DICTIONARY, WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

From the Chief Justice of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 1875.—The book has become indispensable to every student of the English language. A Law Library is not complete without it, and the Courts look to it as of the highest authority in all questions of definition.—MORRISON R. WAITE.

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The Largest and most Complete Stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the U. S. Priced Catalogues sent as follows: No. 1. Fruits, with colored plate, 15 cts.; plain, 10 cts. No. 2. Ornamental Trees, etc., with plate, 25 cts. No. 3. Greenhouse; No. 4. Wholesale, and No. 5, List of New Roses, Free.

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A GREAT DISCOVERY!

By the use of which every family may give their Linen that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work. Saving time and labor in ironing, more than its entire cost. Warranted. Ask for Dobbins'.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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WHITE WATER LILY (NYMPHIA ODORATA).

I will select strong, hardy roots of this fragrant Lily, with buds started for next year's blooming, and forward by mail to any address, for 35 cents each, or \$3 per doz.

Printed instructions for planting in tubs and caring for them will be sent with each package.

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VINEGAR. How made in 10 hours from Cider, Wine or Sorghum without using drugs. Name paper and address F. I. SAGE, Springfield, Mass.

Leamon's Dyes Color Silks.

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Splendidly adapted for all kinds of fancy work. They make the best and cheapest inks.

Druggists sell them. A book giving full and explicit directions will be sent to any one by addressing the proprietors; or a package of any color will be sent postpaid on receipt of 30 cents.

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Use Corticelli Silk! IT IS THE BEST.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

LADY READERS of the Cabinet should refer to the MAY number for the advertisement of the "Favorite Dishwasher," and send 35 cents for one to Coleman Smith, New Haven, Ct. They are cute.

All about Maryland & Delaware. **FARM** Catalogue and maps free. J. F. MANCHA, Easton, Md., Smyrna, Del.

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BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING, FLOWERS FOR THE HOUSE.

The Autumn No. of Vick's Floral Guide, containing descriptions of Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, and all Bulbs and Seeds for Fall Planting in the Garden, and for Winter Flowers in the House—just published and sent free to all. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.



Aquaria, Greenhouses, &c. Propagating Ponds at Passaic, N. J. Send for Circular. Prepared Fish Food, \$1 per dozen boxes, by mail, postage paid.

PARSONS' Oriental Glove Powder IS WHAT EVERY LADY WANTS.



It is highly perfumed, and makes the hands soft and white.

Sample by mail, 25 cents. Address

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Bulbs! Bulbs! Plants!

Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, Crocus, Narcissus, Roses, and Winter-blooming Plants! Extraordinary inducements! Send for new Catalogue (free). Address,

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600 acres; 24th year; 13 greenhouses. 5 Catalogues (the set), 25 cents.

LADY AND GENTLEMEN AGENTS WANTED.

Goodyear's Pocket Gymnasium.

ENDORSED BY THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS. The Most Complete System OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE Ever Devised for Home Practice.

100,000 in use by men, women and children. Used standing, sitting or reclining. Hundreds of graceful movements. For home, office, schools, hospitals.

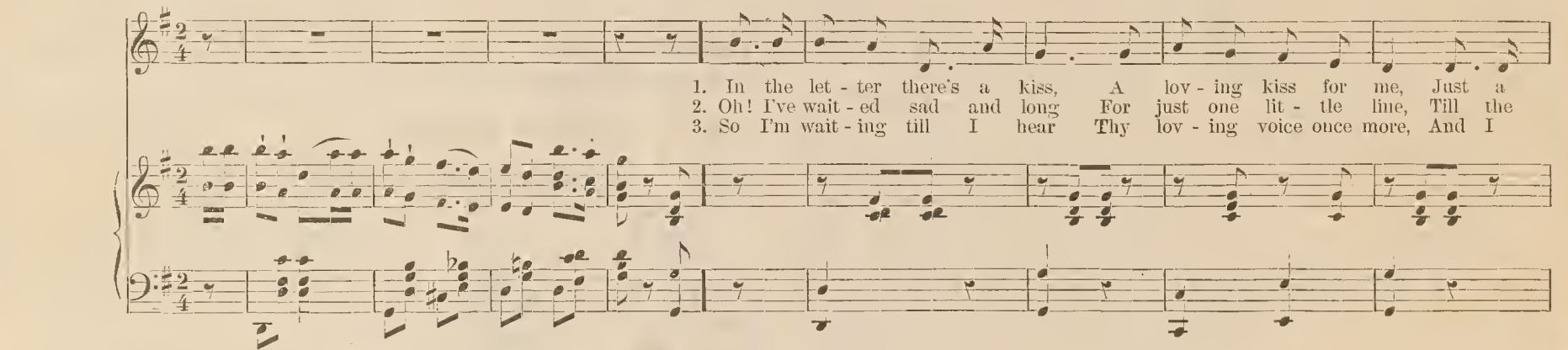
Price List.—No. 1, for Children 4 to 6 years, \$1.00. No. 2, for Children 6 to 8, \$1.10. No. 3, for Children 8 to 10, \$1.20. No. 4, for Children 10 to 14, \$1.30. No. 5, for Ladies and Children 14 years and upwards, \$1.40. No. 6, for Gentlemen of moderate strength, \$1.50. No. 7, used by Ladies, Children or Gents, \$2.00. No. 8, for Gentlemen of extra strength, \$2.50. Full set, family use, 1 each, (1 to 6) Two 7's and Two 8's, \$16.00. Nos. 7 and 8 are fitted with a screw-eye and hook to attach to the wall or floor. A pair of No. 7, (\$4.00), or 8, (\$5.00), make a complete Gymnasium and Health Lift. Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Exclusive Agencies granted in unoccupied territory. Exclusive rights to sell the Pocket Gymnasium afford the largest possible returns for small investments. Its sales are nearly universal wherever it is placed before the public and its merits fully understood.

For Illustrated descriptive circulars, terms, &c., address, Goodyear Rubber Curler Co., P. O. Box 5, 156, 697 Broadway, New York. RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

In the Letter there's a Kiss.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by CHAS M. PYKE.



1. In the let - ter there's a kiss, A lov - ing kiss for me, Just a
 2. Oh! I've wait - ed sad and long For just one lit - tle line, Till the
 3. So I'm wait - ing till I hear Thy lov - ing voice once more, And I

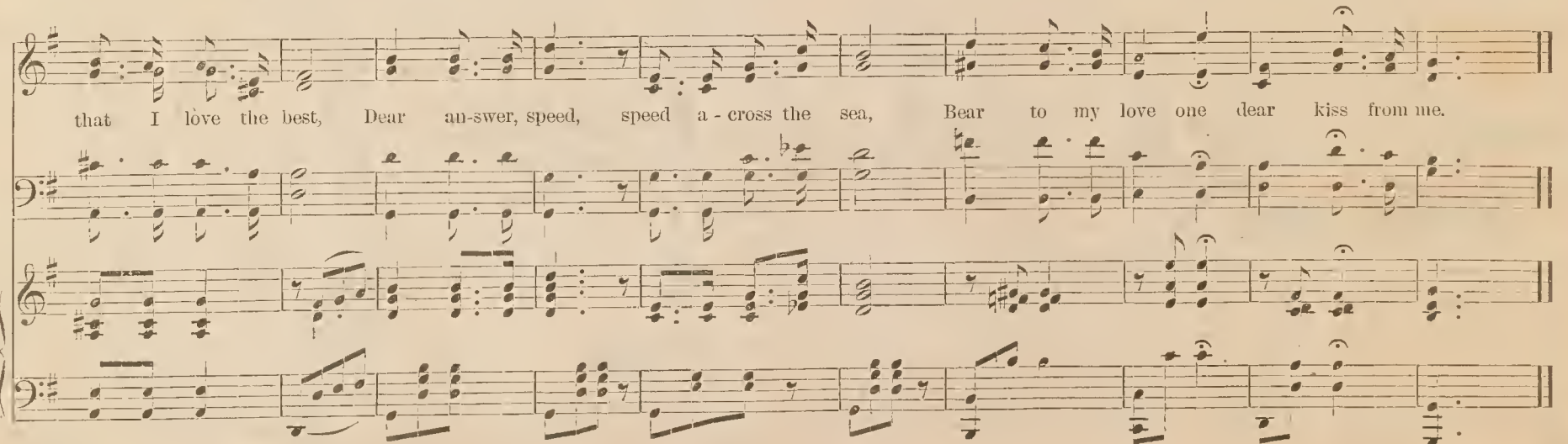


lit - tle seal of bliss From far a - cross the sea! Yes, 'tis fold - ed fair and sweet Be - tween the leaves so white, And it
 birds have sung their song, And win - try days are mine; But I ne'er shall doubt thy love, Dear heart, far o'er the sea! For, like
 know thy smile so dear, My sun - light will re - store; Oh! I've fold - ed next my heart Thy let - ter fond and sweet, And from

Chorus.



soft - ly whis - pers: "we shall meet A - gain in fond de - light." Close to my heart, lov - ing let - ter, rest, Fond words from one
 brightest hope's enchant - ing dove, Thy kiss has flown to me.
 me, dear - est, it ne'er shall part Till once a - gain we meet.



that I love the best, Dear an - swer, speed, speed a - cross the sea, Bear to my love one dear kiss from me.

10011
Mrs V Dimmick
Hillside
Mich
69

THE LADIES' **Home** **Journal**

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. V

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 59.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

In our northern climate the opening of the blossoms of this plant is not often witnessed. A wealthy family in Utica, N. Y., upon the occasion of the opening of one in their conservatory, held a brilliant floral levee.

stem, and above it appeared a closed bulb nearly as long as a banana. Saturday evening, about dusk, the bulb suddenly burst open, revealing the magnificent flower so often described but seldom seen. Mr. C. generously placed this beauty in front of his residence

and the stamen six inches in length, both unusually large. The delicate white and yellow tints of the stamen and petals appeared very beautiful in contrast with the dark green leaves or covering of the bulb, and the repelling prickly body of the plant. The



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS—FROM A TURKISH GARDEN.

As the story comes to us, it runs as follows: Mr. C. had a plant of the Night-blooming Cereus variety in his possession for the last ten or twelve years. During this time no flower had appeared upon it, and it occupied a modest corner of the conservatory. A few days ago a prickly bud emerged from the side of the

so that all passers by might share in the enjoyment of examining it. During the evening hundreds of ladies and gentlemen stopped to examine the rare sight. Later it was transferred to the parlor table, and the gas-light added to its brilliancy. Upon measurement the flower was found to be fourteen inches in diameter

flower was expected to close and disappear about midnight, like all beautiful things, fading quickly. It emitted a rich, pungent perfume. A short distance from the blooming flower was one more bud, which it was expected would soon bloom. A more beautiful floral display cannot very often be seen.

Floral Contributions.

MY BEAU IDEAL REALIZED.

"There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime.
And the Junes with the roses staying."

During my summer wanderings in the mountains of Virginia I happened to light upon, or rather within, a regal greenhouse; I would say a Zenobian greenhouse, but that I dare say it was warm enough in Palmyra to dispense with a conservatory, and an old-fashioned flower garden would answer every purpose. But, however that may be, I derived so much genuine pleasure from this one that I feel impelled to describe it to my CABINET sisters.

I went to visit it very often—thought I should like to live in it, and my farewell visit can never be effaced from memory's page; it is written in illuminated text. It was a bright, crisp, sparkling evening early in October; the breeze just whispered of the coming frost, when I started for a three-mile walk to say good-bye to this radiant home of the flowers, where Titania might spend her winters and never know aught of the bleakness without, save for the fleecy down which Nature sees fit to wrap about her then, as a kind of Chinese mourning for the death of the flowers. The entrance was through a small brick house where a vestal fire is sustained, supplying the warmth which is so sadly wanting in Sol's wintry smiles. Then, passing through the vestibule, we enter the "crystal palace" itself through a doorway arched and framed in with the waxen leaves of the Hoya, nearly the whole side of the wall being covered with a tracery of leaves and branches as with some rare tapestry. The greenhouse contained three divisions, similar to those usually seen at the florists'. This one is in charge of an English gardener, under whose touch everything seems to grow and blossom in utmost profusion, as if grateful for his care and thorough knowledge of their wants. All down the centre division were columns entwined by various graceful vines, among which the Cissus discolor was most prominent and beautiful. At one end a huge Caladium Esculentum reared its lofty leaves the size of a sun umbrella, one actually measuring forty-four by thirty-four inches. The Torrenia, with its shaded purple blossoms and delicate foliage, formed a fringe-like bordering aided by that inimitable trailer Cobæa scandens variegata, while the Geraniums, Abutilons, Tuberoses, Dracænas, Fuchsias, Chinese Primroses and Begonias mingled in rich, yet un-crowded, luxuriance; among the last-named the Semperflorens is most valuable, for it is truly named and is never without its clusters of gay little red blossoms. Nor were the Callas wanting in readiness to add their stately grace to the beauteous sisterhood—they were present,

"Unfolding from the earth's embrace,
Fair pages where I meekly trace
A promise sure."

The Fuchsias were immense, being the size of shell roses, and their corollas of rich, velvety purple resting lovingly against the crimson sepals, could only be equalled in glory by another member of the same family, the Lustre. This Fuchsia, I was told, had been blooming in the same lavish manner, dozens of bells to every branch, ever since last December; the wax-like purity of its snowy sepals, with the faintest suspicion of a glow upon them as if it were reflected there from the deep vermillion corolla, produced a vision of loveliness, and it seemed so intense in its

vitality that one could almost believe it had a soul, and I was irresistibly reminded of the lines—

"It is not that cheek, 'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innermost blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, tho' glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because Heaven is there."

There were some curiosities that claim worthy mention. The variegated Tradescantia was exquisitely lovely, but in order to keep it variegated one must take good care that the solid green shoots are pinched off, for it has a continual tendency to return to its native homeliness, or if not exactly homeliness, its unpretentiousness. Then there was the most sensitive plant I ever beheld. If one of the tiny leaflets of a single frond were touched, however lightly, the whole branch collapsed, as if resenting that a mere mortal should dare approach its fern-like beauty. It amused us very much with its queer ways. And now we came to the gayest little butterfly of a flower—the Clerodendron Thompsonii. I think it must be descended from the Thunbergian family, for though it is much more aristocratic looking, yet it has some striking points of resemblance. The little balloon, out of which it starts so suddenly, is of purest white, instead of emerald-green, and the brilliant red of the tiny floweret forms a singular and startling contrast to it, while its long, delicate stamens add the grace that would otherwise be wanting to this gem of the conservatory.

I met with a book during the summer called "Beautiful Leaved Plants," and some of the illustrations so transcendently lovely that I took for granted they were mere fictions, highly-colored romances, and never ventured to hope for their realization in this world, when lo! in this paradisiacal greenhouse I came right upon one of the very plants that had taxed my credulity to the utmost! It was one of the Calladium tribe, in leaf-shape like to its gigantic brother, but with leaves not more than five or six inches in length; it was a delicate green with a deep magenta band through the centre of the leaf shading off into green, and then had innumerable flecks and spots of red sprinkled over the surface that resembled nothing so much as Chinese characters. Not having an interpreter, it remained a sealed book to me, save that it spoke of the wondrous power and love that had created all this beauty. There were others of this curious family, but none had the fascination for me of this singular plant; I found myself returning and studying its queer phases over and again. Time would fail me to describe the Lycopodiums and Alternantheras, without which no collection is now complete.

One thing that struck me about Mr. B.'s floral economy was that all the spaces under these stands of flowers were filled with gay plants growing in the natural soil, bright-hued Coleus and Achyranthus, and whole beds of Tradescantia of most vivid green, the warmth proving sufficient to bring them to perfection with scarce any sunshine. When I finally compelled myself to bid them a last, lingering adieu, this gardener—this great and glorious man—gave me slips and a magnificent bouquet; I am even now tenderly watching the growth of these little ones in my own pit, and fancy they shall one day recall the picture of this queenly greenhouse.

ISIDORA.

PRESERVING FLOWERS FOR WINTER.

We number not a few botanists among our readers, and a still larger number of persons who love flowers for their own sake, and who would like to preserve them with more or less freshness throughout the year. This can be done with a little care.

All that is required, is to dry and press them, and

then to fasten them with glue or gum to the pages of a blank-book; attach also the names of the flowers. In selecting specimens for preservation, take those of average size, with no part wanting. Get those with leaves attached to the flowers, and with stems not very thick, else they will not press well nor lie smoothly within the leaves of the book. Get also a specimen of the seed vessels, if you have a seed-bearing plant.

The plant-gatherer should, if possible, go out into the woods and fields, equipped with a botanical box. This is nothing more than a flat tin box, six or eight inches wide, and a foot or fifteen inches long, and shaped like a candle box, only thinner, and having a lid which shuts tight. This will keep the specimens fresh for a day or two, if occasionally sprinkled.

He should also have at home a portfolio a little larger than the box, for receiving the plants at the close of each excursion and for drying them. The paper may be any common unsized sort, such as the poorest printing paper, or grocers' white tea paper. The newly gathered specimens should be laid separately between the sheets of paper, and then a moderate weight laid upon the closed portfolio. If the specimens are quite succulent and moist, they should be placed between several sheets of coarse brown paper, to absorb the moisture; and it may be necessary to change these absorbers daily for a week, before the specimens are perfectly dry.

The blank-book for receiving the dried plants is generally called a herbarium. It should be made for this specific use. The botanist Linnaeus used common foolscap paper, eleven by seven; but he found this too small. The best kind of paper for an herbarium is a neat, rather firm, and sized paper, kept for such purposes at most book-stores. The several species of plants should be placed in sheets by themselves, with only one specimen to a sheet. The generic and specific name of the plant should be written at the lower right-hand corner of the sheet, together with any other items of interest connected with the history of the plant; such, for instance, as the place and time when gathered, or the friend from whom it was received, etc. Then, as these sheets accumulate, they should be gathered into covers (called by botanists genus covers) made of a thin sort of pasteboard, or the coarsest drawing-paper, and the name of the genus written on the outside. When several of these are collected, they may be put into a thick portfolio, having the name of the order on the outside. The portfolios may be kept on the shelves of the library. Specimens should be dried as quickly as possible, to prevent their becoming black and moldy. As many kinds of plants, and coufers especially, are apt to fall to pieces when dried, this may be prevented by plunging the newly gathered specimens for a moment into boiling water. We know of few recreations for a stormy day in fall or winter more pleasant than examining a good herbarium.

DAISY MEADOWS.

Rockery.—This is not a garden rockery that I am about to describe, but is only on a smaller scale. It may be made on the mantle or on a little table. I have quite a collection of pretty stones, and having seen a parlor rockery concluded to make one. I placed a small collar-box on the mantle, against the wall, filled it with earth, and planted long, drooping vines of Ivy. Then I grouped the stones around until the box was hid from view. I arranged shells and small stones on the earth, leaving the Ivy to trail gracefully over the stones.

FLORENCE.

Gossip with Correspondents.

EDITOR'S CHAT WITH HIS READERS.

This summer, travelling among the grand scenes of California the Editor of the FLORAL CABINET visited some of the pretty little gardens of the "Golden State." In the lovely little village of Santa Cruz, embowered in vines, and sheltered from storms, were hundreds of charming cottages, pictures of contentment and floral beauty. What a world of bloom! what an ocean of flowers! and how balmy the air!

Santa Cruz is on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and is often called the Long Branch of the Pacific. It is a pretty village of about five thousand inhabitants, whose white cottages are almost invariably surrounded with gardens. It was intensely delightful to wander, hour after hour, up and down the streets, looking over into the yards, and viewing the varied specimens of luxuriant growth. In one garden the Fuchsia had never been removed since it was originally planted, years ago, and it has grown to be a tree twelve feet high, with branches spreading out nearly four feet, from which the pretty drops hung so sweetly, while the trunk was over two inches thick. In the same garden was an Abutilon over twenty-five feet high. Roses bloomed in millions, and Geraniums were as common as weeds.

The most brilliant display of Geraniums we ever witnessed was as we passed near Menlo Park. A long avenue of five hundred feet, with a width of fifty feet, has upon its outer edge a hedge of tall Arbor Vitæ. Up and down the path were ribbon beds of Coleus, Achyranthus, etc., while immediately next to the dark green of the hedge was a fiery line of Geraniums. Gloriously bright seemed the bed, like a line of fire, a meteor, or a shooting star, as the train swiftly passed by. Near the station, and running along the track, was another hedge, and up and down its branches many Geranium vines were growing, whose bright red blossoms shone in grandeur against the dark green background.

In San Francisco we saw a fence, fifteen feet high and sixty-five feet long, covered with an immense mass of Geranium vines that had clambered up one side and then dropped down the other, filling both sides with a double blanket of scarlet blossoms of vivid hue. The Geranium is the favorite garden flower of California. It grows as fast as weeds, needs no care, and is ever in bloom. Once planted, it never stops growing.

In Los Angeles, as we wandered among the gardens, we saw a sight of a most wonderful nature. In the Washington Garden was a veritable Rose tree, the diameter of its trunk being five inches. This grew up about three and a half feet; then the top branched out perfectly straight, and almost flat, over sixteen feet across, and completely covered with Solferino Roses. In this garden was a Grapevine arbor, arranged in a semi-circular form, which covered over half an acre.

In one of the little gardens we saw the Oleander, which our ladies at home grow so carefully in-doors. One specimen was twenty feet high, and the stalk was four inches in thickness. In the same garden was a Geranium bush ten feet high, with stock two inches in diameter. In another garden was a large specimen of Pampas Grass, with a diameter of eighteen feet, and over fifty heads or tufts rising from it.

In one garden we saw a Fuchsia, planted out this year, clambering up the pillars of a porch; it was only six feet high, but bore over three thousand blossoms upon it. In the same garden was a mound of Pelargoniums, of colors more beautiful than we have ever seen in any greenhouse, while up and down the fence was a huge hedge of Geraniums.

In many of the gardens the Mignonette grew as large as the tomato vine we see at home, and had to be hooped up from the ground.

In still another garden was a monster Geranium bush, which was only a little slip last spring. Now it has one hundred and fifty branches; its stalk at its base was four inches thick, and it had over a thousand blossoms. Think of what a fiery red ball this would make!

In a nursery we stood, and within a few feet of us, growing in the open air, and bearing fruit, were the Fig and Chestnut, a long avenue of each, with trunks one and a half feet in diameter, heads eighty feet high, branches seventy feet diameter; also the Peach, Pear, Plum, Apricot, Orange, Lemon, Lime, Olive, Guava, Pomegranate, hot-house Grapes, India Rubber tree, Cactus, Palm, and Banana. Think of all these in one garden!

In all the streets I saw not a single shade-tree which we usually grow in the North. Not a single Maple, Elm, or Beech. Instead, every garden or lawn has the deep-green Orange tree for its shade, and in the streets were the gentle, willowy Acacia.

This is the home of the Orange tree. In one grove I saw there were gathered last winter 1,250,000 oranges, which sold for \$17,000, all owned by a Spanish lady who asks

the modest sum of \$70,000 for the grove. In one little garden we saw no shade-trees but the Palm, over seventy feet high, and next to it was the little hut of Hop Lo, the Chinese washerman, whose porch was covered with a mass of Wandering Jew, so thick we could not see the door.

Such are some of the wonders of travel. Happy will our readers be who can ever find it their fortune to visit this sunny land for health or pleasure.

But other topics demand our space, and other correspondents claim an interest in our "Notes of Gossip."

Broken Goblets Utilized.—Mrs. M. A. B. says that in the July number of the CABINET she saw an article on the use of broken goblets, and would like to tell us how she has made very elegant mantel ornaments of them. She says: When the stems are broken, I take them and transfer decalcomanie pictures on the outside, such as oval or round heads, and oval bouquets or landscapes. For the outside rim of the glass I take a strip of gilt paper half an inch wide, and cut the lower edge in sharp points, and paste to the glass with the same varnish I use for the pictures, using a wet sponge to press it in place. When all is thoroughly dry, I carefully paint the inside of the glass with Chinese vermilion, which comes in tubes, and can be obtained of any chemist for twenty-five cents, which will be enough to paint half a dozen glasses. I then make a stand similar to a table castor, by sawing out an ornamental piece, of black walnut, a wreath of leaves, in two circles, on one piece of board, twelve inches long and nine inches wide. In the centre of each circle I saw out another circle, just large enough to insert the stem of the goblet, and firmly glue them into place. The rims of the glasses should be about an inch apart to allow space for the upright standard or handle, which I fasten after the table castor, and insert in the stand by sawing out a place in the centre between the two glasses, and gluing firmly in its place. Then saw out three or four ornamental feet, and glue on underneath; then varnish the stand with shellac, or furniture varnish, and you will have a very handsome stand for cigars, autumn leaves, cut flowers, or table and mantel ornament, and when you have once made such a stand, I think you will never sigh over broken goblets. I have made a match-stand after the same pattern, by taking the lower part of broken lamp-chimnies of the student lamp, and turning them bottom side up, transferring pictures, painting them, and gluing them to stands sawed out with a fret saw, and they have been very much admired.

Barrel Chair.—Mary M. Morris answers an inquiry in June number of CABINET. Lucinda R. Howe requests me to tell her how to make an easy chair out of a barrel. The head is knocked out and fastened half way down; the shape of the back and arms chalked out first, and then carefully sawed. After that some coarse canvas or other old stuff is tacked loosely on, and stuffed with horse-hair or wool, a cushion made for the seat, and the whole covered with bright chintz.

Converted by a Flower.—There is a beautiful incident told of a Texas gentleman who was an unbeliever in the Christian religion. One day he was walking in the woods, reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself: "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas Star at his feet. He picked it up, and then thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower, there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against their being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."

He does not Care for Flowers.—A lady writes us that she heard a remark made by an intelligent young man, to the effect that if he had a home of his own, he would not care enough for flowers to cultivate them. He is a believer in the Bible, and considered a Christian. Is it possible a child of God loveth not the things his Father hath given him for his pleasure and happiness? What he despises, the unbeliever in the above incident learned to love. Did he never think of the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the Valley," pure emblems of his Saviour's life?

Pomegranates.—M. A. Line says she must tell our readers about some of her flowers, especially the monthly Pomegranate. "Gus Vick" has a light, warm sitting-room. To her I intrusted this plant. It is now covered with bright scarlet flowers and buds, and will bloom all winter. I have never seen a handsomer window plant. A white Lantana was placed in the sitting-room, and is now about eight feet high; it has no less than one hundred clusters of flowers. This is certainly an unusually fine specimen.

What to do with the Fireplace.—Mary E. Walters writes us a nice little article on fireplaces. It is real sensible: "The articles which have been appearing in one of our leading monthlies, under the quaint title of 'Beds, Stools, and Candlesticks,' have excited a very wholesome reform among its readers, and put many an idea of artistic adornment into the heads of people whose opportunities have not been great, as well as among the cognoscente in such matters. The author of these remarkable papers has given several very successful treatments of those unsightly objects, fireplaces. I have just completed, and I believe originally conceived, a far different course from his, which is equally novel, certainly less expensive, and as thoroughly beautiful as that designed by the writer above spoken of."

"What to do with the fireplace in summer, is a question which puzzles many a good housekeeper, and out of an ugly hiatus in the wall to bring forth the 'sweetness and light' so much desired by Ruskin, or is it Matthew Arnold who is always demanding these articles? The usual way is to place a paper or muslin-covered frame over the 'hole in the wall.' Almost every house in the country, and many in the city, have the fireplace to conceal in warm weather, and the polished auditors affected by some people present a barrenness objectionable to all. I undertook to manage the fireplaces in the parlor and music room, and ever since their completion have been thronged with visitors whose avowed object in calling was to criticise them. All, or nearly all, of them have resolved to make one or more in their own homes. With these prefatory remarks let me at once proceed to give the necessary explanations, so that every reader can make one of these beauty-spots for their own home."

"After I removed the stoves, I had the walls of the fireplace coated with two or three layers of the whitest lime. I then gathered two or three wheelbarrow loads of large stone, the roughest I could find, and among them some large bits of cinder from the furnace, with some petrifications and stalactites from the many caves in this vicinity. I arranged these in as ragged a manner as possible, making an irregular wall about two feet high, and semi-circular in form. It extended in front out from the line of the chimney. Between this wall and the back of the fireplace I placed a layer of charcoal and half-rotted leaves, three inches in depth. In the centre of this I placed a ragged old stump, which I caused to be hauled from the banks of our beautiful blue Juniata, where it had been deposited by the last freshet. In one room the stump had an even top, while that in the other room extended its gnarled and knotted limbs in snake like convolutions some distance up the chimney, affording a convenient place for pots containing hanging vines. I then put in a layer of good soil, sand and leaf-mold, well mixed, some few pebbles, and covered the walls of the rock fortress with sheet-moss obtained from the woods, and here and there planted Parlor Ivy, Wandering Jew, a great many Ferns, Morning-glories, Allegheny and Madeira vines. With regular watering every morning they flourished remarkably well, and ten days after planting all the surrounding objects were covered with abundant hangings. The graceful Ferns nodded in profusion, while luxuriant festoons of the Parlor Ivy and Morning-glory scrambled in and out among the limbs of the gnarled old stump. You can have but a faint idea of what a beautiful picture it made, and how lovely the once desolate old chimney looked. I placed here and there a few sea-shells, and suspended from the front of the fireplace a small globe with gold-fish. This must never be hung under the flue, else the cold and soot will soon kill the bright, lively little fellows. On the branches of the largest stump I placed brightly-plumed stuffed birds, which furnished just the bit of color necessary to add a finish to the picture, like the red buoy in one of Turner's sea views. A vase or shell to hold cut flowers, on the other stump, answers the same purpose."

"I would like to convey a just impression of its beauty to the readers of the CABINET, but it is quite impossible; nothing short of seeing it will give them a fair idea. I have endeavored to convey, as fully as possible, my directions for making it, and I cannot help adding that I think it a most admirable way to utilize the old fireplace, and the more old-fashioned your fireplace is, the better for the purpose."

The First Ivy Vine.—A slip of Ivy was transplanted several years ago from Norwich, Conn., to Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. Last year it had reached a height of thirty feet, and won the admiration of the people, as it was the only vine ever known upon the island.

Window Gardening.

MY SUCCESS AND FAILURES IN HOUSE PLANTS.

As I have a better talent for reading than writing or composing, and feeling I could say nothing of interest, I contented myself by reading what others more experienced had to say, and therefore have not made an attempt until now. I feel as though I would like to say a few words in regard to my experience in the culture of flowers. I first became acquainted with the CABINET by a kind friend having it sent to me on a trial trip of three months. I was so delighted with its pages, and found it so useful and instructive, that I subscribed for it. I now feel as though I could not get along without it and cultivate flowers successfully.

I have a Chinese Primrose, grown from seed. I bought the seed for double white, but the one I grew proved to be only semi-double. However, it is very pretty. It requires a great deal of care to grow them from seed. I planted mine in a small pot; kept the earth damp and shaded until fully up; then gave it only the early morning sun; as it grew larger I gave it more sun. Having but little experience in house-plants, and not knowing the nature of the plant, I thought it needed sunshine to make it grow. It did grow, and bloomed the first winter, although it had a delicate and unhealthy appearance. Through the winter I kept it in my sitting-room, near a south window. Thinking it needed a different treatment, I tried shade and air last summer; and since I have brought my flowers indoors I have kept it in my parlor, where there has been no fire this fall. I feel doubly paid for all my trouble. It is growing in a ten-inch pot, measures twenty-two inches across, and has been in bloom two months. I kept the flower-buds pinched off from June until September, causing it to bloom more freely through the winter months. This I learned from the CABINET.

I have a white Begonia, grown last summer, measuring twenty-seven inches high and twenty-five across. It requires shade, too. It has such glossy green leaves that no one can help admiring it who sees it. I had a red Begonia I thought a great deal of. I had it on a stand near the window during that cold spell last winter, and it froze and I lost it. I would be glad to exchange a white for a red one. I also have other plants I would give in exchange if any of the readers of the CABINET wish to do so.

I am better prepared to guard against the cold this winter, for my good husband has made me a present of a Wardian Case. I now have it full of plants—Calla, Begonia, Cyelamen, Parlor Ivy, Catalonian Jessamine, Carnation, etc. I read about ladies having Geraniums to bloom through the winter. I have been unsuccessful in that line. I am trying Lady Callum's advice, in February number of FLORAL CABINET, hoping thereby to be successful in having blossoms. I would be pleased to know the name of the ever-blooming Geranium spoken of by her.

Haneock, Ind.

MRS. SOPHIE A. HORNER.

HOUSE PLANTS.

I am a great lover of plants myself, and have got so that the care tendered to them by me is quite a pleasant pastime. Do not think that I am some celebrated florist, and write this article as an advertisement. Far from that. I am nothing more than a priuter, and work daily for a living. But as many of my friends have said to me, "I wish I could have such nice flowers as you have, and have such good luck in raising them as you have," I have taken this means of telling all ladies, publicly, how they may have a little window garden. In the first place, a small table, two and a half by three and a half feet, made out of planed hemlock boards, is the cheapest; and, painted with any kind of paint to keep it from warping, will answer as well as any costly wire stand, as the sun may strike down on all plants that it may contain.

Those that are not able to buy flower-pots may use old tin fruit-cans. These may be picked up in the

deep and wide, so as to shield them from the cold winter weather, as they contain the life of the plant from fall to spring. House plants have no such large roots, and therefore do not need so much earth. I find that all of my plants do better in small cans than in pots. It is not in the different plants that causes this difference, as I have Rose-bushes, Hyacinths, Begonias, Geraniums, and other plants, one of each, set in pots and cans, and give them each the same treatment and care that each variety requires.

For a hanging basket, if you don't feel able to purchase a fancy one, take an old round tin pan, which can be found around most any house, punch through the sides at the top four holes, one opposite the other, through which put wire or picture-cord; suspend it from the ceiling in front of a window, to a small hook which may be screwed through a lath or in a beam, if you can't afford a bracket-hook. Fifteen cents' worth of green paint will do to paint this and a number of

cans such as I have before spoken of. I have used one of these for two years, with yellow myrtle hanging over the sides and two Begonias in the centre. All who have seen it say it is very handsome.

Many who are too poor to purchase plants may ask: "How can we get them, they cost so much?" If you have a friend that has plants, they would not refuse you a cutting, which is worth as much as a rooted plant, if treated well. The cuttings should be taken from new wood. Trim well—not forgetting to cut the lower leaf off, and the wood within a quarter of an inch under the leaf, as this is where it takes root—set in moist sand about an inch; keep well watered; keep them in a warm, light place, but no sun is required until they have taken root.

This is how I have a window-garden that has not cost me three dollars. I have nearly a hundred plants, most all of which I have raised from slips myself—some I have got for nothing, others in exchange. When I commenced housekeeping, nearly three years ago, I had about half a dozen plants, which have multiplied to the number above spoken of, mostly by cuttings. The spring months are the best time for propagating.

L. M. S.



GROUP OF HANGING-BASKETS.

streets most anywhere, and answer every purpose as well if not better than an earthen pot, as they do not draw the moisture all out of the earth. I have about fifty of these cans in use, and have had them during the past two winters, and find plants do a great deal better in them than in pots. Before setting plants in them, I break clam-shells in small pieces, and throw them in the bottom of the can, as they keep the dirt from elogging at the bottom, and also give the water free access to pass through the holes which I make (four or five in number) around the sides, about an eighth of an inch from the bottom. The largest General Grant Geranium I had last winter was about two feet high. This I had in a pint can. It bloomed freely all through the winter, throwing forth large clusters of beautiful flowers.

House plants do not need as large a quantity of dirt as hardy plants do, for this reason, a hardy plant requires plenty of earth so that it may spread its roots

A Grass-Plat.—We had, in previous years, a very pretty plat of grass, not large enough to be called a lawn. Last year we built a house, and the grass was covered with clay. It was dressed with good soil and seeded, but the grass has not grown very well. Please tell me, then: 1st. Would you advise seeding again this coming fall, and covering with manure and dead leaves during the winter? 2d. Will Rhododendrons grow on a lawn a good deal shaded by large trees? 3d. Will double Dentzia grow and bloom in the same situation? We are in northeastern Pennsylvania, latitude about forty-one degrees.

WYOMING.

Answer.—1st. Seed again next spring, and cover plentifully with manure. The clay earth is not as good as fresh field or garden soil to grow in.

2d. Just the place for Rhododendrons.

3d. Double Dentzias should have just a little more sun.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER II.

"Then dost thou come of gentle blood.
Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of thee."

"Father Dooley will ride over from Clovernook to-day," said Mrs. Braithwaite, in her low-spirited accents, insinuating the unpalatable announcement into the middle of one of old Nanna's long-winded sentences. She had painfully descended to the great comfortable kitchen, and was sitting in a lumpish, lifeless way in Nanna's splint-bottomed rocker. Her voice had the apologetic accent it always assumed when she entered into explanations with her old nurse. "He will give me absolution and spiritual counsel, of which I am sorely in need," she added. "What is there for dinner, Nanna?"

Nanna, with her calico sleeves rolled up above her broad black arms, was engaged over the fire in the odorous process of trying out what she called "de drippin's." The judge particularly objected to having anything in the form of grease wasted; but now the fat was in the fire; the sunshine which usually irradiated the old woman's ebony features, was suddenly quenched. She objected to feeding the priest, as she would have objected to giving dainties to a boar-constrictor.

"Dar's jess noffin 'tall for dinner, Miss Susan. De butcher done gone comed along day before yesterday. He wont be here till to-morrow, no how. 'Pears dar's jess noffin at all, unless I make some kind of witch soup out ob Steenie's mud-turtle."

Steenie was standing at the sink quietly enough peeling potatoes, with his mouth puckered for a low whistle. Now he gave a long crescendo, a note of wonder and surprise. Nanna wheeled abruptly round and administered a sounding slap on the boy's ear. "Dar, take dat, and mine your manners, and stop tootin' when de missus comes down to de kitchen." It was necessary for Nanna's discomposure to find vent, and the slap was a kind of safety valve.

Steenie gave one bound to the door. "Peel your own taters, ole 'ooman, and rub dem knives, and han' round dem plates. I'm goin' fishin' and shan't be back till nex day after nebber."

"Nanna, you mismanage Steenie," said Mrs. Braithwaite, her melancholy guttural intensified in order to administer reproof; "you will drive that boy to ruin if you are not careful."

Nanna let the fat sputter over the fire, and placing her hands on her hips took her stand on a high moral pinnacle.

"Dat boy is my own flesh an' blood, an' bones an' vitals, Miss Susan. De Lord give him to me dat I might set him into de way he should go, an' if he gets a cuff too much now an' den, it don't count no how. Dat dar boy needs c'rection more'n he needs wittles, an' if I does wrong with him I knows whar to go an' 'fess—right down at the footstool of my Lord an' my Saviour. I nebber leans on no poor mortal man dat's in de gall ob bitterness an' de bonds ob obliquity hisself, as if he could take away my sin, an' make me eb'ry whit whole."

Nanna's excitement almost choked her, and Mrs. Braithwaite's heavy face turned a dull purple.

"You forget yourself, Nanna," said she with some dignity, "and that you are speaking to a Halecourt. You forget what your mother was in this house before your time."

"I minds it all, Miss Susan," returned the old woman, shaking her head profoundly. "De Halecourts ob dem days nebber brung priests ob Satan into dis house. I'se as 'spectful to Halecourts as I knows how to be, but I can't be 'spectful no how to de chillern ob sedition."

"I shall not talk with you about things you don't understand, Nanna. You must get a chicken of Finster, a small one will answer. And don't put the dish

near Mr. Edgar. He is a very absent-minded young man at the table."

Nanna was now clattering some plates in a pan of water, which saved the necessity of replying, and her mistress took her slow way back to her own room, with her accustomed air of having been browbeaten and put down. When she reached the wide upper hall, a slight girlish figure with golden hair, and in a light morning dress, came gliding toward her. She paused shyly as if anxious to speak, and yet half afraid.

"Good morning, Virginie," said Mrs. Braithwaite, seeing that she could not avoid the encounter, and then after a moment's interval, she added, "were not your parents French?"

"My father, dear madam, was French Swiss. My mother was an English governess, whom he met at one of the German baths, where she was serving in a gentleman's family."

"It seems strange that your father, being French, did not belong to the true church."

"My father belonged to protestant Switzerland, dear madam. He was passionately attached to the reformed faith. My mother being of the church of England, there was perfect sympathy between them."

"If you had been of my religion," said Mrs. Braithwaite, in a dull, querulous tone, "I might have found some comfort and consolation in your presence here in this house."

"But, dear madam, is not the spirit the same, whatever the form or the name may be?"

The fair, girlish face rose all over. She had shaken off her shyness, and taken an impulsive step forward, and now she held out her small, white hands, and seized the heavy, mottled hands of the woman who stood opposite.

"Oh, let me love you, madam," she said, pleading in a low, sweet voice; "let me help and comfort you if I can. I have no mother; I am all alone in the world. I would devote myself to your happiness if you would but let me."

Mrs. Braithwaite shook off the small, clinging hands. The surprise of Virginie's appeal gave unwonted energy to her movements. "You cannot help me," said she, with suppressed excitement in her countenance and voice; "we do not understand each other; we have nothing in common."

She turned abruptly and shut herself into her chamber, but her large frame was tingling all through and through with the consciousness of this girl's pity. It was more galling than the judge's sarcasms, or Winnie's indifference; but the glimpse it gave her into Virginie's nature only served to harden her heart against this young stranger.

The little, wizened old man was seated in his arm-chair, with his feet on a footstool, and wrapped in his shabby morning-gown, with an almost diabolical look of intelligence and acuteness in his crafty, gray face, that seemed whetted to the sharpness of a knife-blade. There were law volumes strewn on the table and chairs, and over the floor. He was dictating to his secretary.

Mr. Edgar sat with his back half turned, intent upon his writing. His slender hand moved rapidly over the paper, and a ray of sunlight came in at the window, and, through the general duskiness of the room, sought his head where the light, fine hair was thin about the temples. His forehead was ample, and stamped with culture and thought, and beneath it shone the ray of mild, blue eyes. It was the lower part of the face that was wanting in power. His smiles lost themselves in a network of fine wrinkles about the corners of the thin lips, and the small chin was indented with a sensitive dimple.

"Susan!" piped the old judge, as he heard the heavy foot of his wife entering her apartment. Mrs. Braithwaite appeared in the doorway between the two rooms, and he began in his blandest tones: "So, my dear, you are to have the priest here to-day. The presence of your spiritual guide is a consolation you cannot deny yourself. You will, I trust, unburden your conscience, and confess to him the money you have stolen from me, and the various fibs you have told me about family expenses."

The inert mass of Mrs. Braithwaite's frame quivered as if it had been galvanized, and her dull, pallid face turned a kind of livid green. Edgar colored involun-

tarily, and his hand half paused in its movement over the paper. The foxy old eyes of the judge, that saw everything without looking, noted this display of sensibility, on the part of the poor secretary, with positive pleasure.

"Go on with your work, Swayne," said he; "my wife and I must have our little conjugal pleasures. She is naturally of a sportive disposition."

Mrs. Braithwaite turned, with the air of a hound that has been too severely punished, to re-enter her room.

"Don't go yet," called out the dreadful old man, rubbing his bloodless hands, and chuckling softly; "I want to say to you that it will be quite needless for you to engage masses for the repose of my soul after I am dead. I shall outlive you, my dear. My family is one most tenacious of life. I shall have the sadness of burying you, so do not indulge in any premature grief at the thought of my taking off."

There was a breezy rush of footsteps up the stair, and a rich young voice in playful tones of tenderness was calling, "Virginie, Birdie, Mousie, where have you hidden yourself?"

Edgar, at that moment with his back half turned toward the old man, bent forward, and made an awkward blot on the page before him. The judge's cruel old eyes happened to be fixed upon him, and they lit up with almost sardonic joy.

"How unsteady your hand is, Edgar. I have noticed of late that you were growing painfully nervous. It may be an affection of the heart, and if it is, I am afraid you will find it quite hopeless."

The secretary shifted in his seat, but made no answer, while his hand pursued its course over the paper.

Winnie burst open Virginie's bedroom door, and found her friend sitting on a low chair with her hands clasped round her knee, looking mournfully out of the window, at the distant hills and shifting cloud shadows.

"Why do you sit moping here," she asked, "like an owl in an ivy bush?"

"Oh, my sister," said Virginie, with gathering tears, looking up at the strong, bright, vivid face that bent over her, "you must know I have an exile's heart, and thoughts of the old home and the dear parents who are asleep in the shadow of the great, solemn mountains, fill me with yearning and sadness. Madam does not trust me, and I sometimes feel *de trop* here. I fear the day may come when you too will regret I ever entered this house."

"It is very unkind of you to say so," returned Winnie, with tender petulance. "You are like a part of myself, Virginie. I think I never loved any woman until you came, for I had no sister, and my brother died when a lad. It was better so, for we should have quarrelled. Papa, who had fastened his hopes and his pride on him, grew harder after he died, and made avarice more and more his god, but I am sure if Herbert had lived he would have been a spendthrift, a wild, reckless, passionate youth. But I shall never be reckless, Virginie. When I am an heiress, and come into the property, I shall have good, prudent, practical ideas, and a head for business. I feel it all in me now; but I am daring and audacious because there is so much life and energy beating in my veins, and in this dull existence I have no way of working it off without convulsions. Oh, Virginie, I ought to have been a man, and then I could have married you, my dove with the shining head."

She had fallen on her knees to caress the young girl who looked up with a sad smile.

"But the great love will come," said she, "and then I shall be forgotten."

Winnie gave a little, scornful toss to her head. "Do you think I am so simple as to believe in the grand passion, Virginie? I might feel it for you were I a man, but for no other, and I am too much a woman of the world already to cherish romantic notions. I seek the means of doing as I please, and papa has taught me a few sage maxims. One is, that if we would possess power, we must subdue all weaker passions. I have always despised Anthony, because he gave up a kingdom to dally with Cleopatra. What a child you seem beside me, Virginie, and yet we are of the same age, just turned nineteen."

"You do not know," said Virginie, looking up with her great, blue, innocent eyes into the other's dark face, "what a capacity for loving there is in you."

Winnie laughed gaily. "I love you, little one, and I am constant. What I hold to once I hold to always. That is a Halcourt trait. But come out into the orchard; the sun is shining gloriously, and we will bring a rug to lie on under the trees."

It was a charming day, and the two girls ran lightly down stairs, and out into the orchard. The view from the old hall door was one of exquisite beauty. The house stood in the centre of a wide sweep of green hills, with forest roads winding up to the Halcourt mines, and scattered clearings and isolated farm-houses patching their sides. A clear, beautiful lake was nestled at the foot of the slope crowned by the gray old Hall, with a ragged, picturesque hamlet grouped at its lower end, from which rose the tall chimneys of furnaces and smelting works. It was also a pastoral country, with rich meadows and deeply shaded orchards. The world, that day, seemed full of grass and leaves, and birds, and white clouds.

The lawn and drives, and flower gardens and shrubberies of Halcourt Hall, had fallen into a sadly neglected and unkempt state, for the old judge had long since ceased to employ gardeners, and carried on the work of his farms with as few laborers as possible. He had emptied the greenhouses of the rare plants that filled it in the time of the famous Halcourt who had been minister to France, and had turned it into a tool shop; and the stables and out-buildings were rotting down and falling to pieces. But the fine, solid old granite dwelling was well suited to the landscape it seemed to dignify and rule over, and could be seen for many miles.

Virginie clapped her hands as she saw the cloud shadows sweeping over the green heights, like great flaunting banners. "O, how I love the hills," she exclaimed.

"But these are but pigmies compared with your Alps."

"They are far better than none," said Virginie. "I should die of homesickness on those vast western plains, where they say there is no hill so large as a grave."

The girls had reached the orchard, and spread their rug beneath a shady apple tree, where the sun spotted the ground, and bees were humming in the thick boughs. Virginie in her light dress looked like a white bird with a golden head, but Winnie always wore dark, positive colors, and to-day she had adorned herself with a crimson sash, and pinned on a breast-knot of the same.

"What have you brought, Virginie?"

"A volume of Beranger, and a little gown to sew for that poor miner's baby up in the hill. I cut it out of one of my old ones."

"Oh, you little sister of charity!" exclaimed Winnie, "I am afraid the miner's babies would all go naked if I had to make gowns for them." She stretched herself out upon the rug, her face turned toward the sky, her lithe limbs easily composed and her long arms twined above her head.

"I am going to watch you sew, and just be lazy," she continued. "There is immense capacity for idleness in me. I am like a race-horse that is capable of mighty efforts during moments, but must have long intervals of rest and high-feeding. I hate that kind of goody missionary work that you delight in, Winnie, and I believe I hate sewing, and all sorts of useful things; but when I have money, perhaps I can build better houses for the miners to live in, up on the mountains, and I will do something to help Mike Finster, the fisherman down at the lake. He is not a bad sort of a fellow, though he does take too much liquor now and then."

"It may be long before you can do all that," said Virginie, as she plied her needle meditatively.

"Of course I don't want any one to die," said Winnie, almost sharply; "I am not thinking of that. But when I come of age I shall have money of my own, the fortune that would have gone to my uncle, Bradley Halcourt's father, if my grandfather had not willed it to me. When one is young and full of life and spirits," she added, with her voice softening, "it is natural to dream dreams."

"Not love dreams."

"No, Mousie, but dreams of what one will do with one's life—how one will manage to set some of the crooked things of this world straight, and gratify one's secret wishes and desires."

Virginie's eyelids trembled, and a faint rose color dyed her pure cheek. After a moment's pause, she asked, in a loud voice, "Is it not settled that you are to marry your cousin, Bradley?"

"Oh, I suppose so; Bradley will do as well as another. He will let me go my own way, and we shall be mutually civil and obliging; but the property will be settled upon me."

Virginie gave her an almost startled glance from under her long, silky lashes.

"I see you are shocked, Mousie," said Winnie, laughing good naturedly, and showing her beautiful white teeth; "but there are family reasons why Bradley and I should marry. His father, my mother's half brother, was wronged in some way out of his share of the property. He must have quarrelled with grand-papa Halcourt, and I was preordained to set matters right. Mamma stipulated that if she had a daughter she should marry her half brother's son, and papa has never objected, though he does not think too highly of Bradley's tastes and habits. You see the Halcourts were the grand people of this part of the country. The old minister to France built the Hall not long after the Revolution, and he brought back the goblin tapestry that hangs in the musty old drawing-room, and the fine brocaded furniture that is all dropping to pieces, and that picture of Murillo's Annunciation that is covered by the red velvet curtain. Bradley goes into ecstasies over the dark old thing, but I know nothing about art. Our ancestor lived in great state, and there were plenty of slaves on the land in those days. That was before slavery had been abolished in these middle States. Old Nanna's mother was a slave, and Nanna has staid on account of her loyalty to mamma, Miss Susan, the baby she toted when she was little. Papa has not paid her anything for years, but she lives in some way on the boardings of the past; and when the money is mine, I will pension her off, and Steenie's future shall be provided for. There were sunshiny days in the old minister's time, and I will bring them back, for the land is worth more than it was then, and I have heard that the mines would yield largely if properly developed. There are many farms that papa lets well, and he has money in bank, and stocks, and mortgages, and bonds, and railway shares, and a block of houses in the city."

"Did monsieur belong to a great family?" Winnie asked, demurely stitching away, the sun flecking her bright hair.

"Oh, papa," said Winnie, plaiting same bits of grass together, "belonged to no family in particular. He was what they call in America a self-made man. He obtained his own education, and, after many struggles, was acknowledged one of the first lawyers in the country. He was made a judge, and then he married mamma. It was fortunate for me, for if Halcourts had continued to intermarry with Halcourts, as they did formerly, I should have been a nunny, and I ought to be grateful to papa for giving me one parent whose intellect I can respect. How shocked you look, Mousie. You see I am obliged to tell you everything. I become as clear as glass when we are together."

"I never thought of my parents in that way," said Virginie, with a scarcely perceptible shrinking away from the arm that Winnie held up to encircle her waist.

"Of course you never did, Mousie. You were not brought up as I have been. But why should I be hypocritical? Papa has taught me nearly everything I know. He freed me from superstition, and gave me the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil to eat. When I was a little thing, I could not help seeing that he had a contempt for my mother's weakness and spirit of intrigue. I know you think I am a strange creature, irreverent, and almost wanting in natural affections; but I do love the truth. Papa always ridiculed mamma's religion, for the Halcourts were not papists before her time. He would even dress up and say a mock mass, to make me laugh."

"But is it not better than no religion?" Virginie asked, with an intensity of emotion Winnie had never before heard in that gentle voice. "If madam goes wrong, is she not seeking the right path in her feebleness and ignorance, and is she not longing for divine aid and comfort, for the support of a heavenly father and friend? Can you not pity madam?"

Winnie was for a moment cowed, and her eyes shrank away from Virginie's candid glance, now quite fearless and searching. Her self-confidence took flight

for a moment, and then with a little petulant half sigh, she said: "We ought not to pity our parents, Virginie, we ought to love them. But tell me about yours. I am sure your childhood must have been like a poem."

"Oh, there is so little to tell," said the other, letting her work drop into her lap and clasping her hands together. It is like one of those happy, common-place stories, with nothing to relate until death comes—it is all so simple, so humble, so obscure. My father, Ernst Duval, was a poor music master in Geneva. He played the organ in one of the parish churches there, and in his spare hours he taught classes, and wrote beautiful chauts and interludes which he sold to the music dealers for a mere pittance. One summer, when his chest had failed, the physician sent him to some small German baths. It was there he met my mother, who was an English governess, an orphan bound to the service of rich and vulgar people, who made her life miserable. It was pity, and then love that woke in my poor father's heart. Before that time, music had been his only mistress. But when they married, love was never wanting in our humble little home, though bread sometimes was scanty. My mother shared my father's enthusiasm for music; she was always his pupil and dear sympathizer. I do not now remember when I first learned to speak English, for it was always heard in our home. Four little mouths came to be fed, and at times there was much hardship and poverty, but affection made it light, and more than all, trust in the dear God who helps through every trial. My three brothers died one by one, and I was left to receive all the tenderness and care of those loving hearts. In the summer we went to the high mountains and lived in the chalet of a herdsman, on black bread and goats' milk. In the still blue weather, we could hear avalanches sliding down the sharp slopes many miles away, and then we sat in the high green pastures among the cows and young calves, and the chamois hunters were far over our heads, where the sky seemed to dazzle black against purple and white peaks. Then my father would take out his flute, and play the simple Swiss melodies he loved, while my mother sewed garments for the poor people, or taught me to draw."

Virginie paused a moment with her head drooping, and unconsciously heaved a long, deep sigh.

"And about that English uncle of yours, Virginie, the one you lost," said Winnie.

"Oh, yes; he was my mother's only brother, and he had been wild in his youth, and had gone away to America, and for many years was quite lost sight of. And then the very year before that dreadful last summer, there came a letter to my mother from a very remote part, somewhere in the far West. It had been forwarded to her from her old home in England, and was from my uncle Walter Freeborn; and my poor dear mother rejoiced over him as if he had been raised from the dead. He told her that for years he had led a roaming life, but at last he had settled in one of the wild territories; that he owned rich mining lands, and hoped to secure a fortune. He did not even know that his parents were dead, or that she had married away from England. But his own wife and child had died, and he longed to hear from the old home he had abandoned."

"That was not the last you heard?" put in Winnie.

"Oh, no, *ma chere*; my mother wrote, and several letters came. That was the year we went to an unhealthy valley, where the fever broke out among the herdsmen's huts in August, and my father nursed the peasants, and fell ill and died in the little house where we were staying. Oh, that dreadful time!" Virginie put up her hands, and clasped her head. "I cannot think of it; my brain reels, and all memories run into a confused blur. Then my mother took the fever, and was buried three weeks later. I do not know what happened; I lost count of the days. Our kind old pastor from Geneva came up to me, and performed the last sad rites over my mother's form. I was strangely dull, and could not feel or weep at all; and when he took me home with him, and showed me the little house where we had lived, I came to life with a long shuddering cry, and then I too fell ill, and was close to death for many days. They were not kind, they would not let me die; and after a time I began to gain strength, and to remember and weep."

[To be continued.]

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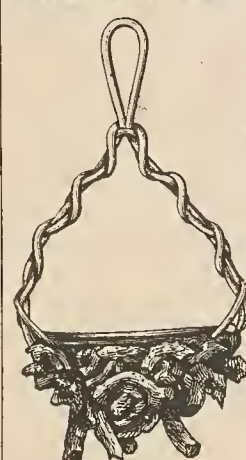
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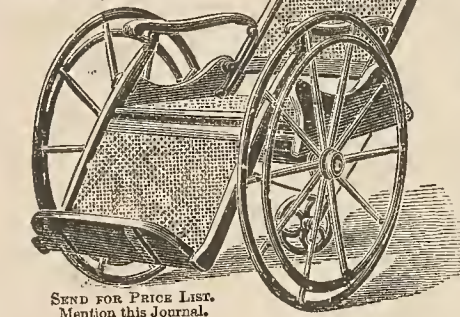
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1876.

HOW TO UTILIZE AN OLD PITCHER.

As the time approached that we devote to the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child, we desired to brighten up the house-furnishings. We had brought our orange and lemon trees in, and set one on each side of the hearth. We prize these, as we have raised them from the seed, and they have now attained the height of five feet or more, with fine bushy tops. In the fall, when we removed them from the spot they had occupied all the summer, we found the long tap-root had penetrated the bottom of the keg, and entered the earth to the depth of six or eight inches. They had often drooped during the previous summer, and had needed to be watered frequently, and this summer they had flourished uncommonly. We found they had escaped from their prison-bounds and gone foraging for themselves, verifying the old adage: "Help yourselves and your friends will help you." The kegs were formerly paint-kegs, made of oaken staves and bound with iron, like Woodworth's "Old oaken, moss-covered, iron-bound bucket that hung in the well." Just here we will say a good way to get rid of any extraneous paint within the keg is to put a few live coals in and roll it about; when it is well on fire, and you fear the keg will burn up, turn it bottom up. It works well. We have tried it.

The door-sills and window-sashes were repainted; vases and hanging-baskets looked beautifully with fresh autumn decorations. We hung up a bracket made in this wise. Cutting the back out of an old pasteboard box, we took the cover, and where the rim was still firm we cut the shelf part and the support thereof. Cut notches in the rim part of the supporting piece an inch apart, turning every alternate piece backwards after the manner of the paper-doll furniture. By sewing it on the back of the bracket it was firmly united; then sewed the shelf on; this needed no notching, the rim being left entire on the underside. Then we sewed on the edges of the underside of the shelf, in a fringe-like position, a row of those hard, gray, shell-like fungi which grow on old logs, fence-rails, etc.

Another row turned backwards on each side of the support. Covered all the rest with beautiful green carpet-moss, which was pressed dry to preserve the color, and then raised a little by sprinkling with water and then confining under a glass. On the shelf we placed a group of chestnut-burrs, acorns, horse-chestnuts, and one scarlet ball, the fruit of the Solanum, and sprinkled the whole with the berries of the strawberry-tree (*euonymus latifolia*), a native of the woods in this latitude. Rising from behind the back, maiden-hair ferns, etc., which looked very pretty against the wall.

Then we looked about us and saw a dull corner in this our sitting-room, where, placed corner-ways, the old time-keeper swings unceasingly its ticking pendulum. If anything should happen to it, we should miss its soft, silvery tones at the time of striking the hours, albeit we have never sufficiently venerated this ancient piece of furniture. It is an heirloom, manufactured one hundred and fifty years ago. It stands over six feet in height, in a fine, old, dark mahogany case, with silvered countenance; but has withal a dull appearance, as old things will have. In the sides near the top, which is a gothic archway, are oblongs of glass; these we had reglazed, and in one placed a spatter-work cross set in shaded fern-leaves; In the other a panel of black with white Hyacinth and Blue-bells. This we made with flowers, cut out and pasted on a black ground.

Here is a pitcher, of graceful, vase-like form; not as ancient as the clock, but old enough to contain pleasant memories. A severe frost opened a crack on one side, so that it would hold no water, but it was still firm and handsome-looking. We made a quartpan of common starch, and into it stirred, previously wet with cold water, a table-spoonful of redding, such as we use on the brick garden-walks, adding to this half a teaspoonful of unadulterated rose aniline. This was applied to the pitcher, the neck of which had a cravat of newspaper, and on the side a large oval patch of the same—this was neatly pasted with the starch before coloring. Before quite dry the newspaper patches were removed, and a band of gilt paper substituted round the neck and edge of white oval. In the centre of the medallion was placed a delicately tinted picture (Tea Company's Indian Queen), cut out from the card. Filled it to exuberance with grasses, leaves, ferns, etc., placed it on top of the old, old clock, and are no longer ashamed of the corner.

AUNT MARIAN.

P. S.—When you open oyster-cans, lay them flat down and cut out the entire upper side. Put away till you need boxes to plant seeds in. AUNT M.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The first page is illustrated with a pretty view of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The scene is unusually lovely, the minarets and Turkish residences contrasting strongly with the glossy, green foliage. The foreground is a portion of a Moorish garden.

On page 164 are several pretty designs of Hanging Baskets; one is made of rustic work, another is a tin can made over, the third sawed out of a fret saw pattern.

On page 169, the little folks are helping mother to stir the Thanksgiving Pudding. The little ones are full of glee, but the mother is thinking of old and dear ones who used to be at the thanksgiving dinner, but will never be with them again.

On page 173, a sweet face is aglow with bright thoughts of "over yonder," and cheerful visions lead her soul to think of its home beyond the skies.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Prizes for Household and Floral Articles.—The following prizes will be given for articles on Flowers, Window Gardening, Housekeeping, Elegancies, and kindred subjects relating to the comforts, pleasures and advancement of Home Life and Household Taste:

- For best article on Floral Subjects.....\$10 00
- For second best article on Floral Subjects..... 5 00
- For best article on Household Subjects..... 10 00
- For second best article on Household Subjects..... 5 00
- For each of next 10 best articles on Flowers: Book, "Window Gardening"
- For each of next 10 best articles on Household Subjects: Books, "Household Elegancies," or "Ladies' Fancy Work."
- For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subject): FLORAL CABINET free one year.
- For each of next 20 best articles (10 of each class of subject): one Silk Book Mark.

Contributors will notice the following rules: 1. Label all articles, "For Competition." 2. Each article to fill space equal to three to five foolscap pages long. 3. Articles all to be forwarded to this office before December 10th. 4. Award of prizes will be announced in January number, and prizes forwarded to the fortunate competitors by Christmas. 5. Articles contributed, not specially marked for return, may be understood, as having the desire of writer to be used in FLORAL CABINET, as a voluntary contribution whenever convenient.

The object in offering these prizes is not so much to induce the writing of articles for sake of pecuniary remuneration, as it is to encourage our readers and writers to contribute really useful information, which will be a help and benefit to others. All are sharers in the benefit; even those who contribute articles are immensely benefited by reading the articles of others, whose worth is far more than the value of any prize. The highest ideal of usefulness to which any of us can attain, is to try to do some good to others; and many of our readers who are confined at home can benefit the world by writing something which will help to cheer, brighten, and beautify another home.

Prizes for Choicest Recipes on Cooking and Housekeeping Topics.—Desirous of encouraging Housekeeping Topics, in connection with the FLORAL CABINET, we offer the following prizes for best collection of recipes, proved by actual experience of our readers. We want all first-class housekeepers to compete for these prizes, and contribute from the stores of their knowledge. Send no recipe which is of ordinary value, only those which are the very best, superior if possible to anything yet published in any cook book. We do not limit the contributor to any class of recipes; their lists may consist of all things eatable.

- First prize, 25 best Recipes.....\$15 00
- Second prize, 25 best Recipes..... 10 00
- Third prize, 25 best Recipes..... 5 00
- Fourth prize, to each of 25 next best collections: Any \$1.50 book in our list.
- Fifth prize, to each of next 25 best collections: Choice of any Silk Book Mark in our list.

Notice.—1. Each list should contain not less than 25 Recipes, not more than two Recipes for each class (such as cake, pie, &c.), and lists to be written on one side each of sheet. 2. Mark the 5 best Recipes with double cross, XX. 3. Mark the next 5 best Recipes with single cross, X. 4. All lists to be sent to this office by December 10th. Prizes to be awarded January 1st, and names of successful competitors published in January number CABINET. The Prize Collections of Household Recipes will be published each month in the FLORAL CABINET for 1877, and the series will alone be worth to each housekeeper five times the price of the FLORAL CABINET.

A Club of only 15 subscribers entitles club agent to extra copy of FLORAL CABINET free, one year, the engraving, "Glee Maiden," and also choice of one book, "Household Elegancies," "Window Gardening," or "Ladies' Fancy Work." Here are three splendid rewards for a small club, which almost any one can raise.

20 Cents Commission.—Club agents may get up clubs of any size from three upwards, and for every subscriber they get, 20 cents is allowed in trade commission toward any article in our Premium List, or their extra copy of the CABINET.

Prices Reduced.—Last year a club often was necessary to get free copy of CABINET, one year—this year, only seven names are necessary.

Get up a Club of Trial Trip Subscribers.—For club of ten trial trip subscribers, at 35c. each, we will give to club agent a choice of one of the following: A Paper Cutter and Folder; a box Initial Note Paper; a Book, "Every Woman her own Flower Gardener;" 1 Bulb Gladiolus, worth \$1; 1 box Decalcomanie; 1 Silk Book Mark, worth 75c.; 1 Indelible Pencil. To each subscriber will be given the CABINET three months, and a copy of chromo, "My Window Garden."

Only 15 Cents.—See how cheap for three months. We think hundreds and thousands of our readers have friends everywhere who would be glad to see the CABINET and take it on trial. Please recommend it everywhere. We send only three months (our choice of numbers) for that price, so as to introduce it everywhere. We do not send it any longer at that price, nor permit a trial subscription to be renewed again except for a full year.

COMPLIMENTS.

We rarely publish any compliments since we prefer the CABINET to speak for itself with its bright, sweet face; but we have many thousand new readers who will be pleased to hear what our old friends say of us—and what we quote is only a very small portion out of thousands of testimonials which flow upon us every day.

"I can hardly wait for the month to pass by to get it, and I drop everything to read it. I agree with 'Lina,' it is too good to cut a line out."

"I find we cannot do without its bright, pleasant pages; it is certainly a 'bit of sunshine,' and I recommend it to all who love the beautiful among my friends." Mrs. C. BRISTOL, Milford, O.

"I assure you it affords me many hours of sincere pleasure. Its perusal is a perfect feast. I know of no paper that contains so much information and so many valuable suggestions in regard to beautifying and decorating ones home, and all in so entertaining and attractive a style."

"I feel as though I must say something in regard to the CABINET. I have just learned how to express myself about it; it is what the girl wrote home about the Centennial. Oh! oh! oh! that is just how I feel when I get a fresh CABINET in my hands. Oh, Mr. Editor, you are a prince among flower lovers; the CABINET is just what we want; it improves every number. I want all my friends to take it. I hope to see the CABINET enlarged; am willing to give double the price now paid. A long, happy life to you, Mr. Editor, you make others so happy." Miss L. T. SNOW.

MISS CARY IN MOSCOW.

Miss Annie Louise Cary, the celebrated prima-donna, writes to a friend in Chicago an amusing account of her first night in Moscow. Here are some extracts:

"The terrible night came, and I put on the war-paint with fear and trembling, and my eyes were double their size with excitement. I sang my couplets, which open the second act of 'Trovatore'—and such applause! It was like the Cincinnati-ans at the Festival (bless them). I had been told to make my first bow at a certain box, containing the princes and princesses, but for the life of me I couldn't tell which it was, so I stood still, as frightened as a goose, and then, in my misery, I first bowed to the 'plebs.' Horrors! When I came to my senses I made a bow to the wrong box. After the delirious scene I was applauded and shrieked at until I almost thought the Modocs were on my track, and then I bowed to the wrong box again.

"After the close of the second act we were called out four times. By that time I knew where to bow, and I smiled my sweetest to 'the Royalties.' After the third act I was recalled three times, and after the entire opera we went out six times. The

second time we sang the public was even more enthusiastic, and I had to go out alone in answer to the cry of 'Cary, solo.' They called for me alone the first night, but I do not like to offend my brother and sis-

thought nothing special could come from Yankeeedom. When I say I am an American, they think I am from South America, which I hasten to explain by telling them I am the Yankiest of the Yaukees, and that I

was born among the rocks of dear old Maine."

A Beautiful Sentiment.—Sorrow sobers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though their features were fading from our recollection.

A Western lawyer, who was defending a man on trial for wife murder, sought for some euphonious and innocent phrase with which to describe his client's crime, and finally said: "He winnowed her into paradise with a fence rail."

This is what Mr. Bryant said to the lady at the Homœopathic Fair, for whose little paper, *The Echo*, he promised to write a poem, and did it:

"I gave my word, dear madam, it is true. At your request, to write a verse or two: I gave it you as frankly as 'twas sought, And now you chide because I keep it not. Talk not of honor—I am honor's slave; None but a rogue would keep the thing he gave."

SPINNING THE PLUM PUDDING.



ter artists, so I went out with the others at the end of the opera. I went out alone six times, and such shouting and waving of handkerchiefs! My success has been the event of the season thus far. You see they

Fireside Reading.

PLAYING AT CROQUET.

We had an introduction,
I scarce remember how;
She swept a graceful curtsey,
I made my lowest bow;
'Twas on the lawn it happened;
We stood, a party gay,
With mallets duly waiting,
All ready for "Croquet."

A shower of silken ringlets,
Like golden sunbeams fell
Around her form of beauty,
And wove a magic spell.
Her eyes were of the azure
That marks a summer day;
My heart she quickly captured,
While playing at "Croquet."

At pic-nics, hops and parties,
As oft it chanced we met,
I still got more entangled
In love's bewildering net;
For hearts, like balls, are sometimes
Hit, when they're not "in play;"
And many a hope has vanished,
When beaten at "Croquet."

At last I dared to ask her
If she would change her name,
The witch, she flashed for answer,
"If you can win the game!"
And when my pet was vanquished,
I kissed a tear away;
And that was how I won her,
While playing at "Croquet."
G. W. W.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband in this city, one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was at the head of the house it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you a good deal neglected the tinware. You didn't keep it scoured as bright as it should be. My mother always took great pride in her tinware and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no speck on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have often observed," said the husband, "that you often use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and then finally throw them away. Now, when at home I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they would dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more that was worth mentioning.

"Now," said he, "my dear, you begin and tell me all the faults you have observed in me since we have been married."

The young housewife sat in silence; her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have observed in me, sparing none!"

Arising suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms about her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have even one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that as long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think; I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes; and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform and try to make myself more worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear; you know sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut; I stay up-town when I ought to be at home; I spend my money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife; "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, little wife!" cried the now thoroughly subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world; indeed you never had a fault. I was but joking—don't remember a word I said!" and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tinware nor examine the dish-rag—never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighboring women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs.—— keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is always as bright as a new dollar; and I do believe she not only washes but even irons her dish-rags!" And the neighboring men were heard to say, "What a steady fellow M—— has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems almost to worship that wife of his."

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and

safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the ideal of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," and with them the long evenings, which the poet has not included in the general sadness, but which in many households would exceed in melancholy even the "sad November days," were it not for the pleasant amusements which can be devised to make the hours pass on as merry wings as did the "moonlit nights of June."

A very amusing game is answering questions in poetry, and putting in certain words that are given, and doing it all in a stated time—say five or ten minutes. Each player is provided with a pencil and paper, and may write any question they choose. Fold the top of the paper over the question so it cannot be seen, and place all the papers together; mix them so none will draw their own paper, and each draw one and write a word—any word; fold and mix and each draw again, and are ready to answer the question and put in the word in poetry. For example: Miss H., Mrs. S., Mr. M. and Mr. S. are playing. On drawing the papers, Mr. M. finds his question to be "How do you like snakes cooked?" and the word under it, "Grasshopper." Five or ten minutes are given to answer in, and at the close of the time he produces the following:

Skin them first, both neat and clean,
Being sure by no one you are seen;
Then fry them slowly over the fire,
With wood as dry, if not any drier
Than that they use for a bottle stopper,
And season well with a young grasshopper,
If then it does not suit your taste,
Just "dump" in any other "baste;"
And you will like it, I am sure,
Unless you're a senseless epicure.

Miss H. reads the following, in answer to the question "Whom do you love best?" and the word "Hero."

The one I love is not a hero,
If war's bright laurels make him so;
The wreath that crowns his brow as victor,
Does not on any bay tree grow.
No thousand tongues proclaim the story
Of wondrous fight by flood or field;
No herald's voice shouts forth the glory
That wondering nations to him yield.
The one I love is not a hero,
If learning's laurels make him one;
The Alma Mater's halls that held him
Lift not their towers to the sun.
No stately halls have e'er resounded,
As through their domes his voice has rung;
No crowds in breathless silence waited
For music from his silvery tongue.
The one I love best is a hero,
If victory o'er himself makes one;
If fighting against wrong's heroic,
His heroism has then begun.
For he who his own spirit ruleth,
And keeps his feet from going wrong,
Is greater than the brave commander
Who takes the guarded city strong.

Mr. S. finds his question to be, "What is an old bachelor?" The word is "Undoubtedly." He writes as follows:

A bachelor is a funny man,
And the reason why he's funny,
Is undoubtedly because he can
Call no nice girl his "honey."

Mrs. S. has the question, "Is thy life solitary?" The word is "Pancakes." She answers in this way:

My life, six months ago, was cold and lone,
My heart was sad with thoughts of coming sorrow,
Till lo! I came across a rolling stone,
And brighter dawned my prospect's of to-morrow.
The stone is mine, my life no more is lone;
The past with joy I can review,
And think with gladness of the approaching day,
When I my pancakes light shall fry for two.

The game is an excellent one to sharpen the wits and try the poetical powers of the players, and will be found highly entertaining and even exciting if only five minutes are given in which to answer the questions.

Rochester, Minn.

MRS. N. STONE.

Household Art.

COUNTRY HOME ADORNMENTS.

Our cottage is nestled down in one corner of a Michigan apple orchard, and in summer we have so many pleasant sights and sounds that it would require the masterly pen of W. C. Bryant or H. W. Beecher to portray them, and reveal the secrets that the trees inspire to those only who love them best. But it was not of apples or apple trees that I would write to you, my sisters, but of a few simple country home adornments, as we all feel anxious to make our homes so pleasant within that we shall not feel the dreary winter storms without.

For several years I have been experimenting with quick-growing vines for the house. Madeira and German Ivy we always have, and find satisfactory; and Maurandia is still more graceful and airy. This year we have tried Lophospermum, and it is lovely; we planted the seed in a box in May, and it stood on the veranda until October, when we brought it indoors. The main vines, four in number, had grown six feet, and we set it under a bright chromo, and two of them we twined up the cords and the others around the frame; then, and now, the leaves were a rich, dark green, serrated, and more halberd than heart shaped, and with the abundance of laterals, which it has lately sent out, of a soft, velvety green, it makes it one of the most desirable climbers. This vine is one of the leaf climbers.

A friend of mine had a Cobœa vine, and although it was very thrifty, you would scarcely have known it, or dreamed that it could put on such airs of refinement; it stood on a bracket at the side of a sunny window and climbed up the lace curtains by its own sweet will and in its own sweet way—and over the top of the window; there it hung in great billows, the most graceful and airy, and here and there a long festoon. I never saw any lambrequin that could compare with this. I know of no other vine that climbs as this one—with the delicate tendrils at the end of its pinnate leaves; this vine was one that did not blossom in the border—was taken up, potted in good rich soil, accepted the situation, and was the admiration of all beholders.

I wanted a shelf in my sitting-room for my small pots of Cacti, and upon consultation with Isaac it was for a time given up, because to put up brackets would mar the wall—but the shelf we must have. I had provided a walnut board, three and a-half feet long and seven inches wide, rounded at the ends in front. I took a brad-awl—and to ladies who do their own constructing, I would say a brad-awl is much better than a gimlet—and made two holes in each end of my board; then, with two picture screws and two pieces of picture cord, we made a shelf very much to our liking. To relieve the stiff look of the short cords, we put a pot of German Ivy on each end of the shelf; then cut a long grape-vine, leaving on the tendrils and two or three inches of laterals, and with this formed an arch for the vines to climb over; under the centre of the arch hangs a small picture of "Faith," and Isaac thinks it couldn't hang in a more appropriate place. Behind the frame we suspended a bottle of water, and into it put some branches and twigs of Black Alder, covered as they are with their bright red berries, and they have not as yet withered; as a finishing touch we added a bright golden butterfly, and at present writing the whole is a very pleasing addition to our sitting-room.

FROST BOUQUET.

On a little black walnut bracket, in a little bogwood vase, is one of our prettiest ornaments. Take very delicate grass—the skeleton seed pods of wild pepper-grass answer nicely—dip into water, then into flour; you want only a very few stems for your vase, and one little one to trail over the front. The beauty of this will depend entirely upon the delicacy with which it is made.

To keep Isaac out of mischief I have persuaded him to try some ornamental work, and he has succeeded well, considering all things. He had pressed and oiled (with boiled oil) some varieties of ferns, also twigs of soft maple seedlings, and with these he has made two very handsome pictures. The leaves are arranged in a group on tinted bristol-board, and with drab mat and rustic frame, it looks like a chromo. The ferns were arranged and framed in same way. To begin, Isaac made several small ornaments to learn on.

A COURT-PLASTER CASE

was made by taking three tinted cards, which were cut from the bristol-board, a little larger than a common visiting card. No. 1 was ornamented with a bunch of bright leaves, put on with mucilage; No. 2 had three narrow bars cut into it lengthwise, about one-fourth of an inch from each edge, to receive the plaster. On No. 3 was written,

"May you never have a wound
Which this cannot heal;"

and the whole tied together at the corners with bright ribbon. Another was a

WALL-POCKET.

Cut front and back from the bristol-board; put a very tiny leaf in each point and arrange a group of leaves and delicate ferns on the front; and with ribbon bows, and long loops to suspend by, makes it very handsome. This pattern I have seen used for spatter-work.

Then, Isaac has been making some little

THIMBLE CASES,

for his friends. Takes English walnuts, and with a knife opens them carefully, and removes the inside, varnishes the shells; then, with a tiny brad-awl, makes two little holes in each shell; ties them together at bottom with a bright ribbon bow, and slips another piece of ribbon through the holes at the top, and leaves that long enough to tie in a bow, and leave a loop to hang up.

STRAW WALL-BASKET.

I must not forget to tell you of a new kind of straw wall-basket I saw lately at a friend's, and it was filled with pressed ferns, grasses, and autumn leaves. The leaves were mostly Sunae, and for this purpose are indispensable; the delicate grass which the children call "tickle grass," and which can be found almost anywhere, was used very plentifully. The basket was composed of twenty-four straws. The back has nine straws; the middle one is twelve inches long, and each one grows an inch shorter until the last ones are eight inches; so you see when the back runs up to a point at the top, the basket is even on the bottom, and the straws in front and sides are eight inches in length. Cut your straws, then lay them down on a table, and with a ruler and pencil mark where you will put your wire; put one wire about the middle and one an inch and a half from both top and bottom. Buy a bunch of cap wire, cut away the tape, scorch off the threads, and then string your straws, leaving about one-half inch space between, and fasten the ends of the wire together; then take zephyr or taste and wind to cover the wire; then you have a bottomless basket. But by inserting the stems of fern, etc., in the tops of the straws, it gives it a light, graceful look, and met my

ideal more than any other arrangement of that kind I ever saw. I wish I had time to tell you of the school mottoes we have been making of ferns and leaves—and this is one other way to employ the Isaacs.

LACE TRANSPARENCIES, ETC.

Reading some time since, in the CABINET, directions for making lace transparencies of ferns, I made some accordingly, and thought they were very pretty, but have since made, I think, quite an improvement.

I cut two pieces of the lace (coarse cape net) as large as the window-glass; then, out of perforated cardboard, I cut a nicely shaped cross, the top of cross to come about two inches from the top of the lace, the base to be even with the bottom of the lace, and in the centre, from side to side. Twine delicate sprays of pressed leaves and ferns around the base and top of cross; pressed pansies look nicely mixed with the leaves. Then drop some mucilage carefully on the leaves and cross, to keep them in place. Now place the other piece of lace over, and put pins in to hold it together until the mucilage dries. Cut narrow strips of gold paper, and press it firmly around as a binding, and you will have a beautiful transparency.

I also made another by cutting an anchor out of perforated cardboard, and placing it the same as the cross, with the leaves, ferns, and flowers; it makes an elegant transparency.

A beautiful hanging basket can be made of lace, for dried grasses, pressed ferns, autumn leaves, etc. Cut two pieces of lace octagon shape, for the bottom of the basket; then cut pieces for the sides, two of each, three or four inches high; place between them bright leaves, ferns, etc.; sew the sides together, and to the bottom; cut narrow strips of gold and silver paper to cover the seams. A piece of wire sewn around the top and bottom will keep it in shape. It makes a delicate basket, and will look much prettier for grasses, ferns, etc., than one of heavier material.

I am making splash mats that are quite pretty and not expensive, and give a room a very cheerful and pleasant appearance. They are to put up back of washstands, to protect the wall. Take a yard of white oil-cloth; cut out for three mats, rounding off the two upper corners, and pink the edge all round; then in the centre paint, in oil-colors, a group of ferns, ivy and autumn leaves, with some bright berries. The upper corners should have a maiden-hair fern, while on the lower corners a bright maple leaf may be represented. When dry, it may be varnished, and then it can be washed, when necessary, without sustaining the least injury. I have a mat now in hand, with a landscape in the centre, and a wreath of ivy surrounding it. They can, of course, be as varied in their ornamentation as the fancy of the designer dictates.

Pincushion and Jewelry Case.—To make a pincushion and jewelry case combined, take a gentleman's collar box, pad nicely with cotton on the inside, and wool on the outside, of lid and box. It is better to cover with cambrie, or some other material, to keep the padding from working through the silk. Take pink silk and sew neatly over the lining; make some buttons by cutting from cardboard the required form, putting some cotton on the top, and covering with silk; sew them inside and outside of box and lid, to suit your fancy, only be sure to have them regular distances apart; then bind the edge of box and lid with white ribbon; hinge the lid, and make a bow of ribbon, and fasten to the centre of lid on the inside, leaving the ends long enough to lap the sides.

Household Elegancies.

A PRETTY WASH-STAND.

This pretty wash-stand will certainly excite the admiration of all who see it, and create, no doubt, the desire to make a fac-simile, which we are glad to say may be easily done. First, it will be perceived that the table fits snugly in the corner, which is a great advantage where room is an object; a triangular box, or case, made of a section of a common packing-box, will answer, and should be two feet on the sides, and two feet three inches in height, rounding out on the top and bottom, in a gradual curve, two inches deeper at the centre.

Square blocks, two inches square, of "inch stuff," are nailed under the lower corner, on which casters are fastened. On the upper sides are fastened two pieces of board, eight inches high at the front, and curved gradually toward the back, where they unite in a point, two feet high. This may be sawed out tastefully with the fret saw, and carefully carved with tools, or merely sawed out in scrolls on the top and embellished with painting, etc.

Against the back are fastened two narrow shelves, supported by brackets (the small ornamented iron ones answer well, and appear extremely tasteful if of good design), or three single brackets of carved wood, a corner one high against the corner, and one on each side, lower down, and placed flat against the sides. These are to accommodate the various articles required on such a stand, the soap and tooth-brush cases, the mug, and water decanter, etc. The insides of the lower part is fitted with a shelf for the slop-pail, shoe-brushes, etc. Six feet above the corner of the back, a little corner bracket is conveniently arranged so as to hold a vase of flowers, statuette, or other suitable ornament, and is fourteen inches deep on the sides, extending out about an inch and a half in a rounded form on the front.

The wood-work of the stand is stained, and embellished to suit the furniture of the room, and the top covered with a brown ornamented oil-cloth, a lambrequin of which is arranged to hang down one foot below the edge, and is cut out in a design figure, under which is laid oil-cloth of buff or other contrasting colors, and the points bound with brown or buff worsted braid.

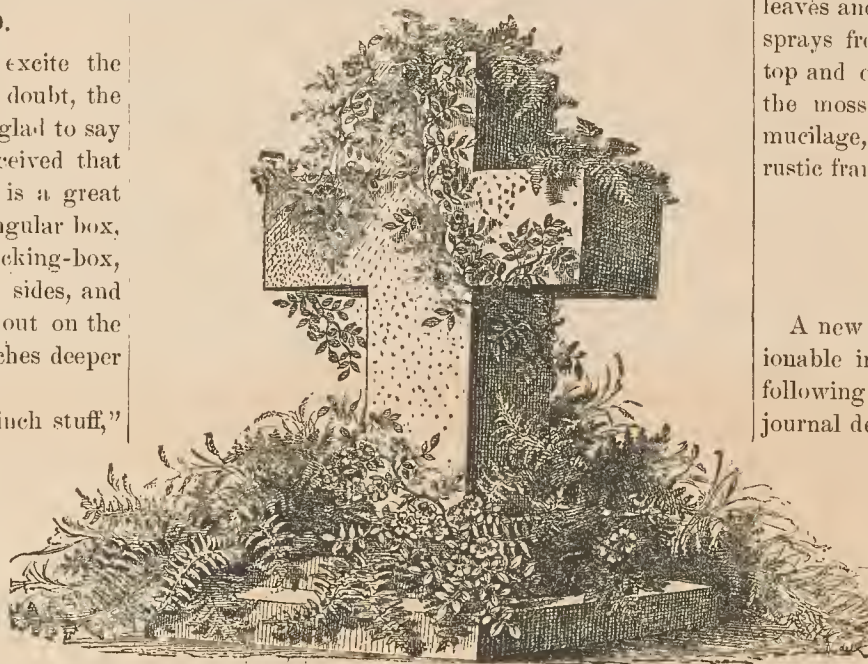
The hangings of Swiss muslin are to be lined and trimmed to correspond with the style of furniture.

MRS. C. S. JONES.

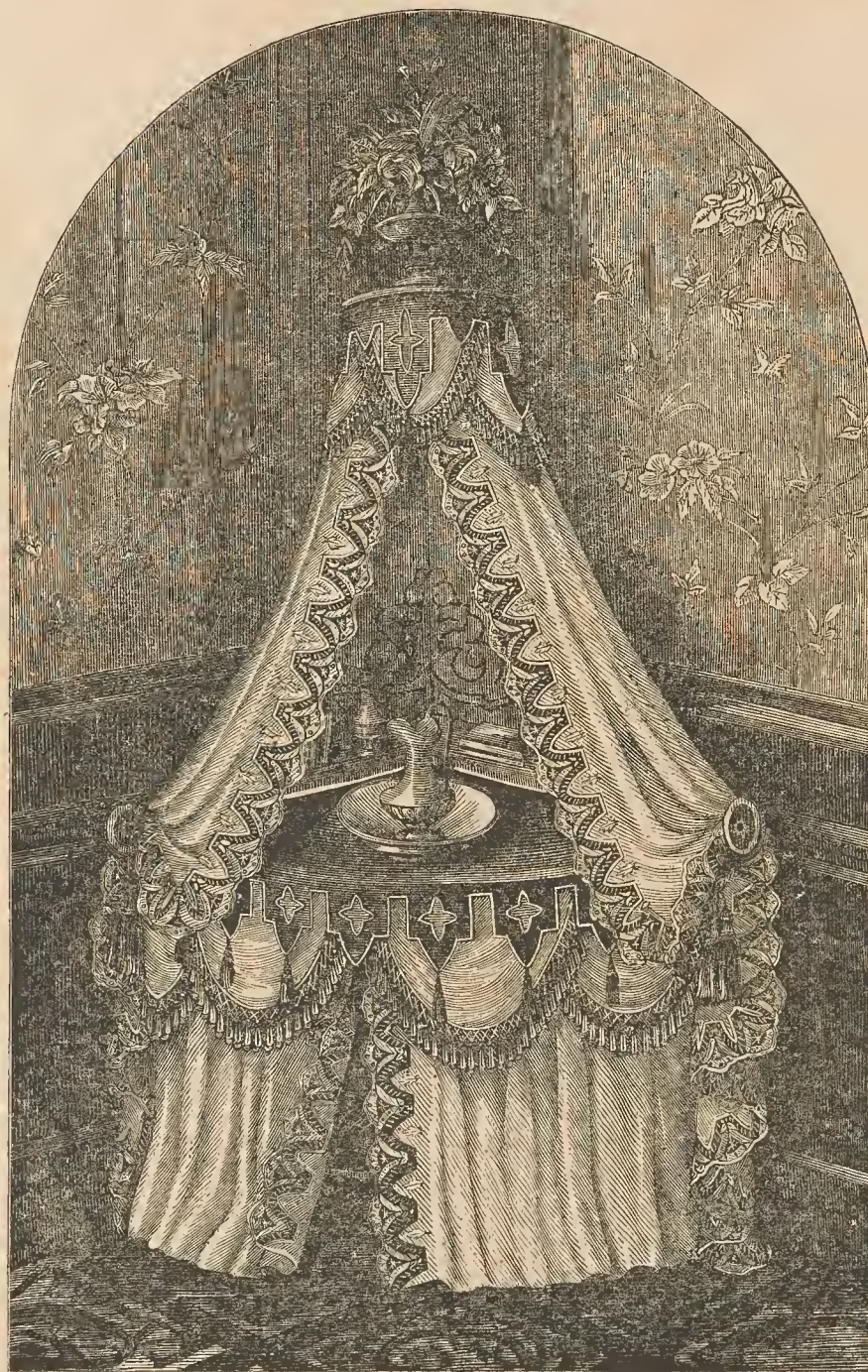
MOSS-CROSS AND FLOWERS.

Line a recess with white velveteen. Cut a wooden or card cross with three steps, using care to make the steps of size suitable to depth of case. Fasten on the back of recess, and cover with the stiff white moss found on rocks, and clusters of the sealing-wax moss; if none of the latter can be procured, dip pieces of the white moss in scarlet sealing-wax, dissolved in boiling alcohol, touching

only the extreme points. Make a foundation of card below the steps and cover with green moss. Cluster grasses, immortelle flowers, pretty leaves, shells, etc.,



A MOSS-CROSS AND FLOWERS.



A PRETTY WASH-STAND.

upon this, and let a few droop carelessly upon the steps, and form a background of the light green and silvery mosses and lichens found upon old trees and

fences, with ferns that have been pressed; cluster flowers and grasses, at the back, upon the steps; and form a vine of tendrils, stems of ferns, bright green leaves and tiny berries or flowers; let it fall in thick sprays from one arm, and cluster thickly upon the top and other arm; dot various pretty shells among the moss over the entire cross, and touching with mucilage, dust with diamond powder. Frame in a rustic frame of black walnut inlaid with white wood.

MRS. C. S. JONES.

SEAWEED FLOWERS.

A new species of artificial flowers has become fashionable in England—Seaweed flowers. We find the following reference to this new industry in an English journal devoted to fashion, and which amongst other things informs its readers that Seaweed flowers are patronized by the Queen.

Flower making occupies large numbers of women, girls, and boys. Deft and subtle fingers cut out, and fasten, paint, and wire the bits of muslin and silk which are to imitate the pride of the garden or the glory of the hedgerow.

It is our purpose at present to introduce to our readers a new species of artificial flowers. These flowers are said not to spoil either by wind, or sun, or rain, and they are not so dear as the ordinary artificial flowers. We are all perfectly acquainted with the bunches of seaweed which visitors bring back with them as seaside trophies. They are gummed against a piece of white bristol board in various more or less fantastic devices, and underneath the trophy is written:—

Call us not weeds—
We are but flowers of the sea.

Anything more unlike flowers can hardly well exist; but the seaweed flowers we are now speaking of are as different from these weeds as possible. They are brilliant in color, they are elegant in form, they are artistically arranged, and are really "things of beauty."

A great deal has been said of late about the reckless destruction of life which follows the adoption by women of certain fashions, such as the wearing of bright colored plumage of birds. Lady Burdett Coutts has urged this as a reason why some women should find some new adornment other than the feathers whose metallic gloss is so exquisite.

Here is a new adornment—newer than birds' wings, newer than even the heads of birds, capable, too, of rendering colors as bright as the brightest on a bird's or insect's wing, while at the same time the half tints so dear to the eyes of the fashionable world can be rendered in their most exquisite shades. Can anything be conceived more appropriate for the trimming of a dress of a sea nymph at a fancy ball than seaweeds themselves? But it is not only for such special use as this that the new seaweed flowers are elegant and suitable; they are mounted as flowers for the hair, for bonnets, for trimmings of dresses, for ornaments for the dinner tables, for banner-screens, and for ornaments to take the place of the standard wax flowers.

Fireside Reading.

The Wrong Kind of a Candle.—A Kentucky paper relates that during the Christmas holidays, Starling Curd, an industrious colored man, living near Bristow, in that State, gave an entertainment at his house. His wife asked him, coming to town the day before the frolic, to get a tall candle with which to ornament and illuminate the table. Starling called on H. C. Hines & Co. for the candle, but stated the case in such a shape that Mr. Hines thought he wanted a Roman candle. It was accordingly put up for him, and Starling returned to his home, when his wife insisted that he had made a mistake, saying that it was a candle she wanted. Starling assured her that it was the latest style of candle he had purchased, and, to prove it, stuck it into the fire. To the astonishment of both, a flaming ball popped out; then another, and another, when the frightened Starling dropped the "infernal machine" upon the floor. Another explosion, threatening the destruction of the house, and he again seized it, but, unfortunately, wrong end foremost, when a ball struck him in the abdomen. Suddenly turning it around, another ball shot out through a new counterpane, through which it burned a large hole. The whole household was in a state of terror, and Starling went to town the next day with a mind full of lawsuits for damages, but, being a fair-minded man, was pacified when it was explained that Mr. Hines misunderstood him.

A Precocious Philosopher.—A young philosopher of seven years of age, who had not got far enough to hear the Holy Scriptures disputed by science, listened attentively in his father's parlor, the other evening, to a warm discussion on the Darwinian theory, and, after the guests had departed, somewhat surprised the paternal with:

"Father, I don't believe Mr. Darwin is right." "What?" said the parent, looking down at this unexpected reasoner, who stood behind him with a little Bible in his hand; "you do not, and why?"

"Because, papa, my Bible says 'God created man in His own image,' and I don't believe it was a monkey." "Well, well," said the sire, laughing, "run along, Tommy; you are too young to talk about such things."

"But, papa, almost the next verse says, 'God saw everything He had made, and behold it was very good.' Now, it wasn't good if men were monkeys, was it? For you are gooder than a monkey, ain't you, papa?"

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes!" "We may be small potatoes," said one of them; "but we are sweet ones."

A Detroiter was called on as a witness in a case before one of the justices lately, and when the oath was administered he raised both hands and said: "I shall spoke nodding what ain't drew if ever I hope to die so quick as a minute!" He was so earnest and solemn that the lawyers let him alone.

A little miss, writing to her father on the first day of her entrance at boarding-school, says: "The first evening we had prayers, and then singing, and a passing around of bread, which I did not take, because, not being confirmed, I thought I had no right to take communion. Afterward I learned that I had lost my supper."



"OVER YONDER."

Little Johnny has peculiar views as to original sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanor, when he pleaded: "It wasn't me, mamma, dear—it was the bad man." "Well, Johnny, I'm going to whip the bad man out of you." "Ah, yes, but that'll hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothin'," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Bosting they've got the lead-pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark."

A bright little girl of this city, the day before the meeting of the conference, in great glee, told one of her little chums that "Mamma is going to have a hired girl during conference week, as there will be lots of confidence men in town then."

The other day a Vicksburg wife went into the country on a visit, without saying anything to or leaving word for her husband. He was uneasy on returning home, and made inquiries among the neighbors. "Gone!—missing!" exclaimed one woman; "why, I should think you'd be uneasy about her!" "I am," he replied, wearing a sorrowful look, "for some one has got to split the wood to get breakfast with!"

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a-half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out: "New York," and, in a moment after, "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His little sister said eagerly, "Top; I des I'll dit out here and do to Centennial!"

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a quantity of nice preserves, labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

One day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said: "Dolly, pass the grease!" "Why, William," said his wife, "you must call it gravy." "Wall," says Bill, "I guess if I get it on your tablecloth it would be grease." The guests shouted.

For a printers's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Betty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Nettie; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mattie; for an auctioneer's wife, Biddy; for a chemist's wife, Anna Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridget.

A drunken man came home at midnight. After avouching that somebody had stolen the keyhole, his wife admitted him with a scowl on her brow and a lamp in her hand. "Brute!" she exclaimed. "Br-o-o-t, (hic)—Givus harder one." "Idiot!" "Thaz harder (hic), but I kin spellum. I-d—I-dg—I-d-i-g-t, Idiot. Now givus er stunner (hic)." She picked up a poker and gave it.

A good story is told of Spurgeon. His habit is to shut himself up on Saturdays. One Saturday a man called and insisted on seeing him. "Tell him," said the visitor to the servant, that a servant of the Lord wishes to see him. The message was delivered and the following returned: "Tell him that I am engaged with his Master."

Housekeeping.

CONCERNING STOVES.

Notwithstanding the progress of modern improvement, in the shape of houses warmed throughout by steam and heated air, there are hundreds of dwellings in the land that are dependent on stoves for this purpose.

Now I would like to make a suggestion to the workers in iron, and to those whose business it is to design the patterns of these stoves. Why, instead of the great black cylinders which now encumber while they render comfortable our parlors, could we not have an elegantly-draped statue in cast iron—say, of Ceres, with cornucopia; or of Pallas, with shield and helmet; or of Jove himself, with his thunderbolts, through whose hollow body, head, and members the hot air might permeate, while the eye rested with delight on the classic contour of its form? For a church or Sabbath-school room, in place of these heathen deities, what a fine idea it would be to have a figure of Charity, offering a warm welcome to all who, with blue noses and chilled fingers, gathered around her on a cold winter day; or of Faith, pointing upward to future joys, and at the same time dispensing present comfort; or of Hope, leaning on an anchor, whose *flukes* should be *flues*, conveying warmth to the body while suggesting the safety of the soul.

Polished to a brilliant blue-black by the patient brush of the stove-cleaner, one might almost imagine such a stove a statue of black marble designed by Phidias or Canova. In the pedestal might be concealed the fire-pot, ash-pan, etc.; and perhaps some ingenious contrivance could be found to dispose of the necessary appendage of stove-pipe, so that its stern, uncompromising lines should not destroy the illusion.

I merely throw out the suggestion, hoping that some one will work out the idea to perfection.

And now a word on polishing stoves: As many ladies in the country are obliged to clean their own stoves, it is well to know the best and easiest method of doing it. I have known persons to spend two hours in blackening a stove, and to be so tired after it that nothing more could be accomplished that day. This is a useless waste of time and strength.

Have your stove perfectly cold, and, if possible, in a room with the windows open, as the air assists the process greatly. Apply the stove-polish with an old brush to a portion of your stove, and rub over with your polishing brush for a minute or two: then leave it to dry a little, while you serve another portion in the same manner, but be careful that it does not dry too much, or it will be grey in spite of all you can do; then return to it, and polish briskly for several minutes. In this manner go over the whole stove, returning to the charge again and again, until the brightness begins to appear—at first greyish-black, but becoming, as the friction is continued, a rich, jet black, both durable and beautiful.

This is for the castings. For the sheet-iron parts, as well as for the stove-pipes, use a soft flannel cloth to apply the blacking, a small portion at a time, and rub up instantly with another flannel cloth, and in a few minutes—I had almost said moments—you will have a smooth polished surface in which you may see your own grimy countenance reflected. I. M.

Wood Ashes and common salt, made compact with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

A LEAF FROM MY COOK-BOOK.

HOW TO MAKE CRUMB CAKES.—Gather up the crusts and crumbs, or bits of dry, light bread, biscuits, rolls, etc., from your bread jar; put them in a bowl, and pour over just enough milk as you think will be absorbed, and let it stand over night. In the morning pour off the milk, if there is any unabsorbed; with a fork break up the lumps, and when quite smooth, stir in two well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, and a tablespoonful of flour. Bake on a hot griddle. They will require a little longer to brown than ordinary hot cakes, and one more difficult to turn until the hand is practiced.

BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.—Butter an earthen or tin pudding dish, and place in it alternate layers of bread-crumbs and thinly sliced apples, over which sugar should be sprinkled, that is, the sugar should be sprinkled over each layer of the apples; when the dish is filled, let the last or top layer be of bread-crumbs, over which two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter should be poured. Bake in a moderately hot oven, and place two or three nails under the pudding dish to keep from burning in the bottom; let it bake from three-fourths to a whole hour, according to the quality of the cooking apples.

SAUCE.—Take a pint of boiling milk, drop in a lump of butter, a large tablespoonful of sugar, and flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg. Or take boiling water, add tablespoonful of sugar, lump of butter, teaspoonful of corn starch moistened in cold water, the yolk of an egg, and flavor to taste. The egg should be well beaten and stirred in when the sauce is partially cold, then return to the stove a moment or so only.

POTATO CAKES.—Use the cold mashed potatoes left the day before. To a small dish full, beat up the yolk of an egg, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, and a little black pepper. Have the potatoes mashed nicely, so that there will be no lumps; add the above ingredients, beat the whole until very light, and fry in hot lard or butter.

POTATO CUSTARD.—To four medium sized Irish potatoes, boiled and mashed, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, half a tea-cup full of milk, and an ounce of butter. Bake in a pudding dish—is best served with a brandy sauce. Potato pie may be made in the same way, observing the above proportions, except that you may use eggs and milk more liberally, as per pumpkin pies, and allow two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each pie. The milk should be added last; make very light crusts; use only an under crust.

CUSTARD PIES.—Made in the usual way, except to use only the yolks for the custard, and reserve the whites until the pies are done; then allowing the whites of two or three eggs to each pie, beat to a stiff froth, allow a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to each pie, and flavor with lemon. Put the top dressing on smoothly, return to the oven a moment or two, until a light brown, and set them away in a cool place. These are the best looking and the best tasting custards that I have yet learned to make.

BREAD PUDDING made in the usual manner, is improved by spreading a glass of either currant or raspberry jelly over the top after it is done, and then spreading on a top dressing of the frosted eggs, as per the custard pies above described.

Now if some lady reader of the CABINET will give me a recipe for making Delaware or Maryland biscuits, I will hope to be able to repay the donor in some

way; at any rate, she shall have a warm place in my heart, for I am anxious to surprise my husband with a dish he has so often extolled. Mrs. K. Oregon.

RECIPES.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one of flour, four eggs, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda; beat eggs separate; bake in layers. For jelly, grate the peel of one lemon with the juice, beat with two small eggs, one cup of sugar, butter size of a walnut, stir over a slow fire till it boils.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Half cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, three and a half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda; mix without separating the eggs. Grate chocolate in half the dough; bake in six layers, putting plain icing between the layers, having the top cake light, the next one dark, and so on alternately. This is very nice.

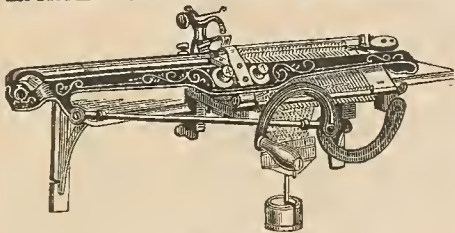
DELICATE CAKE.—One cup butter, two of sugar, three-quarter cup sweet milk, four of flour, six eggs (the whites only), three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with the flour; whites of eggs put in last of all, and the whole well beaten. Excellent cup cake made as above, only adding the yolks.

FROSTING.—After a cake is frosted plain and it is hard, a nice way to trim it is to take a square of thick writing paper, form into a cornucopia, fill with frosting, and squeeze so that it comes out at the small end; you can form a vine around the edge of the cake, bunches of grapes, mottoes, and many pretty devices. The frosting must be stiff; beat sugar and whites together, add a little starch to make it whiter. M.

Candy.—I send a candy recipe which I have not noticed in the CABINET. It will please the children, for no other candy is comparable to it. Three tea-cups of white or coffee sugar, one and a half tea-cups unskimmed sweet milk to dissolve it; boil till done, and flavor with vanilla; after it cools a little, stir until hard, and eat when you please. A. LEE.

Chocolate Cake.—Thinking that all the readers of the FLORAL CABINET must admire "the true, the beautiful, the good," as much as M. Cousin himself, I send them a recipe which is true and good, while one can make it beautiful also, by a little icing. Take eight eggs, one pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; cream the butter with half the sugar; when the yolks are beaten light, with the rest of the sugar, add the butter, then the stiff whites, and finally stir the flour in slowly; season and bake in round shallow tins, called jelly-cake pans. Now for the caramel. Half a pound of chocolate, one and a half pounds of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, one tea-cupful of cream, or rich milk; boil ten or twelve minutes; add a teaspoonful of vanilla. When nearly cold, spread between layers of the cake, as you would jelly, sift powdered white sugar over the top, and it is done. I do not exaggerate when I say it surpasses fruit cake, equals cocoa-nut cake, and puts pound cake to the blush. E. J. S.

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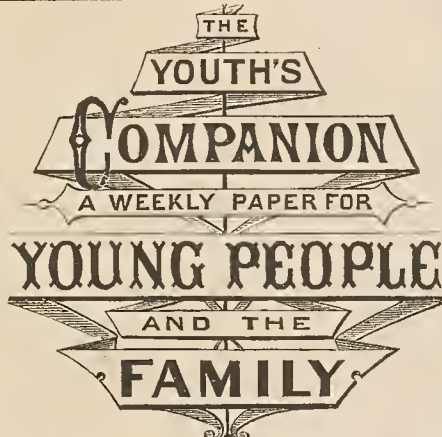
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BEYOND THE VALE.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

1. They told us that our dar - ling one Was
2. Her love - ly eyes grew strangely bright. And her
3. We laid her where the dai - sies grow, Yes, our

p *ff* *ad lib.* *ad lib.*

fad - ing, fad - ing fast a way; ... We bowed our heads, Thy will be done, It was all our hearts, our lone - ly hearts could say: Oh,
smiles grew wondrous sweet and fair, ... As if the an - gels in de - light, Then were speaking to her, speaking to her there; Oh,
lit - tle dar - ling one so sweet; ... With long - ing hearts at twi - light glow, Then we hear her lips re - peat, her lips re - peat, I

colla voce. *f* *mp*

moth - er dear; weep not for me, As she said, with lips so cold and pale, ... The love - ly fields and flow'rs I
moth - er dear, I'm fad - ing fast, And the bless - ed, bless - ed through I hail, ... The earth - ly sha - dows ope at
wait for you be - yond the sky, Yes, where joy no more, no more doth fade, ... And then we'll see with faith - ful

agitato. *dim.*

Chorus. *ad lib.* *ad lib.*

see, Yes, be - yond the vale, there's flow'rs be - yond the vale, Then moth - er dear, kiss me now, once more. For my
last, And I see be - yond the vale, be - yond the vale.
eyes, When be - yond the vale, a - far be - yond the vale.

colla voce. *mp*

wea - ry foot - steps fail The an - gels guide me to the shore, To the shore be - yond the vale, be - yond the vale.

f *colla voce.*

THE LADIES' *Domestic* *Calendar*

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. V

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 60.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

FERN CASES.

As this is the season for arranging the Ferns, &c., that we have taken the care to gather and press during the long summer and autumn, I have thought perhaps some few of our readers might not have heard of the pretty cases, so appropriate and beautiful for this purpose, and therefore will describe my method of making them.

For the sake of variety in the different rooms, these may be made of different forms and sizes, and of varied materials. Supposing for our first one we use the delicate "white-wood strips," (sold for ten cents per package at the fancy stores). Having decided upon the size of the case, which may be perhaps about 12 or 14 inches long, we cut the strips that length, and notch out a triangular piece from each end, which leaves two points, and gives a more ornamental appearance; then we commence, and laying twelve or more pieces on a table, arrange them to form a square, placing each strip one inch apart; next cross them, by weaving as many pieces in and out between them (basket fashion), sewing them at the ends with a stitch taken through and tied on the under side. Then, if desired very ornamental, take some small gilt, steel, or other ornamental buttons, and piercing a hole at the intersection of each strip, press the eye of the button through and fasten on the under side with a stitch, or by means of a tiny stick (cut from a match, perhaps).



"MORNING GLORIES."

Make two of these squares, and placing them together, tie with bows of ribbon at the corners, making a point to come at the bottom, and hanging by a long ribbon fastened to the two side corners; this allows the case to be opened at the two top points, and making a sort of pointed case.

The openings between the squares, as well as the inside of the case, allow places for arranging the Ferns, which should be placed closely in the centre (where a few autumn leaves will prove a pleasing addition), and more loosely at the sides.

Straws and hoop-skirt wire may be made into similar cases, using for the latter, bronze paint or gold paper on the connecting parts.

MRS. C. S. JONES.

Bouvardias—Will you please tell how the Bouvardia is cultivated, in order to give the plant beauty and successful winter bloom; should there be more than one stalk? I have a plant, will you please give me the proper name? I find those that have the plant call it Candle or Tallow plant, I do not think that is botanical. I send a sample leaf.

Miss M. McKee.
Huntsville, Ill.

Answer—The Bouvardia is propagated from roots, planted out when danger of frost is past, and taken up and placed in a light, warm room, before cold nights in autumn; these plants will grow well in any good rich soil, and require plenty of water. No specimen received, but candle plant is certainly not a botanical name.

Floral Contributions.

HOW I DECORATED OUR CHURCH AT CHRISTMAS.

The decoration of our church in her festival seasons has often been left entirely in my hands, and it seemed to be one of the ways in which I could offer a sweet-smelling tribute to the great Ruler of all things. The church itself is a cozy little place over fifty years old, with no pretensions to grandeur, but extremely neat in all its fittings. In the centre of the chancel stands a white marble font, between the lectern and the reading-desk. The first design I shall describe, I should have mentioned before, was at the institution of the Rector. We had but few flowers, but those we had did good service. In our garden a mammoth Fern was growing whose leaves formed a perfect vase or basket. This we dug up carefully and placed it in the bowl of the font. Then I made a cross of the choicest white flowers and fixed it in the centre of the fern basket, its delicate and graceful leaves forming an exquisite base. Around the outside I fastened a wreath of the most fragrant Roses, and trailing therefrom were long sprays of Clematis. The D.D. who performed the office of institution and for years charmed his hearers in Washington City, was pleased to speak of it in his sermon, practically taking his text from the thing of beauty it was. I took the beautiful Fern home, and although this was years ago it still stands in my garden a living souvenir of that occasion.

Again the Christmas decorations were left to me. Wreaths of Laurel and Pine festooned the walls. On the font I lavished most of my care, as it faced the congregation in the most prominent manner. Two large pieces of bark, with knots of Lichen, were placed on either side of the marble font and between the bright green Mosses of various species, held firmly to its place by black thread, the whole forming a perfect resemblance to an old tree stump some four or five feet high. At the foot of this a wreath of gay leaves of the brightest yellows and reds gathered in autumn, pressed and waxed, were placed and gave life to a large cross covered with Lichen (the relics of many a ramble through the woods), which extended upward from the old stump. From the arms of the cross, and depending from the marble bowl of the font, hung long sprays of the lovely Southern Gray Moss, seeming like a beautiful mist hovering all over and around the decoration. Oh, that in all things the North and the South could thus be blended, and so lovingly meet together and forget all past differences in the great future that in God's own good time will come to our nation!

At Easter, when the church sends forth her most joyous tones, it was my lot again to prepare the building for high festival. Pot plants banked in Moss were arranged in front of the chancel in pyramidal shape, and gay cut flowers which filled the font perfumed the air; but what most attracted attention and claimed the most praise was the work done at our own house, and which was kept a secret from all until it was put in position. A large shield, over four feet high, painted a delicate azure tint, with a silver border, was elevated over the pulpit. The words "Christ is Risen" were formed around the top of the shield. A large cross springing from a bed of Lilies occupied the centre and base of it. I never had seen anything like it, and evolved the plan from my "inner consciousness," as the Germans say, and was surprised myself, when it was completed, at its wondrous beauty, and can safely

assure readers of the CABINET that modifications of this idea will serve to adorn the parlor and provoke many words of praise from visitors. The letters were some three inches high and two inches in thickness, being cut out of several thicknesses of the whitest cotton wadding pasted together, causing them to stand out in relief, and much resembling letter sent from very heavy marble, and as against the blue background the effect was admirable. The cross was formed in the same way, and the Lily bed was cut from one thickness of the cotton, mounted on bonnet wire. A few pennies' worth of powdered mica and diamond dust was sprinkled over the whole, and here and there bits of it adhered to the cotton and background, making it to glitter with charming effect in the glare of the gas. The words "Christ is Risen," in pure white relief, seemed to re-echo back in constant refrain the notes of the sweet-voiced soprano of the choir, making the few strands of Spanish Moss that was hanging among the white Lilies to tremble in delight. A few grape tendrils dipped in melted white wax added not a little to the bed of Lilies. This lovely creation was a wonder to myself, and had I seen it in a Broadway or Chestnut street shop window, I should have had hard work to restrain my propensity for the purchase of pretty things.

We here in the country have to originate designs and carry them out as best we can, and I think an interchange of ideas between those who are so fortunate as to live in the great cities and the suburban dweller will result in good to each. Hoping these suggestions will find favor in your eyes and give some new ideas to those who delight in the making and owning of pretty things, I will simply sign myself,

LEWISTOWN.

PARLOR HOT HOUSE.

Some of your readers may be interested in an improvised hot house that once afforded me no little pleasure and amusement, and doubtless my "invention," which I have not secured by patent right, will be so improved upon by some cute Yankee, so modelled and dressed in less homely guise, that I will never recognize the child of my brain, in which ease I shall only have to join the noble band of martyrs recruited from the ranks of those who sow for others to reap. Several years ago I was for many weary months a prisoner in my own room, looking out of one window on the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and from two others southward on the fair Valley of the Shenandoah. November had come in bare and chilly, and the bleak winds that swept down from the mountains with rain and sleet destroyed the last vestige of autumnal beauty in my flower garden. Some of my special pets were already ranged on flower stands and brackets in my southern windows, encircled with Madeira vines and Parlor Ivy; but the prospect for winter bouquets was not encouraging. My Roses turned yellow and dropped their leaves; Geraniums seemed seized with a consumption and stood limp and well nigh lifeless in spite of all the tonics I could administer; and as for my Fuchsias, they persistently refused to be comforted for the loss of summer sun and gentle zephyrs, and stood with watery transparent stems, utterly bare of even a hint of bud or leaf. There they were! They would not die outright, and they gave no sign of coming vigorous life.

My room was warmed by the old-fashioned fireplace, roaring and cracking all day long, and black and cold all night. Long may they live, these relics of the olden time, in song and romance; but for nine-

teenth century comfort, commend me to a parlor heater or some such device of this prosaic age. I sat at my window one day feeling that it was really

"Hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae getting sour,
To think how things are shar'd—"

I wanted a hot house, and I longed for money to build one. Suddenly a fifteenth amendment, aged about ten years, rushed down the paved walk dragging after him a battered tin wash-boiler. A thought flashed into my brain, and opening my window I called, "Abraham Lincoln Jefferson Davis!" so christened by a prudent daughter of Ham as a compromise between her gratitude to "de 'liverer of my people" and her desire of propitiating her "old mars," whose faithful servant she remained. A. L. J. D. came and readily surrendered his right in the old boiler, and upon the promise of an unlimited supply of candy, undertook to find me two worn-out baking pans and fill them with woods earth. By dint of hammering, the dents in the old boiler were made to disappear, and it was treated to a good scraping and then a coating of green paint, which color happened to be convenient; brown would have been prettier. Then I had A. L. J. D. bore a row of holes all around the top, about two inches from the edge; then I procured a shallow bowl and poured into it some lard oil, placing in the oily bath two or three floating tapers—"witehes." A. L. J. D. came in with the pans of earth, which I thoroughly warmed before my hickory fire, and then returned to the pans after arranging for drainage. "Now, Abe, can you get me some pieces of pine board, and ask your father to come to me at dinner time with his hammer and saw?" Out of the boards I had old Sam construct two rude frames, closely fitting into the inside of the two earth-filled pans, and these I covered with panes of glass. My hot house was done. I had but to go to my ungrateful pots of flowers and cut off every stem and twig that had a semblance of vitality. These I planted in my pans, setting the boiler in a window, putting the pans on top of that and letting them alone in the day time, as I knew the heat of my room was then all sufficient; but about ten o'clock at night, when the fire began to burn low on the hearth, I lighted my tapers, and watering well, covered my cuttings with the glass and went to bed to sleep the sleep of a quiet conscience. I had done my duty by my plants; now let them perform their part. And they did! Night after night I would awaken in the silent watches, and the light streaming through the tiny air-holes of my hot house shone out like so many unwinking eyes, saying to me, "All right; just go to sleep; you see we are wide awake and attending to business." The way those things grew! By the middle of January my pans were a mass of green, and I was forced to transplant into pots and boxes enough thriving, healthy plants to fill my borders in the spring, after having delighted the weary invalid for hours with fragrance and beauty and the pleasant pastime of caring for them.

Now I am sure I have suggested an idea to somebody, who is very welcome; only, when elaborated, let me know the result. PHEBE SCOTT.

Baltimore, Md.

Gloxinias.—What kind of treatment do Gloxinia bulbs require during the second winter? 1. Does the plant die down in the fall? 2. Do the bulbs multiply? 3. Do the old bulbs blossom more than one season?

Monmouth, Me.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer—Keep dry and warm. 1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes.

Gossip with Correspondents.

The Thistle.—This plant was referred to in the October number by the offer of Mrs. Calvert to send a few seeds in the fall. She writes us: "I had no idea when I timidly made my offer that I was negotiating for an elephant. I received so many applications that I could only respond to each by sending two seeds, and I have now very few left. Will you permit me to say a few words as to their treatment? The Thistle is a native of a cold, moist climate, and Southern growers must govern their treatment accordingly. Plant reasonably early in rather rich, sandy soil, the same depth as seeds of similar size, and give at least two feet round the plant for growth. It grows most luxuriant in the shade, but the sun develops better flowers. Water well."

[Note by Editor.—In mercy to many correspondents who have no idea of our circulation we rarely ever insert any of the offers of exchange or gratuitous seeds, which are sent in. In every case we have done so, the avalanche of responses has been so great the lady has regretted her offer and written to stop it, but always too late. We remember one person who received 15,000 responses to a similar offer in one of our New York weeklies.]

Spanish Moss.—With regard to exchange of Spanish Moss for plants, I wish to state to the many who have favored me: First. I have received up to this date one hundred and thirteen letters, half as many packages, and no sign of cessation; and owing to my manifold household duties, it is impossible for me to dispatch the Moss as fast as they are received. Second. Many of the packages have had no clue but the similarity of writing to connect them with the letter, and in some cases I have totally failed to identify them. Some have been so dry as to be entirely worthless, while others are fresh and crisp. Third. Owing to the great number of proposals, I am anxious to see the end of exchange for the present, and request that no one else will respond to my proposal. Fourth. For these reasons my letter on Cacti and other plants will be indefinitely postponed, and if any other flower sister wishes to step in and fill the vacancy she has my permission. I hope my numerous correspondents will be charitable toward my shortcomings, and believe that the fear that some will be dissatisfied has almost destroyed my enjoyment of the many choice plants I have received.

MARY C. McCURDY.

The Passiflora.—I observed in your August number that one of your contributors, A. Walsh, desired information in regard to her Passiflora. The only treatment I know of, so used, was to plant them in good light soil in May, and they would soon cover one end of a veranda and bloom profusely all summer. The single variety grows in abundance spontaneously in my yard, and is quite as pretty as the double, and perfectly hardy. The double requires some protection through the winter. I will send the Passiflora to any of your contributors in exchange for other plants or dried flowers and mosses. I have another beautiful climber that is perfectly hardy. I call it the Wild Rose because of its resemblance to a rose. The bloom is beautiful; it is large and double, a beautiful pink color. I would like to exchange Geraniums, Heliotropes, &c. Of the latter I have three varieties, and quite a number of Geraniums. I will send either of the varieties for other plants. I have a great many other plants I will exchange with my floral friends. I have had remarkably good luck in growing plants this fall. They are the prettiest I have seen, most of them budding and some blooming. I have a new, large, roomy pit opening from my dining-room, and if it proves a success I will tell you how it is arranged. I am particularly anxious to get a few of those beautiful dried flowers and mosses the CABINET so often speaks of. We have no pretty mosses here. What an indispensable little friend the CABINET is. It is my most welcome visitor. It always has a happy greeting at our threshold. Every countenance beams with delight around the fireside when it is being read. I wish it was a weekly visitor instead of a monthly, the months seem so long. Any desiring to make the exchanges I speak of, address Carlisle, Kentucky.

Mrs. C. W. MUNGER.

Soil for Plants.—Knowing that nearly every lady in the city finds it hard to get manure of the right quality for her plants, I thought this suggestion might be of some use to them. Gather up the falling leaves and put them in an old box, or in some obscure corner where they will not have to be removed. After getting all you want, pile them in as close quarters as possible, then throw on them all of your dish water, wash water, or any water that will help to make them rot. Every week or two take a stick and turn the leaves over, and keep on doing this until they are all rotten, which they will be in a short time, and you will have as good a manure as any florist could want. If you could get the droppings from a cow and put them in an old

dish and pour water on them, let it stand for a day or two, then take the liquid and pour it around the roots of the plant, it will give it a dark green color and make it grow very fast; but in putting the last named on the roots do not let any get on the leaves. As nearly every lady has some plant which they cannot pot, from its large size, they would be very glad to know of some way in which they can enrich the soil without going to the trouble of taking the plant out of the pot. By putting the liquid on every month it will make the soil nearly as rich and do the plant as much good as if they had put it in rich soil.

Newark, N. J.

J. H. CASTERLINE.

Maryland Biscuit.—Your correspondent, Mrs. K., of Oregon, asks for a recipe for making Maryland biscuits, and as I consider mine the true article I willingly furnish it, as follows: Three pounds Patapsco family flour sifted, six ounces lard, a heaping teaspoon of salt, mix well together, then add about a pint of water or milk; beat until the dough blisters; bake in a quick heat.

Mrs. SUSAN C. GRAPE.

Agapanthus Lily.—I have an Agapanthus Lily several years of age; the first year it did well and bloomed; shortly after this I divided it, cutting the root in two; since that time each part grows thriftily but neither blossoms nor buds. I wish to know first, does the old stock ever bloom but once? second, was it wrong to separate it? and third, what kind of soil, treatment, etc., should they receive?

Answer.—1. The old flower stem blooms but once, but new stems come from same stock. 2. Not if you wished more plants. 3. Any good rich soil, with abundance of water.

Questions about Lilies.—My Liliun Chalcedonicum grew about three inches high, then began to die. I went down to the bulb, found some little white worms, and then transplanted. Is there any hope of its coming up again? I have a L. Longiflorum in a pot by itself; it has been in good soil since May 6th; the bulb seems sound, but it has never come up. Can you tell me what is the cause of it, and will it come up yet?

Stockwell, Ind.

Mrs. CARRIE L. STALLARD.

Answer.—1. Probably the large bulbs have decayed, you had better take them up and replant in a fresh place, your position may be too wet or too dry. 2. The worm explains the decay of the bulbs, treat as above; do not use any fresh manure in planting. 3. Longiflorum will probably grow in its proper season; May was six months too late to pot it; this species commences to grow in October.

Melon Cactus.—Will you be kind enough to tell me what kind of treatment is best for a Melon Cactus?

Answer.—Give good drainage and little water at any time and, if a large plant, none in the winter.

Fuchsias.—1. I would like to ask, through the columns of the more than welcome CABINET, if old or wooded Fuchsias, that have bloomed all summer, will winter well in the cellar? 2. What time should roses be repotted and trimmed, before or after resting? 3. Will India ink wash out of white cotton goods? I made some phantom tides and spattered with India ink, bought at Ann Arbor, Mich., I used Fern leaves, and they received much praise. I gave one to a friend, and in a few weeks she returned the muslin, but the beautiful designs had all washed out. If any of your readers wish to arrange leaves, be sure and not overlap them, let them be distinct.

Cass County, Mich.

O. E. CHAPMAN.

Answer.—1. Yes. 2. After. 3. Will some of our lady correspondents oblige by replying to this?

Ferns.—1. What is best for winter greenhouse Ferns, soil for pots, etc., also treatment? 2. Also, what to do for Jasmine, and must I keep them in the house? 3. Name a few good winter-blooming parlor plants, etc.

E. J. T.

Answer.—1. Few Ferns will grow well in a room, unless in a glass case, but any good open soil with good drainage, as the plants, when in full growth, require abundance of water. 2. Both Jasmine and Musk are best cut off doors in summer, and should have rich soil; the Musk requires plenty of moisture, and the Jasmine pruning well in after flowering. 3. The following are good parlor plants: Camellias, Azaleas, Bouvardias, Carnations, Poinsettias, Fuchsias, Crab Cactus, Echeverias, Crassula, Daphne, Begonias, and Geraniums.

Calla Lily.—1. Will some of your readers be so kind as to give their mode of treatment for the Calla Lily? I have three fine large ones, just a year old, and am anxious to know how old they will have to be before blooming. 2. Also, of the Jerusalem Cherry? Mine blooms finely but bears no cherries.

L. T. M.

Answer.—1. Give rich soil and abundance of water when in full growth, and keep dry from June to September, then shake all the soil away and pot as above; our plants flower from young shoots the first year.

Plants to grow in water.—1. Will you kindly tell me, through the CABINET, which plants will grow best in water? I have some broken goblets and preserve dishes I wish to use as hanging baskets. Do you think any plants would grow without drainage? 2. Does the Hydrangea require much water? 3. What treatment do you advise for Callas?

Answer.—1. Water Lilies, Calla Lilies, Arrowheads, Pontederia, Water Lettuce, and other plants, according to space; nothing but water plants will grow without drainage. 2. Yes, when growing? 3. For winter blooming we keep dry in the summer.

Plants for Borders.—1. I wish to know the names of some flowers that would do well in the border, during the hot summer months. I have tried now for several years to have a good flower yard, and I can say the yard is there but only a few flowers. The thermometer shows, during mid-day, sometimes 130°, and rain is scarce. 2. I wish to know if it is possible to raise a Victoria Regia in the open air? 3. How large a tank would it take to hold one? 4. Where could I procure the roots or seed? In winter, the temperature with us is never below 20° during the night, and hardly ever below 32° in day-time, in the shade.

A MAN THAT LOVES FLOWERS.

Answer.—1. Lantanas, Heliotrope, Geraniums, Cannas, Caladiums, Gardenias, Jasmines, Yuccas, Arums, and many others, which the local florists could name. 2. Yes, if started early in a hot-house. 3. Not less than thirty feet in diameter. 4. In Europe, through any of the large seedsmen there, they would probably charge a dollar a seed.

Gas-light.—Is gas-light injurious to plants more than astral oil, or ought the room to be lighted at all at night?

A CONSTANT READER.

Answer.—Gas is always injurious to plants, but not very much so, if burned only two or three hours a day, and plants well ventilated; oil lamps will not injure plants. Plants need pure atmosphere; common sense says, give it to them, and not keep your rooms too close.

A Wardian Case.—I have had very poor success in keeping a window garden, on account, I suppose, of gas in the room, both burning and from the coal stove. One winter I thought surely we would succeed, if it were possible; so we had a large glass case made, to stand on the flower table; it was about six feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high. In the bottom of the case we spread sand to the depth of two or three inches, we then placed our flower-pots in it and kept them well sprinkled. The case had a very good southern exposure, and the top could be easily lifted off, to allow fresh air to circulate freely. This seemed, however, to be of no avail, for the plants seemed to wilt and die, just as they had been doing before without it. We gave up, finally, in despair, and put the case in the garret, out of sight. Now, if you can tell me the cause of our poor success, I would be exceedingly obliged to you for the information. Do you think it would succeed in a room without either fire or gas?

Answer.—Take your plants out of the pots; if you have not got space, build a deep basin at bottom of the case, four inches deep, fill with good earth, put your plants in, then water twice or three times a week; keep top closed, and do not open unless there is a surplus moisture inside; put broken charcoal and pottery below the earth; see that the water drains off and does not stand, and your plants will grow successfully.

Questions.—If it is not too much trouble, will you please answer a few questions through your columns: 1. How can I keep the worms away from my Roses? 2. Which is right, Wistaria or Wisteria? 3. Is the Easter Lily the same thing as the Calla? If not, what is the difference? 4. Do people now think flowers are bad in a sleeping-room at night?

ALLIE.

Answer.—1. If you mean Rose slugs, throw dust over them, or tobacco soap, or carbolic soap, diluted in water. 2. Wistaria is right. 3. The Calla Lily is the only Lily in bloom at time of Easter, although the Liliun Longiflorum is being forced for Easter purposes. 4. Flowers are not injurious in sleeping rooms, not half so much so as the bad breath of occupants who do not ventilate at all.

Answering Questions.—The editor would gladly answer all questions, personally, by letter, or in THE FLORAL CABINET, but the task is so great, and we receive so many thousand letters, we must beg pardon for our deficiency of time and space. Our spirit is willing and glad to oblige, but we can only select such as are most important. We are glad to have our readers contribute their experience, how they succeeded. Such items as these are the best answers to questions. "Offers to exchange" plants, we cannot find space for, except occasionally. Inquiries desiring an immediate reply, if accompanied with twenty-five cents, will be sent to a competent florist, with directions to send full information by private letter. These statements are necessary, so the reader must not feel neglected or disappointed. We do the best we can with such an army of admirers.

Floral Contributions.

HOW A PRETTY ROOM WAS DECORATED.

I must tell you about my birthday present. At the close of a ten months' hard study at school, I was allowed the pleasure of making a visit to a friend's house in a neighboring village, with the understanding that I was to return home on the 7th day of last August, which was my fourteenth birthday. After a pleasant time of a few weeks, a summons came for me to return to my home, and I was most agreeably surprised, upon entering a handsomely-furnished room, to be told that it was my birthday present. It had originally been my room, but so completely changed that one could have never recognized it as being the same. It had been repapered, painted and varnished, and furnished entirely new from one side to the other. The paper on the walls was sky-blue, with heavy buff bordering. The wood work of the room was painted in imitation of maple, to match the bordering. The carpets were composed of remnants of three-ply, purchased at the low price of eighty cents per yard, and so arranged as to appear to have been pieced by design. I have, you see, a new three-ply carpet for half price, which is greatly admired by all who see it. The wardrobe, bedstead and bureau are veneered with walnut; the lambrequins over the window are ruffled and faced back with red oil-cloth calico, mounted and looped back with red worsted cords and balls; the cornice is composed of rustic work, straight at the bottom and scalloped at the top, the scallops at the centre and at each corner being wider than those in between. A basket formed from the globe of a broken goblet, with red zephyr filled with grapes and flowers, hung between the curtains just below the cornice. Over the cornice hung the motto, "Our Father shall give His Angels Charge Over Thee," embroidered in variegated red zephyr and framed with a rustic frame. On each side of the window is hung a cornucopia of rustic work filled with feather flowers and dry grapes. Above this hang oil cromos in rustic frames to match the cornucopias, all hung with coarse worsted cord and tassels to match. The wash-stand is a dry goods box of just the proper dimensions, with castors to make it easily moveable; curtains to correspond with the lambrequin tacked on all sides, and a white marble oil-cloth with a two-inch edging crocheted with red zephyr for the top; a beautiful set of red and white mats for the wash-stand set; a screen at the back, to correspond with the curtains, the full length of the stand about eighteen inches wide. Above this hangs a bracket with one drawer and two shelves. On these shelves are arranged various little articles of interest; the whole arrangement, exclusive of the bracket, costing only seventy cents. On the stand was a beautiful chamber set, a present from "big brother." Over the bed hung a rose-colored mosquito bar, with a cornice of rustic work around the top four inches in width; on the bed was a pair of beautiful pillow-cases embroidered in red and a beautiful pattern for the bureau. There was also a beautiful set of mats and a toilet given me by my little sister, and a handsome comb and brush given me by a schoolmate; also, various other little articles, presents from friends. In the centre of the room was a handsome work-stand, a present from my father, and on it were two bound volumes of the FLORAL CABINET and an autograph album, with this written on the first page: "A happy birthday for my little daughter, and as this day returns in each succeeding year, may it find her adorned by

every grace and crowned by every virtue. As she grows in years so may she increase in wisdom," to which was attached the autograph of my kind father. On each side of my stove is a pair of ottomans made of boxes covered with pieces of carpeting stuffed with moss and supplied with castors; they are cheap and convenient. On the wall is a hanging basket made of hoop-skirt wire, tied with candle-wick and dipped in melted wax, composed of one part of beeswax to two parts of rosin, and colored with five cents' worth of vermilion to give it the appearance of coral. Fastened on the handle of the basket is a stuffed pigeon in the act of alighting, with a paper in its mouth, intending to represent a carrier-pigeon. In the basket are the numbers of this year's CABINET, to which my mamma says I am indebted for my present. If so, I hope that every mother in the land will subscribe for it and treat their little daughters as my mamma has me. Over one dozen pictures adorned the walls of my room, most of them with frames of rustic work made by my good mamma. Two are made of brown wrapping paper, and resemble carved wood work, some of straw and others of pine cones. LADY M. FOWLER.

PLANTS FOR SHADY PLACES.

I was much interested in Mr. Drew's article in the September CABINET, concerning plants for shady places. I have been obliged to pay especial attention to that subject, having two shaded beds in the centre of my garden. One is much shadier than the other, there being two hard maples to cover it, and they make such a dense cover that even the dew hardly gets under them. I find Fuchsias do the best there, either sinking the pots, or, if old plants, setting them out, but they must be faithfully watered. The blue Day Lily blooms nicely in the densest shade here, and so do Begonias, especially the grape variety. Larkspurs bloom prettily, too, but they make rather straggling plants. Toward the edge of the shaded portion, I find that the Centaurea Gymnocarpa and the variegated Abutilon grow splendidly, and Coleus flourish also; but Geraniums don't like this corner.

My other bed is shaded by but a single large tree—a Balm of Gilead—which has a rather loose foliage; and the best is that not only do the plants look thrifty, but they would not do as well anywhere else. At the edges I have Geraniums; then a white-flowered Begonia, with plain green foliage. I think it is called the Conchshell. It blooms all the time, and is a most beautifully shaped plant. Grouped round the tree trunk, in pots, is Eupatorium and Libonia taking care of themselves, except as to water, for the summer. A Coleus leans against the trunk almost and grows like a weed, but a broken bough gives it the sun for two hours in the morning. Another pot holds a Farfugium Grande, whose yellow spotted leaves have been greatly admired this summer. I have owned it but a few months, so I want some of the CABINET authorities to tell me how to winter and how to propagate it. Being a bulb, I should think it ought to be dried off. A Curemna variegated also lives near, and I don't know what to do with it either. The tuber came from the Brazilian department of the Centennial Exposition, and was not potted until some time in June, and is now about ten inches high, not variegated in the least. I was delighted to have Mr. Drew recommend Candy-tuft for shaded places. Never having raised a respectable piece of that indispensable flower, it gives me courage to try again. Speaking of Marigolds, I hope that charming little plant, the Tagetes Signata (Pumila), is in every garden that the CABINET visits.

It is by far the best of the family, the Fern-like foliage being excellent for bouquets. These trees of mine, though for a long time a trouble, I now consider the greatest treasure in my garden, for they give me a bed to the north of them, shaded from the sun, yet fully exposed to the light and air, in which my Geraniums luxuriate, growing and blooming marvellously. I never see such fine plants anywhere else, and I ascribe their extra beauty to the location mainly, assisted by liquid manure and soapsuds, applied once a week. I hope to hear about the Farfugium and Curemna very soon. Mrs. J. H. B.

Dyer, Ind.

NYMPHÆA ODORATA.

I have tried the plant two years in succession, but on account of much bothering with it the first year, my experience has been rather "checkered with good and evil," and my Lilies finally came to naught altogether, in this wise:

I had at first a molasses hogshead, and having wintered the roots in an old tin oil can, I planted them in the hogshead, being puzzled whether to lay them flat in the dirt or to set them up on the end. I, however, decided to do the latter, and they did well for a while, until I noticed the water gradually turning blacker and blacker, and the plants not doing quite so well, which I think was on account of too much manure. I next planted them in a barrel, but at last went back to the hogshead, in which the plants grew until the vessel "burst all to smash," letting out the water, when I was done, and gave it up in disgust for that year. During all this bad treatment my Lilies kept on growing, and Mr. J. E. S. Crandall, of whom I had purchased the roots, very kindly also kept on answering my letters of inquiry.

My experience this year, however, has been very different. I purchased four more roots from Mr. Crandall, prepared a whiskey barrel by sawing it in two above the hoop next to the middle, and did exactly as directed by Mr. Crandall, laying the roots flat in the dirt, which is garden soil without any manure whatever, filling the tub with rain-water and letting it alone, sitting in a sunny place.

And right here I would remark that I think a whiskey barrel preferable to a molasses barrel, on account of the molasses retained in the wood, forming an acid in the water, which is the contrary of what we need for the health and growth of plants. This is, however, only a surmise of mine, and may be incorrect.

All of the four roots bloomed and otherwise did well. The blooms open early in the morning and close toward evening, each single one lasting three or four days. They are of marvellous beauty, rivalled by nothing I have seen yet in the shape of a white flower, except the "Koenigin der Nacht."

I shall, however, try the hogshead tub again the next year, as I think the water surface of a barrel too small, thereby greatly cramping the leaves and spoiling the appearance of the plant. I also think it necessary to keep the water in the tub to the depth of two feet, as I had occasion to visit a section of South Carolina where they grow wild, during the past summer, and saw the Nymphæa grow in mere puddles, and bloom well. Altogether, the Nymphæa is to be recommended for the following reasons:

It does not drown in wet weather, nor parch up during a dry season, and needs no other work except keeping the tub full of water, of which any kind will do, though rain or brook water is preferable.

THE MAN THAT LOVES FLOWERS.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"And it was then the good pastor wrote to your uncle here in America?"

"Yes, it was then he wrote, and my uncle replied at once, and arranged for my voyage. He sent money to pay the passage, and appointed the ship in which I was to sail, and the day he would meet me in New York. The good friends of my father and mother sold all our small effects—the unpublished music, the dear old violin, a real Cremona—the humble things we had always used. They made a little purse for me, and bade me adieu with tears and prayers."

"How strange that your uncle failed to keep his appointment," said Winnie, musingly.

"Oh, that was the terrible moment, when I found myself alone in a strange country, there at the busy crowded wharf, and all were hurrying from the ship. Then your good cousin Bradley saved me from despair. He had been most kind during the voyage, in the terrible *mal-de-mer*. Finding me all alone he sought occasion to speak. He helped me to the deck and cheered me with pleasant words. When he saw me now, pale and scared, as no one came to claim me, he spoke to me gently, and soothed my fears, and at last he took me from the ship and passed my little box through the customs. I knew the name of the hotel where my uncle was to lodge. He went with me there, and made all possible inquiries. For three days he worked and sought, while I remained alone in that terrible hotel. He engaged the police, but no such man as Walter Freeborn could be found; and then he told me he had secured a home for me in the country, to teach the French and music to a young cousin. But we do not work, *ma chere*, at the French; I cannot induce you to touch the keys of the piano."

"Oh, by-and-by we will begin French," said Winnie, carelessly, "but I have no taste for music, and why should I pin you down to that drudgery when it would not do me a particle of good? I want to enjoy you as a luxury. Virginia, at least for the present. I do not need a governess, but I do need a friend, a sister, some one to love with all my heart. Bradley for once has shaken off his early habits, and shown himself indefatigable in your service. I shall always bless him for giving you to me. I had to struggle with papa, and contend with mamma about you, but that was only fun. When Bradley and I are married, and have grown indifferent, or perhaps are hating each other devoutly, I shall always remember his kindness to you, and the blessing he conferred upon me by sending you to this dreadful old house."

Virginia did not speak. She sat with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down.

"Bradley has written to that town in Nevada where your uncle lived, has he not?"

"O yes, he has written, and the answer came that Walter Freeborn had removed from there months ago. No one knows where he is at present, but Monsieur Halcourt has put an advertisement—what do you say in English?—into one of the great papers that goes everywhere. My uncle, if he is alive, will see it; he will come for me to-day—to-morrow—next week," she added with a kind of awe in her pale face.

"He shall not have you," retorted Winnie, seizing hold of her dress. "He has no claim upon you now, when he left you in your need to the tender mercies of strangers; you belong to me, and we are never to be separated far, for I will provide for your future."

Virginia turned slightly pale. "God disposes," she murmured.

"We must go in now," said Winnie, getting up lazily and gathering the things from the grass; "that dreadful old priest has come, I suppose; it is a penance to sit with him at table, he has such dirty hands, and such a sloppy way of eating. They say at Cloverbrook that he sits barefooted in his garden, and sleeps for hours every day. He is only an Irish peasant with a tanned head; but mamma would get down and let him tread on her if he so ordered."

"She does not regard him as a man," said Virginia.

"Nor I," returned Winnie, with a little scornful laugh; "he seems more like a pig."

As the two girls entered the hall door, they were confronted by a strange group. Edgar was there looking pained and miserable, and Mrs. Braithwaite had sunk upon a chair and covered her face with her trembling hands. Father Dooley, with his slovenly shoes untied, his mottled hands not too clean, his long flapping coat skirts, and vulgar, common face, now quite white and tremulous, was moving towards the door, for the old judge was menacing him with his stick from the top of the staircase, waving it quite wildly, and looking like an aged vulture, ready to pounce down and tear something with his cruel claws and beak.

"Get out of my house," he cried to the priest, "and never darken these doors again."

"I am about my master's business," said the priest, with a strong Irish brogue.

"You're a hypocrite and a gormandizer," screeched the wicked old man; "you make it a business to hoodwink silly women, and

rob them of their money. Ugh, get along with you. I won't have you on the premises. If he don't move lively, Swayne set on the dog."

"Oh, pardon me, father," cried Mrs. Braithwaite, sinking in a lumpish way upon her knees. The priest extended his hand over her head.

"Bear up under persecution, my daughter. Power from the blessed saints will be bestowed upon ye." And he took his way out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

"O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!"

Another beautiful morning in that leafy country, with a merry little breeze sending light sends of purple cloudlets over the green hillsides, that smiled and grew sober alternately, like a roguish dimpled child's face. There was the pride of the meadow and the milky alder blowing in wild hedgerows, and everywhere the twittering of birds and the flutter of butterflies' wings. The lanes where cows plodded early and late, were buried deep in gadding grapevines, and the wild smatch and straggling clematis. Blackberry bushes sprang up everywhere along stone walls and waysides, and were burdened with green and red fruit. The whole land was crowned with the luxuriance and glory of the mid-summer.

Virginia had seated herself in a low rocking chair on her favorite Eastern porch, under a brilliant wreath of the trumpet vine. Here she could see the blue hump of Saddle Back, and catch a glimpse of the shining mirror of the lake, called Glenmere, and a turn of the elm-shaded road, where a great wagon, loaded with golden grain, was creaking on toward the barn. She was dressed in a light huff wrapper of cheap cotton—for her gowns, though of the simplest, were generally in light and delicate hues, and had the quality of always looking fresh and unrumpled. Her lap was half filled with brilliant petunias, fuchsias, and salvias, mixed with fragrant sprigs of mignonette, heliotrope, and a few large dark pansies. A round stand was drawn up beside her with some quaint old wine glasses upon it, in which she was arranging her flowers.

Winnie was seated on a stool, a little way off, with her long, slim hands elapsed easily around her knees, and the masses of her dark hair just ready to tumble from the pins that confined it. Her hat, a coarse straw one, with a red ribbon twisted around it, had fallen back and was hanging by the strings to her neck.

Steenie lolled on the step below, with his ragged elbow holding down the fluttering leaves of a primer, while with a sharp stick, in the other hand, he prodded a slimy black beetle.

"You are like a picture," said Winnie, watching Virginia, "but I can't fuss over flowers as you do, I am too impatient to study artistic effects; I love great masses of color, splendid reds, and purples, and blues, and if I had not some standard of taste outside my own instincts, I should dress like a gypsy or a squaw. But you, Virginia, are a womanly woman down to your pink finger tips. You were born to pet birds and flowers, and sing little love songs, and make some man insufferably vain and conceited with your boundless devotion."

"There, you are making sport of me," said Virginia, looking up with a smile in her eyes; "you are wishing to say that a womanly woman is, how shall I say it—contemptible?"

"No, I am not, Virginia; but I could not be such a one if I tried. I am an anomaly, and ought to have been born a boy. That would have suited papa and me much better, but it is weak and silly to bemoan one's sex. I shall have to try and put up with myself. Come, Steenie, let me hear you read."

"Yes, Missy," responded Steenie, as he reluctantly raised himself to a sitting posture, and allowed the beetle to escape. "I see powerful fond o' larnin'."

"Powerful fond o' larnin' mischief and evil," said old Nanna, sticking her shiny face out of the kitchen door.

"I'm afraid that's true," remarked Winnie, seriously. "Steenie, you were more than half tipsy that day you went out in the boat with Finster."

"'Twas that pore white trash, Sandy, as done gone 'ticed me to it," said Steenie, feeling safe under Winnie's guns. "De ole 'ooman was onreasonable savage and aggravatin'. Its Gandy, little Miss, as is allus drivin' me to destruction wid her dreful bad temper; but I wasn't no time off my legs from de apple-jack dat dar day in de boat."

"I 'low I was riled," murmured old Nanna, half convicted, "by dat dar ole priest of Belzyhubby; felt suthin' workin' inside like de stuff in a winegar harl—if dar isn't no hung-hole de bar'l busts."

"I don't no how like to hab de hung-hole made frew my head," remarked Steenie.

"You ran away and left no one to do a hand's turn about the place," said Winnie, with a clear, steady look of arraignment in her dark eyes. "When Father Dooley was sent off, Mr. Edgar was obliged to fetch his horse."

Steenie sniggered out, "I jess to see Mass'r Edgar sarvin' de ole boy!"

"Pears I know, remarked Nanna, with a twinkle in her eye, "what done gone an' roused ole Mass'r. 'Twas de smell oh de chicking eokin' in de pot, for de priest's dinner. He's got powerful sharp smellers, honey, and he couldn't 'bide dat no way. De ole Mass'r hasn't 'pear'd like hisself sence dat time. He's dat trembly as a leaf, and twice he's shook his stick and drove me out ob de room, as he never did to ole Nanna no time afore now. 'Pears he's broke fast these few days."

"Poor papa," said Winnie, with a sigh, "that encounter with the

priest was too much for him. He had not taken a step before for six months, and I can see that he's not himself, for he is terribly irritable even with me."

Old Nanna waddled away, shaking her head ominously.

Winnie sat for a moment with her chin dropped in the palm of her hand. "Virginia," said she, suddenly, "I never saw a better piece of breeding than Edgar's treatment of the priest; he dislikes him like poison, but he felt the old man had been ill-treated, and he served him as if he had been a saint out of heaven. Did you not think it fine, Mousie?"

"I admired him for doing a kind action."

"There, I knew you admired him, and I shall make him happy by telling him so."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Virginia, clasping her hands together with an imploring air. "Why are you so cruel? Why do you love to torment poor Mr. Edgar?"

Winnie gave an impatient twist to her shoulders, and turning away, bestowed her attention on Steenie's lesson. "Come, you little scapegrace, let me hear you read. What is that word?"

Steenie scratched his wool, cocked his head from side to side, and eyed the word suspiciously. "I knows dat dar word well enuf by sight, but I can't no how call him by name. Dat am strange how a pusson'll know a word when you hears him spoke, but can't tell nothin' 'bout him when you sees hissen's likeness. I tells you what, little Missy, if you'll agree to let me off on de readin' I'll show you de peartest pair o' game chickens you eber sot eyes on."

"Where did you get game chickens, Steenie?"

"I kotehed 'em."

"You don't mean to tell me you have been stealing?"

"No, Missy. Don't 'cuse me wrongfully. Dat's what dey calls bearing false wickedness. I'll tell you de livin' truf. Gandy's ole man, my granddaddy, had a big Bible, full of picturs, dat he used to preach and 'spound out ob on Sunday. He could read all but de biggest words, an' dem he guessed at powerful well. But Gandy can't read a hooter; she only use de ole book to kneel down on when she's prayin' to de Lord dat I may he saved from de galluses, an' fire unquenchable; an' she puts it in under her pillar when she hab got a misery in her head, or tinks she's been tricked, or dat kine ob foolin'. Skinny Dater, he took a notion to de picturs, an' offered dat pair ob lubly game fowls. An' see here," with a tug under his waistband, bringing up a large brass watch, attached to a huge chain of the same metal, "he's gwine to let me carry dis to boot, for a munf or two."

"You wicked hoy," Winnie was shaking with ill-suppressed laughter, while a look of real dismay came into Virginia's face. "Do you mean to tell me that you have sold your poor old grandfather's Bible for a pair of fighting cocks, and the privilege of carrying about a brass watch?"

Steenie hung his head.

"Go this minute and get the book back, or I will tell mammy."

"Little Missy," said Steenie, with an air of injured innocence, "I'd have my han' chopped squar' off if you tola me to, but it do come powerful tough to gib up dem lubly chickings. Ef Skinny Dater has ent out dem picturs, I shall hab to paste in some from de Perlee Gazette. Gandy has gone hline, an' 'twont signify, she'll nebber know de difference."

Winnie was still shaking spasmodically, and had her back turned toward the young scapegrace as he took himself off.

"I see you don't approve of my method of hiring up that boy," said she, looking with mock humility into Virginia's face.

"I am only afraid he will some day break his old grandmother's heart."

"No danger of that, for the good predominates in Steenie. Don't you see how easy it is to control him through his affections. But I can't help sympathizing with the idle, vagabond side of human nature. The world would be insufferably stupid if everybody was good. I don't take to my book any more than Steenie does. I have learned what little I know because I have been ashamed of being called an ignoramus, and one can accomplish by force of will anything one sets one's self about. I yawn over a novel, even, after ten minutes. You, dear, are a little Minerva of wisdom, but I am half a savage. I want to learn facts and things at first hand. I love to live, and feel the rain, and the sun, and the flowing wind; I could kiss the dear old earth because I am alive, for pure joy." Learning back, with half-shut eyes, she added, "It is a wonder I ever took to a perfectly good person like you, Virginia. Mr. Edgar is perfectly good, but I detested him for a long time, and can only now do him justice when he is out of my sight."

Virginia gave her a glance of reproach, as she selected a tea-rose bud from the fragrant heap in her lap. "It is unkind to over-praise me," said she, "but I know all you say of Monsieur Edgar is true."

"He is more than good, he is a hero!" exclaimed Winnie, suddenly straightening herself and opening her eyes. "He was always very religious, so he has told me, and he educated himself for a preacher with great effort, for he was poor and had no friends that could help him; finally, he went away from the theological school with the highest honors. He became the pastor of a rich church that almost adored him for his eloquence and fervor; but one day there came a change; Edgar had studied and looked deeper into things. He could not preach the old doctrine, for he believed he had got hold of a new truth; he was impelled to speak out his convictions, and the church hissed him away. He was disgraced and could get no place or employment: it was then that papa found him by advertising, and here is one of the most eloquent men of the day tied down to ungenial drudgery, and eking out a livelihood by chance literary work, because he would be true to himself."

"That is grand," said Virginia, "it is like the confessors and martyrs of old; and living true to one's best self may be harder than dying for the faith; but why," she added, looking straight at her companion, "do you treat him so unkindly? Why do you mock as if you believed nothing?"

"There is but little that I do believe," returned Winnie, with a careless laugh. "My father has taught me to doubt, and there is a delight in tormenting some people I cannot resist. But don't view me with such horror, Mousie, as if I were a monster of iniquity. If I have given Edgar wounds, perhaps I can pour in oil and wine. Nothing would make him so happy as an independent church, with an assured support, where he could preach without fear or favor. I have thought of giving him this. I could do it when I come of age, and get control of the fortune my grandfather left me."

"O, you are a noble creature!" exclaimed Virginia.

"In spite of all my unpardonable sins, and the contradictions of my nature. Do you know what I think you were made for, Mousie?"

Virginia shook her head.

"For a clergyman's wife. Think of what a comfort you would be to the old women and children, and young mammas. How sweet and perfect a life you would lead in that calm repose that would drive me raving, distracted, and make me break all the commandments at one and the same moment."

A violent rush of color came over Virginia's fair face, and her hands trembled so that the flowers dropped out of them. "Do not try to order my life for me," she said, in a low, pained voice. "It would be better that I should drift away, far away, among strangers, I know not where."

Before Winnie could answer this half-suppressed outburst of passion and sorrow, so unusual in the gentle girl before her, Mr. Edgar Swayne presented himself on the vine-clad porch, and bowed gravely to the young ladies.

"Miss Braithwaite, your father requests that you will wait upon him in his study."

"Now I am in for a lecture," said Winnie, with a careless laugh. "Mr. Swayne, won't you take my seat here on the stool. I have been adoring Virginia. You know every fair saint ought to have a worshiper."

"We are forbidden to fix our eyes on earthly idols," returned Edgar, and he looked searching at Winnie.

She colored a little on her dark cheek, in spite of herself, as she brushed past him, giving a slight impatient twist to her shoulders, which was habitual.

He sat down rather awkwardly on the stool, as he had been ordered, but Virginia was ill at ease, and pushed her chair nervously back from the little stand, with its glowing flower vases, and made Hector, the hound, yelp with pain, as the rocker grazed his paw.

"Don't let me embarrass you, Mademoiselle Duval," said he in a low voice, picking up some flower stalks that had fallen on the floor, "but I have a favor to ask of you. There seems to be a bond of union between us, a kind of kinship in misfortune, for we are both very singularly situated in this house."

Virginia gave another little hitch to her chair; she dreaded to enter upon confidences with Monsieur Edgar, for her nerves were still vibrating from the effect of Winnie's thoughtless words. But Edgar was too thoroughly engrossed in his own emotions to remark her manner.

"We find ourselves very singularly placed here," he repeated, "and I want to ask you if you think Miss Braithwaite desires to have me remain? I should have gone away long before had not the idea suggested itself that under circumstances not unlikely to arise, I might assist her in carrying out her plans, or in some manner be of service to her. Her father's state of health seems to me very precarious. He is falling much faster than his family seem to realize, and should he die suddenly, she would be helpless and almost alone."

"Miss Braithwaite would never be helpless," said Virginia, in a low voice, evading the question she was determined not to answer.

"You mean that she has a great deal of latent force of character; that she would develop a strength of will, firmness of purpose, and clearness of vision, no one now gives her the credit of possessing. I understand all that as no one else can. But tell me, do you think she would wish to have me remain here?" and he looked fixedly in her face.

Virginia's heart was beating tumultuously. Of all things on earth, at that moment, she did desire that he should leave Halcourt Hall, for she felt, in a vague, half-terrified way, that destiny was entangling the threads of their lives, and against such a chance her whole nature revolted. She could not truthfully deny that Edgar Swayne, the eloquent ex-preacher and poor amanuensis, did enter into her friend's plans for the future, but now she looked at him with a face paler than he had ever before seen her wear, and said slowly: "Do you know, Monsieur, that Mademoiselle is betrothed to her cousin, Bradley Halcourt? Would not he be her natural helper and protector in a time of trial?"

Edgar returned her gaze with a fixed pallor and rigidity, as if incapable of replying. "I have heard," said he at last, with an effort, "some rumor of again uniting the old family name and estates, but it is a matter that must surely be left to her free choice. This Bradley as I am told, is a mere idler, a dilettante, a man of no moral earnestness."

"I know not what you mean," said Virginia, interrupting and flashing out upon him. "Monsieur Bradley is the noblest man I have ever known."

Edgar looked at her without comprehending what she had said. The emotions set throbbing within him seemed to cause a humming in his ears, and partial blindness. He arose from the stool and

mechanically took two or three steps, and then turned back and stood before Virginia, with an almost abject air of pleading. "Tell me," said he, in tones of entreaty, "does she love this—this cousin?"

Virginia wondered at the hardness of her heart. She answered in a clear, calm voice, "Do not the maidens in this country marry for love? It is in France that marriages of convenience are made."

Edgar turned again with a pale, miserable face, and went down the steps, and walked slowly away into the shrubbery.

Winnie was up in the judge's study, kneeling by the old man's arm-chair, where he sat well wrapped and swathed, although the day was sultry. His feet were thrust into a pair of old fur-lined carriage shoes, a rug was folded and tucked over his knees, and a worsted comforter encircled his throat; above which his face rose gray, pinched, and almost corpse-like. All the life in his body seemed concentrated in these wonderful eyes, that glittered and glared, and roved with ceaseless activity about the room.

"You are very ill," said Winnie, tenderly, with real alarm in her voice, as she chafed the chilly, numb old hands, that felt like a bundle of bones and parchment.

"Nothing serious," returned the old man, in a querulous, high-pitched growl; "I have been worse than this, and got up again, to the intense disgust and disappointment of those who wanted me to die, your mother especially. This time it's nothing but a chill, brought on by the excitement of having that cursed priest in the house. I haven't been warm since that day, and I suppose he would say I never would be, until the great burning."

"O, don't, papa," pleaded Winnie, with a shudder. "You are very ill, and ought to let me send for a doctor."

"Doctor!" screeched the old man as well as he could in the midst of a severe coughing fit, "I would as soon have a rattlesnake near me as a doctor. Next to the priestly tribe, I hate the men of pill-box and lancet. I have probed down to the depths of one profession, and I judge of the futility of the others by my own. They are all shallow, ignorant, grasping pretenders and hypocrites. I have found at the centre of the things I have searched, nothing but a pinch of dust. Who knows that there is anything more at the centre of the universe? It is all I shall be when I lie in the coffin. A pinch of dust—this brain has been called the acutest on the bench. When the spark goes out, nothing but a pinch of dust."

His voice had sunk to a gasping whisper, but now he roused himself, and added in his usual peevish tones, "But I am not going to die yet awhile. I won't die yet. Life is as stubborn as death when it hangs on to spite those that long to put us under gravel."

"O, this is dreadful," cried Winnie, as she hid her face against the arm of the chair.

"I don't mean you, child," with a slight softening in his tones, and he put his hand out towards her, and groped about as if a sudden blindness had seized him. "You are the only being that loves me, and the only creature I love. You are a part of myself. We love ourselves in loving our children. Love is only another name for selfishness. It is the sole principle that binds human beings together. I have tried to keep your mind free from superstition and prejudice, and you will see I have trusted you. It is what I have done to few. Distrust of human nature is one of the secrets of power, my child; distrust of human nature, and a knowledge of how to turn its weaknesses to account. But I know you have got the brain of a man, a clear head, and cool judgment. They call me miserly, but you will be no spendthrift. You will come to love money too, my girl, because it will insure the objects of your ambition. O, I know you, I know you all through and through."

The hollow cough seized him again and nearly bent him double; he sank back in his chair exhausted and panting, and when he had slowly come to life again, Winnie said: "I am glad you trust me, papa; that thought makes me very happy."

"I trust you," returned the judge, shrilling out his words, "because you are a Braithwaite clear through, with enough of the Halcourt strain to give you that pride and distinction that never justly belong to plebeians. If the blood of the nobodies had not replenished the veins of the rich aristocrats, they would have perished of inanition. I made myself by the force of intellect, and seized the prize; and I have saved and planned all these years for you, Winnie. I wonder now I have been so fond of you, my girl. It is a weakness I cannot understand. Your grandfather left you a good slice of the estate, that you will inherit when you come of age. It includes Halcourt Hall, and the mining property, and three farms in Dingley Hollow; and it has been gaining and making more all these years. I don't suppose you will drive your old father out of the house when you come to be your own mistress?"

"You are very cruel, papa," said Winnie, with tears in her eyes.

"There, don't cry, my girl. Your eyes were not made for tears. I like to see you assert yourself, and walk like a queen, and put yourself on people's necks. Don't turn into a meek, submissive sniveller. I am going to tell you what you will have one day in your own right, and it might turn a stronger head than you have got on your shoulders. You will be one of the richest girls in the country; for what your grandfather left you is only a drop in the bucket compared with the fortune you will inherit from me. You will be my sole heir. I have turned everything to the best advantage. I have made a crown a pound, as the old song says, and you will have it all, after your mother's dower is deducted. And, Winnie, promise me that you won't let those whining, beggarly priests come sneaking around the place, when I am gone. I won't have them canting over my body when it is in the coffin. I have got it all down in writing, and you must sign the paper. This old house shan't be turned into a papistical chapel, if I can help it. I will make my arm long enough to

reach beyond the grave. Your mother must be controlled. She is not fit to guide herself, and never has been. And, Winnie, there is one thing more."

"Yes, papa."

"Would you object to marrying your cousin Bradley?"

"Not if you wish it."

"I do wish it. That is, it is the best arrangement that can be made under existing circumstances."

"I thought you did not approve of Bradley."

"Nor do I. He has got the cursed taint of the Halcourts, the gangrene of all rich, old families, that are dying of slow decay. He is an agreeable cipher, a man in whom the will power has run down; but there is something I must confess to you, my girl."

"Don't do it now," pleaded Winnie, as she observed a flush of agitation in his manner, for his hands had grown hot, and were shaking as they unloosed the muffler from his neck. "I have perfect confidence in you, papa. Your slightest wish shall be my law. Don't excite yourself needlessly to-day, and you know it is not seemly that a father should confess to his child."

The old man choked and coughed violently for some minutes, with spasms and contortions that seemed to wrench the life out of his enfeebled frame, and then, after many gasps and throes, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

"I must speak now to clear away any apparent contradiction in my views respecting Bradley. Not that I think I did wrong. I have no superstition about conscience; it is a priestly device to enslave the minds of men, for the world is governed by self-interest. I don't mention scruples, I haven't any; but I wish you to understand how affairs are related in this family. You are the only woman I could trust with such knowledge, the only one that would comprehend, for I have taught you to think with my brain, to see with my eyes. I once did what the hypocritical, canting world would have condemned in words, while practising all manner of deceit and knavery in secret. I influenced your grandfather's will, and was the means of securing your fortune, but I don't demand any gratitude on that account. I had gained an ascendancy over the old man, who was weak and half imbecile. His affairs were all in my hands. He had quarrelled with his son Harold, Bradley's father, your mother's half brother, a mere idler and spendthrift. He said a hundred times with violence, almost, with imprecations, that he would cut him off with a shilling. I knew it was for the best. Harold had married a rich wife, whose money was settled upon herself; she kept him on an allowance like a pet animal. You can do the same, child, when you marry Bradley. He is that cultivated booby called a man of taste. You will find him expensive, but not so much so as if he had taken to gaming or other fashionable excesses."

"But grandfather's will," said Winnie, who had risen now and was standing before the old man's chair.

"Yes, yes," said the judge, in a weaker and more peevish tone. "I have told you how it all came about; will not that suffice? He was bitter enough against Harold when he was well and strong, but when he got into his dotage, he would drive and suivel over the vagabond an hour at a time. If I had not been on guard Harold would have been sent for, and the whole thing upset, that I had labored so hard and waited so long to accomplish. You have me alone to thank for being an heiress in your own right and title. Your mother's portion was mine of course. The old man knew a wife's interests could be safely trusted in the hands of an affectionate husband." A cynical smile drew and wrinkled the parchment skin around the old man's sunken mouth in a manner peculiarly ghastly.

Winnie was pale, as she stood inflexibly before him, with her cold hands clasped nervously together. "Do you mean, father," said she, with slow emphasis, "that you deliberately planned to keep my uncle Harold out of what justly belonged to him?"

"I don't put it in that way," piped the old man, with a startled look at her face. "What I did was perfectly justifiable. The property would have all gone to the dogs long before this time, if it had fallen into Harold Halcourt's hands. I made you a great heiress, and you have it in your power to more than compensate your cousin for all that he lost. You can make it up to him if anything has gone amiss; and there you stand, you ungrateful girl, accusing me."

"No, no, papa," cried Winnie, in an agony of dread, but still with a firm, pale face; "I do not accuse you; but if there was nothing wrong about the will, why should I marry my cousin Bradley to set it right?"

"You do accuse me," shrieked the old man, seizing his stick with his trembling hands as if he would strike her. His eyes glared, his whole frame was shaking convulsively, and a ghastly, livid hue overspread his face. "You are an ingrate, a viper that I have warned in my bosom. You stand there as if I were a prisoner at the bar, and you the judge passing sentence of death. It was all a mistake that I saved, and made, and schemed, that you might be the richest woman in the country. But there is time yet, and I will strip you of every penny. I will leave it all to found an asylum for invalid cats and dogs. I will live long enough to take revenge for your thanklessness." Every word came by gasps and spasms, and writhings of the old man's frame. Winnie had sunk on her knees, and with sobs and the dumb pleading of outstretched hands, was entreating his forgiveness. But though his jaw partly dropped, and his eyes seemed to roll up in his head in a fit, he feebly pushed out at her with his stick.

"Go away, go away," he muttered in thick tones, "I won't have you in the room: the sight of you has become hateful."

Winnie sprang to her feet with a cry, and ran shrieking down the back passage.

"Nanna! Nanna! I have killed papa!"

[To be continued.]

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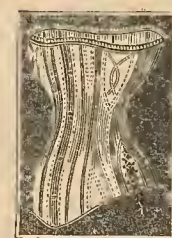
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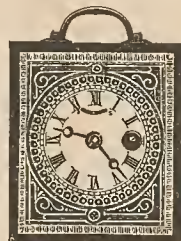
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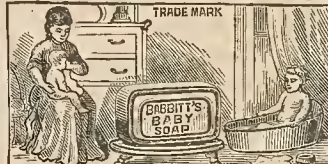
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Inclose stamp for Illustrated Book, and mention
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NB 100 DECALCOMANIE PICTURES,
50 cts.; highly colored and beautiful; easily
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of 12 cakes, of 6 ozs. each, and sent free to any address on receipt
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For Sale by all Druggists.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1876.

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Home! Southey says:

"There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and blessings never found beyond
The hallowed limits."

Those that have trouble in keeping their Ivy vines through the winter may make beautiful substitutes of wax. If you cannot obtain the moulds, make a smooth paste of plaster of Paris, and press natural Ivy leaves of different sizes into it, taking care to do it before the paste hardens, and to press them firmly into the moulds, so that there will be no air bubbles. After you have formed the moulds take a sheet of green wax of the right shade and lay it on the mould; lay a wire covered with wax along the centre for a stem, then another sheet of wax, and press them firmly into the mould; remove and trim the edges; in this manner form enough leaves to make your vine as long as you wish; then take a good sized wire covered with the wax and arrange the leaves upon it as naturally as possible. Put your vine in a vase or fancy flower-pot, and place it on a bracket under a group of pictures; twine the vine around them as naturally as you can, and you will have a vine that will not freeze the first cold night that comes.

Pressed ferns and autumn leaves are something all can have, and when nicely arranged do make a room beautiful. Take large, feathery ferns and brilliant sumac and maple leaves, and arrange them in the form of lambrequins over lace or muslin curtains, and loop the curtains back with sprays of ferns and leaves. Then hang a pretty hanging-basket or transparency in the window, and you have no idea, unless you have seen the effect of ferns over lace, what a pretty window you will have.

I press my leaves with a hot iron and rub with spermaceti. I always press a few green leaves and vines; the vines work in so nicely with the leaves in ornamenting picture cords, and in bouquets with ferns and grasses. You can make your own vases of the coral work described in the CABINET, putting in little paper cones to hide the stems. Baskets made of

coral work, lined with moss and filled with everlasting, dried grasses and leaves, look pretty.

A beautiful design of everlastings is made thus: Have an oval piece sawed out of wood, about a foot long, eight inches broad and one inch thick. Fasten in the centre a cross fifteen inches high, nine inches across the arms, one thick and two broad. Cover both standard and cross with bright green moss and everlastings, putting them on with glue. Then of heavy wire make an anchor, and wind on moss and everlastings with thread, and put it on the standard, leaning against the cross; form a wreath in the same manner, and put it on the other side. I have one made in this way that took the first premium at the fair this fall.

This design looks pretty on a corner shelf, with lambrequins of perforated board worked with scarlet zephyr and wax beads, with little tassels of zephyr and beads on and between the points, or a lambrequin of spatter work looks nicely.

To make a portfolio for engravings, take two sheets of white card-board the size you want the portfolio. In the centre of one, pin fancy letters to form the words "Portfolio of Engravings," with tiny vines and ferns twined around the letters, and groups of graceful leaves, ferns and vines in the corners; put similar corners on the other sheet, with a bouquet or ornamental design for the centre; spatter the whole, bind with narrow black ribbon, and fasten together with little bows, or spatter with blue ink or dissolved indigo, and bind with blue ribbons.

For imitation of lava work, take two pounds of putty, two teaspoonfuls of coach varnish, two of demar varnish, one of Japan dryer, four heaping teaspoonfuls of burnt umber, more or less according to the shade desired. Mix the other ingredients well together before mixing in the putty. If the composition is too moist, wrap it in paper; if too hard, add raw linseed oil. Make plaster of Paris moulds of leaves, fruit, acorns, wood-carving, cast-iron ornaments, &c. I took a pretty mould from the flowers on a glass fruit stand. Make a little rim of putty around the object you wish to mould, and pour a thin paste of plaster of Paris over it and let it harden.

Have the foundation of your bracket, frame, wall-basket, or whatever you wish to make, made of wood and painted, so that the composition will adhere; then cover with a thin coat of the composition, made soft with the oil; then take impressions from the moulds (you need the composition quite hard for this), and apply before the groundwork hardens. After finishing it let it be until it hardens; then varnish; or it may be gilded by taking one ounce of benzine, cut it with best proof alcohol; apply with a sponge.

LILLIE ATHERTON.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Last Number. Renew, Renew.—All subscriptions to THE CABINET, for 1876, expire with this number, both yearly and trials. Renew then quickly, and bring as many new names as possible. To every one bringing three or more subscribers, we will allow toward your extra copy 20 cents for each additional subscriber you get. We hope all are so well pleased that we may have the pleasure of their company again for 1877.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers, who are pleased with THE FLORAL CABINET, will find in back volumes an immense fund of delightful reading, pictures, and the choicest of family music; there are single pieces of music so sweet and charming as to be alone worth the price for a volume. We will club these together with subscription for 1877, as follows:

\$2.00 will pay for subscription 1877, the steel plate engraving, and all the back numbers of 1876, January to September.

3.00 will include all of 1877, 1876, and 1875.

4.00 " " " " " and 1874.

5.00 " " " " " and 1873.

Bound volumes for each year will cost 65 cts. for each volume in addition to above prices.

Missing Papers.—To any subscriber, at any time, we will always furnish a missing paper. First, ask the Postmaster if a copy came with the label off, if so, it belongs to you; if not, we will send another on notification. We wish subscribers to receive all they pay for.

Prizes for Clubs.—A Prince Parlor Organ, worth \$100, is given to the club agent who gets up largest club for 1877. See Oct. Number and Premium List for other Prizes.

Books on sale. Agents Wanted.—Our Household Books are so popular, and so sure to delight the ladies, that to any subscriber, club agent, or agent, who can sell copies among their friends, we will give special commissions. They may purchase of us, and we will take back all they cannot sell, and refund the money.

The Economical Cook Book.—This is a very neat and useful manual for ladies' housekeeping, cheap and very full of reliable recipes; contains nearly five hundred on all topics. Edited by a Housekeeper of practical experience. Given free for club of three subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, or sold for 30 cents, postpaid by mail.

Six Months' Subscriptions.—By reference to publisher's new terms, subscribers are allowed privilege of six months' subscriptions at 65 cents (without Premium), to begin with any number. This will accommodate those who may not be able to pay but for six months at a time. It is better, however, to pay for a full year at one time, and thus save trouble of double remittance and correspondence.

To Housekeepers.—Ladies will take note that the Prize Collections of Recipes, which THE CABINET will publish next year, will be of immense value to them, virtually a first-class Cook Book of themselves, worth \$1.50. We do not see how any lady can do without them.

Special Discounts. Silk Book-Marks for Holiday Presents.—Until Christmas we will offer collections of Silk Book-Marks for Holiday Presents, at special discount, as follows:

For \$2.00, purchaser may select Book-Marks, worth at retail, \$2.50.
" 3.00, " " " " " 4.00.
" 5.00, " " " " " 7.00.

For any chosen from the 75c. class, in lots of three or over, special discount of 20 per cent.

The beauty of these articles is such that all who purchase once will be sure to purchase again. Lower prices will be given to any who wish from one to four dozen.

A Sweet Home Paper.—THE FLORAL CABINET is eminently a practical paper of *Home Work*. It avoids fashions and exciting stories, and considers things of common sense and practical use; but specially teaches ladies how to beautify their homes—this is our special mission. We choose flowers as a leading feature, but it is not an exclusive subject. Music, Art, Elegancies, Housekeeping—all we give, have ideas which have cost time, dollars, and experience to procure. There are plenty of papers at cheaper price, but none which give more true worth for the money.

Household Books. Premiums for Clubs.—A club of only eight entitles club agent to one of these splendid household books:

"Window Gardening," - - - - - Retail price, \$1.50.
"Household Elegancies," - - - - - " 1.50.
"Ladies' Fancy Work," - - - - - " 1.50.

If agent's club is less than eight, 20 cents is allowed toward any book for each name in his club, and he can remit balance in cash. A little effort on the part of each subscriber will enable him to get his book or paper at a reduced price.

Beautiful Music.—Back numbers of THE FLORAL CABINET contain dozens of splendid pieces of music, charming home songs and melodies. Not one of them is poor. Not one could be bought in a music store for less than 40 cents. Buy the back numbers, they are rich in merit, music, pictures, and reading.

Holiday Presents to Ladies.—In choosing your gifts to present to ladies, do not forget those indispensable books, "Household Elegancies," "Ladies' Fancy Work," "Window Gardening," or some Silk Book-Marks. They are all charming in the highest degree. Nothing can please the ladies more.

Compliments.—"There is always a pleasant excitement in the family when THE CABINET arrives. I love it very much, and have never met with a paper which I can more willingly place in the hands of children. I think yours a grand enterprise."

"I enjoy THE FLORAL CABINET very much. It looks so pure and fresh, too, and its embellishments are so charming it seems just the paper for the parlor of refined taste, for either the rich or poor."

"We are highly delighted with THE CABINET. It is always welcomed with joy in our family."

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seeding Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection is unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.30, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.30 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET at \$1.30, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.30 will entitle agent to the collection tree, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.30 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, all together worth \$3.50, and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection, free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

These collections of Balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.

MODERN POINT-LACE.

On a certain day we visited a Belgian gentleman and his wife, in whose possession were two of the most remarkable pieces of modern point-lace (needle point) that I have ever seen. The first was a three-cornered point or shawl, and was made of creamy-white, diamond-shaped silken pieces joined together for a ground, upon which glowed the forms, colors, and shades, of from fifty to one hundred flowers and exotics, delicate wistarias, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, gorgeous dahlias and roses, and many a floral gem of name known only to the practical botanist or florist. The web was as delicate as if woven of the spider's most attenuated thread, and as strong and elastic as any horse-hair.

It was, in fact, needle point, in both white and colored silk. The whole piece was so filmy fine it could be drawn through Madame Esther's wedding ring. I burst into a rapture of delight when M. Eugene held it up between us and the light.

"I have found it!" I exclaimed, "I have found it! This is the magic web with colors gay, woven by the Lady of Shalott. I

always suspected that wondrous web to be lace, and now I am sure of it."

"Softly," said Madame Esther, smiling, "I think this is modern *point de bruxelles*, and none but the deft fingers of Belgain girls could have perfected these flowers. The fairy Lady of Shalott was no doubt a lace artist, and her web was doubtless colored *passe-*

ment au fuseau, but it was not equal to this. Beautiful, beautiful, indeed! It is the rarest piece of work of the kind I have ever seen, and in my day I have handled the laces of imperial and royal wardrobes. Here are flowers of a hundred tints and forms growing into beauty, and arranged and grouped by an artist's hand.

and the fingers of no less than eighty experts in needle point were employed a whole year in executing this wonderful triangle."

This *chef-d'œuvre*, fit for an empress, or a queen of American society, would have found its place among the treasures of some crowned head of Europe, along with the lace dress of as marvellous beauty that was

brought with it to this country, if it had not been for the late Franco-Prussian war. In fact, both pieces were made with the expectation of finding a purchaser for them in the Empress Eugenie. But the revolution in European affairs which banished Napoleon III. and Eugenie from France, seriously affected the lace industries of Belgium, as well as those of France, and the lace artists of M. Eugene's manufactory are to-day engaged in selling oranges in the streets of Brussels, or are starving, and his beautiful laces are in the hands of Custom-house officials. Such pieces of work as the bankrupt lace manufacturer brought over are not at present in demand in Europe.

Political affairs there are too unsettled, the situation too uncertain, for even em-

presses and queens to order \$25,000 dresses or \$5,000 shawls.

Miss Clara Rose, of Philadelphia, had \$7,000 expended on her Latin, French and German education, and then married a man who has to buy his butter half a pound at a time.



PERFORMING "ON THE SLY."

M. Eugene: "The hand of D'Huyghens himself"—gazing fondly at the marvellous creation, as he held it up in such a manner as to show to the greatest advantage the glowing hues that were imprisoned in its delicate mesh. "D'Huyghens designed the pattern, and then painted each flower, petal, leaf, and tendril, separately, for the parchment lace-workers,

Home Life.

HORTENSE'S TRIUMPH.

Winter had passed. April with its smiles and tears came, and with it came Fred for his truant little wife, who, worn with the duties of the school-room, cheerfully took her seat beside him in their handsome buggy, and the first day's drive brought them to a picturesque cottage, whose odor of fresh paint, bare level yard, and newly-paled garden gave indications of recent completion. Hortense gave one longing look, which turned to despair as she thought of taking up the old life at Swallow's Home.

"Here I have arranged to spend the night," said Fred; "just walk to the house while I attend to our baggage." She was met by a tidy servant, and conducted to a room whose newly-carpeted floor glowed in the ruddy light of a cheerful fire, while the last rays of the setting sun gleamed through crimson curtains, and fell athwart the cherry bedstead with spotless counterpane and pillow-case. "There is a bedstead just like mine," thought Hortense, "and the counterpane—if it isn't the very same figure!" and once more a little ache aroused, gave a stifled sob and slept in despair. In the absence of the servant, she took a more careful survey, and was struck with the resemblance of the very washstand, bureau and wardrobe, to her own cherry set, save a richer, deeper glow of freshness, and welcome seemed to reach out to meet and make her feel at home. Fred came in, and Hortense was about to call his attention to the remarkable likeness, when the supper bell rang, and Fred led the way to a neat dining-room, with a little parlor stove, a china safe, a refrigerator, a row of painted stools against the wall, and a table set for two. The servant apologized, saying: "Mr. S. said make yourselves at home to-night; sorry dere's no white lady to keep your comp'ny," looking at Hortense. The ache would not sleep. As she poured out coffee in little china cups so like those given by her papa, and was helped on a plate like her own little supper plates packed away at Swallow's Home, to await the despaired of change, Hortense trusted not her voice to speak. "Now this is the way I should like to be fixed, wouldn't you, Hortense?" said Fred, watching his wife with uncommon interest. The aching heart alone responded yes, but a tear revealed her unspeakable despair.

As they returned from the dining-room through the oil-cloth carpeted hall, Fred opened a door, and said: "See what a neat parlor." Hortense noticed that carpet, curtains, settee and chairs of dark maroon, with walnut woodwork in furniture and room finish, displayed the same harmony of color and taste of arrangement as the chamber, but when she lifted her eyes to the wall, she started; was not that her picture in the walnut frame! As the truth began to dawn upon her, with a longing, hungry look, she threw herself into Fred's arms, crying, "What does it mean, darling?" Mingled tears, caresses, and murmured words of endearment explained all. Fred had proved his intention of gratifying his wife, and she was overwhelmed with humble gratitude, and immediately enthroned him again as king of her heart. Fearing this might be a delusion to which she might awake, Hortense slept not, but arose next morning to reassure herself by examining into all the particulars of this lovely home. She found the two rooms up stairs unfurnished; one was filled with the plunder which native economy had prompted her to lay by. There

were old clothes, her old carpet, quilts, a sack of carpet balls of the shapings from her rag-bag, rugs made of scraps, leaky tin buckets, shells, pine cones, bits of wire, bottles, fruit cans and jars, etc.

"I am glad Fred left these rooms for me to furnish; it will give me an opportunity for displaying my ingenuity," said Hortense, as she surveyed this chaos. "This carpet from my old room is faded, and has some holes burned in it, but the wrong side is quite bright yet;" and with some yarn like the filling, and thread like the chain, she darned it across, tying her thread each time to the end of the burnt chain. The carpet was then stretched smoothly, with the wrong side up, over straw evenly spread upon the floor. Upon the hearth she placed a rug, which she had crocheted of scraps of gay-colored yarn and other soft goods, strong but easily torn in fine strips; this shaded from the centre and terminated with a row of notches, shading to white; at the point of each was tied a bunch of white fringe in the maroon ground fringe which surrounded the rug. It was lined with the coarse cover of a coffee sack, washed, starched and ironed. The curtains, fresh starched and ironed, though they had long hung in her room at Swallow's Home, looked quite new. A bedstead, washstand, and table, which Fred's mother gave him, though a little the worse for wear, were made to look like new by a coat of walnut stain, and afterwards varnished.

Upon the bed Hortense put a comfort made of her old dresses; in the centre was a square of red, surrounded with green, then pink, gray, blue, and the border black. The lining was made of alternate stripes of brown and black, the whole quilted by the seams on the upper side. There was a scrap calico quilt of simple pattern, lined with half-worn calico dresses, and quilted by the pattern; over all was a muslin log-cabin quilt made of scraps, over black alpaca, which, being felled down after joining, served as lining. The bright colors were in keeping with the carpet, rug, and table cover, made of opera flannel and velveteen, after the pattern of the "capitol steps."

Above the toilet table hung a mirror, and upon a snow-white mat lay the brush and comb. Cotton mats with borders of Turkey red, protected the washstand, upon which sat a clean bowl and pitcher, a mug and soap dish. Two neat boxes, with ruffles tacked on, and a pretty cover stretched over a stuffing of fine shavings, finished by a quilting to conceal where the lid closed, served as shoe and splinter boxes, as well as stools. These, with a spare chair from her chamber, completed the furniture of her best spare room. With satisfaction Hortense closed the door upon this chamber and turned to the one remaining. There was little left with which to furnish it. With her \$200 of school money she might furnish it handsomely, but she would lend that to Fred, as he had gone to so much trouble to surprise her, and she would add articles by degrees. Her father sent her a neat cottage bedstead and mattress; this, furnished with new sheets, homemade comforts, and a snow-white counterpane, and the lounge pillows encased in envelope pillow-cases, looked inviting. A box set on end and covered with a piece of oil-cloth, with the front piece buttoned with round-headed nails, served as wash stand and press in which to keep the towels. Upon it sat a pitcher and new tin basin, a goblet, and a saucer for the soap. Another box, similarly covered, served as toilet table, and a cushioned stool, a chair with a leather bottom covered with brown knitted tufting, and Fred's trunk, completed the furniture of the second-best bed-room.

Hortense now began her beautiful system of house-

keeping. She arose early each morning, raised the windows, spread open the bed to air, and after dressing, went to the dining-room to skim the milk, having arranged everything for breakfast the previous night. She kept but one cow, yet she managed to keep enough milk for her own and Fred's dinner and supper, and churned the cream once a week, when they had buttermilk with which to make the bread. They both liked corn bread, and a very little soda dissolved in a teacup of buttermilk made it light, and when baked crisp and brown was more wholesome than wheat bread. Boiled ham or beef agreed best with Fred, and with good coffee made a delightful breakfast. After the table was cleared, Hortense prepared the soiled clothes for the wash, while Susan raked the garden beds and John picked up stones, till 10 o'clock, when preparations for dinner commenced. This consisted chiefly of vegetables, dessert discarded, save for company, when was added a harmless crumb pudding, made of the remains of light bread and beat biscuit, which last she often made on Fred's account. Potatoes left at dinner were made into cakes with a little flour, and fried for breakfast. For supper there was only bread and butter and milk, with a little jam or jelly for herself, as a relish. Fred could not use sweets or acids.

Tuesday was wash-day. While the cotton and linen were in the boil, the flannels were washed out in warm suds and hung to dry; common clothes and calicoes were dipped in thick flour starch after rinsing, and hung to dry, while the linen was first dried and then dipped into starch made of two tablespoonfuls of store starch to a pint of water, with a drop of mucilage or gum-arabic. This was enough for two shirts, two sets of collars and cuffs, and an apron. Wednesday morning these clothes were evenly sprinkled and rolled tightly, and laid in a basket, and Susan was ready to begin ironing immediately after dinner. Hortense usually repaired any damage done in washing, darned the hosiery, aired the clothes, and by night everything was in its place. Thursday and Friday she directed in the garden, unless it rained, when she basted for the machine, while Fred read aloud, and Susan patched the clothes or sewed carpet rags. On Saturday, preparation was made for Sunday. Ham or beef boiled, light bread baked, fruit stewed, dessert prepared, knives and forks rubbed, house cleaned, ashes carried out, hearth fresh coated with clay boiled in buttermilk, lamps cleaned and refilled, chimneys washed in boiling clear water and soda, a bath, clean clothes, and Hortense retired ready for the sabbath. A warm breakfast, to Sabbath-school and preaching, a cold dinner, reading in the afternoon, lunch, and "early to bed, early to rise" on Monday morning.

Thus passed the summer, and when the sharp wind came with a whisk around the corner, as Jack Frost swung his great mantle around his ample shoulders, preparatory to his five mouths' journey over lowland and mountain-top, then might be seen spread to dry, and hanging in paper bags in the kitchen garret, sage for sausage, hops for yeast, poke-berries for rheumatism; gymson, hoarhound, and mullein buds to be inhaled with sulphur for asthma, and immortelles and grasses for ornament. Clematis was twined, while green, around picture frames, to open its feathery plumes in the shade of the darkened parlor. Flowers housed, vegetables easy of access, but safe from frost, and winter had come again.

In a home of her own, her sympathizing mother knitting in the corner, while Fred reads aloud, we leave happy Hortense.

M. L. G.

Household Art.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

ORIOLE.

"The day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It r-a-i-n-s, and the winds are never weary."

Fannie's hands hung idly by her side, and her nose was flattened against the glass in a way that would have seemed ludicrous to one outside. Pat, pat, came the crystal drops on the window; and the old maple swayed, and wept great tears on a mottled aster that nodded courageously, although it was the sole survivor of a family that had smiled so brightly in the early autumn.

"Girls," cried Cousin Madge springing from the sofa, "I've thinned it all out," as the children say. Very bright blue eyes, and a quick, decided way of saying what she meant, had Cousin Madge. "Lena," said she, addressing the little mistress of the cottage, "what did Jack say to you just before he left for the store?"

"That he would not be home to dinner."

"That if it did not rain we might give him a call; but I should say it rained," said Fannie.

"He said," pursued Madge, "that he had seen Kate's new furniture; that yours looked meagre in comparison, and that he must refurnish with his next quarter's salary."

"O, yes; but really, his old overcoat——"

"Now I propose," laughingly interrupted Madge, "that we three furnish it in a style more useful and attractive than Kate's cold marble tops. We'll have bread and milk for dinner, to save time, and something extra for tea, when Jack comes home. Are you ready to help?"

"I declare, Madge," cried Fannie, "when you start up so, I feel like shouldering the world and running away with it. We are ready. 'Thy will, and thine alone, forever and a day.' You shall be called 'Inspiration.'"

"And you, 'Quotation.' Let me see; your wall-paper is a drab ground, with a scarlet flower and dark green leaf. Have you any green cloth?"

"Several pieces of my old green cashmere."

"Capital! Let us have that scarlet ribbon you dyed with aniline the other day."

"Sacred to the memory of dolls by the score," laughed Fan. "How many times we have adorned with that same ribbon our adorable Victorias and Katinas."

"Now," said Madge, "we'll cut a piece of pasteboard, twenty-three inches long, twenty inches wide at one end, and sixteen at the other, which will be rounded. I will make three pockets similar to those of a comb-case, graded in size, one to be fastened to the broadest end, for razor and strop; one above, for hair-brush and combs, and the smaller one at top, for shaving-soap and brush; the whole to be covered with cashmere, with scarlet ribbon plaited around the edges, a scarlet loop to hang it by, and Jack's initials on the lower pocket, in scarlet ribbon, made fast with gum. Some day we'll make him a slipper-case of green and scarlet, like the one we read about."

"Wouldn't it be well to tie scarlet ribbon on the door-knob?" asked Fannie, gravely; but her needle flew with a will, and when the dressing case was held up for inspection, she was in raptures. "How lovely! What next, Inspiration?"

"Perhaps Quotation will favor us," suggested Madge.

"If I was to quote now," laughed Fannie, "it would be Saxe, with variations:

"Whatever she did, this maiden fair,
'Twas certain to fix the public stare;
And the constant cry was 'I declare!'
And 'Did you ever?' and 'Just look there!'
Among the dazzled girls."

"Madge," chimed in Lena, "do you know of any pretty style for pincushions?"

"I plead guilty," was the reply. "Have you any zephyr?"

"Only red, shaded in the skein."

"That will do. Now, have you common woolen yarn?"

"Not a bit."

"I have," said Fan; "I was going to knit pa some socks, but my ardor cooled wonderfully. But it is ugly gray, Madge."

"Never mind. Obedient, will you wind it in a compact ball, nearly as large as a cocoanut? We must hurry, for we want it done when Jack comes."

The little wife wound and wound with alacrity.

"Fan, we'll make balls. Cut a piece of pasteboard the size and shape of a cup plate. (If we had no pasteboard, we could make some by joining two or three pieces of thick paper with common paste, and pressing, when partly dry, with a warm iron.) Cut a round hole in the centre; thread a needle with zephyr, and put it in and out of the hole and around the rim until it is filled; thread a needle with strong thread, run it around the edges of the hole, under the zephyr, hold firmly and cut the zephyr around the rim; you see it is all confusion, after you have removed the pasteboard; shear it closely. Here are our balls."

"The little beauties," cried Fan; "I had no idea how they were made."

"Now, Lena, that will do. Wind this zephyr around the ball evenly, until it conceals the gray. We must twist cords of the zephyr; fasten one around the centre of the ball, then another around the centre the other way, then one between these two, each way, making four in all. Now, a short piece of cord to attach these two little balls to one side of the large one; then a long loop of cord on the opposite side to suspend over your bureau from one of the jutting points on the mirror."

"Cousin Madge, you're worth your weight in gold," cried Lena, using a time-worn expression, but using it sincerely.

"Of course you have empty spice boxes," said her cousin, oblivious to the compliment.

"Plenty of them."

"Bring me two of different sizes. I have some perforated cardboard, worked with scarlet zephyr, in imitation of grape leaves. I will fit this piece to the smaller box; then, having fitted one to the larger box, I will suspend it with three short cords from the smaller one; and on the bottom of the larger, we'll fasten these two scarlet balls with cord. Now we'll suspend the whole affair from the other side of the mirror. A match safe, my dears, the lower one for burnt matches."

Lena and Fannie were speechless with admiration.

"If we had not wanted it opposite the cushion, we could hang it like a picture—so." She stepped on a stool and pointed to the wall with a button-hook, felt her feet slipping, caught at something to save herself, and down sat Inspiration on the floor, flourishing a button-hook in one hand and clutching a pillow with the other.

"Hurt you?" asked Lena, half laughing, half anxious; and then the clock chimed five. "Jack will be here soon, and we must get tea."

"And we haven't had our bread and milk!" gasped Fannie.

They looked at each other, then sat down and had a hearty laugh. They were tired, but they didn't care. It had poured out-of-doors all day, but they didn't know it. Their lips had carolled, their hearts sang, their fingers kept time to the music, and the burden of the song was: "When Jack comes home!"

Madge made feather cake for tea—one cup of sugar and milk each, two and a half cups flour, one egg, one teaspoonful butter, cream tartar, soda, and lemon extract. And when Jack came, they let him toast his feet and eat all he wanted, before they showed him their handiwork, for they knew—these wise little bodies—that when a man is cold, and wet, and hungry, he cannot appreciate the beauties even of paradise. Then they took him in there and told him all about it. And the great, whiskered fellow played he was a little boy, and danced, and sung "I've got a dressing-case, and you haven't; I've got a croquet ball for a cushion; I keep my matches in ginger; I don't button myself to the floor with a button-hook, and you do-o-o!"

Then they all flew at him and dragged him into the sitting-room, and I'll wager that no happier quartette possessed marble tops that night.

PICTURE FRAMES.

"I have made some pretty picture frames. The last one was for 'The Graces.' I had a carpenter to make a pine back or support, about two inches larger than the engraving, and the corners square at the top. I then cut pasteboard for the frame, following the oval form at the top; then I doubled papers eight or ten times, gradually making it smaller—this was for the outer edge of the frame; then I cut paper leaves, ivy and grape, having natural leaves for a pattern, also rose leaves. I took old kid gloves and made three large bunches of grapes, using cotton to make the grapes; then made paper roses or dahlias. With strong cotton thread and a large needle, sewed all to the pasteboard, arranging a bunch of grapes at the top, just in the centre, and a bunch each in the large corners to the right and left of the oval, then the leaves, roses, and grape tendrils, from the vine; when all was finished, I put my picture on the pine back.

SNOW TREE.

Get a round board (the bottom of a keg is as good as anything), and in the centre of it fasten a broom-handle in an upright position, leaving it as tall as you wish your tree to be; from one and a half to two feet being a very good size. The broomstick should taper to a point at the top. Then bring in use some old skirt-hoops, and cut them in strips about one-half yard long, and fasten on the pole at equal intervals, so as to resemble the branches of a tree. Tear some discarded muslin garment in strips three-fourths of an inch in width, and fray the edges until only enough threads are left to hold it together. Then wrap the foot, trunk and branches of the tree carefully, letting one row fall over the other, so as not to let the wood show. Then make tassels, by taking about five to seven strips of the frayed linen, a finger and a-half in length, and suspend from the tip end of each branch and on the very top. This tree is certainly a thing very beautiful, when carefully formed. It is called the "Snow Tree" on account of its pure, fleecy look.

FLORENCE.

Household Elegancies.

DECORATION OF BEDROOMS.

BED-CANOPY AND LAMBREQUIN.

The illustrations on this page represent several tasteful and inexpensive ways of decorating beds and bedrooms with canopies, curtains and lambrequins.

Fig. 1, is a sketch of some elegant bed-hangings, the upper portion only being shown, as the curtains are easily understood to be continued to any length that may be desired. The canopy should be placed at the head of the bedstead, and hang towards the foot. This canopy is formed by screwing a piece of one inch plank, as long as the width of the bed, and four inches wide, against the wall, and to it fastening the tester, formed of three strips, two the length of the bedstead, and one the width, across the bottom. On this, the cornice of walnut moulding, and artificial carvings are fastened, and beneath this, the hangings. The tester is covered with a tightly stretched lining of white or colored muslin, which may be embellished with a lovely group of flowers, in some beautiful transfer style; or it may be covered with tinted paper. The curtains, of soft, rich woolen fabric, have a border of contrasting color, embroidered with a design such as has been shown in former illustrations. A half-yard plaiting is fastened above these, with festoons of cords and knots, with tassels at various points. The form of the curtains and lambrequin are easily understood by a glance at the illustration.

BEDSTEAD AND CURTAINS.

The second illustration on this page is a bed, which is really elegant, but not as costly as it seems.

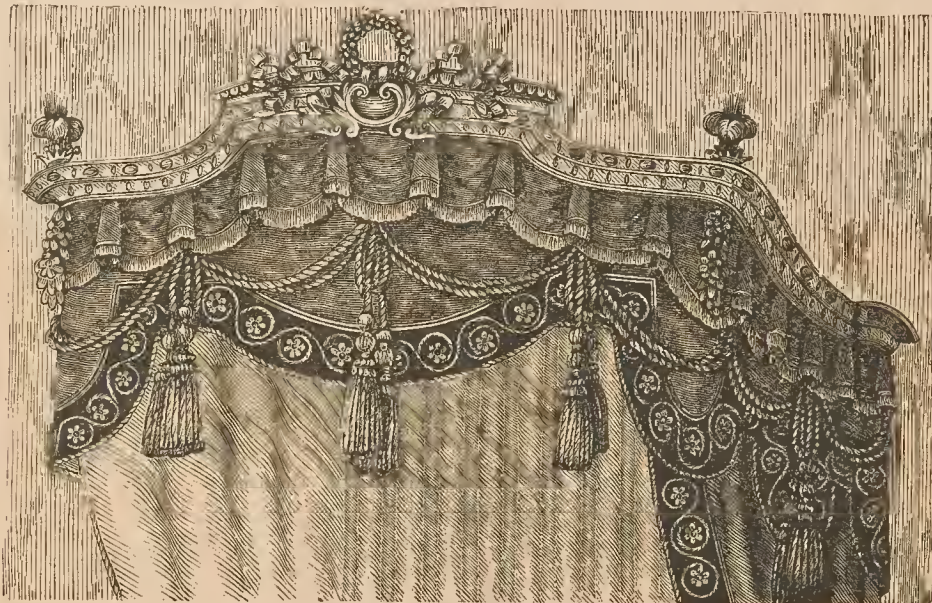
The bedstead can be made by any cabinet maker, of native colored woods, with inlaid panels and veneers. The corner scroll-work, and artificial ornaments at the top of the posts, can be had at little expense.

On the wall, over the bed, nail two brackets, three feet apart, and upon these nail a board four feet long and three feet wide, with the corners sawed off; cover this with neat tinted paper. Artificial carving may be fastened around the board to match that of the bedstead. Now fasten around this, hangings of Swiss, edged with embroidery and lace; or with a border in application of lace and bobinet; or tucks may appear neat and pretty, and spray work will be found to make a charming finish.

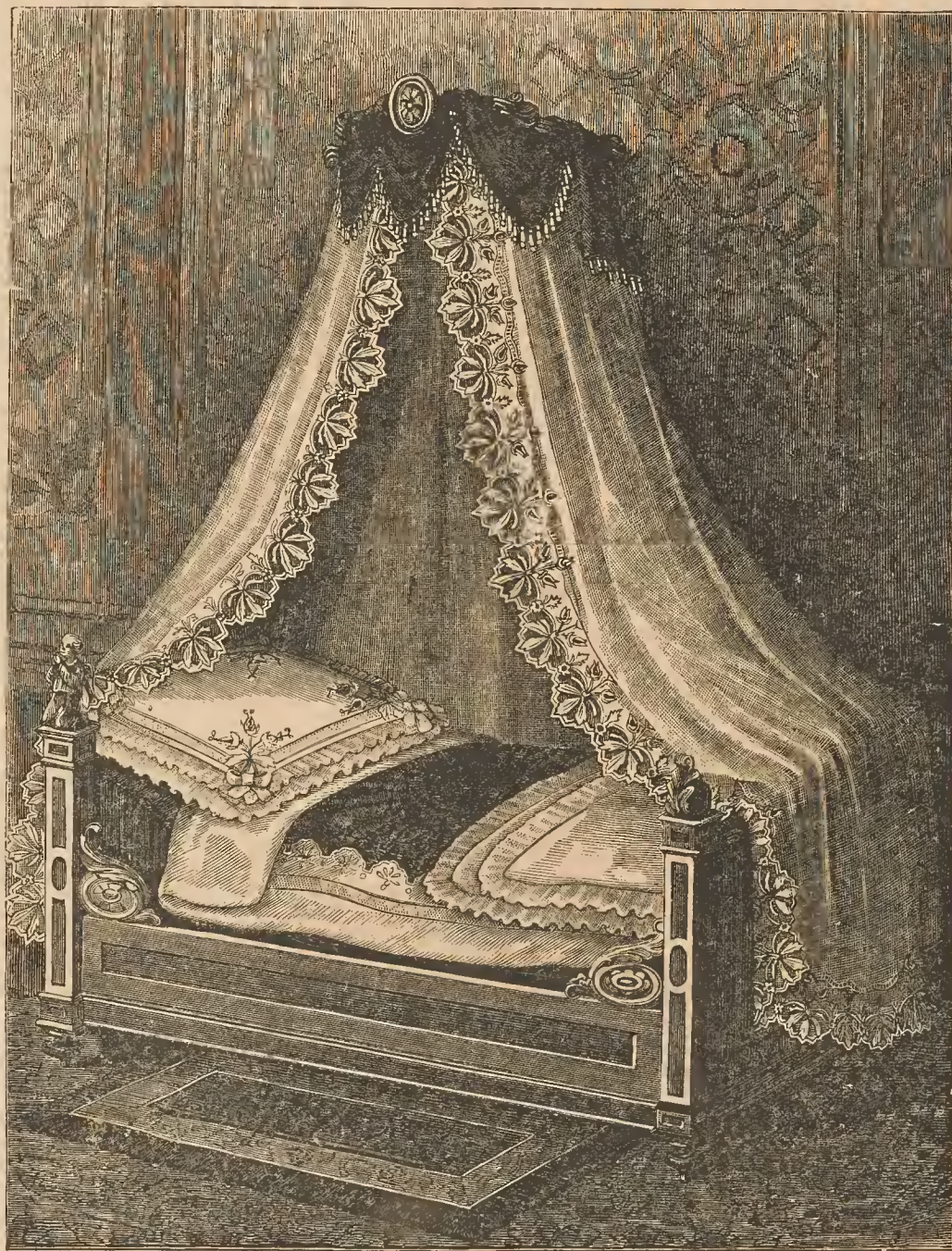
These hangings must be sufficiently long and full to

cover the entire bedstead, and almost reach the floor. Around the ornaments on the top, twine a scarf, of material corresponding with the upholstery, and trimmed with fringe.

MRS. C. S. JONES.



BED CANOPY AND LAMBREQUIN.



BEDSTEAD AND CURTAINS.

FANCY FRAMES.

Several have inquired how to make fancy frames and ornaments. First, I will tell you about some picture frames that are made of arbor vitæ cones, or

burs. The bottom of an old handbox, that had done good service in the family, was found to be just the thing we wanted. We laid our chromo on it, and cut the centre, just large enough to fit it. It is now a nice oval, just large enough for an eight by ten inch glass to fit nicely. The cones were broken apart, and commencing at the outside edge, three rows were sewed on thickly; then commencing on the inside edge, two rows were sewed on; the middle row was made of whole burs. Near the top a small pine cone, 1½ inches long, was sewed. These were the side pieces. The upper and lower pieces were made the same way, only instead of putting the row of whole burs, the pieces were sewed thickly, excepting in the centre of the piece we put two rows of whole burs, arranging them as near like a flower as possible. This frame contains a chromo of tulips. Another is made something like the rustic frames that we see so many of now-a-days. The

side pieces are 10½ inches long and 1 inch wide; the upper and lower pieces are 9 inches long and 1 inch wide; two rows of arbor vitæ burs were sewed on; in the centre of each piece three whole burs were placed. In the centre of the upper and lower pieces we put a small pine cone, 1½ inches long, with a whole bur at each end. The side and end pieces overlap each other and extend an inch; two whole burs are sewed on where the pieces are fastened together. This frame contains a chromo of lilies and tulips. A piece of strong cloth is sewed on the back, to hold the glass and chromos in their places. I have seen frames made of pine cones in the same way; it depends considerably on one's taste and ingenuity whether they succeed or not.

A HOME-MADE CARPET.

An Eastern lady says: Have any of you a spare bed-chamber, seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? Go to the paper-hanger's and select a paper looking as much like carpet as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bed-room with brown paper; then over this put down your wall-paper. A good way to do this will be to put a good coat of paste upon the width of the roll of paper and the length of the room, and then lay the paper, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish, only dark glue and common furniture varnish being used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and toilet table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish.

Fireside Reading.

An Organ with a Will.—The good people of a country village in Indiana desired an organ to assist in the church services. As they could not afford to hire an organist, they got a self-operating instrument, warranted to grind out forty tunes of a religious cast. The instrument was placed in position for the next Sunday. The sexton was taught how to set it a-going, and how to stop it, but forgot the latter. After singing the first four verses of the hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and continued playing two verses more; and just as the clergyman finished the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started another tune. The sexton and others tried, but could not stop it. So he got six strong men to carry the perverse thing, still playing, out into the yard, where it continued playing till all the forty tunes were finished.

This note from a Chicago girl to her lover was made public through a lawsuit: "Dear Samie, Pap's watermillions is ripe. Come and bring some poetry like you brought afore. My love for you will never flow like water running down a tater row. Bring a piece as long as your arm, and have a heap more about them raving ringlets and other sweet things. Come next Sunday and don't fule me."

A sick man in New Orleans was told by the doctor that nothing would save him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said the poor man, "for I don't hold but a pint."

Charles Francis Adams is the gentleman who so impressed the little girl known to history. Mr. Adams visited the child's mother, it will be remembered. The little one was so afraid that she hid under the table. When Mr. Adams had departed she went up to her mother and asked, in a voice heavy with awe, "Ma, was that Dod?"

The country storekeeper said: "Here, my friend, those balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that can be, for I used one of your own pound bars of soap for a weight."

Poor Preach, Poor Pay.—An Onondaga minister, who has preached in an agricultural community, has had a varied experience in getting his pay. One farmer, at the end of the year, offered to settle by giving him a buck, or two dollars in money. The minister took the latter. Another met him one day and said: "I have subscribed forty dollars for preach-

ing; I will give you a cow and call it square. She's an awful poor cow, just like your preaching." The parson drove home the cow.

A nicely-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket and asked: "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent; "I've got potatoes."

An old farmer once said, with more truth than elegance: "There are two talks in this world to one do."

watering-pots between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favorably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton; a colored *fichu* was the only ornament she wore."

"What ails dis beoples of America," says an old traveler from Germany, "is dot dey walks mit der legs too much in der sthreet gars out, und don't got some muscles some more."

Lady Sydney Morgan, who was very proud of her sister, Olivia, was in the habit of addressing every newcomer with "I must make you acquainted with my Livy." She once used this formula to a gentleman who had just been worsted in an encounter of wits with the sparkling Olivia. "Yes, ma'am," he answered, "I happen to know your Livy, and I only wish your Livy was Tacitus."

The Princess de Metternich is as frolicsome as was Marie Antoinette. A Paris correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph* says that her last freak was to go out to lunch in the forest near Marienbad in a cart drawn by oxen, the cart, harness, animals, and all being covered with garlands of flowers, while Madame de Metternich, dressed as a Watteau shepherdess, herself drove the oxen, directing their movements with her rose-wreathed crook. Her guests, who occupied seats in the cart, were all arrayed in Watteau costumes to correspond with that of their hostess.

A waggish fellow, somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the pepper corns were in no wise inclined to come forth. "T-th-this p pe pepper-box," he exclaimed, "is something like myself." "Why so?" interrogated a neighbor. "P-poo-poor delivery," was the reply.

A Connecticut editor, in winding up a most touching obituary article, said to the mourning friends: "Be comforted, ye sorrowing ones; there is still a balm in Gilcad." The next morning he read: "Be comforted, ye snoring ones; there is still a barn in Guildford."

When the Breton mariner puts to sea his prayer is, "Keep me, my God! my boat so small, and Thy ocean is so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.



"Oh! My!"

"How much will your new school books cost, Johnny?" says father. Johnny calculates to himself, soto voce: "Lemme see—62 cents for the singing book, 75 cents for a new 'rithmetic, \$1.25 for a new 'jography, 25 cents for a hockey, harf a dollar for a new hat, and a quarter for candy." Then, out loud, says: "'Bout four dollars, pa!"

The Earl of Albemarle describes the Queen of England when, a bright, pretty girl, seven years old, she day after day watered the plants under the window, where he watched her: "It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the

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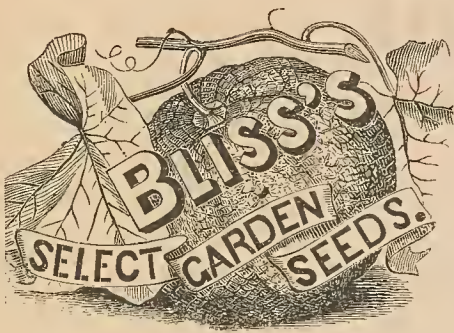
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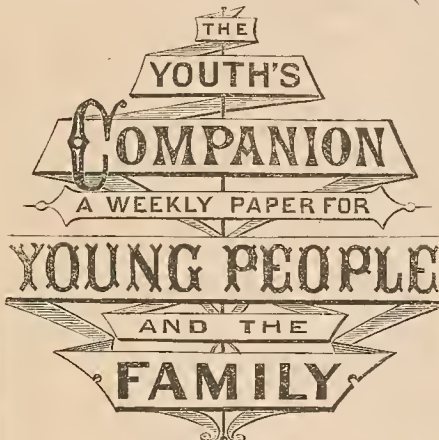
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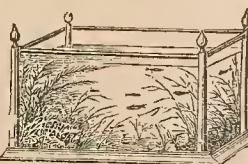
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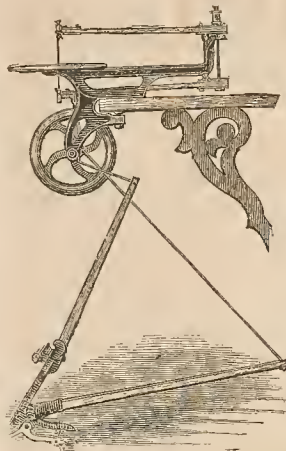
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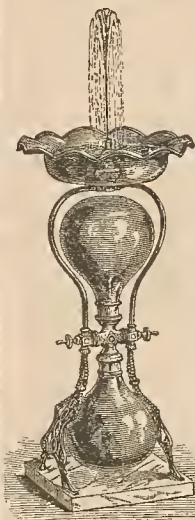
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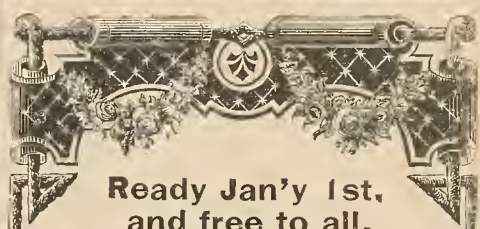
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1. How sweet are the mem-o-ries of
2. When I left my own coun-try, and
3. But now that I've plen-ty of

days long gone by, Once re-called by a word or a thought..... Yet me-mo-ry re-verts to the past with a
came to these shores I had not a friend in this land..... But at last a kind stran-ger met me at his
mon-ey in store, To help a poor friend who's in need..... No cra-ven shall say that I've turned from my

sigh, When I think of the plea-sure that's lost..... As down by the stream I pon-der and dream, And
door, And stretched forth a wel-com-ing hand..... Yet now day by day I watch and I pray, And
door The one who for Cha-ri-ty pleads..... And in af-ter years, 'tis then with-out fear I'll

watch by the side of the mill..... Sweet vis-ions of child-hood pass by like a gleam, On that sweet lit-tle spot on the hill.
strive my poor heart to keep still..... For to me there's a place that will nev-er de-cay, 'Tis the sweet lit-tle spot on the hill.
tell how I've worked with a will..... To build a neat cab-in for my Ei-ly dear, On that sweet lit-tle spot on the hill.

Chorus.

TENOR.
Oh Ei-ly, my true love, Ei-ly my dear, With love now my heart fair-ly fills.... So cheer up, my darling, I'll return, nev-er fear, To the sweet little spot on the hill.

ALTO.
Oh Ei-ly, my true love, Ei-ly my dear With love now my heart fair-ly fills.... So cheer up, my darling, I'll return, nev-er fear, the hill.

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VOL. VI

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The book-case was already in its place and full, and deserves a passing notice. Of course, no such movable property as Methodist ministers have any right to great, cumbersome book-cases, yet their books are an important item. So *our* book-case was made of packing-boxes, and the boxes were made to fit the books. One box was placed above the other, open side outward, then seenly screwed together and stood up against the wall. Where the boxes join, a piece of black walnut, about two inches wide, was screwed on. Two walnut boards the height of the eight boxes, or shelves, as they have now become, were screwed on the ends, a slight cornice over the top, the books placed in their appropriate shelves, and a very handsome black walnut book-case stood forth.

Between the two west windows hung a little cluster of oak leaves, done in pastel, my last Christmas gift to Liddy.

"The home group will hang here," I said, pointing to the only space wide enough for more than one picture, and between the south window and the wall. So the loving father whose face I had not seen for three years, and that I should never again see on earth save as pictured before me, looked down from the wall, and mother's kindly one hung just above, looking as if she would like very much to step down and help. Just beneath father hung the only brother, while at his left was the sweet face of our Margie, who for a year and a half had slept by the side of our father. To the right was our Oracle, and I really think I ought to introduce her, for she forms an important item in our home life. She is the youngest sister of Mrs. Miriam, but the family dignity centres in her. She is a most energetic seeker after bngs, and we call her Orrie, for short. Over the fold-

ing doors hung one of the mottoes so common now; yet I believe they are beautiful educators.

Two or three small pictures, three hanging shelves for books (which I have seen described in the CABI-

NET, and therefore pass by), a mantel-piece full of the inevitable books, a corner closet, with glass doors, filled with that same article, and the walls of our little room were finished for the time being.

BIRD'S NEST.

DESIGN FOR COTTAGE.

Upon this page is illustrated a design of a cottage in the Italian style of architecture, modified to suit our American climate by a steeper pitch of roof, &c.

This style of design seems to be most appropriate to our cottages of small cost, because of the plainness and consequent inexpensiveness of its details and finish.

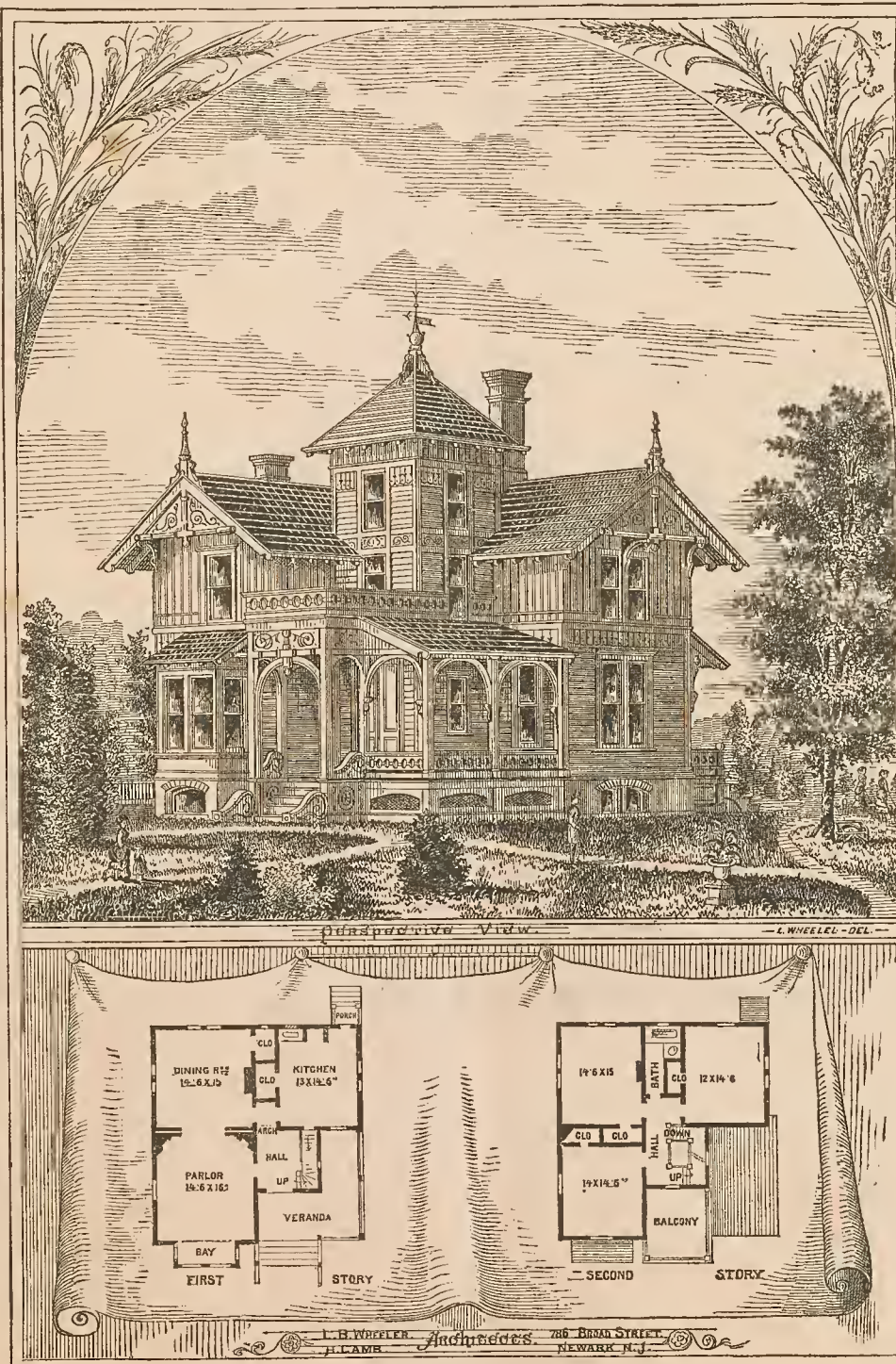
The building is intended to be sheathed diagonally and tar papered, thus giving strength and warmth; then to be clapboarded on the lower story and boarded vertically with battened joints above, producing a pleasing variety without additional expense.

The main roof is covered with slate. The interior is, we think, conveniently arranged. We enter a square, well-lighted hall, nine feet wide, containing broad, easy stairs to upper story. We prefer a *square* hall to a long, narrow one, giving simply an *alley* alongside of stairs—the latter generally taking more square feet of space than the former, and being much more cramped.

The parlor and dining-room are connected by large sliding doors. The kitchen is convenient to the dining-room, with passage between. The kitchen is provided with stationary range, with boiler attached for warming water. Force pump to supply tank, sink, &c., complete.

There are three bed-rooms and bath-room on the second floor. All rooms throughout are well supplied with closets. The bath-room has bath-tub and wash-bowl, supplied with cold water from tank in roof.

The cost of this cottage would be from \$2,500 to \$2,800, complete.



DESIGN FOR COTTAGE.

Floral Contributions.

MY AFTERNOON AT MRS. BRIGGS.

[This article received first prize floral topics.]

When we commenced house-keeping, Moses and I, our assets were not heavy, and we soon learned that finding a living for two, in addition to the usual outlay necessary to begin a house of one's own, *did lighten* them uncomfortably, especially in the winter, and no work; though M. was skilled in the use of plane and saw. We economized, and several years had passed, bringing with them a reasonable degree of prosperity, yet the old habits elung to him, and he believed, or thought he did, that the mere beautiful should be passed by, mostly, by persons in our circumstances. He was not willing that I should be a breadwinner in any way. "If I attended to my household duties it was enough, he could support us," he guessed. Like a dutiful wife, I acquiesced in all his views and wishes; but I often wished for something to enliven those bare windows and walls, neither very large, but bare, nevertheless. One evening, I saw an advertisement in the *Times*, something like—"10 Beautiful Window Plants for \$1.00. Catalogues Free." How those "beautiful window plants" haunted me. I said to myself, Moses does not care for those things, and I don't think he would be willing to spend much, if anything, for them; but I am going to have them, if it can be done. Fortune favors the brave. Just then Mrs. Ruffle was making a wonderfully extensive trousseau for Miss Precise (aged 36), and she must have the buttonholes very nice.

Now, Mrs. R. can build the most elaborate structure of flounces and puffs and folds, but she cannot make a decent buttonhole. It happens, I have acquired some reputation for excellence in this ornamental utility department; so, stating the situation, she offered me \$1.50 if I would do said buttonholes. I caught eagerly at the chance, for here was the means of getting my coveted plants. Every stitch meant a leaf or a blossom to me; and I enjoyed that work, though the pay was in small proportion to the amount of work, as I found before I got through with it. To lose no time, I had sent for the catalogue, which I examined carefully, and by the time I received my pay I had decided to send for two Fuschias, a double, two single, and one Rose Geranium, a Heliotrope, a Calla and an English Ivy. When they came, they were fresh and beautiful, surely, and there was a bright Coleus added to them. When I went to buy pots, I was astonished at the prices, but was assured that they could be sold for no less; so I concluded to buy two six-inch and one five with what was left of my \$1.50. There were two one-gallon jars I did not need, not good for much else anyway, and I would use some old tin cans. I saw some nice plants in cans in a window as I came down town. Accordingly the gallon jars were filled with mostly manure and a little soil, and no drainage, and the Fuschias put in them. The double and single Geraniums in the six-inch pots, the other single one in the five-inch one, the Calla in a three-pint can, the Coleus, Heliotrope and Ivy in cans holding about a pint apiece. After being thoroughly watered, they were put in the east and south windows, and I watched to see them grow. In a few days the Fuschias began to decay; the leaves dropped off, and they gradually dried up. My sad, longing looks could not save them, and I saw with dismay my Heliotrope turn yellow, then blackness, then the stem looked black too, and soon it, too, was gone. Soon the Coleus followed;

and I fairly cried when I could no longer deny that the Geraniums were likely to perish also. There was one consolation, my Calla was flourishing. That was one ray of hope. I need not follow the course of their lives and deaths, suffice to say, that soon I had left, my Calla, Ivy and two Geraniums, the last with one leaf apiece, about as large as an old-fashioned half dime.

A friend gave me a plant of white-flowering, large-leaved Begonia. I began to think I had watered them too much, perhaps, so tried a new plan with my Begonia. Just a very little was given, on the top of soil, at a time. The result was so unsatisfactory that my husband's sympathies were aroused. "Bella," he said, as he turned away from the half dead remnants, "why don't you ask Mrs. Briggs what to do for the poor things."—"Just what I ought to have done before; why did I never think of it." The next afternoon found me in her sitting-room, and I do wish I could describe it, but the three to five pages would be filled before I got done, if I tried to; and I would rather tell you what she told me. When she asked me to lay off hat and shawl, I said, with a slight flush I suspect, for it is hard to say one has failed, "Thank you, I will; for I have come for a long talk about plants, if you have the time to spare."—"I always have time to talk about them. While I go for a piece of work for my hands, please look at my pets."—There was one east and one south window, neither very large; the last close by a partition, along which were arranged shelves, so that all the sunshine was used. As Mrs. B. took her seat, she said, "Now, tell me what you want to know about." I told her how unfortunate I was in my attempts at window-gardening; and when I spoke of my Fuschia, I could not help looking at a graceful, drooping one, just laden with its jewels of waxy white and rose; I also saw the shadow of a smile she could not wholly conceal; but she only said, "You made a mistake in putting them in too large a quantity of soil, and it was too rich. For a long time I lost every one of that family I received by mail, and about concluded that it was hardly possible to recover them after being sent in that way; but finally found that no plant small enough to be sent by mail was too large to put in a two-inch pot, and use pure, fresh garden soil to pot it in. When they have got growing again, and made, say, two new sets of leaves, you can transfer them to something larger. A four or five-inch pot will be large enough for a good-sized plant; if they are in a larger one, they will not bloom so soon. The soil should be one-third well-rotted manure (I use that from the cow stable for all my plants) with two-thirds garden soil and, say, three or four tablespoons of sand to a five-inch pot. Some soils do not need any, there being enough in it already. I always wash the sand, if there is any clay in it. They want plenty of light, but are content to get along with very little sun. Unless watered enough to keep the earth moist, they are apt to drop their leaves; yet, must not be allowed to stand with water in the saucers, as no plant suffers sooner from sour soil. I will here give you a word about watering: water when they need it, then withhold until they need it again—whether it is twelve hours, or two weeks. All plants, except Callas (in common culture), love a sweet, well-drained soil. To secure this, drain your pots well, by putting some pieces of rock, pebbles, broken pot, or dishes, or even some straw (fine) in the bottom of the pot, and, if you can procure it, some charcoal, a few small pieces. Now, I usually water from the saucer, especially in the winter, when I use water too warm to put around the stems. Watering from the saucers prevents the soil from becoming hard on the surface.

"After an hour or so, pour out what water may be left in the saucers. The proportions of soil I mentioned are about right for most plants." "But, if I should get the dirt from the roots, I should be no better off than when they came from Post-Office," I said, thinking of changing them from the smaller to larger pots. "Not if you do as I am going to tell you: Have the new pot ready with drainage and soil, half full or more, so that the plant, with the ball of earth around, will not be above the top of the pot, or rather one-half inch below the top; then place the small pot upside down in your left hand, with the stem between your first and second fingers; with the right hand strike gently on the bottom of the pot, when the contents will be deposited in your hand; turn it right side up in the new pot, and fill to within a half-inch of the top."—"I forgot to ask you when you water them, in the morning or evening?" "In the morning in the winter, and in warm weather in the evening; and Heliotrope and Rose Geraniums and Vineas, and all those that need more water, again in the morning. Always give enough to wet the ground through, and when it is dry a half-inch or more from the surface, give again, but do not water when the sun shines hot on them, or you may destroy them." "Now, tell me about Geraniums." "I find that they double-bloom better in three or four-inch pots, and a five-inch is large enough for a large single, and most of them can be successfully grown in a four. They need moderate watering; will stand a good deal of dryness, but do not do well on it. Those of yours you had better take from the pots they are in—the soil has become soured. Take a knife and cut out a ball of three inches in width with the plant; break away the soil carefully until you reach the roots; then take some of those smallest cans, make some holes in the sides, near the bottom, and fill half-full of drainage, and fill in the top of that with pure soil; put your plants in, and water them so as to settle the soil good; then don't touch it while it is wet—you utterly ruin soil to stir or touch it then. After that, let them set until they either grow or show signs of wilting; if the last, water thoroughly, and, if they are beginning to grow, water frequently, but be sure the surplus can run off. Keep them out of the noonday sun until they begin to grow. The flowering, or Zonales, need good soil, moderate supply of water (more when in bud or bloom, as all plants do), good drainage and plenty of sun. The Seented Leaf, as well as the Variegated, need more pot-room, and plenty of sun and water, as it is foliage we want in this case. The Ivy-leaved need a warmer, dryer soil than any of the rest, so are well-adapted for baskets in the sun. They do not need near so much root-room as any of the other varieties. So when yours start again, give them the sunniest place you have, but save one as good for the Heliotrope I am going to give you. But put it in one of those empty pots (they are a particular family about the size of their houses), and be sure and draw their water well and often, unless you want the leaves to drop off after they have blackened. Charcoal in the soil is very acceptable to them."—"What are these lovely bells?" "They are Abutilons; that striped one is Striatum; that pure white, Boule de Nilge, that large-leaved, gold and green, is Thompsonii; and those drooping branches so filled with golden and green marbled leaves and yellow patched blossoms with scarlet calyx and a bunch of brown stamens that look like tassels, that is Velillarium Variegatum. There are more new varieties, and when I am rich enough to own a conservatory I mean to have them all. They are so easily cultivated, plenty of root-room, sun and water, and they are so free from insects, which is a great consideration. One must be

sure to pinch the top out; when six or eight inches higher you will see a straight stem and few blossoms, but if pruned right and cared for well they are constant and free bloomers. Those are *Cuphea Platycentra* and *Libonia floribunda*, both valuable. The first blooms almost all the time, and from a fancied resemblance of its blending of scarlet, black and white, to the lightest end of a cigar, is sometimes called cigar plant. Its treatment is similar to the *Fuchsia*. The *Libonia* is a winter bloomer, and the blossoms resemble those of *Honeysuckle*, in shades of orange. Like the *Bouvardia*, it should be grown in the same pot all summer in which it is intended to bloom. I found some dark gray lice on mine last summer, and as it stood somewhat hidden by others, they were quite numerous before I knew it, and I think they injured it.

"Those odd-looking scarlet and yellow flowers are *Asclepias Curassavica*. I grew them from seed last spring; I know nothing about them but what I have learned from those. But they have bloomed constantly for several months, and from the number of buds on them I think will continue for a while yet; one thing, they will stand a good deal of bad treatment. I grew those *Lantanas* from seed also last spring. Are they not lovely, that pure white, that buff with orange centre, and this that opens just like the buff one, but turns to rosy purple, so the cluster when fully open shows all the intervening shades. They need only common care and amply repay me for what they get. This *Carnation* will soon reward me with a wealth of fragrant, crimson bloom. They must have sun and rich earth and not be allowed to suffer for water." "What ails these plants?" "They are *Pelargoniums*, first cousins to the *French Geranium*. They are not of the every day value of their uncle's family. They bloom only in spring and early summer, but the flowers are so beautiful; and they seem like some member of the human family to live so perfectly in the memory of that one grand achievement, that they can only be brought to a sense of duty by lopping off their branches, thus compelling them to replace their lost proportions; this should be done when they are done blooming, and then repotted, shaking off nearly all the old soil; then started and grown as fast as they wish until about three months before you want them to bloom; then give just water enough to keep them from turning yellow or wilting for six or eight weeks; then give more and let them grow, and when buds appear you may give them manure-water."

"I heard you kept your *Calla* pot out of doors, and lying on the side, during the summer?" "I do; after it is done blooming in the spring, I put it on the side somewhere in the shade, and leave it there about two months, then carefully wash the dirt from the roots; wash the pot clean, too, (by the way, never put a plant in a dirty pot, box, or can), then re-pot in one-half rotten manure, the other half two-thirds dirt, the rest clean sand, with a handful of sand around and under the bulb, water well and set somewhere in the shade. After they get started again, put in the sun and fill the saucer at least once a day with boiling water, and keep water in the saucers all the time. This boiling water plan is a good one for all winter-bloomers. They will need no other watering, but empty the saucers again. Those are *Vincas*, wandering their own sweet way among the pictures. I had them in a basket, but that was too dry for them, so I put them in that good-sized pot on the bracket, and see how they grow. That *English Ivy* has grown over seven feet since I took it a little over a year ago and gave it plenty of root-room and warm manure-water, weak. That basket is *Senecio Scandens*, some-

times improperly called *German Ivy*. It makes a fine basket in the shady corner there. I keep the ends pinched off, and you can't tell that the root fills an old tomato can. That other basket in the other shady corner is *Linaria Cymbalaria*, or *Kenilworth Ivy*. It likes a loose, light soil, good drainage, plenty of water, and no sun. What is it in? A cocoa-nut shell opened near the end. This *Othunno* is in one, too, and so is this *Fragaria*, but I must put it in something larger. This *Oxalis* has something more aristocratic—an old wash bowl painted green. These last three need sun, and there is, I think, one of the prettiest, that *Dewplant*, it needs sun, too, but can do with very little water. When you get your plants, I will come and help you pot them."

She did help me and gave me a good many slips, and some day I will tell all she told me about those two things. This was a year ago, and now I have some fine specimens, thanks to Mrs. B. and THE FLORAL CABINET, which she first showed me a copy of. Moses thinks our home is much prettier than it was. So do I.

BELLA DONNA.

Bleaching Wax—Hair Flowers.—Will some one be kind enough to inform me, through the medium of your columns, how to bleach wax, and how to harden it and prepare it for making wax flowers, and also how to make wax grapes? Will some one also tell me how to make hair flowers?

EMMA CARSON.

Painting.—Perhaps the lady who paints with oils on Bristol board will find the following preparation for ready use, convenient: To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tightly, and let it stand for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tightly on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation.

AVIS.

Fringed Gentian.—Another lady wishes to know something of the habits of the *Fringed Gentian*. Here in the west it is found in roadside ditches, or in moist unfrequented places, where it will bloom year after year if undisturbed. Its habits are similar to those of the closed *Gentian*, which abounds in the sloughs of our prairies. We have also the *Creeping Gentian*, which loves a dry, somewhat clayey soil, but it is rare, and its rich, expanded blossoms are never seen until after the first frosts of October.

AVIS.

White Worms.—In what way, without injuring the plants, can we destroy the little white worms that seem to breed in the jars containing old plants? We have some old *Fuchsias* that we keep in the cellar during the winter, and about two months since we brought them up, and now there are hundreds of buds and blossoms on them, but the earth is full of those little worms. We have tried tobacco tea and diluted ammonia, but they do not seem to have the effect of killing them. An answer through the CABINET would very much oblige

F. D. PERKINS.

Rome, N. Y.

Answer.—Bake the earth in an oven and it will kill all animal or insect life—after baking put the plants in.

Japan Lily.—My *Japan Lily* failed to bloom this season: it is now six years old, and never failed before. Shall I divide the roots?

MRS. H. SWAN.

Answer.—The original bulb is probably decayed; the offshoot will most likely flower next year.

Stove Urn.—One of the CABINET correspondents tells how to make old stove urns useful (I had already found it out), and perhaps it may be interesting to some of your

numerous readers to know how they can easily utilize the cover. First give the outside two coats of brown or drab paint, then take a round wooden box which will just fit into the bottom of the cover (a strawberry box will answer), and treat in the same way; now invert the cover, attach three cords of suitable length, place the box in this, and you will have a very respectable hanging-pot, and something much prettier than a tin basin. Do not omit to make a hole in the bottom of the box for drainage, and place under it, in what is now the bottom of the cover, a piece of sponge or some moss, to absorb any water that may pass through. Will correspondents give their methods of treating *Smilax*? I have had one for several years, but have never succeeded in making it grow well, and not at all except in the shade; and can any one give me the true name of what is sometimes called "*Abutilon Fuchsia*"? also the name of the plant commonly known as "*Baby's Breath*"?

W.

House Vines.—What vine can I have in the house this winter that is a rapid grower and has bright flowers? Also tell me the price of the plant and mode of culture.

LOUTE.

Answer.—*Coboea Scandens*.

Liquid Fertilizer.—The following works like magic on vegetable life. You can recommend it without fear of failure. Its inexpensiveness and convenience will recommend it to all. Take of ammonium sulphate, 4 oz.; salt-petre, 2 oz.; white sugar, 1 oz. Powder, mix, and dissolve in one quart of water. One tablespoonful of this mixture added to one gallon of water and sprinkled on the plants once or twice a week enriches the soil and imparts health and vigor to the plants. I do not know who is the originator. I have been using a tablespoonful to about one and a half pints of water on an almost hopeless window basket and it has done wonders.

ELLE SCHEREFFLER.

Splendid Salve Receipt.—You will confer a kindness by publishing the following for the good it may do. It was sent to my mother to relieve her agony while suffering with a carbuncle on the back of the neck, and afforded her wonderful relief. For boils and sores of almost every kind it will be found of great service: Tallow, 1 lb.; linseed oil, 1 lb.; beeswax, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; Burgundy pitch, 4 oz.; Venice turpentine, 4 oz.; rosin, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; oil of lavender, 2 oz. Mix all together and simmer over the fire for about twenty minutes. As this makes a large quantity, one half of the above ingredients may be taken. I consider this receipt alone worth many times the price of the CABINET.

ANNIE O. SOLLERS.

Maryland Biscuit.—One of your correspondents asks for a receipt for making these biscuit, and as Maryland is my native State I can give her very explicit directions how to make them, but whether she will be successful is the question, as the whole secret is in the proper handling of the dough. The fact is that few can make them in perfection except the old colored women who have been brought up as family servants, and who are fast passing away. This is the receipt: Rub in two quarts of flour, one small teacup of lard, and the usual quantity of salt. Mix it up with just enough water to make a stiff dough. Now comes the tug of war. The dough must be worked and beaten from half an hour to an hour. It should be worked until the blisters are constantly snapping and breaking and the dough is waxy. After the dough is once mixed there should be no more flour worked in. When it is all right, if you break off a piece quickly, it snaps off short, and in cutting a piece off with a sharp knife the holes or pores where you have cut it are small and of an even size. Now break off the dough in small pieces, and work each piece into a nice biscuit shape, and press it with the lower part of the thumb where it joins the hand to make the indentation; prick, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. The biscuit should be a light brown in the centre of the top and on the bottom, but not all over, and not hard. I should like to hear if your correspondent is successful in making them.

MRS. M. W.

Waterbury, Md.

Flower Gardening.

THE DANDELION.

Gay little "Golden Head" lived within a town
Full of busy bobolinks flitting up and down,
Pretty neighbor buttereups, easy auntie clovers,
And shy groups of daisies whispering like lovers.

A town that was builded on the borders of a stream
By the loving hand of Nature when she woke from winter's dream:
Sunbeams for the workingmen, taking turns with showers,
Rearing fairy houses of nodding grass and flowers.

Crowds of talking bumble-bees, rushing up and down,
Wily little brokers of this busy little town—
Bearing bags of gold-dust—always in a hurry,
Fussy bits of gentlemen full of fret and flurry.

Gay little "Golden Head" fair and fairer grew,
Fed with flecks of sunshine and sips of balmy dew,
Swinging on her slender foot all the happy day,
Chattering with bobolinks, gossiping of the May.

Underneath her lattice on starry summer eves
By and by a lover came with a harp of leaves,
Wooded and won the maiden there—tender, sweet
and shy—

For a little cloud-home he was building in the sky.

And one breezy morning on a steed of might
He bore his little "Golden Head" out of mortal sight,
But still her gentle spirit, a puff of airy down,
Wanders through the mazes of that busy little town.
AMBER HOLDEN.

[This Article received Second Prize for Floral Topics.]

FLORAL ITEMS.

In Floriculture, as in most other pursuits, success depends greatly upon attention in little matters. Plants cannot be neglected and thrive. Many who keep their plants in almost sunless windows, wonder why they do not have more blossoms, not realizing that they must have plenty of sunshine to perfect them. A window with southern exposure is best suited to plant-growth; if a bay-window, so much the better. But many fine plants may be grown in ordinary windows, if facing east, south, southeast or southwest; and even in a western window we have seen some excellent plants; while Ivies, hardy Ferns, Tradescantias, and similar plants, will thrive in a north window.

In the cultivation of house plants, much of our success depends upon our choice of plants. Most any of those known as green house plants will flourish in our sitting-rooms, also some called hothouse plants, though not a great many, unless our rooms are kept far too warm for human health or comfort.

One winter I had a beautiful Croton—it barely lived; but barely living did not please me, and though I paid a high price for it, I did not care to try it another year. So, too, with the Torrenia—it was pretty, but I found in order to thrive that it wanted to live a-top of the stove-urn, or over the tea-kettle, and that followed the Croton. So, too, with Bonvardias. I had blooms, to be sure, but not in any such quantities as to render them desirable. In my choice, I wish to select only such plants as are well-adapted to room-culture, doing well in an atmosphere from 60 to 68 or 70 degrees by day, often ranging as low as 40 or 45 degrees at night.

From observation and experience, I find the following plants well-suited to grow in such a temperature; The Calla, Genista, Smilax, winter-blooming Fuchsias, Cupheas, Daphnes, Feverfews, all the different sorts of Geraniums, Jessamines, Pelargoniums, Stevias, Eupatoriums, Primroses, Centaureas, Ivies, Achyranthus, Draecenas, greenhouse Ferns, Cacti, some sorts of Begonia, Veronica Variegata, Petunias, Mahernias, Oleanders, Maurandias, Ageratums, Roses, Carnations, Abutilons, Camelias, Azalias, Sedums, Lobelias, Lantanas, Cyclamen, Mesembryanthemum, Violets, Musk-plant, besides many others. The Heliotrope, too, we all admire for its delightful fragrance; although

classed with hothouse plants, we find that by giving it the highest shelf in the sunniest window, we are rewarded by its sweet blossoms. Then there are the different bulbs, such as Oxalis, Ixias, Hyacinths, Poly-anthns, Narcissns, etc., so that any lady can find sufficient variety from which to choose, and be confident of success, if proper care be given them. Make ready for the winter by starting cuttings of the various plants desired, during the summer and autumn. It is best to commence early in the fall, potting and cutting such as we wish to preserve, not leaving too many till there is danger of hard frosts, for then we are apt to work too hurriedly, and may lose some of our treasures after all. Never bring them at once into a warm room, but place in some sheltered spot or cool chamber, where they can have plenty of light and air. John says I have "posies on the brain," and thinks his "pathway actually strewn with flowers," for they are growing "upstairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." He thinks the cellar may need enlarging to accommodate all my Oleanders, Chrysanthemums, Roses, etc., that go there to rest; (but I have agreed not to crowd the potatoes and cabbages.)

Having many plants to care for, I wish, of course, to make their washing easy, and to save as many steps as possible. I spread down a piece of old carpet in front of the bay-window, set thereon a small table to hold my pail or basin of water. The small and medium-sized plants can be immersed and receive a good washing here, while the larger ones must go to the kitchen sink for their bath. After setting on the table to drip, the pots can be wiped, and the plants restored to their places, while we proceed with others. One lady said in THE CABINET, that she thought washing did more harm than good, because it "stuck the dirt down." I really cannot see how there can be much "dirt" to "stick down," if they are washed weekly. Some persons never smoke their plants, thinking it more agreeable to pick off all intruders by hand every morning. I have no patience with that method, but prefer smoking them. It is very disagreeable, to be sure, but is the only preventative or cure for the aphids and green fly. I recollect telling my manner of smoking in the pages of THE CABINET some years since; but knowing the paper has hosts of new readers since then, I will repeat it for their benefit:

Beyond the kitchen, in a back room, we have a large old-fashioned sink, beneath which is a capacious closet; into this I set my plants as closely as convenient, leaving a large unoccupied space in the centre. Here I place a large brick, and upon this a piece of iron, several inches square, previously heated red-hot in the stove among the coals; then lay upon it some tobacco cut fine, and rather damp, so as not to blaze, and close the door as quickly as possible. In about half an hour I remove the plants, wash both plants and pots, and carry to their places in the windows. I thus proceed with them all before putting in their winter quarters. Those too tall to stand in the closet, I lay upon their sides. The plants should not remain too long after smoking, before being washed, or the insects (should there be any) might revive. A writer, in THE CABINET, once said that the aphids or green fly appeared only on the most healthy plants. Now, I always thought there was something wrong about mine when I chanced to see any of those insects upon them; that they had been kept too wet, so that the roots had suffered, and become sodden and rotten. I repot such plants, cutting off the rotten roots, and if the pot is too hard baked to allow of sufficient evaporation through its sides, change it for a new one, not forgetting to place in the bottom a handful of broken

charcoal. If placed in moderate sunshine after repotting, and kept there, its health will be restored, and the aphids not likely to appear again, especially if washed every week with carbolic soap suds. Perhaps some of our readers do not know that tobacco smoke, though called destructive to the aphids, will not kill their incipient offspring. To do this, it will be found necessary to smoke again on the second or third day, that is, all such plants as we know to have been infected. This will generally suffice, if the weekly washings are attended to, to keep them free from insects.

When plants seem subject to attacks from the red spider, they should be washed, or dipped in water twice a week or more. Common flower-pots are far more healthy than glazed or ornamental ones, and plants grown in the latter should be more sparingly watered. The temperature of the room should be kept as even as possible, and air given on mild days. Plants at rest, or lately cut back, require little water. In winter use warm water, and remember to give your Callas water much too warm for the hand. Also turn hot water in their saucers. I commence this treatment soon after potting in September, and the last two years buds have appeared in October. Hot water may also be turned in the saucers beneath Fuchsias, Genistas, Geraniums, etc., when blooming freely or coming into bloom. All new pots should be well soaked in water, and old ones thoroughly cleansed before using. In potting, have your soil slightly moist. Plants, when first brought in, need no stimulants; but later in the season, or when blooming freely, they may be given it once a week. That from stable manure is much safer, especially for the inexperienced. To prepare it, get your "John" or "Isaac," to fit a cheap lead faucet (cost about a quarter) into one side of a tight butter firkin, as near the bottom as convenient. Have a circular piece of board well perforated with large holes for a strainer; nail upon it three small blocks of wood three inches long for legs; but do not have it fit too tightly the sides of the firkin, so as to be easily removed and replaced. This strainer when dropped upon its legs into the firkin, will, of course, leave a space between the bottom and the strainer, the height of these legs. Place upon the strainer a large handful of straw, and upon this several shovelfuls of stable manure; then turn on sufficient boiling water to nearly fill the firkin; place on the cover tightly, and when cool it is ready for use. Keep it where it will not freeze, and have it placed upon blocks, so as to draw off easily. Add warm water to make it the color of weak tea. I find this much neater and more convenient than the usual method. One writer in THE CABINET thinks angle-worms are beneficial to her Callas, while I carefully avoid all insects and worms by baking my earth. Another says, "don't do it, for it takes the life all out of it." Now, it has sometimes happened that in baking my earth, it has really been burnt a little, and I observed that my plants never did better; the Petunias and Pelargoniums that had been re-potted in it, were splendid in growth and perfectly gorgeous in color. Once, owing to an unexpected change in the weather, I had some fine Verbenas, Pelargoniums, and Petunias (kept in a chamber) badly frozen. I plunged them at once into cold (not freezing) water, and had them removed to a dark closet in the cellar, where they remained for two or three days. They were then returned to their places, looking as fresh and well as though the frost had never touched them. This is the only way to restore frozen plants.

MRS. POLYANTHUS PERIWINKLE.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER IV.

"A young man married is a man that's married."

A tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired young man was standing in an elegant little city breakfast parlor, fitted up with the subdued, well-harmonized colors and artistic devices that modern taste delights in, and holding in his hand one of the ominous yellow envelopes of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The centre of the polished hardwood floor was covered by a rich Turkey carpet. The shining, plate-glass windows, draped with heavy striped curtains of Oriental stuff, the jardinières full of growing plants, the gleam of a soft coal fire in the low grate of polished steel, the mirror frame, and buffet, and mantel, all of the most exquisite wood-carving, the few excellent oil sketches on the wall, with rare Japanese bronzes and vases scattered about, made this room a perfect setting for the lady seated by the breakfast tray, furnished simply with a fragrant pot of tea and crisp, golden rolls, and dainty pats of butter.

She had lived much abroad, and abominated heavy American breakfasts. You might know she would—so perfect was she from the crown of her head to the tip of her bronze slipper. There is a beauty that does not perfect and mature itself before the age of fifty. It was fresher at eighteen, but less harmonized, less complete. The smooth puffs and bandeaux of this lady's silvery hair, the pale, aristocratic tint of the skin, the clear-cut features, the fine dark eyes that had a depth of passion and intensity time had not subdued, the hands and feet slim and delicate with the distinction that belongs to some old races, the rich lace of the morning cap, and the violet wrapper, with touches of the same lace about the neck and sleeves, enchained and satisfied the eye as rounder contours and brighter tints seldom do.

She was a woman of delicate and perfectly refined charms, like faint, sweet perfumes shaken out of a silk robe. She was an eager woman, intent upon the objects of her life, and with a fire of purpose and energy in her that years could not tame, though her manners had the perfect ease and composure that the best society requires. She had travelled much, had read widely but not profoundly, and had met and mingled with many elegant, high-bred people in different countries, and was a charming companion when her sense of self-respect was bolstered up by fine old laces and beautiful, artistic surroundings. She needed a rich frame, an appropriate background of finely-blended tints and tones, and then she never failed to make a delightful picture.

Now, as she raised the little pot to pour an odorous stream of breakfast tea into a china cup that a collector of ceramics would have coveted, her hand was arrested by an exclamation from the young man at the fireside.

"What is it, Bradley?" and she placed the tea-pot back on the tray.

"He is dead, mother."

"Not the old Judge?"

"Yes, mother, the old Judge."

Mrs. Halcourt subsided into her large, soft, easy chair. She experienced the giving way of physical powers which follows a shock. But the shock was an immense relief—a cause of congratulation and rejoicing, as she acknowledged to herself with the next breath she drew.

In a moment she had recovered from the surprise, and straightening herself, and giving a little shake to the violet cashmere drapery, said, with clear, distinct intonation:

"Bradley, why don't you read me the telegram?"

"Yes, mother, pardon me, I will," he replied, with his eyes still bent upon the bit of paper in his hand, and then he began slowly:

"Judge Braithwaite died at Halcourt Hall, of apoplexy, on the evening of the 25th. The interment takes place on the 28th. Your immediate presence is requested."

"EDGAR SWAYNE."

"The telegram is ten days old," he added. "It has been following us about to various places. Of course there were notices in the papers which we missed, as we happened to be out at sea in the yacht; and getting in town late last night there was no one to tell us the news. I see," he added, scrutinizing the piece of paper again, "the telegram was originally sent to Newport."

"And why to Newport?" Mrs. Halcourt asked, a little sharply.

Bradley's face was well bronzed from the sea air—only a strip of white forehead, with the golden-brown locks of hair scattered over it in picturesque confusion, showed what his natural hue might be. He calmly directed his hazel eyes toward his mother as he said, with deliberate slowness:

"Mademoiselle Duval must have told them. I wrote to her that we might put in at Newport for a day or two. We have had some correspondence in reference to her missing uncle."

Mrs. Halcourt appeared to receive the information with a shade of annoyance.

"You take a deal of unnecessary trouble about that girl, Bradley; but come, sit down and have a cup of tea. I do not know why I should be deprived of my breakfast because of the demise of that old man. If I had passed off the stage instead, it would not have affected him to the turning of an eye-lash. In fact, I believe he would have openly rejoiced, and regarded his having outlived me as a victory. He was a dreadful old man. I wonder that any human being can shed a tear over him. But it is strange that when he was taken seriously ill they did not summon you to the Hall. You might have been of great service to your cousin at such a time."

"Oh," said Bradley, stirring his tea, "I presume she had all the aid and assistance she needed from this Edgar Swayne, who signs the telegram. Perhaps he is my fair cousin's chosen swain."

"How can you speak so lightly and make puns, Bradley?"

The young man smiled, and showed a beautiful set of even, white teeth.

"I am sure, mother, you do not think it necessary to pull on a long face about the taking off of the old Judge. He was no good to anybody, himself included. He made life disagreeable to all around him by his parsimony and bad temper. He worshipped his money-bags, and believed in nothing else. Such people cannot expect even the hypocritical pretence of mourning. I am sure my poor aunt must secretly rejoice that he is out of the way, and though Winnifred probably felt some natural affection for her father, who honored her one moment and showered imprecations on her the next, she will soon reconcile herself to the independent life of a great heiress. I really cannot see how this event is going to affect us."

"But it does affect you immensely," said Mrs. Halcourt, leaning forward, while the fire burned in her dark eyes; "or it would if you had the natural and proper ambition of your manhood. You are the head of the Halcourt family, and the Halcourt estates ought to go with the name. Your poor father was terribly wronged by this old man, who is lying cold in his grave, while his wicked deeds remain behind him to work their spells on the living. There is every reason to believe that he influenced your grandfather Halcourt's will. The old man stood in mortal terror of him, but was as abject as a whipped dog in his presence. He gained complete ascendancy over his mind after he became weak and childish, and the slave Jeanette, mother of old Nanna, who was devoted to the Halcourt interest, told us, with tears streaming down her cheeks, how the old man would sob and moan and cry for his son when the Judge's stern eye was withdrawn. At last it reached that pass that the Judge would allow no one to approach him. He gave him all his food and medicine to prevent the poor old creature from sending a message to Harold; and when he begged on his dying bed for the privilege of reconciling himself to his son, the boy he had loved so fondly, the Judge, with a fiendishness almost unparalleled, denied his prayer, and kept him locked up like a lunatic. We knew the will was extorted by that wily, wicked man, but there was no redress. The Judge was then on the bench, all powerful in the courts. We could not afford to risk our whole fortune in a legal contest, and so we endured the wrong. Does it not rouse your indignation, Bradley, to think of the manner in which you and your father were robbed?"

Bradley was leaning back in his chair. His clothes sat upon him with easy and unstudied grace. There were golden touches in his beard and hair, and his eyes had a kind of gentle benignity seldom seen in a young man's face. He had taken out a cigar, and was holding it unlighted in his fingers.

"Well, no," said he, turning his gaze, with a lurking smile in it, upon his mother, "I can't say that I am indignant. I suppose I ought to be; but I always seem lacking in emotions proper to the occasion. I do feel deep regret that my poor father's last years were embittered by this unfortunate will; but I haven't it in me to envy that wretched old man, who browbeat and half starved his family. The money, or something else, was a curse to him; perhaps it would have been a curse to us if we had got it; and, as for being Halcourt of Halcourt Hall, that would not weigh with me a rush. You know, mother, that is all moonshine."

"Oh, Bradley, you are exasperating," cried his mother, her consuming anxiety breaking through her repose of manner. "Why can't you be reasonable, and look at things as other people would; people whose opinions you ought to respect. Why, with all your cleverness, haven't you a little of my spirit? It seems impossible to arouse you. You are never prepared to take hold of advantages, because all motive is 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' It is the not-worth-while that comes in to hin-

der everything. Now your pulses are as even as clock-work, when the opportunity has come to redeem all the past."

He turned his eyes just enough to note the unwonted flush in her pale cheek, and her flutter of excitement, and then he said slowly and seriously, looking down, "I know what you mean, mother. You would have me try for the hand of my cousin Winnifred."

"And why not?" she asked eagerly. "It is an idea that must be familiar to you, for it has been talked of for years in both families; even the old Judge was not averse to it. It would right the wrong, and put you at once in your true position. What possible objection can you have, Bradley?"

Bradley elongated his long limbs, and, putting the cigar in his mouth, sat in silence for a moment, and then withdrew it.

"Oh, it is not worth while to discuss my objections. A man might not like to be disposed of like a bale of goods, or an odd auction lot. He might not care to be led about by a rich wife like a poodle dog by a ribbon. The point is, what objection has my Cousin Winnifred? She is as independent as an heiress can be, with full liberty to bestow herself on the first knave or fortune-hunter that comes along. I am incapable of deceiving her. She would know my motives were mercenary in proposing marriage to her, and she would either laugh in my face, or scorn me bitterly. How, I ask you, can a man fall in love with a girl he has dreaded as an *enfant terrible*? When I last saw Winnifred, five years ago, she was a lean, brown, meagre, scrawny creature, with great eyes out of all proportion to the rest of her face—a perfect hoyden and mad-cap. She wore me out and exhausted me, strong fellow that I was. She put me directly on my muscle, and challenged me to foot races, and beat every time. Now, I don't fancy marrying Atalanta. I wouldn't take the trouble to drop golden apples in her path."

"She has outgrown the hoyden. She has become a beautiful, clever girl," Mrs. Halcourt rejoined. "Those dark, meagre children, with great saucer eyes, do often develop into rich, ripe loveliness. Mrs. Fortescue, who has spent several summers at Clovernook, is enthusiastic over Winnifred's picturesque, fascinating, vivid kind of beauty. She says she flashes about like a red-bird, and is as natural and unspoiled as one, with great shrewdness and spirit. Her father, though diabolical, was a brilliant man of the world; and he has given her a training that will fit her for the position she is to fill. Cleverness and a little eccentricity are pardoned in a great heiress. They add piquancy to her charms, if she has any. We shall see Winnifred day-queening it in society one of these days. It will not take long to polish away any rusticity of manner, and it is fortunate that she has none of poor Susan's beauty. Charley Fortescue has been more than half enamored with her these two seasons past."

"Oh, well then, let Fortescue take her," said Bradley, with a half yawn. "I can't undertake to rival him."

"Oh, Bradley, why will you be so resistant, so blindly, cruelly opposed to your own interest?" She clasped her jewelled hands together in an agony of expostulation.

"Mother," said he, drawing himself up and wheeling round, "what have I to offer her, when we come to that? I know I am a failure; and the knowledge ought to make me miserable, but it does not. Life has been singularly pleasant to me. I have enjoyed the whole of it thus far, but I have always looked forward to my marriage as to the time when trouble was to begin—probably because this thing was hanging over my head, like the sword of Damocles. My book fell dead from the press, though some of the critics did me the favor to say that it ought to have succeeded. My play was damned, though the manager voted the public stupid and purblind not to applaud. Art, and music, and poetry, and numberless things, have lured me with their wiles. My head is stuffed with an odd assortment of lumber that nobody cares for. I should be a conceited ass to offer my incompleteness and miserable failures in exchange for my brilliant cousin's beauty and ducats. I have viewed all my own disappointments with a calm and philosophic eye, because no man is really a failure unless he seems so to himself; but, would it not be the most disastrous failure of all to deliberately approach this girl with mercenary motives? I am not so confoundedly weak-minded as to set myself up on my old blood and lineage, but I do prize my honor, my manhood."

"Why do you take such a high tone, Bradley?" the mother asked, with an anxious wrinkle in the middle of her forehead, that was usually as smooth and fair as ivory. "You are always soaring away out of the reach of common mortals. Do you suppose I would counsel any breach of your honor and manliness? But why is it impossible to anticipate a fair share of happiness in a union with your cousin? You certainly cannot cherish a wild, impracticable dream of love, that would fade away and leave you without any basis of mutual respect or comfort! From what I hear Winnifred is too sensible to have her head filled with such romantic stuff. You ask what you have to offer, Bradley. You have yourself. You are incomparable, and I am a

doting old creature to say so. Ah, Bradley, your father had your golden temperament, but it was mixed with some foibles and weaknesses—some dross you do not seem to have inherited."

He rose from his seat and looked at her with an expression intense, ardent, almost imploring.

"We have always been lovers," he said, as he passed around her chair and took her thin, white hand with a pretty, caressing gesture in both his brown ones; "why do you wish to drive me away, mother? Why should we not live on happily together in the old way? We have enough for every comfort—for luxuries even—and the indulgence of our tastes."

Mrs. Halcourt's face changed as if from some inward pang.

"You are as sadly at fault there," she said, in a low, pained voice. "There have been bad investments made; some of the securities I was advised to buy have proved worthless. I found last night on my arrival a letter from my lawyer, with the terrible news that we have only enough left to live on with the strictest economy. I could not break it to you all at once, and this other startling announcement drove it for the moment from my mind."

"So much the better," cried her son, as he threw his arm around her and drew her into a closer embrace. "I will work for you now. I will achieve wonders to make you happy. I have splendid health, plenty of bone and sinew, and energy, too, when it is called out. I will throw off the foolscap and bells, and show myself a resolute man."

"Oh, Bradley," she cried, almost wringing her hands, while real, passionate tears broke through her conventional being. "you do not know me, though you are bone of my bone. I am worldly, I am ambitious, if not vulgarly mercenary. I cannot change my whole nature. For years I have had but one aim, one purpose, to see you righted, to see you in possession of the estate that belongs to you. Bradley," she repeated sinking down, with sobs, upon his shoulder, and lowering her voice to an intense whisper, "if you do not marry your cousin it will break my heart and bring me down a disappointed, miserable old woman to the grave."

All the light, and ardor, and affection, had gone out of his face. It was pale now, and almost stern.

"Mother," he asked slowly, "do you desire this object of your ambition more than my happiness?"

"Why should it be inconsistent with your happiness, Bradley?"

"Because I wish to be free to dispose of my own life, my own heart."

She looked up alarmed, with the tears on her face.

"Do you love another woman?—is that the reason this idea of marrying your cousin Winnifred seems repugnant? Surely, if you are heart free, you might in time come to love a beautiful, spirited creature like that!"

Bradley had withdrawn his arm. He stood back and made no answer to the question for a moment or two. Then he said, with a strange infusion of bitterness, almost of irony, in his tone:

"I will do as you desire, mother, seeing that you desire it more than all other things—that your happiness, your very life depends on it. I will obey the summons to the Hall. I will marry my cousin Winnifred if I can do it consistently with honor—without lying professions of love or an unnecessary display of mercenary meanness. But the result, I must forewarn you, on these conditions is more than doubtful."

She half sprang out of her chair toward him with an unnecessary effusion of gratitude.

"O Bradley, you are my good, reasonable, loving boy. I knew you would come around, for you have never crossed me. I have made myself odious to you, but I am sure the day will come when you will bless me for having secured the happiness of your life."

She would have caressed him, putting her hands upon his shoulders in an old familiar fashion, but there was something repellent and chilling in his air, which she had never felt before in all their years of loving intimacy.

"Now," she continued, trying to resume her sprightliness and old charm of manner, "there is one thing more I must ask of you, Bradley. You know a woman, if you give her an inch, will take an ell. Mademoiselle Duval had better leave the Hall. She ought not to be leading the life of an idle dependent, and Winnifred is too old for a pupil. Virginia has accomplishments that will secure her a good support in her own sphere in life. If you will send her to me I will provide for her future."

"I have no control over Mademoiselle Duval," he answered, coldly. "We cannot move human beings about at will, as if they were pegs in a cribbage-board."

"Nonsense," she cried, still trying to make the spell of playfulness work. "You know that ever since you began to take such a delightfully romantic interest in her affairs, and especially since the search began for that mythical uncle, she has looked up to you as her patron saint and guardian angel. She would be as submissive as a child to any request you might make."

"I cannot take it upon myself to ask her to leave the Hall," said Bradley, as he turned and quitted the room.

Mrs. Halcourt sat gazing after him for a long time. A red, excited spot still lingered on her pale cheek, and many painful chords were vibrating within her. She was a proud woman, and this interview had cost her dear. She sat fingering a fold of her violet cashmere robe with her jeweled hand, while plans and purposes took clear shape in her mind, and then she rose with a half smile on her face, thinking how she would lure her dear boy back again.

In less than two hours Bradley had packed a portmanteau and was on his way to the hill country. The railway journey was devoid of incident, but it was a long one, and afforded too many vacant hours for brooding over troubled thoughts. He sat all night in a corner of the car, wrapped in a rug, and without catching a single wink of sleep, and early on the afternoon of the following day, stepped out, jaded and travel weary, at the little upland station, five miles from Halcourt Hall. Leaving his portmanteau with the station master, to be called for, he set out on foot over the hills to the old Hall. It was a beautiful September day, the air just crisped and clarified with autumnal freshness. The hills were of a deep, dark blue, glorious and strong, as if freshly buttressed and strengthened in their mighty fortresses. Health and vigor came from the aromatic pine forests and acres of sweet fern that clothed the barrens. Bright tints had begun to kindle at the edges of the wood. Every now and again a partridge started up with a great whirr from some copse, and the nut trees were heavy with rich brown clusters, and the streams, swollen by late rains, came foaming and dashing and tumbling down through the hill gorges.

Bradley was delicately alive to every sensation of physical enjoyment, and as he struck out of the main road into by-paths and forest ways that he remembered exploring in his school-day vacations sometimes spent at the home of his ancestors, the blood tingled down to his healthy finger tips, in spite of a sleepless night and a long fast. He remembered the streams where he had fished, the places in deep, mossy glens where he had watched the habits of wild birds and animals, and the glorious weather and the beautiful scenery helped to shift the dull load of foreboding from his thoughts. His young life had thus far been singularly bright and unclouded. He was so little accustomed to mental disturbance that it seemed like a thorn in his hand, which he must pluck out and be rid of. The feeling of bitterness toward his mother was the most unyielding, the most stubborn and resistant. His heart had smarted and burned with a sense of wrong, the conviction that she was ungenerous and cruel to make use of his affection to force him into a position abhorrent to his nature. It was the first time that a dense shadow had fallen between them. Mrs. Halcourt had always been her boy's playful, indulgent companion, using her wit and culture and grace and wordly wisdom to bridge over the disparity of years, that she might charm and fascinate him into the worship she craved, rather than bind him to her by formal ideas of duty and obedience. Bradley was suffering the pang an ingenuous nature feels when a direct ray is thrown upon the fatal weaknesses of a character it has loved blindly. The clear vision of the present moment made his former security and peace seem almost a mockery.

But he was determined to crush out this mental disturbance, to put it under his feet by vigorous exercise. So he chose the roughest road through the woods, leaping over logs and stones and crashing through undergrowth until he had got into a great glow. He noticed the little curling moss at his feet, the red-berried vines twining about gray rocks; the plummy ferns in many-shaded tints of green; the tree branches over his head gathering a sunny glow; and glimpses of the azure hills seen through great tree-bolls, and a gleam of the old tranquillity stole back upon his heart. Surely, if his vision was awry, the world was still fair and healthy; the future could not all be hung in sable without a touch of silver lining anywhere.

As he drew nearer to it, he thought of the old Hall as it used to look in his boyhood's days, with sepia touches about the gray roofs and gables, and the long sweep of carriage drive, and the old oak avenue leading up from Glenmere. It seemed to furnish a background for only one picture, the fair, pale face and shy, blue eyes, and sunny hair, and slender figure of a young girl. It came over him for the first time, like a thrill, that he was drawing near to Virginia Duval; that he should see her and hear her speak, and make her look at him in spite of herself, as he had done more than once on the ship. And then he fell into a reverie in which he lived over every little event connected with the young stranger, since she had been thrown so singularly on his care. If a young man, going a wooing, finds the wrong maiden making pictures in his brain, how can he help himself?

When Bradley came to the upper end of Glenmere, the thick woods that clothed its bank were casting dense shadows, and the water lay at his feet in a long, bright line. He remembered poling about this pretty lake in his boyhood on an old raft. He could have gone to the very spot where he had often hidden his poles to prevent his Cousin Winnie from getting drowned in the same kind of

exercise. Now he emerged upon a tiny cove, upon the opposite side of which ran a little green path, turning in and out among the trees. It was not many rods across, and the path was in plain sight from where he stood hidden by the sloping branches of a great hemlock.

As Bradley paused a moment in this place a confused murmur of voices struck his ear. The words were indistinguishable; but a woman was half sobbing or imploring, and when she ceased the sound continued in the heavier tones of a man's voice. The blood rushed back on Bradley's heart, as he seemed to recognize the accents of Virginia, in those low pleadings, from the green path across the little cove. He peeped through the thick branches of the hemlock, and caught the flutter of a light skirt just as it disappeared from view. At the same instant a man emerged from the shadow of the trees. He was tall and slender, with dark hair, and a pale face. He turned and mounted the wooded bank of the lake with a quick, noiseless, stealthy step.

Bradley dashed from his hiding-place, and almost with one bound had struck the path that rounded the little cove like a bent elbow, just where it was joined by a bridle-road that led through the forest, and over the hills, to the Halcourt mines, when Virginia, with her hat off, her hair unloosed, her bosom panting, her face bloodless, and eyes dilated, came flying toward him like a frightened wild bird. In a moment she was almost in his arms, and then she shrank and cowered away, exclaiming:

"Oh, Monsieur Halcourt!"

"Virginia—Miss Duval—what has happened? Were you assaulted? I heard your voice in distress, as I thought, and I was running to the rescue."

She cowered back still farther, and said, as well as she could, in gasping, agitated tones:

"Oh, no, no. I was foolish, nervous. I—I—that is, it was a man from the mines, who spoke to me, but he did not mean to harm me. I was fearful in that lonely place, and I lost my head."

"The miscreant, did he frighten you? Did he threaten violence? I cannot leave you here half fainting from agitation and alarm, or I would go after him and give him a lesson he would not soon forget."

"Oh, no, no," cried Virginia, in agonized tones. "Do not think of it again. It was all my weakness and folly."

"Did he beg of you, the scoundrel?"

"He asked for money, but I had none to give," she said hastily. "But it was all my fault. Do not speak of it to your cousin; it might disturb her?" And again the trembling and shuddering came on more violently than before.

"Do let me support you; you will fall," said Bradley, in an anxious tone. "The villain has given you a shock that may throw you into a fit of illness. You must not go straying alone about this wild country."

He passed his arm around her waist, and Virginia burst into a flood of passionate sobs and tears.

"At that moment Winnifred, with a brilliant, glowing color in her dark cheeks, and mounted on Thunderbolt, came riding down the road from the mines with Edgar Swayne, who had resumed his clerical dress, by her side.

(To be continued.)

MADAME SOBIESKI—A NOBLE WIFE.

During the troubles in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the truest and the best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years ago.

Sobieski had three sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was quietly and beautiful, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is, your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall I be safe?"

"Yes, madame, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," said the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the goodwill of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a full pardon for the father and sons.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1877.

OUT-DOOR RUSTIC WORK.

When Mildred and I visited the city in May, we spent a considerable portion of our time around the different greenhouses, and returned seriously infected with what father termed the "rustic fever." We had a large grassy lawn dotted with shrubs, roses, and roomy beds filled with thrifty plants. But our hearts longed for baskets and vases. A certain vacant spot was exactly fitted for that forty dollar rustic vase we saw at the florist's, and on each side of the verandah steps was a place for those elegant things in iron we so much admired, and in our roomy verandah could swing a dozen lovely terra-cotta pots. But all these expensive articles were beyond our means.

"If this were a laurel-growing country we might make rustic-baskets," I suggested. "Of laurel roots, cedar and pine branches, we are destitute," answered Mildred, "but we have grape-vine and green briar roots, knotted and tangled, and all the unexplored resources of the woods to draw from; let us see what we can do."

It was June before we got fairly started, but in two or three weeks we worked wonders. We read "Window Gardening," and everything else in our reach on the subject of rustic decoration. We observed, questioned and invented. We ransacked the garret and brought out the trash. We explored the woods and returned loaded. All the odds and ends of the earth were to us available. Wooden bowls split or worn through by vigorous chopping, aged keelers and warped peek measures were treasures. Those of suitable size were turned into hanging-baskets, furnished with grape-vine handles, and covered with grape-vine branches and roots, crooked sticks, knots and the roots of green briar and briar-rose. By cleaning the roots thoroughly and finishing with a coat of copal varnish, we managed without laurel roots to equal the rustic baskets of the florists. Other baskets were made of sweet gum balls. We pierced holes through the centre of every ball, strung them on wire, and beginning at the bottom, shaped the string of balls into a basket

fastening it in place by other wires extending from bottom to the top. Baskets of acorns were made in the same manner and varnished.

Of the larger bowls and measures we made vases, ornamenting them as we did the baskets. For stems or standards we got pronged saplings, cut the prongs off so that they rested firmly on the ground as feet, made the upright stems of suitable length, peeled off the bark and nailed the prepared vase to the top. Then grape-vines were twisted about the stem and prongs, and the whole varnished. A handsome double or two-story vase for the verandah was made in this wise; Brother Rob, to whom we appealed all our difficulties, procured a number of maple sticks three inches in diameter, and split off the four sides. Each end of these split pieces was rounded, one end being made thinner and narrower than the other. Then they were nailed to an oval board, bottom sawed slanting, and the tops tacked to a wide strong hoop on the inside, and the result was a flaring basket, fourteen inches deep. It was finished with a grape-vine hoop tacked on the outside at the top and bottom. A peeled three-inch stick, three feet long, was nailed to the centre of the bottom for a stem for the upper vase. This upper vase was a hexagon box of planed oak, ornamented with pine cones and acorns tacked and glued on, and with a pine cone tassel at each corner. The bottom vase and stem were stained as near oak color as possible, and the whole affair varnished. This was filled entirely with ferns with moss at their roots, and partridge berry wandering over the edges.

Another lovely double vase was entirely original, with us at least. A three-inch square post was set firmly standing three feet above the ground, and surmounted by an octagon box. Then we covered both box, and standard with pebbles, stuck in putty, and piled up a small rockery around the base. In the box were Ice and Dew Plants, their succulent leaves harmonizing with the gray pebbles. From a pot, concealed by moss, a small English Ivy vine twined around the standard, and in the crevices of the rocks, well filled with rich earth, flourished Moneywort, Sweet Alyssum, Lobelia, Verbena, Nolana, etc.

Other vases and baskets were formed of rough boxes covered with bark dotted with clusters of lichens and tufts of gray moss. Others were log-cabins made of inch sticks of maple or other wood, with the bark left on and cut into lengths of ten, twelve or more inches, according to the size desired. A gimlet hole was bored an inch from each end of the sticks, and they were laid together, log-cabin fashion, and fastened by passing a wire with a loop on the upper end through the holes and on through corresponding holes in a board-bottom, and clinched on the under side. Because of the interstices, we lined with moss before filling.

Still we had not made anything satisfactory to be placed near the Verandah steps. Something entirely different from the others, and solid-looking, was Mildred's idea. One day she exclaimed, "I have an inspiration! You remember the sanded depot building at L—? If I only could get a foundation to suit me." We needed the aid of a better workman than Rob, and counseled with a carpenter accommodating and inventive. Thrice blest is the woman who can find such a carpenter! In a few days he brought our vases of wood. A handsomely-moulded pedestal supporting an octagonal box, so contrived and finished with moulding as to closely resemble some styles of marble or stone work. We painted them a brownish gray, and sifted fine sand over them while wet. When put in place and filled, our visitors thought that they were of sandstone.

FLORENCE.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The Awards of Prizes for Floral and Household Articles has been made as follows:

FLORAL ARTICLES.

1st Prize—To Mrs. James Stewart, Peabody, Kansas, for article entitled "My Afternoon at Mrs. Briggs'."
2nd Prize—To Mrs. M. J. Giddings, Weston, Mass., for article entitled "Floral Items."
3d Prize—To articles as follows: "Flowers for House and Garden," by Ellen E. Rexford. "A Bit of Christmas Green," by Mrs. M. F. B. Atkinson. "My Fern Window," by Mrs. R. L. Carter. "My Conservatory," by Mrs. J. H. Biggs. "Flower Fancies," by Mrs. Geo. Katon. "Lily Flowers," by Mrs. Kate Madigan. "Plant Windows and Window Plants," by Jennie M. Chatterton. "Wintering Plants in Cellars," by F. A. Alling. "Floral Decorations in Our Bay Window," by Ella S. Helps. "Rustic Work," by Liza Hodgson. "Indoor and Out-door Culture of Window Plants," by L. K. Share.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

1st Prize to articles—"Home Furnishing with Small Means," by Mrs. M. Plumstead, Jr.
2nd Prize—"My Breakfast Shawl and What Became of It," by Mrs. Edward Higby.
3d Prizes to "Lambrequin," by Mrs. E. R. Barnes. "Our Sitting-Room," by Augusta Delmer. "Our Sewing Bees," by E. M. R. "THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET," by Maria S. Fergus. "Some Hints to Country Girls About their Bed-Rooms," by A. P. Blankhead. "Useful Elegancies," by Mrs. J. K. Byrnes. "My Room," by Ellen C. Wright. "My Guest Chamber," by Kate Hilliard. "Pictures as Furniture," by Miss M. C. Emmettrout. "How I Improved Our Home," by Bertie Luepron.

COOKING RECEIPTS.

The Award of Prizes must be deferred till the February Number. Over 10,000 receipts were forwarded for competition, and it is physically impossible to conclude the work of examination before February. The receipts are all splendid—the best collection ever known to American housekeepers, and we thank our correspondents deeply for their cordial help and interest.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Back Volumes.—New subscribers, who are pleased with THE FLORAL CABINET, will find in back volumes an immense fund of delightful reading, pictures, and the choicest of family music; there are single pieces of music so sweet and charming as to be alone worth the price for a volume. We will club these together with subscription for 1877, as follows:
\$2.00 will pay for subscription 1877, the steel plate engraving, and all the back numbers of 1876, January to September.
3.00 will include all of 1877, 1876, and 1875.
4.00 " " " " " and 1874.
5.00 " " " " " and 1873.

Bound volumes for each year will cost 65 cts. for each volume in addition to above prices.

Books on sale Agents Wanted.—Our Household Books are so popular, and so sure to delight the ladies, that to any subscriber, club agent, or agent, who can sell copies among their friends, we will give special commissions. They may purchase of us, and we will take back all they cannot sell, and refund the money.

Prizes for Clubs.—A Prince Parlor Organ, worth \$100, is given to the club agent who gets up largest club for 1877. See Oct. Number and Premium List for other Prizes.

Back Numbers.—Many whose subscriptions began with the January Number, and wish back copies from the commencement of the story, "Winnifred's Will," can obtain them for 33 cents.

No Trial Trip.—The Trial Trip offer expired Jan. 1st, and is not now open to acceptance. Any one wishing Numbers of this year must remit full price.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.80, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.80 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.80, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.80 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.80 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, (all together worth \$8.80) and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection, free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

These collections of Balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.

Household Topics.

[First Prize for Best Article Household Topics.]

HOUSE-FURNISHING WITH SMALL MEANS.

Many young people nowadays, when they marry, board instead of going to housekeeping, under the impression that it costs less to board. I think this is a mistaken idea. If they are economically inclined they can get along better, and certainly be happier in a home of their own, even if they have to rent a small house, instead of boarding in a large one. There is my friend Kate Grant, who was married a year ago and went to housekeeping. Her father is a well-to-do merchant, and gave her a pretty French-roofed cottage for a wedding-gift, and it was planned to suit her ideas of convenience. It is not every girl who is so fortunate, I know; still, any girl can make a great many things to beautify a home, even if she does not own a house. Kate had some money laid by, as she had taught school several years. Her husband had just started in business, and needed all his money to invest in it; so they wished to be economical in their furnishing.

Kate set her wits at work to see how many pretty things she could make to beautify her house without laying out much money. How well she succeeded you must judge, when I describe them. But first let me describe the house. It stands back from the street about twenty-five feet, giving room for some nice flower-beds cut in the grass. The front door is in the centre of the house, with a cosy little porch covered with Woodbine and Madeira vine; and I must just stop to speak of the beautiful contrast of the Woodbine, just turning red, and the Madeira vine, still a bright green, with its feathery blossoms. The parlor is on the right-hand side, sitting-room on the left, a bay-window in each; the dining-room opens from the sitting-room. Now, I will begin with the front hall and tell you something about the furnishing. Here is a door at the right, opening into the parlor; at the left, into the sitting-room; at the farther end,

into the dining-room. The stairs go up at the right side and curve around near the top. The walls are covered with plain drab paper; a gilt molding is put up next to the ceiling to hang pictures from; then a plain green velvet border; the same just above the base-board. The doors are painted a very light shade of drab, panels a little darker. The carpet is a green mossy pattern on a drab ground; stairs covered with the same with a narrow border. The narrow windows each side of the front door, have plain white Swiss muslin curtains. In every pane of glass is a

pot of Tradescantia, on the other Coliseum Ivy. Over the dining-room door is the motto, "Welcome," made of ferns in spatter-work. In the corner near the parlor door is a little table with a card-receiver on it, made in imitation coral work, of red sealing-wax. This hall looks very pleasant, and the carpet is the only thing in it that cost much.

Let us enter the parlor. How pleasant it looks! Carpet, curtains, and furniture, all seem to harmonize. Sit down in the easy chair and let us look at the surroundings. The room is about fifteen feet square,

with a bay window on the north side, opposite the door. At the right a window facing east, and the mantle opposite the front window. The walls have the same drab paper as the hall, and the same gilt molding. Just below this is a velvet border of a lovely shade of blue; under this is a narrow gilt beading for a finish, this is repeated just above the base-board. The paint is the same as that in the hall. The carpet is an English Brussels; a light drab ground with figures of blue, black, white, and a little golden yellow, with a border to match. This was a wedding gift from Kate's mother. At the window are plain white shades with drab tassels; over these, lace curtains looped back with blue cord and tassels, finished at the top with a plain gilt cornice. The lace curtains on the bay-window are put up next to the room. Half way up on either side of the casing is a walnut bracket; on it a drab flower-pot, (Made so by a little paint, then a band of silver paper put around the top for ornament.) In it an English Ivy with two branches, trained up



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

transparency, made by taking a piece of white tarleton just the size of the glass, and fastening autumn leaves and ferns, and then tacking them to the window at each corner with very small tacks. The tarleton does not show, and the leaves look beautiful through the misty curtains. There is a neat hat-rack, and a couple of rattan chairs cushioned with scarlet rep. On each side of the hat-rack hangs a pretty chromo; underneath each picture is a bracket made of pine wood stained and covered with cones; on one

at the side of the casing until they reach the cornice; then across to the center where they cross and hang down, forming a prettier finish than a lambrequin, I think. The other window has a lambrequin made of white tarleton, cut in three scallops, one large and two small: then pressed green and bleached ferns pinned on, the edge outlined with pressed Hartford ferns. In the bay-window is a fernery, or greenery I should call it, as it is not under glass. It is made of an old-fashioned light

stand with a zinc pan that fits the top, stained and varnished to match the table. It is filled with native ferns, partridge berry vines and mosses; near the edge is planted *Tradescantia*, which conceals the dish. Suspended above this is a hanging basket made of an old-fashioned porcelain gas shade; it has a crocheted cover of stout blue embroidery silk with crystal beads, finished with a handsome tassel of silk and beads; the same for cords to hang it. A small saucer is put in the bottom to cover the hole. It is filled with pressed ferns and long sprays of Ivy put in bottles of water. Near the front window is a bouquet table bought without the marble top; that leaves a hollow place about an inch in depth. Into this is fitted a little wooden tub covered with bark, tacked on; the tacks concealed by bits of moss, glued on; then filled with earth and three English Ivies planted near the outside and twined around the tub, and around the table, until they reach the feet, where they are fastened with green worsted. The surface is covered with moss. In the centre is a tall white vase with the stand broken so it can be pushed into the earth until it stands firm. It is filled with Sweet Peas and Mignonette, and *Maurandia* vines trailing around the vase. Near the bay-window is a similar table; this has a mat fitted into the top made of stout pasteboard, covered with green cambric; then there is moss sewed around the edge about three inches deep; made by knitting shaded green worsted as wide as the moss should be, dampening, pressing, and ravelling it out, then sewing it on to the pasteboard. This imitates moss very well. The dish on it was originally a tall cut-glass preserve dish, but an accident had deprived it of its standard, so it was appropriated to this use. It happened that it broke just where the standard joins the bowl, so it fitted nicely into the mat. There was pounded charcoal put into the bottom, then leaf-mold and sand, and a *Smilax* vine trained around a small green wire cross. Of course this was done last spring, so now the cross stands draped in living green. It is trimmed with red and white Carnations and sweet *Allyssum*; the stem of each is wrapped in a bit of green moss and tied on with green worsted. Kate tells me they will keep fresh in this way several days.

On the mantle (a marble slab supported by bronzed brackets) is a pair of alabaster vases of the antique pitcher-shape, a wedding gift from an uncle; a few feathery pressed ferns, and scarlet bitter-sweet berries, set off the lovely whiteness of the pitchers, and trailing down from the mouth are pressed partridge berry vines. Do you know how lovely these are when pressed? In the centre of the mantle is a photograph framed in blue velvet and gilt, on an easel frame; behind this is a wide-mouthed bottle filled with water, and bits of charcoal to keep it sweet; then long sprays of Madeira vine are put in and trained around the picture. Over the mantle is a life-sized chromo of "Beatrice Cenci" framed in gilt. On each side of the bay-window are bouquets of bright flowers painted in water colors on black grounds and framed in gilt. On the side next the hall is a group of chromos, the center one a winter scene; either side a spring and autumn scene. On a bracket below the winter scene is a white vase filled with *Tradescantia*. In the corners on the bay-window side are brackets; on one is a white wax cross wreathed with colored wax flowers, on the other a bust of "Clytie." I declare! I haven't said one word about the furniture. It is black walnut covered with drab rep with blue gimp and buttons. There is a cosy little *tete-a-tete* sofa across the corner between the bay and front window; a large easy chair on castors, opposite side of the front window; a larger

sofa on the side next the hall. Three smaller chairs on castors, and two after the camp-chair style; no parlor chairs. I asked Kate how she dared have a parlor and not have one of the aforesaid chairs? She replied that "she agreed with Rev. Mr. Murray about parlor chairs, that they were ridiculous," and so on. You remember his comical description of his call on some ladies, and sitting on that kind of a chair, and his feelings on the occasion. I shall never get through if I stop to tell it.

I have not told you of the pretty centre table, bought second hand, but not defaced, excepting some scratches on the top. It has a drab broadcloth cover, with an embroidered border, made of scraps of blue velvet and satin, appliqued with gold colored embroidery silk. It is very handsome. In one corner is a round marble-top table, with a group of "Roger's Statuary" on it, "The Favored Scholar." This was presented by Kate's scholars when she left her school. I must not linger here, but pass across the hall into the pleasant sitting-room. Here is another bay window opposite the door facing south; another window in front; a door at the right opening into the dining-room; then the chimney; the other side of that a book-case fitted into the recess made by the chimney. The paper is plain drab again, same molding, scarlet and black border, same above the baseboard. The carpet is common ingrain white, ground, scarlet and black figures. The furniture Kate said was a second-hand set of black walnut covered with hair-cloth, slippery and dismal, but she bought it very cheap, and thought she could cover it. She bought some plain twilled French cretonne, such as is used for covering furniture, made covers, bound them with scarlet braid, and then ornamented them with "spatter work." The large sofa had a lovely bouquet of ferns and trailing vines on the centre of the back. One easy-chair had a bouquet of maple leaves; another, small-sized oak leaves, and so on. The effect was charming, and as Kate said, "Who knows they are shabby underneath?" White shades, with scarlet and golden border, were at the windows. But the crowning glory of this room is the bay window filled with plants. It is arch-shaped at the top and shut off from the room by a glass door, open in the centre. It is boarded across about eight inches across the window sills, and a zinc pan fitted even with the sills; this makes a sort of sink. The bottom is covered with sand, the pots set in and filled in between with sand, and then moss from the woods on top. This is made even by putting the large pots almost to the bottom of the sand and heaping the sand higher under the smaller ones, so they present an even surface at the top. This is better than planting directly in the soil, as is often done; they can easily be changed so they will not grow one-sided, and most plants blossom better in small pots. There is a little door underneath and a faucet to draw off any extra water. Suspended from the centre overhead is a rustic basket, a *Dracena terminalis* in the centre; near the edge, is an Ice Plant covered with its tiny white blossoms. At the side windows are brackets with pots of pink and white *Maurandia* trained up the sides of the window; each side of the centre window are pots of *Cobaea Scandens* and *Tropaeolum Minus*. Then there are Tricolor Geraniums, Begonias, *Abutilon*, Chinese Primrose, Carnations, *Ageratum*, *Salvia*, *Cyclamen*, *Heliotrope*, and directly in the centre is a splendid specimen of *Cyperus Alternifolius Variegatus*. Some of the grass tufts measure over three feet in height. They all looked finely and not a bug to be seen. I asked Kate how she managed to keep them so free from insects. She said, "When

the weather gets cold I take a kettle of boiling water and pour carefully between the pots, then shut the door tight. This causes the steam to rise and the air keeps moist a long time, and the red spiders and all the rest of the tribe are nowhere; when the water gets cold I draw it off." Each side of the glass door, about halfway up, is a bracket with a pot of English Ivy on it, trained up until they meet in the centre, where they cross and then are trained straight along on the scarlet border. Where they cross is a bracket with a statuette of Flora on it. The book-case I spoke of is built into the wall in the recess formed by the chimney projecting into the room. It is made of black walnut, glass doors, drawers underneath, is about five feet high, and the top projects a little into the room. On it is a bust of Dickens; behind it is a wide-mouthed bottle filled with *Tradescantia*, which droops around the bust. Near by is an open grate, with its cheerful fire; or, rather, an open stove. It looks so like a low-down grate that one can hardly see the difference, and as Kate said, "One can see the difference in the cost." This is eighteen dollars, and the grate, with its accompanying marble mantle, from fifty to seventy-five dollars. There are white vases with scarlet and gold medallions on the mantle, filled with pressed ferns and sumac. There are pictures and brackets. I came near forgetting the front window. There is a black walnut box fitted to it; in each end are two *Smilax* vines trained on strings across to the centre of the window, where they are fastened; then crossed diagonally, then back, forming diamonds and half diamonds. In the centre of the box is a *Dracena*; each side of that is *Abutilon Thomsonii*; around the edge is *Coliseum Ivy* covering the box; overhead, suspended in his cage, is bright little 'Dick, the canary. Kate has a nice piano she has had several years. Over it on a bracket is a vase of something, I could not make out what. She said, "I partly manufactured it and it is partly natural." I took some sprays of oats that had been bleached in the sun, gathered some milk-weed pods before they began to fly open; began at the top of the spray of oats, taking a milk-weed seed with its winged attachment; put a drop of mucilage on it; then held the husk of the oats apart and inserted the seed out of sight, and so on until all was done. I then filled the vase with sand, so that I could arrange them gracefully and keep them steady. They look as if they would fly with every breath of wind, but they can't. I think my room will look warm next summer, there is so much scarlet about it. I'll tell you what I mean to do: After my carpet is shaken and put down again, I will lay down some heavy carpet paper and then some white straw matting; that will make the room look cool and be easy to sweep. Quite a consideration in hot weather, especially when one has to do their own sweeping; in the fall all I will have to do will be to take up the straw matting and paper and my room will be clean.

The dining-room has two windows facing south and one west. There is plain buff paper on the wall; wood-work, chestnut, oiled; floor, chestnut and black walnut, in stripes; the chairs are black walnut with dark green leather covers, studded with brass nails. Kate said they could not afford a woolen carpet and nice chairs, so she chose the latter, they are so durable, and the floor was so easy to keep clean. There is a woolen drugget of oak and green under the table. The window shades are light buff. At one window is a hanging basket made of an old tin pail covered with birch bark and moss filled with German Ivy. At the other window is a white-lead bucket, holding about a quart, painted scarlet, hoops black, filled with Saxi-

frage or Wandering Jew. On the side next the kitchen is a door into the back entry. Here is a washbowl and water faucet; over this is a looking glass: underneath a little closet for boots and rubbers: behind the outside door is an umbrella rack made of a three cornered piece of pine board with holes large enough to admit the umbrellas. A little further along on the same side is a small sliding door that opens into the dish closet, which is in the kitchen; under this slide is a broad marble slab supported by brackets, so the dishes and food can be passed in and out. The pantry opens out of the kitchen on the north side. The kitchen is an L and opens on the other side of the end entry. Kate said, "I want to have my kitchen as convenient as possible, for I want every step to count. You see it is quite small, but that saves steps. On this side I have a number of cupboards, or rather a large one divided. This one is for tins and baking dishes, small but handy; hooks for all things hangable, and shelves for those that don't hang. This cupboard is for wash-day and ironing things; this drawer is for ironing sheet, bosom board, holders, and my white mittens for hanging clothes in cold weather, knit with a finger like the soldiers used to wear. On this shelf above I keep starch, bluing, &c., just room enough this side to hang my clothes-pin bag, the other for my skirtboard. This box beside the stove is for my kettles; you see it is lined with zinc, so there is no danger of fire from hot kettles. When I shut the cover down it makes a good seat. I never could bear a kettle closet under the sink. I think they smell musty. You see mine is open underneath. I had it made of soapstone. I think it keeps clean easier than iron. I have my water handy. This pump is the hard water, and this faucet soft water from the pond. My cooking table is built against the wall between these two windows, so I can have all the light. It is enclosed at the back and ends, has drawers and doors in front. This right hand closet is where I keep my flour barrel, this door open to let the barrel in, this lid opens over the barrel to take the flour out. Here I keep my sieve, scoop, &c. The middle closet is for things I use to cook with. Above the door of this closet is a place made to slip in my bread board when not in use; it has a piece on the end of it with a knob to pull it out by, and slips into place like a drawer. Here are drawers for dish-cloths, holders, and a drawer for cooking knives and spoons."

The floor is hard pine, oiled; woodwork grained; walls painted light buff and varnished. Paper soon spoils with steam, and this is soon cleaned with a damp cloth. There is a small shed opening out of the kitchen where the washing is done. On wash days Kate has a piece of rubber hose she screws on to the kitchen faucet, which carries the water to the tub or boiler without lifting or stopping. If I could stop I could tell you of the pretty chambers and their furnishing, but must defer it until another time.

Lynn, Mass.

M. J. W.

Papering and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

An oaken color can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry, this should be oiled, and it will look well for a year or two; then renew the oiling.

[This article received second prize for Household Topics.]

MY BREAKFAST SHAWL, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

I thought it was handsome when it was new, but that was a good dozen of years ago. It was none of your machine-woven concerns, but crocheted, of the brightest of scarlet zephyr, with a black and white border, scarlet fringe, and pretty mixed tassels. I came across it one rainy day away down in the bottom of an old trunk, and, as usual, began to consider as to what good use it could be made to serve. I have it, said I, it shall be ravelled and made into a jacket to wear under my cloak in severe cold weather. Full of my new idea I commenced at once, but before I had proceeded far in my work of destruction I began dubiously to shake my head, and by the time I had finished winding my last ball a very emphatic no escaped my lips. It was not strong enough to bear the wear and tear of a tight-fitting jacket, so it was consigned to the old trunk once more.

Not many weeks after this occurrence, by some unfortunate accident, one of my kitchen curtains was completely ruined. My bedroom boasts of but one window, and its curtain matched those in the kitchen. It was the work of only a few moments to take it down and put it into the place of the ruined one; but now the query arose, what shall I get for my bedroom? This room, so far as furnished at all, was furnished well. A chamber set of chestnut, with black walnut trimmings, and a pretty ingrain carpet of scarlet, white, and green. The walls were just as the masons left them, simply lathed and plastered. The paint was white. If I bought a new curtain I must have a pretty one—the old one was not half good enough—but it was hard times, money very scarce, and I wanted a great many things. Thus I pondered, Well, that night I closed the blinds and slept in a curtainless bedroom, but ere the clock had tolled the midnight hour my plans were all arranged.

The morning found me up bright and early, and searching my FLORAL CABINETS for directions for kalsomining. It is fortunate those papers are made of the best of material, for if otherwise I am sure there would not be a piece left of mine. I wonder if every reader peruses them as faithfully as I do! But I am digressing. I found my directions, purchased the material, borrowed a brush, and with my husband's help had that room all kalsomined clear and white before night. I was stiff and sore for a week afterward, but that did not matter.

Now for the curtain. I had a set of three sheets that I never used except in the hottest weather. They were made of very fine and light cotton, and had been washed times enough to be very soft. I took one of them, ripped it through the middle, picked out the stitches, tore a strip lengthwise off each breadth to make a nice hem or facing, tore off ruffles from dainty I had in the house, hemmed and gathered them full enough to flute, set them within the facings, and stitched them on the machine, washed, boiled, starched, ironed and fluted them, and my curtains were finished.

I brought my balls of scarlet wool from out the depths of the old trunk, and crocheted them into a hermitage lambrequin. They were plenty strong enough for that. I cut a stiff paper pattern of lambrequin, and crocheted the wool in the exact shape of pattern, hid the fringe into the edge, and fastened the tassels in their proper places. I lined it with two or three thicknesses of white, starched very stiff, tacking the outside to lining wherever it was necessary. The effect of the white showing through the scarlet was

very pretty. I fastened the curtain to the top of window, the lambrequin I tacked to the cornice, which was made in this wise: I obtained a half-inch pine board long enough to reach to the outside of the framework of window, a small piece was tacked on each end to make the cornice set out the required distance, the top was sawed in fanciful shape, measuring six inches in the widest part, the lower edge was round but straight—that is, the edge of the board was rounded off and a groove cut a little above, to give the appearance of a moulding. I covered the cornice as far down as the groove with smooth brown wrapping paper stained black walnut; the moulding I covered with gold paper. I stained more paper, cut and folded leaves, and tacked them the whole length of upper edge of cornice and down each end, and finished with a good coat of varnish. It was as handsome as carved black walnut. All that remained now to make my window complete was something with which to loop my curtains back. These I made of strips of pasteboard covered with pieces of scarlet cloth, and again with Nottingham lace. My bed was already covered with a white counterpane, and my pillows with shams, tucked and ruffled, with embroidered initial in centre. The little table for lamp I covered with a handsome spread of lace lined with scarlet. My bureau I did the same. A little scarlet wool yet remained, which I speedily converted into a scarlet and white pin-cushion, hair-receiver and hair-pin box. I covered my washstand with white, and put back of it a white splash-cloth bordered with scarlet; hung brackets and pictures on the wall, spread mats on the floor, and my room was finished.

I suppose you think I was proud of it. I am not ashamed to own that I was both proud and satisfied. I had a very attractive room—a room in which everything so blended as to form one harmonious whole, while my purse remained about as full as when I began, which certainly was an important item.

Before closing I would like to describe one of my floor mats. It is wholly of my own invention, one of the wonders of the neighborhood, and has received the name of "Centennial Mat." It is three feet long by two wide, corners rounded. It is made on dark glossy green cloth, and lined with bed ticking. I made flowers, buds, leaves and vines of pieces of straw braid in all colors, both variegated and plain—of course they were perfectly flat. I arranged them as a collection or bed of flowers in centre of mat. Wherever it needed any delicate filling in, finer than I could give in straw, I chain-stitched vines and tendrils on the cloth, tracing the design with a pencil. The material used for the chain-stitch was very fine white and brown mending cotton; a needleful of each threaded into one needle, thus making a variegated stitch. The centre figure measured two feet in length by a little less than one and one-half feet in width. The border of mat consisted of a long coarse piece, half an inch wide, of variegated red and white, variegated green and white, and plain white straw braid, braided very loosely together, and sewed on flat, nearly an inch from the edge of mat. These were stitched firmly on each edge of each braid, making six rows of stitches in the border. Every flower, leaf, bud and vine, was stitched around the edges and back and forth every way through its centre, leaving no possible place for careless feet to damage. The edge of mat was bound with green skirt-braid to match the cloth. It is handsome placed in almost any situation, but its own peculiar sphere is in a summer parlor, furnished in green and white, like the one described in THE FLORAL CABINET of May, 1875. SEAWEED.

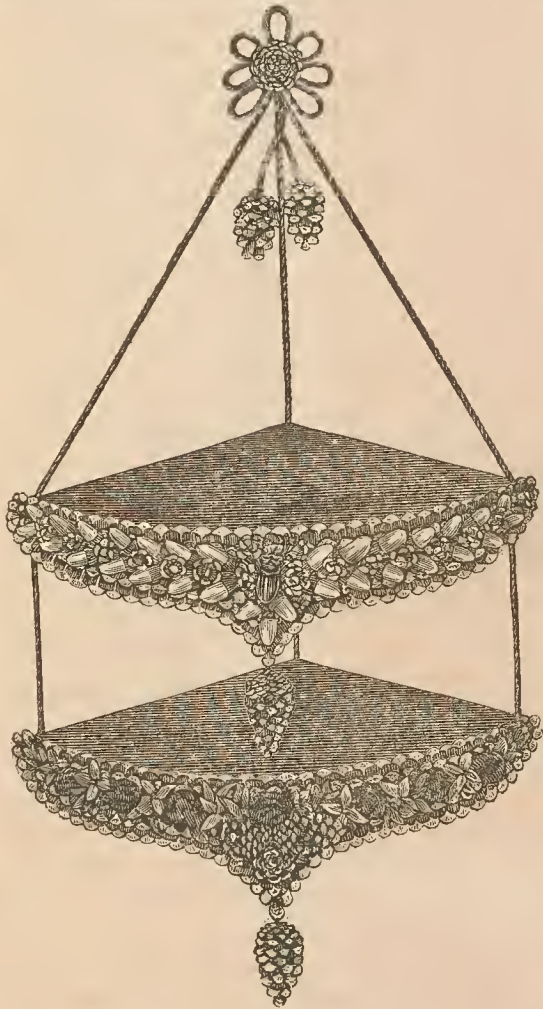
Household Elegancies.

LAMBREQUINS, BASKETS, ETC.

The illustrations on this page represent several beautiful household ornaments. The Lambrequin is constructed by simply using a board of proper shape, and fastening thereon with glue acorns, leaves, nuts, shells, etc., which can be found in our forests; or it can be constructed of leather, in imitation of the natural. The little hanging corner Book-shelf is exceedingly simple to construct, its size being about fifteen inches in diameter. The Flower-Basket is made of bamboo reeds, and prettily trimmed with cords and tassels. It is about twelve by eighteen inches in diameter, and sufficiently large to hold one large-sized flower-pot and plant. It makes a very simple, pretty and acceptable flower-pot stand for a parlor centre table, or in the window.

HINTS AND HELPS.

THE CABINET, as it comes to us from month to month, is always a welcome visitor, and so great is the variety and excellence of its contents, that it sometimes seems as if every possible thing of beauty or object of household art, within its province, had been already described in its pages. But each new number, rich in suggestion and helpful hints, reassures its



CORNER BOOK-SHELF.

readers and speaks of a wealth of good things yet to come; and so, doubtless, it will be while busy brains are left to plan and deft fingers to execute the designs of their beauty-loving owners.

Even as I write, I see about me some pretty things which I have never yet seen mentioned, and will try to describe some of them in return for the direction and help received from others.

WALL POCKET.

A dainty little wall pocket may be made from cigar-



LAMBREQUIN.

lighters. Take twenty-four slips, using the uncolored kind, and interweave them basket-fashion to form a square; make another square like the first and fasten each of three corners of the second square to the middle of a side of the first, respectively. This will cause the second square to round outward somewhat, forming a pocket, of which the first or flat square is the back. One or two trials will show you exactly how to arrange them. Now pass two additional slips through openings in each of the upper corners of the back piece, and interweave the other ends of these four slips to form a pointed top like the tops of the photograph frames made of the cigar-lighters. Make a tiny bouquet of feather-grass and sew it upon the upper corner of the pocket, concealing the ends of the dried grass-stems, which should come down to the middle under a little oval picture or a scarlet rosette tacked on with a few stitches. Put little bows of scarlet satin ribbon on each corner of the back piece and one at the top where the strips cross, by which the wall pocket is suspended.

A COURT-PLASTER CASE

Is an acceptable Christmas gift to almost any one, and even little fingers can readily make them. Two pieces of perforated card, each two and one-half by three and one-half inches in size, are to be bound with narrow scarlet, blue or green ribbon. In the centre of one, work an initial, on the other the words: "I heal all wounds, save those of love." Cut four pieces of court-plaster of different color three-quarters of an inch smaller each way than the outer pieces and place them between two pieces of Bristol board of the same size. Sew the covers together, leaving them open at one end. Make two holes through the remaining piece, near one end, and pass through these a piece of ribbon, tying the ends in a bow. Insert between the covers the bow at the top, and hang up by a strap of ribbon.

A PAPER-HOLDER

Well adapted for holding pamphlets and magazines, may be readily constructed out of stiff pasteboard, bleached muslin and a roll of scarlet dress-braid. Cut out from the card-board, two pieces, one for the back twelve inches wide, twenty inches high in the middle, and sloping in deep curves to the sides, where it is but thirteen and one-half inches in height; the bottom is also cut in four scallops, and an inch and a half above; then draw a line across where the bottom of the pocket is to come; the pocket is twelve inches square. Lay these pieces on the muslin, and mark around them with a pencil, but do not cut away the margin until the ornamentation is applied.

Arrange on the front piece a bouquet of ferns, mountain fringe—Adlumina—and yarrow leaves; surround this with a light wreath of partridge-vine and wild elvers, and place in each corner a small, pretty leaf. For the back, place a bouquet of tiny leaves in the upper point; a geranium leaf in each of the lower points, and a small rose leaf in each of the two still below; in the middle, arrange an initial of the smallest fern fronds. When all is arranged and securely fastened, spatter with a brush dipped in India ink and rubbed over a sieve. Afterward, with a brush, delicately vein each leaf. A delicate line of fern fronds is arranged across the bottom of the back piece before spattering. Apply the muslin to the card-board and bind each piece with scarlet braid. Stitch the front to the back firmly, on the line previously drawn, and lace the pocket to the back piece with braid or scarlet cord.

PRETTY BASKETS

Can be made of cigar-lighters, interweaving them



FLOWER BASKET.

basket-fashion, fastening them at each point of intersection by a cross stitch of bright worsted, and cutting out bottom ends and sides to make any shaped basket desired.

Fireside Reading.

Several years ago, while lecturing before a class of ladies, upon chemistry, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois leather. The scrap remained upon the table after the lecture. and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in, accordingly appropriated it to this purpose. The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure enough, the metal remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold, and entirely destroyed the spectacles. It was a mystery which we could never explain to her satisfaction. —*Fireside Science.*

Pat had just seated himself in a Quaker meeting when a young Quaker lately married arose to announce his new relationship. "Brethren," said he, "I have married." Pat's spontaneous mother wit suddenly burst forth involuntarily: "The devil you hev!" The young and blushing bridegroom, imagining that the spirit had suddenly moved some more influential brother, sat down in confusion. In a few moments he rose and essayed again: "Brethren! I have married a daughter of the Lord!" "The devil ye hev!" ejaculated the intensely interested Irishman, "it'll be a long time before you see yer father-in-law!" The shuffling feet and confusion of faces which followed admonished "Patsy" that he had better be "thravelin'," and he was "after gettin' himself out o' that!"

On the North London railway a short time since, a passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the company's servants, how easy it was to "do" the company, and said he often traveled from Broad street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. "Any man can do it. I did it yesterday." When he alighted he was followed by an official, who asked him how it was done. For a consideration he agreed to tell him. This being given, "Now," said the inquirer, "how did you go from Broad street to Dalston Junction yesterday, without a ticket?" "Oh," was the reply, "I walked."

Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner in St. Louis, one day, he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the reply. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" "Blessed if I know."

She was languishing upon a sofa, watching him affectionately as he skipped briskly about the room

and God disposes." "Yes," said a maiden present, "a man proposed to me once; I said no, and have never seen him since, so I thought somebody had disposed of him."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton mentions the fact that certain woman suffragists once picked up an orphan boy, bought him nice clothes, educated him for the ministry, and, when they went to hear his first sermon, were struck with consternation to hear the text: "Let the women keep silent in the church."

A man in Lexington, Ky., bought a turkey said to weigh ten pounds, but on arriving at home he found that it weighed but eight. Going back, he inquired how it happened. The dealer examined the turkey carefully, and then, with a sudden light, exclaimed, "Ah! I see you've lost the gizzard."

Madame X has charming features, charming arms, charming hands—but she has monstrous feet. Just recovering from a long illness, she said recently to one of her friends, "I am still very feeble, but I begin to be able to put one foot before the other." "And that is not saying a little," murmured the excellent friend.

District superintendent in Nova Scotia asked a backwoods teacher at the close of a visit: "What is your postoffice address?" The teacher looked blankly and said, "Sir?" The question was repeated, and after a moment's hesitation the reply was, "Oh, I'm a Roman Catholic." "I did not ask you anything about your religion; I want to know what—is—your—post office—address?" "Oh," said the teacher, a light breaking over his countenance, "oh, sure, I'm an Irishman, sir."

A Pathetic Appeal.—"Mamma, shall you let me go to the Wilkinsons's ball, if they give one, this winter?" "No, darling!" (A

pause.) "You've been to a great many balls, haven't you, mamma?" "Yes, darling—and I've seen the folly of them all." (Another pause.) "Mightn't I just see the folly of one, mamma?" (A very long pause.)

Young lady—"Well, now, and what did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" Sharp girl (eagerly)—Please, they put on their dry things."



"SLY BOOTS."

putting things in order. Finally she said in a low, sweet tone of voice: "Georgie, darling, I don't believe you will ever be a great man." "Why so, love?" he asked, wheeling a chair round on one of its legs, and gracefully stroking it with the duster. "Because great men always have such lazy, good-for-nothing wives."

One evening in company, during conversation, a gentleman quoted the expression, that "Man proposes

Housekeeping.

HOW TO ORNAMENT DINNER TABLES.

Housekeeping is simply home making, and the housekeeper who makes the pleasantest home is the best one. The first thing is to provide for the necessities of life, then for the comforts, then ornaments and elegancies. What hungry man or woman would fully appreciate a tastefully arranged bouquet, on a dining table, if the meat itself is ill-cooked and insufficient. First, however humble the meal and unpretentious, the table-cloth should be clean, and put on straight, and the napkins arranged orderly, all the dishes in their proper places, not looking as if they were thrown on, bright spotless silver, and well cooked food, and plenty of it. It is not necessary to have the viands of many varieties, if not desired, or very rich, or of complicated preparation, but good and wholesome, then decorate the table as well as your time, means, and taste will allow. Perhaps a bouquet or two, or some easily produced ornament is as much as one would be justifiable in using for common, but on state occasions for large parties, the floral decorations have become a large item in the programme. Large, almost fabulous prices are paid for the decorations for a single party, yet very fine effects can be produced with very little expense, if taste and ingenuity are used in the arrangement. We will suppose that a large party is to be given, and that the host has a large house, and spacious dining room. The cloth is laid and we will propose a way to produce the required floral decorations. If we have a tall, slender, gold or silver epergne, for the center of the table, we will fill it with drooping sprays of Smilax vine, a few Rose buds, and whatever fine white flowers we find available. If we can obtain it, a large white Lily for the centre. A little way on each side of this we will erect an aquatic bouquet. For this we need two bell glasses of equal size, and as large as we can procure. We will take a nice variety of flowers, and using considerable green, make some not very compact bouquets, which will almost fill the bell glass, when they are inverted over them. Tie a stone of considerable size inside of the stems. Have a dish, a soup plate, or a larger dish, into which the bell glass can be turned, and the edge of the plate come a little beyond and above the edge of the glass. Place the bouquet in this plate, and around the stems of the bouquet arrange moss and shells, to completely hide the plate. Have a tub of water large enough to completely immerse the bell glass. Set the plate, with the bouquet, in the tub and take the glass and put in the water with one side first, so the water will fill it clear to the top; keep turning it down in the water, and over the bouquet, setting it firmly on the plate. Lift the whole carefully from the tub, by the plate, leaving the water around the edge of the plate. Arrange fern fronds and shells to completely hide the edge of the plate. Smaller bouquets in small glasses may be placed around these large ones if desired, of course the process of preparing is materially the same. They should be prepared the day before they are to be shown, as they assume a frosty appearance about that time, that is very charming. Smaller epergnes, or vases with bouquets may be placed at each end of the table. Floral ornaments should be high at the center of the table, and diminish toward each end.

Very pretty ornaments, besides furnishing edibles, are formed by piling oranges in glass dishes, with tall

standards, the oranges first being prepared in the following manner. With a sharp knife first divide the peeling, half way down from one end, into twelve equal parts, then begin at the end and raise the peeling from the oranges as far as it has been cut. Leave every other section only raising it a little from the end. Turn this peeling back, and it gives it somewhat the appearance of a yellow lily, or some singular flower. Fill two other glass dishes with iced fruit, piled on green leaves. This is very beautiful, indeed, and is exceedingly charming when seen by gaslight.

A large napkin is now spread at the head and foot of the table. This is expected to be of the very finest linen, and the monogram beautifully embroidered. When people have arrived at the dignity (?) of adopting a coat of arms, these also are emblazoned upon them.

Sometimes the monogram and crest is woven into the linen, which, of course, must be of the finest and whitest.

The napkins, on grand occasions, should be folded in some elaborate design. Perhaps, the camelia shaped is as pretty as any. Fold into the centre the four corners of the napkin, repeat this for the second time, and again for the third time. You now turn it over. The corners must this time be folded underneath the napkin to the centre, and the upper centre points drawn back, and the corners of the napkin slightly raised, when it will have the appearance of a camelia.

The letters and designs upon table linen should be large and handsome. The linen must be spotless and well arranged, or the ornamentation of flowers and shining silver will be useless, as far as producing a good effect is concerned. The napkins must be arranged in uniform places, and the knife and fork placed on the right side, with edge of the knife turned outward, and the tines of the forks downward. Each article designed for individual use should correspond with the like ones in position to give an air of order to the table, which is one of its greatest charms.

The fashions in china ware are as changeable and arbitrary as in all things else. Just now the rage is for real china, well decorated. "The Centennial" has been the favorite for the past year. It has a century blossom on each piece, and is really very handsome.

All sorts of dishes break out now-a-days in fantastic and singular shapes, so that we almost have to stop and ask what they are for. The shape of some articles have changed very much in the last few years.

For very elaborate occasions a net-work canopy of green moss, and evergreens, and bright colored berries may be erected over the centre of the table. Of course it must be arranged before setting the table. Then the viands themselves must be ornamental to make it all harmonious, cooked in an artistic manner, and brought in on suitable dishes.

One word about dinners should always be remembered. Do not attempt more than you can carry out well; have everything to correspond. Nothing makes articles, which are only passably nice, look so mean as to be surrounded with elegant and costly things. And surely you must not spoil the effect of an elegantly and expensively arranged table by one or two articles of shabby appearance. It takes talent, and thought, and good execution to make a grand dinner a success; and if one lacks the means or ability they should avoid attempting it. A small cozy dinner party is really much more pleasant, and lifts such a burden from the hostess. Everything should be just as perfect in its way, even if no guests are ex-

pected; but such elaborate decorations as a large party demand can be dispensed with. It is very unpleasant for a dining-room to have a cramped appearance after the table is laid. It should be large, and pleasant, and airy, suitably ornamented according to your means and the manner in which the rest of the house is furnished.

In placing the dishes of cooked food upon the table, never set them at the edge of the table, but reserve the spaces between the plates clear for the convenience of cups of tea, dishes of sauce, etc. To see dishes so placed always suggests the possibility of their being brushed with the sleeve of any one who should reach over them. If the table is crowded, leave some of the dishes off sooner than put them on in this way. Always arrange the food in as handsome a manner as possible upon the dishes. Give it a nice pleasing appearance instead of a mussy hurried-up appearance. Then arrange the dishes upon the table in the order in which they belong. Our first endeavor must be to satisfy the appetite, our next to suit the taste, and the next to please the eye. A general satisfaction with our surroundings gives a better relish to our dinner, promotes digestion and increases our health.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Croup can generally be greatly alleviated, if not cured very speedily, if the following remedy is applied promptly: Take a knife, and grate and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

A small piece of paper or linen, moistened with the spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times, is said to be a sufficient preservation against moths.

Lemon-juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

Lemon-juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

Lunar caustic, carefully applied, so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

To obviate offensive perspiration, wash with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Benzine and common clay will clean marble.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

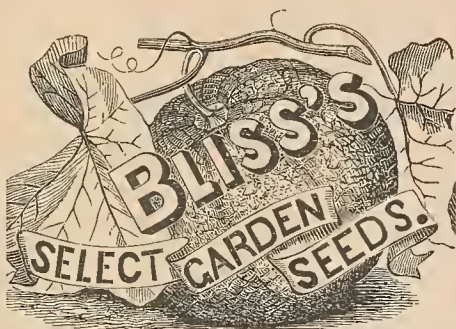
Castor-oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

To clean a browned porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

To ascertain whether a bed be damp or not, after the bed is warmed, put a glass globe in between the sheets, and if the bed be damp, a few drops of wet will appear on the inside of the glass.

A strong solution of carbolic acid and water, poured into holes, kill all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

Linen garments, which have become yellow from time, may be whitened by being boiled in a lather made of milk and pure white soap, a pound of the latter to a gallon of the former. After the boiling process the linen should be twice rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water used.



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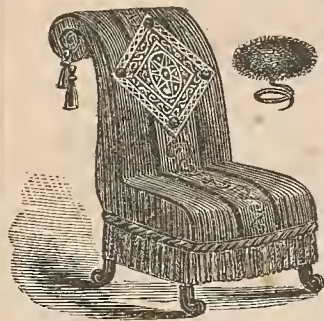
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Gilleen Allanna.

Words by E. S. MARBLE.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

1. Eil - leen Al-lan - na, Eil - leen As-thore, . . .
2. Eil - leen Al-lan - na, Eil - leen As-thore, The

poco rit. *a tempo.*

Light of my soul, and its Queen ev - er - more, It seems years have lin-gered since last we did part, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, The
o - cean's blue wa - ters wash by the shore Of that dear land of sham - rock where thou dost a - bide, Wait - ing the day when I'll

pride of my heart! Oh! dar-ling loved one, your dear smile I miss, My lips seem to cling to that sweet part-ing kiss! Ma-vour - neen, thy
call thee my bride! God bless you, dar - ling, I know you are true, True to the boy who would die now for you; My heart is now

cres. *dim.* **Chorus.**

sweet face I see at the door. Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore. Faith-ful I'll be to the Col - leen I a - dore,
bleeding to its in - ner - most core, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore. Soon I'll be back to the Col - leen I a - dore,

Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore, Faith-ful I'll be to the Col-leen I a - dore, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus As - thore.
Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus Asthore, Soon I'll be back to the Col-leen I a - dore, Eil - leen Al - lan - na, Au - gus As - thore.

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VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 62.

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answer to occasional inquiries, we name the following sweet scented flowers, to which some of our readers may add others: Sweet Violet, Hyacinth, Heliotrope, Pinks, sweet scented Candytuft, Woodbine, Sweet



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Floral Contributions.

MY FERN WINDOW.

It is a large bay-window, and in addition to being on the western side of the house, is shaded by a clump of firs which stand about fifteen feet from the central part of it. In days gone by the shutters were kept closed nearly all the time, as the firs shut out everything, except a little light, and we had plenty of that from a sunny south window and an unshaded west one. One day, while having a search in the garret for some odds and ends which were, or were supposed to be, within that garret's sacred precincts, I came across a large old-fashioned mirror, and while gravely contemplating my fair-haired self, an idea, or rather several ideas, came into my head. Forgetting what I had been in search of, I started down-stairs, and after a little delay, found my brother Ernest. We sat down and took counsel together. The result was, that we brought that ancient mirror down from the garret, and, with prudent care, escorted it to Ernest's workshop; there the old tarnished frame was removed and a new one of plain pine prepared for it. This frame was about six inches wide, and after being oiled and thoroughly dried, was decorated with branches from the neighboring woods, as twisted, knotty, and mossy as we could find. These were fastened on with small brads, and projected in every direction, though not in any case more than four inches from the foundation of pine. Then the mirror, securely fastened in its new frame, was placed in the centre of the bay-window, close to the glass, the shutters outside (to the west) remaining closed, as there was sufficient light from the northern and southern angles for our purpose. When placed in position, the mirror and frame exactly filled the central part of the window, except seven inches at the bottom. The next thing was to fill this space. A box, also of pine, three feet five inches long, eight inches wide, and eight deep, was made, and ornamented with small cedar branches with the bark on, split in two and tacked on perpendicularly all around it. This box was filled with leaf mould, mixed with a little sand, and placed on a shelf under the mirror. In each end was planted a German Ivy, in the centre a beautiful *Osmunda Regalis*, a *Polypodium* on each side, and the rest of the box filled in with tiny Ferns, Partridge Vines, and the most beautiful mosses we could find. Two similar boxes were placed under the side-lights of the window, and in the ends next the mirror another German Ivy was planted (we meant to have that mirror framed, you see), and the remainder filled with as many dainty and delicate Ferns and mosses as they would hold. This we considered a good beginning, and the next part was this: My brother made what I shall call a platform, about six inches high, something like a low table, which was set on castors, and would just fit into the window. Then he made a box, about six inches deep, the same size and shape as the platform; this box was lined with zinc, and had two large holes bored in the bottom for drainage. This was placed on the platform, put into position, and a rustic fern stand, thirty inches in length and about eighteen in width, placed in the centre of it. In this fernery, the top of which, I ought to mention, was even with the top of the rustic boxes, was a miniature arch made of beautiful mossy stones, and a tiny pond; albeit, the pond was only an old earthen dish with small pebbles in the bottom and moss shading the edges. The effect was beautiful

among the rich Ferns with which we filled the stand. In the centre of the window, just over the fernery, was suspended a large rustic hanging basket filled with German Ivy. On either side this central basket was a simple and easily constructed hanging basket, which may not be new to some, but it was to me. With a trowel, Ernest carefully removed a flourishing *Polypodium* from its native woods, together with a good-sized ball of the surrounding mould. This was wrapped in a sheet of beautiful green moss, the kind that looks as if composed of hundreds of exquisite little Ferns; then fine wire was twisted around, just enough to hold it in shape, and the whole hung up by a piece of the same wire. When these were finished, there only remained the lower part of our fern window. This was finished by covering the bottom of the zinc pan, or box, with a thin layer of bits of broken crockery, stone, and charcoal, then filling it with leaf mould and sand. Under the boxes, all around the window, we planted a little forest of the Maiden Hair Fern. I must say we were rather doubtful of the success of this last experiment, for it seemed almost too shady for any thing to grow. The bottom of the boxes was only seventeen inches from the earth in the zinc pan, but it was the very place for those Ferns. Then the remaining surface of the mould was covered with green moss, and a large pot of English Ivy placed on each side of the window, next the room, and it was finished. No, not quite finished, for something was needed for the Ivy to cling to. Rustic supports were nailed a little way apart, up each side of the window, and continued across the top of the side lights to enable the Ivy to join its companions around the mirror frame.

I wish you could see that window now. The Ivies have rambléd all about, the most beautiful being the German ones in the central hanging basket; they have twined up the cords they were intended to, thrown out long branches which have encircled the little moss baskets on each side, covered the vines which suspend them, reached out and embraced those around the mirror frame, and followed their own sweet will wherever it has led them. The effect is splendid, for the old mirror reproduces all the lovely forms. I must say a word about one peculiarity of the aforesaid mirror. It does not favor the "human face divine." When you look at yourself in one way, you see yourself as nature intended you to be seen; but looking at it in another way, it is to be hoped others do not see you as you see yourself then; to be plain, there is a decided flaw in it, but in the case of Ferns and Ivy leaves, any such little failing is overlooked. It is very easy to take care of my window. I water the little moss baskets by immersing each one in a deep bowl of warm water, and by standing on a chair, can give all the Ferns, Mosses, and most of the Ivy leaves, a good sprinkling. All the surplus water runs off through the holes in the zinc pan, which, I forgot to say, were also bored through the platform on which it stands, into a pan set underneath. Another advantage is, that I can step on the moss "and leave no sign," or very little, when there are any decayed fronds to be removed. Sometime I shall like to tell you about my south window, which is in the same room, and presents quite a contrast to the cool green of "My Fern Window."

MAMIE.

CITY GARDENS.

Having enjoyed reading the experience of so many correspondents in regard to the cultivation of flowers, I feel that it is only fair that I should add

mine in regard to the successful cultivation of a city garden.

You are aware that most of the city yards are small, and so shaded by high fences and brick walls that many persons become discouraged in their efforts to cultivate flowers, and are satisfied if their yards only look clean. Again, the soil of those yards is generally poor, and the opportunities of procuring manures so few that they do not try to get them.

Now, those persons who live in the country, and can drive to the woods to get soil and leaves, or to the barn yard to find all the fertilizers they wish, cannot fully sympathize with their city cousins who enjoy none of these privileges or advantages—yet, considering all these obstacles in the way, they can be overcome by energy and perseverance. And, as I live in a city and have to contend with those difficulties, I propose to tell others like situated how they may overcome them.

In the first place my beds all needed filling up, so I waited until the city authorities began to clean the streets, then I appropriated a sufficient quantity of this dirt to do it, having first cleaned it from all rubbish—this dirt I mixed with the original soil, but finding it too sticky, and inclined to bake, I procured a barrel or two of clean white sand that can be procured of builders, or those who cart it around the street for sale, this I mixed with the soil, leaving a fair proportion on the top so as to aid the smallest seed in germinating. After the plants began to grow, I procured a tight barrel, stood it in a corner out of the way, and each wash day had it filled with the strongest suds. With this water I gave the beds a good drenching every evening as long as it lasted, provided it had not rained previously. This water is one of the strongest and cheapest fertilizers one can procure. At the foot of the yard I had space for a bed four feet by twelve feet, which was quite low and not fit for bulbs, unless raised some six or eight inches, which required more dirt than I could procure from the street in time for fall planting, so I saved all my coal ashes until I had a sufficient quantity for my purpose, then dug out this space about twelve inches deep, threw in the ashes and replaced the soil in which I planted the bulbs. I found this plan was a good one, the ashes acting as a drainage. Previous to my planting in the fall I procured some ground bone (ten pounds) from a dealer, and mixed that with the soil. Having procured a quantity of leaves from the street, and a barrel or two of fine stable manure from a cartman, I first spread the leaves over the bed, then threw on the manure, which formed a warm covering for the bulbs. If the leaves are placed on the beds first, they will not only protect the bed from freezing—but, I think, turn the rain, while the manure will prevent the leaves from being blown away, and assist in rotting them. In the spring when I uncover the beds, I work as much of these two articles in the soil as I can, the remainder I either burn on one of the beds, or dig up one of the beds quite deep, throwing it in to lay and rot. Now, one can readily see at a glance that this was all done with less cost of money than personal exertion, and almost any one with ordinary health can do as I did.

My plan for arranging beds is different from any I have seen. The space between each post is used as a bed, and the short walks are convenient for getting at the post, at the same time enable you to reach all parts of the beds without stepping on them.

Hoboken, N. J.

C. W. I.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Night-blooming Cereus.—In the November No. of your paper, I saw an account of the blossoming of a Night-blooming Cereus in Utica, N. Y. as being something rare. Allow me to say that here in Northern Maine they are quite common. I have two that bloomed every year since they were four years old. Last summer they had thirteen flowers—eleven in one week. No other flower that I have ever seen bears any comparison with this in beauty or fragrance.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Blooming Callas.—I have been very successful in the cultivation of plants, because my whole heart was in the work. For blooming Callas, I use the soil from the hennery; and on cold mornings I pour hot water in the saucers; I have had a bloom from every bulb. As my Fuchsias never grew very large, I put in fresh soil and then used some fine manure from the hennery, and before spring it covered the window, with every shoot in full bloom. My Begonia has never failed to bloom.

MRS. E. B.

Easter Lilies.—Besides Callas which are grown in immense quantities for Easter decorations in the vicinity of Boston, Liliun Candidum is also forced to bloom for Easter, and, being a true lily, is perhaps better entitled to the name, "Easter Lily."

M. P. G.

Ferns.—I should like to say to the person who wishes to know what Ferns can be grown in the house, that I have had for three winters, in a furnace-heated parlor, very handsome plants of Aspidium molle and Adiantum cuneatum; and I have a friend who has Pteris tremula, looking as well as it could in a greenhouse. I also know that Pteris hastata does well in the house; so does the Japanese Climbing Fern and Lygodium scandens. All require to be kept comfortably warm, not too wet, and seldom sprinkled—just often enough to keep them clean. I have found that wetting the foliage often causes it to turn black.

M. P. G.

Winter Decorations.—Many people who do not burn coal cannot keep the parlor warm all the time, and, of course, can have no flowers therein. I will give a few hints in the way of brightening up the winter parlor. Take a round, rough board, and make a table of it, by nailing on firmly three legs of as twisted and gnarled roots or limbs as you can find; do not varnish, but have them as rough and mossy as possible; take dry moss—which you can find in the woods and on the trunks of trees, and with glue, stick it all over the bottom of the board; put a large, round, shallow tin on top of the board (which is now a table), and fasten with a round-headed tack; fill with green mosses of all kinds; then stick dry moss all over the space between the tin and the edge of the table. Wet the moss as it needs it; no amount of freezing and thawing will injure this. A vase containing wax autumn leaves adds a bit of color to it, placed in the centre of the moss. Wax branches of autumn leaves, and hang them gracefully, and naturally, over the pictures and curtains; also pressed ferns, and mountain cranberry. The herb commonly called Life-everlasting, is beautiful for winter decorations. The flowers can be dyed any color, and with evergreen, make lovely wreaths, bouquets, etc. A hanging basket containing a deep plate may be filled with moss, and a bouquet of these flowers placed in the centre. A pasteboard, or wooden bracket may be covered with dry moss, in the same manner as the table, and hold a basket of worsted flowers, made with double zephyr like hair flowers. Weave over a lead pencil, cut the worsted, and comb with a fine comb. Copy from nature in making the flowers up, and wind the stems with green split zephyr, or floss. Add little fancy articles, tidies, etc., from the pages of the CABINET, and the room will be cheerful, even in the gloomiest weather.

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Geraniums, Veronica.—1. What are Zonale Geraniums? 2. Will Veronicas live out through the winter, or would it be best to bring them in the house? 3. How old do Geraniums have to be from the seed before they blossom? I have some planted last spring; do you think they ought to bloom this winter?

State Centre, Iowa.

Mrs. O. J. W.

Answer.—1. The typical Zonale Geraniums have a zone of darker color on each leaf; the flowers run through various shades from white to pink, and deep scarlet. 2. The hardy herbaceous varieties will, but not the shrubby sorts. 3. Generally the second year.

Geraniums.—In the February number, Lady Cullum speaks of the ever-blooming variety of Geraniums. Will she please give the name; also, will correspondents always give the State they live in, so I may know what kind of a climate the plants are raised in? We lovers of flowers in this far western country, meet with many discouragements in finding flowers that will stand our cold winters. I should like to hear from some of our friends in the north-western part of this state, on the best kind of roses for out door culture.

Magnolia, Iowa.

S. L. B.

Answer.—We cordially agree with our correspondent's very sensible remarks.

Madeira Vine.—I have a Madeira Vine. One sprout from the bulb has grown quite thrifty, but an offset of the same bulb in the same pot, has sent out one or two small leaves, and there it has remained, just about so for six months; looks fresh and vigorous, as though it must send out some branches. It has the south sun part of the day, and occupies a warm place in my window garden; which, by the way, is a source of great pleasure to me. 1. Would it injure the Madeira Vine to transplant or repot? 2. My Geraniums, of which I have a large number, look a healthy green; but the stem to the leaves grow so long. Could it be caused by too much furnace heat at night? 3. And would pricking back the new shoots be of any use?

Joliet, Ill.

MRS. N. E. FULLER.

Answer.—1. No. 2. Keep the plants in a more cool and light place. 3. Yes.

Oxalis.—1. What shall I do with a white Oxalis that has bloomed all winter, and now shows signs of dying. Should it be taken from the pot and dried. What kind of soil does it require? 2. Are old roses that have bloomed several winters as good as those newly started? 3. When is the best time to renew the soil for Cacti?

MADELIENE.

Answer.—1. Stand it out of doors in the pot until fall. Repot in any good soil. The Oxalis is not particular. 2. Yes, if healthy and growing freely. 3. In the spring.

Geraniums and Fuchsias.—1. My Geraniums grow very fine and large, but they do not bloom freely. I usually place them in fresh, rich soil, early in the spring; does this interfere with the blooming? 2. What is the name of "a species of the Royal Family," which has large pink flowers? 3. What kind of Geranium has yellow leaves bordered with green? 4. Do Fuchsias require much sun? 5. How can I get my plants to bloom in winter?

FLOWER LOVER.

Answer.—1. Try repotting your Geraniums in September, and use less rich soil. 2. Will any of our readers inform our correspondent. 3. Cloth of Gold, and several others. 4. Not in summer. 5. Few plants flower in both winter and summer. It is necessary to grow some specially for winter.

Cyclamen.—1. I wish to ask how the Cyclamens are propagated. I saw in the January number of the CABINET that the bulbs must not be divided? 2. How can a Caladium Esculentum, that has the center decayed and has side stems, be managed?

MRS. D. LEONARD.

Answer.—1. From seed. 2. Remove offsets and plant separate, or plant the clump entire.

Ivy and Clanthus.—1. I enclose a leaf of Ivy, also a leaf and flower of a plant which we have always called Wax plant. The Ivy is a twining plant, with runners from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The leaves drop off every fall, leaving a long space leafless. Please give the reason why, and whether our kind blossoms or not. The Wax plant grows about two feet high, the same form as the leaves that I send. The bulbs live over winter in the earth. Please give correct names of each? 2. This spring we sent for some Clanthus and Lantana seed. They have been in the ground for five weeks. Neither kind are out yet. I fear it is soil, treatment or watching too closely. Please tell us which, and how to treat them, so that they will germinate?

Crarles Mills.

ELLA M. WOOD.

Answer.—1. A single leaf is probably the Senecio scandens. The leaves probably drop from the soil being too poor and dry. The flowers are not ornamental. 2. Polygonatum Angustifolium. The seeds probably failed from the dry weather at the time of sowing.

Prairie Sod for Flowers.—Will some of your intelligent contributors who have ever had the tough prairie sod of the West to contend with, please tell me what I can do to enhance its richness so that my plants will flourish vigorously. I had much trouble last spring with both my vegetable and flower gardens?

Mt. Air, Iowa.

HELEN A. RAINS.

Answer.—You will probably have less trouble after the

first year; the soil might be burned. We wish the same tough sod was in our locality, which is sandy.

Crape Myrtle.—1. How should a Crape Myrtle be treated during winter (should it be kept growing or put in cellar) in order to have it blossom abundantly in the summer; also the kind of soil the Myrtle requires? 2. Would Tritoma be best kept during winter packed in dry sand or kept dry by laying them in a dry place free from frosts and cold? 3. Also, will it do to start them early in the spring by sprouting same as Dahlias?

OTIS T. CASEY.

Answer.—1. In cellar; any good soil. 2. In sand, a moderate frost will not injure the plant. 3. Yes.

A Dream.—I have been reading my FLORAL CABINET for November, and had fallen back in my arm chair, rested my feet upon the stool in front of the fire, and lost myself to all around. I saw with my mind's eye, a room facing the north and west; it was carpeted in brown, with a vine stem of darker brown running over it, here and there enlivened with bits of light green leaves, and a few purple berries. It was furnished with a set of plain brown wood, and fine white shades with brown lambrequins. On the dressing case, for 'tis a bedroom, are mats of some white canvas, worked with Pansies and light green leaves. Upon the wall, hang pictures of friends, framed with black walnut; also, a motto done in water color, and in the window, a hanging basket made of beads, and filled with Tradescantia. Under it on a light window stand, is a case of New England Ferns, and the gray moss that grows on rocks; and under the gas fixture was a match scraper, made of white card-board, and on the front a gray tabby cat, with "scratch my back" under it. It is useless to say, of course, that it was lined with sand paper. Something disturbed me; I stirred, and the clock was striking ten; the fire was dead, and I awoke.

ADLINE.

California Flowers.—I have often thought I would write the ladies of our interesting paper a short letter, and tell them of some of the pretty places and pretty things that the sun shines on in far off California, and here I wish to tell you some thing that every State cannot boast of, and that is the different climates one can be in. In traveling a few miles, (by a few miles I do not mean fifty); you can be in the valley where the pomegranate tree, lemons and orange, and tobacco, cotton and sweet potatoe flourish in a fine luxuriant growth, and up a short distance in the mountains, the nights are so cool that a pair of blankets and a good quilt are acceptable; and on the summit of these same mountains, snow keeps its whiteness and glitters in the sunshine the year round. The locality is to be found in the county of Tulare, near the town of Visalia. In San Francisco I have seen Fuchsias twelve feet in height, and with a stem between two and three inches in diameter, and with hundreds of blossoms thereon, Hydrangeas as large over as a bushel basket, and what we call Australian Pea covering the fence. Geraniums four and five feet tall, and Callas a mass of leaf and bloom growing out in the open air the year round, without any protection whatever. Here, where I live during the months of May and June, the wild flowers are so pretty and tempting I want to gather them all and preserve them in their beauty forever; I cannot name them as I do not know their botanical name, and we are in the habit of speaking of them by names of our own. I name one as it is so pretty, and that what is called the Vegetable Fire Cracker, or Brodiaea Coccinea, natural order Liliaceae, it is found in gravelly and rocky soils, on mountain tops and in shady cool places, and if kept in cool fresh water it will not wither for several weeks after being detached from the plant. Even to-day, December 11th, there is in bloom in my garden, Seabious, two varieties Marigold, Mignonette, Dianthus, Fish and Zonale Geraniums, Alyssum and Sweet Peas, and also velvety Pansy. I think sometimes the people of the Eastern States enjoy themselves better, and perhaps the society is more settled and possess a greater degree of refinement, but our people are warm hearted, impulsive and generous, and that is quite a recommend, but they are so uneasy, never staying but a few years in one place. There is a great deal of our State unsettled, and mountainous, and the favorite hiding place for deer, and occasionally a bear. Our hills are again getting a faint tinge of green, which is quite welcome to us, as we are not blessed with enough rain in the summer to keep the grass growing, and we get pretty brown and dry, but the soil is rich enough to grow almost anything for those who have the means of irrigation. I hope other writers will not forget to communicate anything of interest in their letters from time to time, as they have done me a great deal of good, and taught me how to make several articles for use and ornament. The questions and answers, and in fact all of the CABINET, is of great benefit to those who wish to know how to grow and cultivate plants.

Mendocino County, California.

AN AMATEUR.

Flower Culture.

FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.

PLANTS FOR HOUSE CULTURE.

If you have only an ordinary window in which to keep plants, you can grow about half-a-dozen very satisfactorily, provided they are not large-growing kinds, like Oleanders or Abutilons. Such plants require a bay-window, or conservatory. If you have a bay-window, three times this number can be grown without crowding, and an Oleander, or some other large plant, can be added. Plants should never be crowded. It not only spoils the looks of them to huddle them together, but they do not do well. One reason why so many lose plants which they are trying to grow in windows is, they try to keep too many. Some of them must be crowded away from the sun, and these get sickly, turn yellow, and finally die. One healthy, vigorous plant is worth a thousand poor ones. Better try a few, and aim to have them fine specimens, than to have a dozen spindling, unsatisfactory ones.

Of those best suited to house culture, I have selected as the six best the Calla, Rose Geranium, Zonale Geranium (of this class there is so large a variety that all tastes can be suited as to color, habit of growth, and profusion of bloom), Heliotrope, Fuchsia, and Ivy. If you have a bay-window, or another ordinary window, any of the following will prove very satisfactory: Begonia, Lantana, Eupatorium, Plumbago, Capensis, any of the scented Geraniums, Coleus, Cactus, and, if you are willing to give them all the care they require, Roses, Salvia and Verbenas. For hanging plants, I would recommend Vinca Harrisonii, a beautifully variegated plant, Moneywort, Lysimachia, and Saxifrage. If you want some small-growing plants for brackets, use Oxalis, Chinese Primrose, and the pink-flowered Mesembryanthemum.

SOIL FOR POT PLANTS.

I have found the following to be the best soil for plants in pots: One-half fine, fibrous soil from under sods in an old pasture, one-fourth well-rotted barn-yard manure, or leaf-mold, and for the remaining fourth I add clean, sharp sand, and common garden mold, varying the proportion of sand to suit the liking of the plant I intend it for. For Geraniums, I have nearly one-quarter of the soil sand. For Fuchsias, I have also a liberal allowance, and use fibrous earth in place of the garden mold. For Roses, I use more garden mold, and less of the pasture soil. For all the others, the mixture I have spoken of does very well.

POTTING.

Don't use too large pots for flowering plants. For scented Geraniums, which are grown for their foliage, use larger pots to encourage a ranker growth. Fuch-

sias need larger pots, in proportion to their amount of stalks and foliage, than most other kinds. Geraniums, the flowering kinds, Heliotropes, Lantanas, and Begonias, will do well in six-inch pots, and they can be changed to eight-inch ones if they seem pot-bound, as they get age. A thrifty Calla should have an eight or ten-inch pot; Fuchsias an inch smaller, while Eupatoriums, Plumbago, Roses, and Coleus will not need larger than seven-inch ones. In potting plants, always put in bits of broken crockery or brick in the bottom of the pot, then fill with soil, rapping the pot well to settle the earth together firmly. After putting in your

again, before giving more. With good drainage, you will never have sour, moldy soil. The Fuchsia needs to be kept quite moist, and will take a liberal allowance of water every day through the growing and blooming season. The Begonia requires more than most other plants, while the Calla likes to be kept very wet. Always have your water for this plant as warm as you can bear your hand in it. Always take the chill from the water you give any of your plants. Cold water checks their growth.

REST OF PLANTS.

All plants require rest. They cannot be expected to grow and bloom all the time. When they throw out no more buds, and seem to be inclined to rest, let them. Reduce their usual supply of water, giving them only enough to keep them from wilting. When they are ready to go to work again, and you can tell when that time comes by watching them carefully, increase their supply of water gradually. It is well, at such times, after the plant has been in the same soil for six months or more, to give a little manure-water. These fertilizing liquids are easily made, and stimulate the plants to healthy growth, if too much is not given. For a large pail full of water, use half a pound of guano. After it has dissolved, give from one to two tablespoonsful, twice a week, to each plant, for a month. I know of no better stimulant.

PLANT ENEMIES.

If your plants get covered with green lice, fumigate them with tobacco-smoke. Put coarse stems, smoking-tobacco or cigar-ends, on coals in a small dish, and hold it under the plants, over which a newspaper should be thrown to confine the smoke among them until the lice are stupefied; then shake the plants thoroughly, and sweep away all the insects which fall from them. After that, sprinkle them thoroughly, taking care to wet the leaves below as well as above. If the red-spider comes, you must sprinkle your plants daily, being very particular to see that the underside of the leaves are wet, for there is where the spider hides most. If you keep your plants well-sprinkled, they will not be apt to become infested with spiders, and they require sprinkling daily, when grown in a living room, in order to keep healthy. The greatest drawback to growing flowers successfully in houses, is the dry air they usually get there. If worms get

into the soil, dissolve a piece of lime as large as a tea-cup in a pailful of water. Use one-third as much of this solution as you do of clear water, when watering your plants, and I think you will rid them of these pests.

I have tried to give good, practical hints, and I have drawn them from my own experience. I hope they will help others to be as successful in flower-culture as I have been.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Shiocton, Wis.



THE IPOMOEA LEPTOPHYLLA.

plant and seeing that the earth is well-shaken down about the roots, give it a thorough watering, and keep it from the sun for a few days.

WATERING PLANTS.

My rule is, never to water plants, as a general thing, until the surface of the ground seems dry; then give them a thorough watering, enough to run through the soil and out at the bottom of the pot. If it drains off readily, you need not be afraid of bad results from too much watering, if you wait until the surface is dry

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER V.

"Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fairs for succor."

In a moment when the south wind blows, or the rays of June fall more directly upon it, the green calyx of the rose expands, and it becomes a glowing and splendid flower. The transition from green and crude girlhood to ripe womanhood was equally sudden in Winnifred. For a long time she had been loitering on the threshold, full of contradictions, cruel and tender, hard and affectionate, capricious, self-willed, reluctant, and yielding—by turns impetuous and calculating. But the shock of her father's death had altered everything within her, and unconsciously she became self-poised with the power to guide her affairs with a firm hand.

The will-power that had made the old judge a terror to those about him, even when crippled and chained to his chair, came uppermost in her nature, and reduced all the discordant elements to obedience. Physically she gained new expressions. Her picturesque, vivid face took on an added beauty of outline and coloring. Her eyes, of that peculiar changeable gray that ranges in hue from warm hazel to blue, assumed new brilliancy and lustre. Her form, wondrously lithe and willowy, had rounded out into fuller proportions, and lost the meagerness of girlhood. Fate had decreed that Winnifred's first great sorrow should be her introduction into real life. She had grieved passionately for a few hours over the old man's death, but being free from all conventional standards of mourning, she sprang up like a healthy branch that has been beat out of its natural direction.

After that last fatal interview with his girl, the old man never spoke again. He lay upon his bed with the purple flush overspreading his face, and the dreadful stertorous breathing resounding through the house. His hands moved, and vainly clutched the air for relief. It was a dreadful sight, that death-bed, but Winnifred hung over him in an agony of grief and remorse, praying for one last look of forgiveness, which she believed was granted, in a moment of returning consciousness, just before death set its awful seal upon the grey and shrivelled mask of his features.

Edgar Swayne came to Winnie's assistance in those first, distracting, confused hours when Mrs. Braithwaite was only a large, limp bundle of helplessness, and old Nanna went about the house wringing her hands. But Winnie soon rallied from the stupor of her grief. Virginia's sympathy was like a cordial to her sore heart. She roused herself to see that the interment took place in accordance with the old man's wishes. Godless he had lived and died, and without exhortation, or prayer, or psalm, he was laid away in earth.

A moralist might have drawn some pregnant lessons from the barrenness of that intellectual power, unvivified by love, from a life withered and dried up by avarice and suspicion, and selfish lusts, but Winnie, as she stood sole mourner by that grave, felt only passionate sorrow for a father who had been fond of her alone of all the creatures on earth, who had trusted her and believed in her while distrusting all others, and whom she had mortally wounded in his last hours. There arose within her the determination to act on every one of his wishes, though she did not confess it to herself, even the implied wish that she should be hard to her mother.

Superabundant health and vitality asserted themselves, and in a few days a restless activity took possession of Winnifred. She was a little queen, and must set at once about regulating her kingdom.

Virginia had timidly suggested that Bradley be telegraphed for before the day of the funeral. Winnie was then in the first languor of her sadness.

"O, yes," said she, with half querulous indifference, "perhaps it will be best; he must come soon at any rate."

"But will it not be proper to inform him immediately?" Virginia had ventured; "you surely will wish to consult your cousin about many things."

"I never think of what is proper," said Winnie, with a sigh, putting her head back on Virginia's shoulder. "I don't mind about propriety, and I don't suppose Bradley has much of a head for affairs, and there is nothing to consult him about, for Mr. Swayne has made all the arrangements; but if you think he ought to come at once, you can ask Mr. Swayne to telegraph him from Deanport, on the river, where he is going to-night."

It was with a terrible inward protest, almost an execration, that Edgar dispatched the telegram to Bradley Halcourt, whom he disliked with the irrational instinct of a rival. Love is a blind and unreasonable passion, and there were conflicts going on in the soul of the young clergyman-at-large it is impossible to describe. The attractiveness of his sacred calling which he had once relished with ardor, were opening to him anew, but they grew pallid and bloodless beside this first, great, overmastering, irrational love. He saw in Bradley the man who was to come gaily sailing in on the tide of fortune, and make shipwreck of his life. He could have wished him hump-backed, bent awry, to revolt the eyes of Winnifred, for the hot blood coursing to Edgar's heart had effaced some of those lessons of charity that he once believed were a part of his being.

But days passed, and Bradley did not appear. Edgar dared breathe again. As hope and life revived in her, and the apathy of grief was shaken off, a new and delightful intimacy sprang up between him and Winnifred. She took him into her confidence, and unfolded her pet scheme for a school for the poor minister's children, and a Sunday service in the village, which would restore him to his true vocation. She made him, by subtle means, feel that he was necessary to her, and an organic part of her life-scheme. Her old teasing, mocking air had passed away, and in her presence Edgar breathed the perfume of Paradise.

Winnifred had plunged into affairs. She was now a woman of business, with a clearness of head and soundness of judgment that astonished the Deanport lawyer, her nominal guardian and adviser. When the will was opened it was found that the old judge had left her practically untrammelled, and had shown the utmost confidence in his girl's ability and prudence.

Half the day she was spurring about on Thunderbolt with tireless energy, keenly enjoying the excitement of rapid motion, and the novelty of her new life. Sometimes Edgar rode with her as she dashed off on a visit to the farms, or over the hills to inspect the mines, or went riding into the town, to order a grand, new barouche, or to look at carriage horses. A spirit of change was everywhere at work about the old hall. Men were busy trimming the shrubberies, opening new vistas down to the lake, and rolling and raking the gravel paths. The rubbish was being cleaned out of the greenhouse to make it ready for rare exotics. Carpenters, and decorators, and upholsterers had been engaged, and already piles of brick and mortar blocked the main entrance. Winnie was determined that the great days of the old minister's time should return. She would make her ancestral hall the grand mansion of the countryside.

On the morning of the day of Bradley's arrival, she led Virginia about through the old rooms, some of which had scarcely been opened and aired for years, and were close and musty, with dingy and tattered furnishings that still bore the signs of former luxury.

"This was my Lady Betty's room," said she, pushing open a door and raising a cloud of dust in a large, dark chamber, where the spiders had wrought undisturbed for years, and had festooned everything with cobwebs. "I have told you of Lady Betty, a distant relation of grandpapa's, and a great lady in England in her time. I will open the shutters, so that you can see her picture over the mantelpiece, in the high stays and stomacher, with patches and powder. It was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and

some say I am like her, but I shall never die of love as she did. There was a perfidious man in England who broke her heart, and she came here and slowly wasted away; and after she died, the servants had a superstition that they heard her sighing in this room all night long; but of course that was mere nonsense. You shall have this chamber, Virginia, if you like. It has a pretty view of Glenmere and the hills. I will furnish it with delicious blue chintz and white muslin, and I will take down, Lady Betty and hang the room all round with meek maidens playing on heavenly dulcimers."

"No, no," said Virginia, with a little shudder, as she looked about at the moldering things and great state bed; "I could not sleep where I knew that poor lady had suffered; I should always hear her sigh. Leave me to my own little nest with the narrow bed and the one window, for I am not used to grandeur, and it would not agree with me."

"Well, you shall have your own way, Mousie; but come to my room. I have taken papa's old study for my business office. It has the desks and all other conveniences. I shall have it refitted with fresh paper hangings, walnut and gold, and some fine oak chairs, and a Turkey rug in the middle of the polished floor."

Virginia had never passed that door without a certain dread. Next to it was Mrs. Braithwaite's closed chamber, which she had not left but once or twice since her husband's death; and though not positively ill, she kept her bed from melancholy inactivity; there she would lie and count her beads by the hour. Winnie, in the full tide of her glowing and exultant life, had almost forgotten this flaccid and feeble existence; but there was one heart that pitied her, that wondered and saddened over the enigma of her strange, colorless, joyless being.

Virginia glanced timidly at the shabby old arm-chair where the judge had been chained so many years. "That is where papa used to sit," said Winnie, following her glance with a sigh, "O, that I could call him back, and see him frowning, and smiling, and scolding his wayward girl all in the same breath."

Virginia could not echo the wish. It made her shiver to think of calling back that dreadful old man, the very tones of whose shrill voice had made her heart stand still. In a moment Winnie began speaking again. "See here," said she, taking up a ledger from the table, "this is my bank-book, and I can draw checks for a large amount. How would you like, Mousie, to have me give you a little bit of paper worth a hundred and fifty dollars to buy a fine gown?"

"No," said Virginia, with emphasis; "I have not earned it; I do not want fine gowns, I only want your love and confidence."

"How silly it is of you to make set speeches, and ask for what you already have in such abundance! But I will give you a mark of my confidence such as I have never given to any one else. Do you see that great safe in the corner yonder? It is where poor papa kept his papers, his bonds, mortgages, and money. It opens by a bit of magic, for if you do not know to what numbers to direct the hand here on the dial-plate, you could no more open it than you could, as mamma believes, get into heaven when St. Peter refuses to unlock the gate. I have learned this witchcraft with great difficulty, and find myself repeating the numbers even in my sleep. I am going to confide them to you, for my memory is provokingly treacherous, and at some critical moment I might forget. You shall help me to keep the secret. I should like to share everything with you."

"Not this," said Virginia, with gentle resistance. "You must not intrust this secret to any one, not even to your lover. A great deal of mischief is done by carelessness. It would be like giving edged tools to a child."

"You are not a child; you are a little female Solomon, and you must help me to keep the secret," she repeated, with affectionate willfulness. "Now say the numbers over slowly after me—24, 36, 48, and see," she continued, bending down, and twirling the index point, "this is the way it opens."

Virginie glanced behind her. "Hush!" she whispered, "the passage-door is open, and I heard that new maid brushing the hall only a moment ago."

"No matter," returned Winnie, carelessly, "I can change the combination at any time, and then I shall only have the trouble of teaching you a new set of numbers."

The door did open at that instant, revealing the monkey face and bushy head of Steenie, who was beaming all over with delight, in the possession of a black velvet jacket and a pair of red stockings which his young mistress had bestowed upon him, for Steenie had been promoted from the position of bootblack and knife-cleaner to that of page.

"Mass'r Edgar's waitin' wid de hosses—has been a waitin' dis half hour," and Steenie rolled up the white of his eyes, and practiced his new bow, bending his supple body with the quick, graceful motion of a cat.

"O, yes," said Winnie, "I had forgotten all about my engagement to ride to the mine with Mr. Swayne. Now I must run and put on my new habit. Will you come and help me with the buttons, Virginie? To-day we will play that you are my maid; I will have a real one from town before long."

"O, let me always be your maid," said Virginie; "it is all I am fit for, and I should delight to dress you."

"No, that is not your mission, Mousio; I have other views for you," tapping Virginie's golden head, as she bent down to fasten a pretty kid boot. "You must make me as fascinating as possible, for I am going to meet that young engineer, and talk over the plan of sinking a new shaft and developing the mine. O, isn't it grand," she cried with a little outburst of triumph, "to be able to influence large things, and get out of the petty contemptible existence of a commonplace woman. Then, you know, there is the school to look after. I expect you to be very much interested in the school, Mousio. You and Mr. Swayne will work together beautifully. There, hand me my hat. This mourning is too dolorous. It would crush me if I did not light it up; so you see I have stuck in a red feather. How comically horrified you look at the idea of my wearing red with my crape," she said, laughing at Virginie's puzzled face; "but doesn't that splendid Prince Hal, in Shakspeare, tell his lady love that they will see new fashions? There, hand me my whip and gloves. Good-bye, Mousio," kissing her, and the bright, audacious creature flashed down the stairs.

Old Nanna stood on the gravel path, in front of the hall, with her broad, black face puckered into a comical look of distress. Nanna's mourning was as nondescript as that of her young mistress, for the suit of sables, laid in many folds about her portly person, was crowned by a turban of flaming colors.

"O, little miss," she began in a half-sobbing tone, as soon as Winnie appeared in the sunshine, "'pears like ole Nanna might jess as well be dead and buried. Honey, dat new cook from de Port, she's mighty gran' and stiff, and ole Nanna's in de way, and ole Nanna's jess no 'count. An' dat new maid is shinin' de silber-plate dat old mass'r kep in bank; an' nobody but Nanna cber had de handlin' ob dat, honey; and dey'll waste, an' dey'll spill, an' she can't even peep now to save de victuals. Poor miss'blo, wore out old creeter; she might better be under gravel."

Impulsively, Winnie threw her arms around the old woman's neck, while Edgar stood looking on in silence. "They shan't shove you one side," she said. "Do you suppose I am going to let anybody abuse my dear, old mammy? I will have the lodge repaired, down at the gate, that is all covered with white and red roses in June, and you shall live there, looking like a picture, in your bright, little room. Steenie can sleep there nights, and you shall have one of Finster's children to open the gate, and Virginie and I will come and visit you, Nanna, and take tea."

The sunshine in old Nanna's face was again eclipsed. "O, honey," she sobbed, clinging to Winnie's knees, "don't send old Nanna from you; she dotes on you, honey, as de birds dote on de mornin'. 'Pears like she toted Miss Susan, and you too, when you was little. She'll go piuin' away, an' breakin' her ole heart a frettin' after you, ef she's cooped up in a cage by herself. Let me stay, honey, an' wipe de floors wid de hars of my old head, for my beautiful, proud birdie to walk on."

Winnie lifted up the old woman very tenderly. "I thought you would be delighted with the lodge plan, because it would make you independent, and you could have every thing your own way; but if you are unhappy at the idea of leaving me, you shall stay here at the hall, as long as you live, and have nothing to do but wait upon mamma; I will let you keep the keys, and then the other servants will have to look up to you."

"Bress your heart alive, honey," cried the old creature in a transport of delight, kissing Winnie's feet, as she mounted into the saddle, and in a moment she was cantering down the avenue by Edgar's side, like a fairy princess riding through an enchanted landscape.

Virginie stood in the place where her friend had left her, with a heart ill at ease; for she had carried a secret burden many days. Would not all be changed? she had

asked herself with much perturbation of spirit, when Bradley Halcourt appeared as the affianced husband of Winnifred? Could she remain in that house as the pet and favorite of his proud, young wife? She was haunted by the thought of Winnifred's cold, altered looks, when her love for the stranger had turned to distrust and hate. Though impulsive and affectionate, she knew that Winnifred could be hard, for was she not habitually hard to her mother? Something she had not dared to owe to herself rose up to face her, and, with a stifled moan, she put her hands to her eyes, to shut out the golden sunshine, and then suddenly resolved that she would write to the good pastor, Viardot, in Geneva, and ask him to find some asylum for her in her native land; there, engaged in humble toil—it mattered not what—she would try and forget this strange, sad episode in her lonely life.

As she shut herself into her little chamber, she saw lying on the dressing-table a folded letter, and, as her eye fell upon it, an evil foreboding intruded upon her already disturbed mind. The note was not very clean, and it was addressed to her in a hand with which she was unfamiliar. After a moment's hesitation, she took it up, and opened it, and her eyes traced these words:

"MISS VIRGINIE DUVAL: If you wish to hear tidings of your uncle, Walter Freeborn, you will visit the pine grove, at the north end of the lake, this afternoon between the hours of three and four. You are requested to keep this communication secret, and to come alone, or else it will be impossible for the writer to confer with you."

There was no signature, and Virginie, as she read it, experienced a strange tremor, and sinking of the heart, instead of the joy that might have seemed natural at this first token in evidence that her uncle still lived. Since the great blow which his failure to meet her in New York had occasioned, she had thought of the possibility of finding him with inexplicable dread. The mystery thrown around this strange note only added to her disquietude, and she sat for a long time upon her little bed, holding it in her hand, and trying to steady herself with the hope that uncle Walter might be about to appear just at the proper moment to help her solve her life problem.

At three o'clock Winnifred had not returned, and Virginie tied on her hat, resolved to walk to the pine grove. Her face was pale, and the large blue eyes, with a pathetic wistfulness in them, looked as if they had wept. Now, as she left the door, she called to the great hound, Hector, to follow, for, it had occurred to her that in a conference with a stranger, it would be well to have this faithful creature's protection. The autumnal quiet was absolute, for a golden haze brooded over the distant hills, and the waters of the little lake lay smooth as a polished steel mirror, reflecting the sky tints and brilliant foliage in its clear depths.

The path Virginie took in her rapid walk skirted the lake, and passed not far from the fisherman's (Finster) cottage, where a boat was drawn up on the little beach filled with a brood of bareheaded children. Virginie, as she climbed the bank to get into the grove, was hidden by trees, but she had a clear view of the cottage door, and, to her astonishment, she saw the large, slow, heavy form of Mrs. Braithwaite, clad in black, with the slight lameness in the left foot, entering that humble portal. She could hardly credit the evidence of her senses, for it was the first time, to her knowledge, that Mrs. Braithwaite had strayed so far from the Hall for many months.

The pine grove was dense and dark, like a temple devoted to the infernal gods. The tall tree-stems admitted furtive gleams of light that stole along, and were quenched in the deep, green gloom. The mat of pine needles rustled stealthily under Virginie's feet, and the twilight made by the boughs had hardly closed around, when Hector bounded from her side, and, in a moment, a tall, slender man advanced out of the trees, patting the dog's head. He was decently clad, and had a noiseless, cat-like tread. From his supple form, and the character of his dark, watchful face, it was impossible to tell his age. The shining black hair clung close to his temples, and his eyes had a trick of roving about, taking in everything without looking at anything.

"You seem to know my dog," said Virginie, in a low voice, as he came towards her, and raised his hat?

"O, yes, miss; I always make it a point to get acquainted with the large dogs in the neighborhood where I am stopping."

"Did you send me this note?" Virginie asked directly, drawing the scrap of paper out of her pocket.

The man glanced behind him, and drew a step nearer. "Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't; at any rate I came here to meet Miss Virginie Duval; and I can assure you," he added, the peculiar smile curling about his thin lips, "that your uncle, Walter Freeborn, is an affectionate uncle, and that he feels the deepest interest in his lovely niece."

Virginie shrank back from any nearer approach, for this man's gallantry was insupportable. "He has a singular mode of showing his interest," said she, in cold, faint tones. "He left me at the moment of my greatest need to the charity of strangers, a prey to the most cruel anxiety as to his fate."

"Now don't be hard on your uncle," the man returned, as if he were coaxing a child. "He would have met you if he could. The fact is, he was detained against his will. Your poor uncle has been very unfortunate."

Virginie could scarcely keep from trembling, visibly. There was a terrible, cold, heavy load upon her heart, but she managed to say, with a touch of resentment, "If my uncle was ill why did he not send me a message? Why did he not write?"

"He was not ill," returned the man slowly, and almost in a whisper, and fixing his strange eyes upon her, with a power she could not resist. "He was detained, I tell you, against his will."

"Where was he detained?"

"Do you wish to know?"

"Yes, tell me all," she faltered.

"He was confined in prison; he could not write to you because he had changed his name, and was not then known as Walter Freeborn; but he has since made his escape. The mistaken zeal of Bradley Halcourt, in trying to find him, in advertising him all over the country, has raised the very devil, and obliged your uncle to keep in hiding much longer than otherwise would have been necessary."

Virginie felt as if she had received a staggering blow. She tottered back and put her hands to her head with a loud moan: "My uncle a convict—a felon?"

"Why do you use such unpleasant words? Your poor uncle was the victim of circumstances; any decent jury would have acquitted him on the ground of emotional insanity. You, at least are bound to be charitable."

"I will not judge him," murmured the poor girl, with blanched cheeks, "until I know of what crime he is accused."

"No, I wouldn't judge him," he returned with a leer. "And it is about time, my pretty little niece, that we dropped this disguise. You must already have suspected who I am. Your affectionate heart must have recognized your fond uncle."

Virginie sprang back with a cry, and her gaze was arrested by the large, shambling form of Father Dooley, who was moving through the trees, at a little distance, and had stopped at the sound of her voice. The three gazed at each other a moment in silence, and then her companion raised his hat, nonchalantly, and the priest passed on.

"The old priest has gone to confess Madame Braithwaite," said the man in a careless tone; "he will have to hold his tongue. You see I am deep in the secrets of the old Hall."

Virginie had already begun to move swiftly out of the shadow of the trees. "I shall make no secret of your arrival," said she, with pale defiance, and the scared look of a hunted animal in her blue eyes; "I shall speak to my friend, Miss Braithwaite, immediately, and I shall send word to Bradley Halcourt."

"O, no you won't," The velvety, treacherous voice was not raised. "It won't be an easy thing to let your fine friends know that your uncle is an escaped convict, is hiding up in a miner's hut, on the mountain. You see I can make it appear that you have had knowledge of me from the first. I can prove to this Bradley, as clear as daylight, that you have wormed yourself into his confidence, and have had secret meetings with me. But I am a loving, kind uncle, and I shan't do it, but you will take good care not to go back on me."

This man filled her with loathing and horror, and the poor girl turned now with a kind of desperate courage, and her voice sounded harsh and strange in her own ears. "What do you want of me?"

"What should I want but a little help and regard from my own niece? You are a deuced attractive girl, and you can make your attractions pay. Already you are in clover, living with a great heiress, who fairly adores you. You can get what you please, and you can wind her about your finger; and you owe it all to me who sent for you to come over, and put you in the way of making your fortune."

"I have never taken money from Miss Braithwaite. I earn nothing. I am simply a dependent in her house. She has given me only a few presents of clothing."

"But you must take money," said he, in his soft, exasperating tones, "and you must come instantly when I send for you. The time may arrive when it will be necessary for you to introduce me to your friends."

Virginie had but one thought, to free herself from that hated presence. She shook off the hand he had laid on her arm, and fled, panting and breathless, down the wood-path, almost into the arms of Bradley Halcourt.

(To be continued.)

TRUST.

I cannot see with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He saith, "Child follow me."
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door.
But I can trust.

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beautiful appearance, make a dish of the LITTLE GEMs al-
most as tempting as a plate of strawberries. It may be re-
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than any other variety.

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DOUBLE TUBEROSE BULBS.

Superior in Quality and Size.
First Quality Large Flower-Doz. 100. 1000.
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plements, garden, small fruit, and greenhouse plants,
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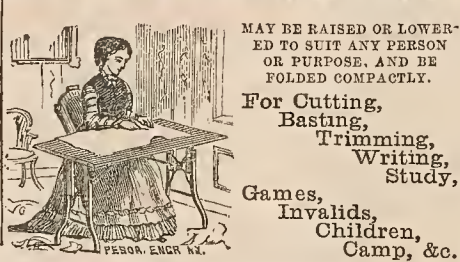
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My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower
Seed for 1877 will be ready by January, and sent
free to all who apply. Customers of last season
need not write for it. I offer one of the largest col-
lections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed
house in America, a large portion of which were
grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for
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establishment warranted to be both fresh and true
to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise I
will refund the order gratis. As the original intro-
ducer of the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes,
the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of other new
vegetables. I invite the patronage of all who are
anxious to have their seed fresh, true, and of the very
best strain. New Vegetables a specialty.
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GREAT interest to the lovers
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very full and complete. We are
frequent importers of NEW and
RARE PLANTS from Eng-
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present novelties that have NEV-
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PRICES is arranged on a new
and MOST LIBERAL basis, and our Premiums to the
getters up of Clubs will ensure GOOD PAY FOR ALL
who choose to work. We are very successful in shipping
plants and GUARANTEE to deliver THEM at destina-
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Every amateur grower of plants should send for the Spring
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By mail, postpaid (on own roots), 25 cents apiece,
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ILLUSTRATED GUIDE AND CATA-
LOGUE OF FLOWER and VEGE-
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Novelties for 1877.

The most comprehensive and reliable guide; gratis,
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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and
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Any one sending us their name and post office
address, with stamp, will receive by return mail
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The long Moss with which the trees in Texas are
draped, is a great curiosity to those who have never
seen it. I will send a small package free of postage
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THE FRET WORK DRILL.
Indispensable with Fret Saws.
It will make beautiful ornamental work with
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minute without danger of splitting, as an awl
will, every one praises it. Sent by mail on
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PRAY'S GREENHOUSES, CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.

New Catalogue out early in February, send your
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**BEDDING PLANTS, BASKET PLANTS,
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A specialty of FINE FLOWERY PLANTS, for
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GERMAN SEED
Selected personally while in Germany, in August
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GIVE US A TRIAL.

MISFIT CARPETS.

ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND IN-
GRAIN, very cheap, at the old place,
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Send for a price-list. **J. A. BENDALL.**

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate
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splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for
\$1; 12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5.
For 10 cents each additional, one Magnificent
Premium Rose to every dollar's worth or-
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sorts. We make Roses a Great Specialty, and
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100,000 customers in the United States and Canada.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSE GROWERS,
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A NEW DEPARTURE. TRAVELING
men wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING.
Salary \$75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid.
S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES
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FLOWER CITY SEED COMPANY
We offer the Best
Vegetable, for the
of any reliable seed
Catalogue and a sample packet (Viola Cornuta and Newest Dwarf
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BABBITT'S TOILET SOAP.



Unrivalled for the
toilet and the bath.
No artificial and de-
ceptive odors to
cover common and
deleterious ingre-
dients. After years
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facturer of B.T. Bab-
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offers to the public The FINEST TOILET SOAP in the World.
Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture.
For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal.
Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christ-
endom. Sample box containing 3 cakes of 6 ozs. each, sent
free to any address on receipt of 75 cents.
Address **B. T. Babbitt, New York City.**
For Sale by all Druggists.



NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1877.

"A BIT O' CHRISTMAS GREEN."

When preparing Christmas decorations, if evergreens are abundant, make plenty of garland trimming. If not, confine your efforts to mottoes, crosses and wreaths, and light trimming for pictures. In making garlands, use strong twine or cord in preference to wire, as the latter is liable to twist. Fasten one end of the cord to some stationary object, and having a supply of evergreens cut into small branches, bind them on the cord one bunch after another with fine twine, one firm twist being sufficient to hold them in place. Cedar, Juniper and Hemlock are generally used for this work, but Spruce, Fir and Laurel will not come amiss, and even Pine can be made effective in skillful hands. To give color, work in occasional clusters of bright berries, American Holly, Winter berries, Burruing Bush, Bitter Sweet, or whatever you can find. Generally, the neighboring woods and swamps will furnish something of the kind; if they do not, make imitation berries by stringing three or four soaked peas on fine wire and dipping them in a varnish of red sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. Or tufts of cotton can be fastened to wire and dipped into melted sealing-wax, and molded into berries with the fingers. Everlastings may be used, but are not as appropriate as berries. Above all, those unsightly colored tissue paper flowers sometimes used, should be avoided, though if nothing better can be had to relieve the somber evergreens, little tufts of pure white tissue paper cut fine as for baskets and crimped are admissible. Be careful to make these garlands light and airy, and twine them around columns and railings, attach them along the cornices, and if the ceilings are not too low festoon them from the cornices, looping them up in the centre of the ceiling. Lighter garlands of the same kind should be made for trimming the tops of the doors and windows and the gas fixtures.

Mottoes made of evergreen letters are one of the essentials. Cut the letters of the requisite size and shape from strong straw board and sew or tie on small

branches of evergreens with stout dark thread. The handsomest letters are of rustic text and are covered with Ivy, Laurel or Holly leaves, and a few bright berries mingled in. The beauty of all the decorations mentioned so far can be greatly enhanced by frosting. Brush lightly with liquid gum and sprinkle with glass dust on powdered mica, which may be obtained at a trifling expense. Fragments of glass might be pulverized at home for the purpose, if especial care was taken to protect the eyes. For variety, crest some of the frosting with starch to imitate hoar frost.

Crosses, wreaths, anchors and letters made of moss and everlastings divide the honors with those of frosted evergreens. Procure that moss which grows in large thin sheets on old logs, wash it through two or three waters and dry. With a pair of sharp scissors cut it according to the required design and fasten it to a pasteboard foundation by winding with dark thread. Cut the stems of the everlasting quite short, about half an inch, dip them in paste or glue and insert in the moss; when dry they will remain secure.

Another charming variety of letters, crosses, etc., is made of gray moss crystalized. Select stiff gray moss of coarse open texture, dampen and sew on a pasteboard foundation. Next prepare a solution of alum, one pound to a quart of hard water, heat gradually in a brass kettle until boiling hot, then allow to cool, when it is ready for use. A little extra care must be taken with the crystalizing. The moss must be perfectly dry; hold the article over the kettle, and with a cup or large spoon repeatedly pour the water over the moss, moistening the pasteboard as little as possible. This process produces more frost-like crystals than the ordinary one of immersion.

But the loveliest, daintiest mottoes of all are of pressed ferns, and are quite easily made. Sketch the motto on Bristol-board with a lead pencil, in any text you like. Choose your smallest, greenest ferns for the capitals, and take the divisions of the fronds for the smaller words. Brush the back of the ferns with gum-arabic, lay carefully in place, and you have a "thing of beauty," which will be a joy as long as it endures.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

Several summers when travelling in the Rocky Mountains, we have seen a species of Ipomœa, so large and rich in color, growing low and branching over the ground, that it attracted our attention. It was so beautiful and luxuriant that we have often wished it was cultivated in our Eastern flower gardens, like the Aquilegia Cœrulea, also a native of the Rocky Mountains, it would be sure of popular favor.

We are glad to learn that, through Mr. Bliss, the seedsman, and his friends, seed collectors, seeds of it have been gathered, and it is thus introduced to flower lovers for the first time. Its botanical name is Ipomœa leptophylla, and is thus more particularly described: One of its most striking characteristics is its enormous perennial root. A few years ago a root was sent to the East which was shaped like an enormous rutabaga, and would nearly fill a flour barrel. While the root is decidedly perennial, the stems are annual, two or three feet or more high, and branching from the very base, throwing out great numbers of branches, and forming a bushy mass about as broad as it is high. The leaves are two to four inches long, very narrow, and like the rest of the plant, perfectly smooth. The flowers, either solitary or two or three together on a stalk, are two to two and a half inches long, funnel-form, but less open at

the throat than the common Ipomœas, and of a pleasing rose-purple color. The flowers are produced in the greatest profusion, a large plant having the appearance of an immense bouquet. The plant is found on the Platte and Canadian rivers, and also on the table lands of Colorado; as in the last named locality the mercury falls in winter to 20° and 30° below zero, there is no doubt about the hardiness of the plant in any part of the United States, and we deem it worthy to be tried in every flower garden.

See Illustration, page 20.

AWARD OF PRIZES FOR COOKING RECEIPTS.

The cooking receipts forwarded to us for competition were submitted for careful examination to other parties than the Editor, so that there might be no awards to his friends or interested acquaintances, and the verdict seems to be unanimous, as follows:

First prize, \$25 to Mrs. W. A. Ramsauer, Lincolnton, N. C.
Second prize, \$10, to Olive E. Chapman, Penn., Mich.
Third prize, \$5, to each of following: C. S. J. and Hortense Share.
The following are mentioned as exceedingly valuable, and they will all be published this year:
Mrs. W. C. Holmes, Leicester Junction, Vt.
Ella S. Phelps, Racine, Wis.
Mrs. H. C. Early, Lynchburg, Va.
Mrs. A. C. Ackerman, 123 Reid avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.
Mrs. Caroline E. Cocks, Fordham P. O., N. Y. City.
Mrs. J. H. Smyth, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. J. J. Randall, Winona, Minn.
J. Robertson Archer, Pt. Gibson, Miss.

The following comments are added by the Committee:

COMMENTS UPON MANUSCRIPTS SENT TO COMPETE FOR PRIZES.

In reply to the offer of prizes for the twenty-five best receipts for cooking of all kinds, manuscripts have been received at this office from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope. Not a State in the Union but has sent contributions to our list, making in all nine thousand six hundred and sixty-six receipts!

Of course, in so large a number, there have been many manuscripts that are almost identical; and the receipts for Chicken Salad, Pressed Chicken, Chicken Cheese, Escalloped Oysters, Parker House Rolls, &c., Tomato Soup, Oyster Soup, Chow-chow, Pickles of Cucumbers and Tomatoes, Chocolate Cakes and Puddings, Cream Cakes, Snow Pudding and Queen of the Puddings, Jelly Cakes, and Cold and Hot Slaw, have been repeated in hundreds of manuscripts with but little variations in the receipts. Of course, in such cases, those first received and best arranged were selected.

But where all were so good it has not been an easy task to choose those which were most suitable for the prizes, and we can only say with the Irish Bridget—"I have done me endeavor, ma'am, an' troth I'm sorry if it din'ta suit ye."

In some manuscripts the directions were not attended to, and several kinds of cakes or pies were given, instead of only two. In a few, the pages were written on both sides of the paper, thus making them of no use, as printers cannot use manuscripts thus written.

In other cases the location was not given correctly, either the town or State being omitted.

Taken as a whole, however, the receipts were most excellent; and while they show that the delicacies of the table are not confined to any State, they also declare that our Southern and Western sisters excel the Eastern, in some branches of cookery.

An ancient poet of the Elizabethan age wrote:

"The surest road to peoples' hearts, I find,
Lies through the mouth, or I mistake mankind."

And the maxim holds as true in this 19th century.

Good cooks also make good tempers, for we must allow that the temper of mankind depends greatly upon the state of the digestive organs; and if greasy, leathery, unattractive food is substituted for that which is wholesome and toothsome, we cannot grow either in Christian graces or beauty, without a terrible struggle of both mind and body.

The prizes were awarded because they were each excellent as *collections*, were well arranged, and principally because they contained the most and best of *new recipes*.

A WORD ABOUT ADVERTISEMENTS.

We never mean to take any advertisements from any parties but, from the best knowledge and inquiries we can make, seem reliable and will do just as is promised. So far as we know, no swindle or patent medicine has found its way into our columns, and never, knowingly, do we permit anything but is of respectable character.

An advertisement of the Ohio & Kentucky & Texas Land Company was sent us by a reliable agent, who assured us that the matter was all right, and that every word said by the advertiser could be depended upon. We had dealt with this agent for years, and found him and his opinions reliable in the highest degree. We therefore inserted it. Some who patronize it, call us to task, for our responsibility in the matter. We can only say that we took usual care, and asked every one who knew the parties, and they told us that it was a good enterprise. It may or may not be a swindle. No one seems to have positive information, and we have no means of judging. We can only say from complaints received, *do not trust that company any more*.

A Costly Number.—This number is a costly one. Upon the opposite page is a perfect copy by electrotpe of a splendid steel plate engraving which cost over \$500; upon the fourteenth page is the \$25 collection of new recipes. Add to this the new music, and the other prize floral and household articles which we publish, and the reader has for the small sum of 11 or 12 cents a value of over \$541.

New Floral Premium.—The beautiful flower, Ipomœa leptophylla which we illustrate this month, we have made arrangements to give as premium free to any one who being now a subscriber will send us before May 1st one more yearly subscriber, or two six months' subscribers. It is new, never yet introduced. Its flowers are very large and brilliant. It is worth having. Remember, only one new subscription is necessary to secure it free.

Astonishing Premiums of Flower and Garden Seeds.—The splendid offer of flower seeds, which we make upon our first page of cover, are open only to the 1st of June, and must in all cases be accompanied with the certificates which are printed on the paper. No order can be filled without the certificate. These offers are made both to encourage our readers to get flower seeds and work for the interest of the FLORAL CABINET in extending its good name and fame, and circulation.



MEMORIES OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD.
[FROM STEEL-PLATE ENGRAVING.]

R. GRAVES. A.R.A. SCULPT.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown the mis'rahle sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent towards buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds of eheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of the man that gives
 The loud Amens at my preachin',
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In eheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swaller;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that, to holler;
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
 Of course I said it quiet—
 Give us some more of this open talk;
 It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And riggin's out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion,
 And comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a winkin'
 And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you;"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon is pat,
 But man is a queer creation,
 And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
 Won't make the application.
 Now, if he had said a word about
 My personal mode of sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself
 And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower hy usin' their friends
 As a sort o' moral umhrellas.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
 You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked,
 And there were lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew—
 It sot my blood a bilin'.
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter!

HINTS TO COUNTRY GIRLS ABOUT
THEIR BED-ROOMS.

In offering the following homely suggestions, the writer makes no pretension to advancing any very novel ideas, but hopes they may prove useful to some of the *petites soeurs des pauvres*, who may, like herself, be thrown into the country, twenty miles from town, with little to aid in their love for the beautiful, except their native ingenuity, and the necessity that we are told is the mother of invention.

In the first place, the bedstead should be low—I sawed mine off to within a foot of the floor—and the bed evenly and squarely made, and flat on top. Those who live in the country know what high, inaccessible mountains of feathers, heaped up in the centre, generally greet you on entering a country bed-room, hence the suggestion. Large, square pillows look much better than the small ones generally seen; and with these one can dispense with a bolster. As pillow-cases, even when only once used, will look rumpled, pillow-shams add much to the appearance of the bed. They should be large and square—thirty-two by thirty-

four inches is a good size—with ruffle three inches wide after being hemmed. A braided pattern all around is pretty, or, instead, there may be a row of tucks. The centres may have braided or embroidered initials or monograms, six or seven inches long. The braiding pattern can be worked with coarse, black silk, the lines being followed either on the sewing machine or in chain stitch embroidery. The material may be linen, cambric, or plain white cotton; white Swiss muslin is very pretty, lined with bright colored cambric.

Wooden washstands will be much improved by tacking a piece of oil-cloth, which so closely imitates white marble, neatly over the top, taking care to have the edges covered, and the tacks hidden underneath. Mats should be beneath each article on the stand, and these can be easily and prettily made of round pieces of white pique, with crocheted edge of white cotton or red wool. Every washstand should have behind it a small wall-tidy; those of white net are pretty—round-meshed, mosquito net will do—darned with white embroidery cotton in any pretty pattern, and lined with bright cambric, and edged either with a quilling of pinked cambric, or with cheap white lace. White ones are pretty, made of white pique, scalloped around with coarse embroidery cotton, and a braiding pattern stitched with black silk, like the shams; but white tidies do not suit white walls. A very cheap one is made by taking solid, colored calico—one before me is gray—turn over on the right side a hem an inch and a half wide, and stitch with black; then spatter in each corner a cluster of ferns, and in the centre either a monogram or initial, or else a large group of quaintly-shaped leaves, ferns and graceful views. A bow of bright ribbon at the corners is an improvement. Tidies may be made in the same way for the tops of wooden bureaus that have been defaced, and for the backs of chairs.

For cords to hang pictures, homespun yarn can be twisted into looking very respectable, but it must have a strand of twine mixed in.

Amongst the various suggestions about cone work, I have seen no description of the six-pointed, star-shaped frames for small photographs; these are nine inches from point to point, and have a hexagonal opening in the centre for the picture. A small piece of glass must cover the opening, and this and the picture are fastened in by having a piece of stiff paste-board, star-shaped, sewed around the edges. Pretty match receivers to hang on the wall can be made of the same materials; mine is about ten inches long and six wide where the little inch and a half box for matches is sewed on; it narrows to the top, and, above the box, is cut out to imitate carved wood.

If at a loss for vases for your mantel, and you have any of the bluish gray jars in which West India preserves are put up, cut off the straw handles, and, if you can, have a round, funnel-shaped mouth made of tin; paint the whole with asphaltum varnish. These look well without the tin. On my mantel are two of the little white wood cages, not a foot square, in which canaries are sent on their travels; these are lined with dried *fermy*, green moss and grasses, and berries fill the top. They make unique bouquet-holders; they also make beautiful hanging baskets; in one of my windows hangs one filled with green tradescantia; in the other is one filled with tradescantia, zebrina and Kenilworth ivy, and it must be seen to be appreciated. Another novel hanging basket can be made of a large gnarled and knotty squash, with top sawed off and cleaned out; one which I used as a pot for a fine scarlet geranium was the admiration of all beholders,

and the plant bloomed profusely. The long, gourd-shaped squashes, with part of the large end sawed off, and suspended by cords, make pretty corner cornucopias for grasses and autumn leaves; sometimes their color needs no change, but if it does, they can be stained and varnished. Here let me say that I stain every thing with asphaltum varnish; as Mrs. Toodles would say, "it is a handy thing to have in the house." With it I've varnished old gilt cornices—leaving portions gilt—until they looked almost new; it will hide ugly scratches on furniture, and will stain any thing you wish a dark color. Ten cents will get enough to last a long time, as it must be diluted with turpentine.

Having seen in an old CABINET that a turtle shell makes a pretty card receiver, I tried to see if one could not be fashioned into a jewel stand, but it was too flat; then one of the farm servants brought a terrapiu, which answers nicely since the shell is several inches deep, and is a pretty brown, spotted with yellow. The terrapin must be boiled nearly an hour, until the meat can be pulled out perfectly clean, then a narrow ribbon can be run under the vertebrae, tied in a little bow at each end, and pasted fast. For mine, a friend contributed a little stand of carved walnut, about three inches high, with four little feet to rest on the bureau, and four to support the shell.

Sheepskins cut in rectangular shape make pretty and comfortable rugs, either left white or dyed with aniline, and they can be combed out when washed. One of my rugs is the skin of a red fox, tanned head and all; where fox-hunting is as prevalent as in this part of the world, these are easily procured, and the tanning will cost only a few cents. They must be lined with cloth, cut the shape of the skin, but larger; some that I saw lately at the Centennial, from Norway, were lined with black, and had narrow, pinked strips of red, white and blue flannel or cloth stitched around the edge.

To make a rustic picture, buy a little five cent wicker basket about three inches long, cut in half, handle and all, and sew to a piece of Bristol board; fill the basket with mosses, lichens and tiny pressed ferns, then frame in a deep frame. On the wall I preserve a souvenir from the valley of Chamouni in this shape. I have seen the basket filled with different colored birds' feathers, and the effect is pretty. Above each of my pictures I place small bouquets of grasses, pressed autumn leaves, ferns, berries and everlastings; the sprays of the wild bamboo vine, with its brilliantly blotched leaves and black berries, are specially beautiful. Press the leaves with an iron, leaving the stem to twist its own way. My pressed autumn leaves are dipped in common, yellow, melted wax, then powdered carmine is rubbed on with the finger, and they are as brilliant as before being pressed.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that common glue, dissolved in vinegar, will answer the same purpose as the troublesome contrivance that has to have two vessels; one to contain water; all one has to do is to set it near the fire—not too near—when you wish to use.

If you have ink stains on your furniture, oxalic acid, dissolved in tepid water and left to stand on the one place a short time, will take it entirely out of oiled wood; I have not tried varnished wood. Kerosene, applied with what my mother used to call "elbow grease," will take out white spots from furniture, but only with long and patient rubbing; otherwise it gives a greasy, smeared appearance to the wood.

A VIRGINIA GIRL.

Household Art.

AN AFTERNOON CHAT.

"What lovely lambrequins!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Nelson, one afternoon, when she had dropped in there for a friendly call. "Really I think you are extravagant, to buy new lambrequins when your windows were already so nicely furnished with curtains."

Mrs. Nelson smiled. There was a secret about those lambrequins that she had not intended to disclose to any one; but to be called extravagant, she could not stand that, so she said:

"Oh, those lambrequins were very cheap, in fact, I made them out of some old lace curtains that I never expected to use again. You see I had got tired of my long lace curtains that I had used winter and summer for three years, and longed for a change of some kind; then, you know, we use this room for both parlor and sitting-room; and, in the winter, when my two wide-awake boys were in the house all the time, my poor curtains had a hard time of it, trying to look respectable all winter; the children must see out, and as the curtains were rather voluminous, it was impossible to keep them out of their way. I was going to get some cambric and line some old lace curtains that I have, and make lambrequins that I could use without any curtains underneath them; but husband thought that the times were too hard to admit of our spending even that much for curtains, when we had curtains for our windows, so I had to set my wits to work to accomplish what I wished without calling on this economical husband of mine. I had almost given it up when I was up in the garret and came across these old forgotten curtains—they were much nicer when new than the ones I had intended to use—and as they were close work I thought I could make them do without lining, so I took them down and began with them. I took a needle and some coarse cotton and drew together all the slits that I thought would show; next I washed them, and bleached them by boiling in borax water and drying in the sun; when they were dry, I starched them in hot, thick starch, and after spreading a sheet on the floor in the spare bedroom I pinned them on it, one on top of the other, putting the pins about five inches apart and stretching the curtains pretty well. When they were dry I plaited one side of each in three large box plaits and ran a strong string in from the middle of each plait to the other edge, and gathered it up as much as I wanted it, making the string in the middle the shortest. You see I have curved boards at the top of my windows that make curtains stand out from the window in the middle. I tacked the curtains to these boards, and then got out my stock of pressed autumn leaves and ferns, and arranged a bouquet for each plait and a spray for down the middle of each. They looked so pretty, when I had got them done, that I felt paid for all the time and trouble I had expended on them; and when my husband came home, and I saw he was pleased, I was proud. Now, you see, I have no long-looped curtains to bother with; nothing but these plain, white blinds—which, by the way, are made of ten-cent muslin, with a thin stick lashed in each end to fasten them up with and roll them on—and the lambrequins that will stay clean and fresh all winter, because they are out of the children's reach, and I will have my curtains fresh and nice for the summer, when my boys can be out of doors part of the time."

Mrs. Grey looked pleased and thoughtful. After a time she said, "I don't see how you can find time to

fix so many things of that kind, with your little children to attend to. My children are old enough to go to school, and I can scarcely find time to do anything but sew for them, if I want to have them look like other children. And then it seems that I get no thanks for it; they are never willing to spend an evening at home, but always have some place to go to, and I have not the heart to refuse them after they have been housed up all day. Then my husband always seems to have more business to attend to in the evening than at any other time; I never see him before ten o'clock."

Mrs. Nelson knew all this, for she had seen Mrs. Grey's little girls dressed up to every ruffle and tuck of the fashion, even to go to school, and had also seen the bare, cheerless rooms which they called home, and was glad of a chance to give her neighbor an insight into the way she run the machinery of her household.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Grey," she said, "that you could afford to hire some of your sewing, if you have so much to do, and devote the time thus gained to beautifying your home, adding games and amusements for the children, and every thing you can think of that might attract your husband to his home."

"Oh, yes; I suppose I could afford it, but it costs so much to put out sewing, and I want to save all I can."

"Well, take a sewing girl in the house, then, for a few weeks each season, that will be cheaper, perhaps, and if you use your time to advantage, I am sure you will not feel that you are any poorer at the end of the year, and as to having your husband spend all his evenings away from home, why I would not stand it. Now Charlie used to think he could do the same thing, but I soon put a stop to it by showing him that home was the most pleasant and enjoyable place he could find. I always keep a pair of nice slippers for him, and a warm dressing-gown, and have them where they are warm and handy; then I manage to have plenty of late papers and magazines on the table, and keep my guitar strung up, if I have to sacrifice something once in a while to do it. After supper, if he gets his gown and slippers on, and gets to reading once, I am sure of him for that evening at least. Then I get him interested, and ask his help in everything I do, till now he takes as much interest in adorning our home as I do, and he is such a help—a man can do many things very easily that a woman is very awkward about. We make all our own brackets, sawing things out of soft wood, and staining them to imitate any wood we wish. I will be happy to render you any assistance in that line you would want. He made the molds for all the leaves and for the petals of all the flowers I have on my wax cross. You know that kind of work is expensive if you have to buy all the molds. Mr. Grey admired the cross very much when he was in here the other evening, and I will tell you how to make the molds, and help you arrange it all, if you want to make something of that kind to begin with, it would please him I know. To make the molds you must gather the natural leaves of the kind you want to make in wax, and with a brush, cover the under side of them with lard; then mix in a bowl one-half pound of plaster of Paris with enough water to make a stiff batter; dip out quickly, as it soon hardens, and cover each leaf on the under side with a thick coat of the plaster; smooth over with a ease knife, then in half an hour turn over the molds, and carefully remove the leaves with a pen-knife; let them stand till they are quite hard and they are ready for use."

"Thank you; I think I will try that, and if George likes it, I may come to you again for help. I would like to do such things if I thought I could, and he would help me. I thought he did not care for such things."

"Well, he does, very much; why, when he came in here about that book the other night, he staid nearly all the evening just because, he said, it was so easy and comfortable here; and he admired everything of the kind I have in the room, even to those small steel engravings framed in autumn leaves. And he wished me to tell you how I fixed a bottom in that cane rocking-chair and made it so easy. You see the cane that was in when we got it was not very good, and it gave out in a few years. I thought I could not spare the chair, for it is the one Charlie always sits in. There was no one in town could fix it for me, so I had to do it myself. It took some time to study it out, but after a time I had it all planned how I thought we could fix it, and after I had the materials ready, I asked him to help me. We first removed all the cane from the seat of the chair and then took a long piece of whip cord, tied a knot in one end, and drew the string through one of the holes in which the cane had been fastened; then we drew it across to the opposite side of the chair through two holes, then back again, and so on clear across the chair. Then we knew we had a foundation of rope that would never give way. Over this we tacked two pieces of coffee sacking, having the upper one a little larger than the other, and leaving it loose in front. Between these we stuffed ten cents worth of curled hair and then fastened the top down in front. This cushion I covered with scarlet flannel, over which I put a cover of rosettes of old black alpaca, lined with the scarlet flannel; these sewed together show the red flannel in between very nicely, and it matches the tidy that I made of scraps of fine, white muslin, and lined with red flannel, sewed together in the shape of a diamond, and trimmed around the edge with a crochet and fringe of No. 8 cotton. Now the chair looks better, and is much more comfortable than when we first got it."

Mrs. Gray went home, resolved to do what she could to make their home attractive to her loved ones; and we know she will succeed well, for she took Mrs. Nelson's advice, and subscribed for THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, to begin with.

MRS. BARNETTE.

LITTLE THINGS.

For a very pretty bracket, procure a triangular piece of board, slightly rounded in front, for the shelf, and some pieces of old table cloth, with a pretty pattern; work the pattern in suitable worsteds, fit and tack on the shelf. Cut another piece of the cloth long enough to go around, and three or four inches in depth, and work as before; scallop or point the lower edge; bind with ribbon, and finish each point with bow of ribbon or tassel of worsted. Toilet mats are made of old napkins, worked, and bound or fringed at the edges. Perforated tin is pretty, used instead of perforated paper, and is useful in making presents for tin weddings. A match-safe is made like a cornucopia, worked with a pretty pattern; bind with ribbon; attach ribbons to suspend it, and finish with a bow at the end. One of perforated paper is made in the same manner, but with a small tin spice-box inclosed. They are very pretty to suspend from chandeliers. A wall match-safe is made of the tin; the back piece to be worked with a pretty vine, the safes with flowers; bind with ribbon, and make a loop by which to hang it.

Household Elegancies.

AUTUMN LEAF WORK.

In the Autumn kind Nature gently weaves,
For the dear old year, a crown,
Of the beautiful ripened leaves,
Bright red, and yellow, and brown.

Of late years it has become a favorite amusement to gather quantities of the most beautiful autumn leaves, and after carefully pressing them (and varnishing, if you like a glossy surface) to arrange them into wreaths, crosses, bouquets, mottoes, and various devices, which often produce effects as beautiful as a picture from the brush of a skillful painter.

When tastefully arranged in a bouquet, on buff or white card-board, they make beautiful pictures; and when with the leaves a few delicate green and frost-touched ferns are mixed, they are fair and graceful enough to deck the most gorgeous parlor.

When leaves are thoroughly dried they can be attached to a piece of coarse flexible wire, by the help of fine brown cotton-covered wire; and, by intermingling the varied and contrasting colors of the different maples, the oak, beech, &c., with a few green fern fronds, handsome garlands can thus be formed with which to encircle picture frames and mirrors, or to hang in windows. Then, too, some of the prettiest lambrequins one could wish may be made of autumn leaves fastened in graceful figures on to lace, each curtain adorned with but one kind of leaves, with fronds of fern—breathing sweet remembrances of the cool, green, old woods—interspersed among them.

Mottoes, for framing, make beautiful gifts from friend to friend, and are very easily made. As you take your autumn walks, eagerly search for the gayest leaves and ferns with which to fill your vases, and decorate your windows or pictures. Please not forget to take your eyes from the trees now and then, and look carefully on the ground at your feet, or on the small bushes and tiny running vines, for there you will find material for your mottoes. Gather the smallest leaves you can see; the dark, maroon wild rose, bright red huckleberry, the delicate notched miller grape-vine, white and fuzzy as a miller's coat; the clover, toad-sorrel, cinquefoil, and, in fact, any very small ones which your eyes may be so fortunate as to rest upon. Press these carefully. Draw, with a pencil, the outline of your letters on card-board, then carefully stick on the leaves (with common flour paste), and you will have mottoes which, when framed under glass, are far prettier than many of the chromos now so common and so much admired. The word "Welcome!" made in this manner is very pretty to hang in a hall, or in a room facing it.

Bookmarks with motto on one side, and initials on the other, make pretty birthday gifts.

A very tasteful ornament for a bracket consists of a cross made of wood, covered with a coating of mucilage, and marble dust sprinkled carefully over it. Fasten the base of it on to a very thin block of wood or thick card-board, which block cover with green moss. Form a wreath of small leaves, by means of fine wire, and twine up the cross. If marble dust cannot be obtained, coarse sand may be used, or the cross may be covered with gray mosses.

Lovers of the beautiful will find much pleasure in using some of their bright leaves for decorating articles in "Japanese Work," (or "Anglo-Japanese

Work," as it is too often called.) The materials required are some fine black paint, a piece of nice sand-paper, bottle of shellac varnish, a little isinglass, and ferns and leaves. Any article may be ornamented by this "elegant and easy domestic art;" an old work-box, writing-desk, tea-caddy, fire-screen, flower-pots, small tables, wall-pockets, bracelets, &c. Select perfect leaves, carefully pressed and dry; rub the surface of whatever you wish to ornament smooth with sand-paper, cover the surface with black paint; leave this to dry thoroughly; smooth with the sand-paper,



MOTTO IN AUTUMN LEAVES.

if rough at all; add two other coats of paint, then gum your leaves on, after the paint has thoroughly dried. Dissolve a little of the isinglass in hot water, and, with a brush, apply a coat of it while warm. When this is dry, give the work three coats of copal

cigar-boxes, and ornamented with bouquets or garlands of leaves. Letter-cases and card-racks are also very elegant done in the same way. Beautiful boxes may be made by taking nice smooth strawberry or oval fig boxes, painting them, arranging a bouquet or wreath on the cover, and a garland around the box. An old table which has been thrown aside for its defacement, can be made into "a thing of beauty," of which the most fastidious may be proud. If it is a round or oval table, fashion a wreath of leaves and ferns; but if square, make a wreath or bouquet in the centre, and pretty figures in the corners. Flower pots look very nicely with a small garland around them, or a single leaf or small cluster on the sides. In fact, many are the beautiful articles of use and adornment which can be made by the aid of this pleasing art. The paint can be obtained already mixed at a paint shop, and either copal or shellac varnish may be used.

Another very elegant use to make of autumn leaves is, to form them into transparencies for hanging in the window. Place your brightest leaves with some delicate grasses and ferns, between two panes of glass; bind the edges first with some old, but strong, cambric; then bind over this with ribbon, leaving a loop at the top with which to hang it up by, or sew a ring on securely through the cambric and ribbon before the paste gets quite dried.

Very handsome crosses, wreaths and anchors are often made for hanging in windows, by sewing leaves on paper or stiff net lace.

An arch made of twigs or stiff wires, on to which leaves, ferns and a few pine cones are secured, and fastened over the mantel, with a small wreath, or basket covered with moss and filled with grasses, suspended from the centre, well repays for the labor of making it.

One more method of using leaves I will give you, and must then say good-bye to this subject, though the half of the beautiful ornaments they suggest are yet unmentioned. Procure a piece of tin, seven by nine, or eight by ten inches square, get an oval aperture cut out of the centre. Next cover the tin with two coats of "black Japan," then arrange little corner pieces of bright leaves, allowing a delicate branch of them to go down the sides and across the ends. Now varnish with two coats, and you have an odd but tasteful frame for some light picture, which I am sure you will like.

MARY I. HERRON.

A BEAUTIFUL TOILET TABLE.

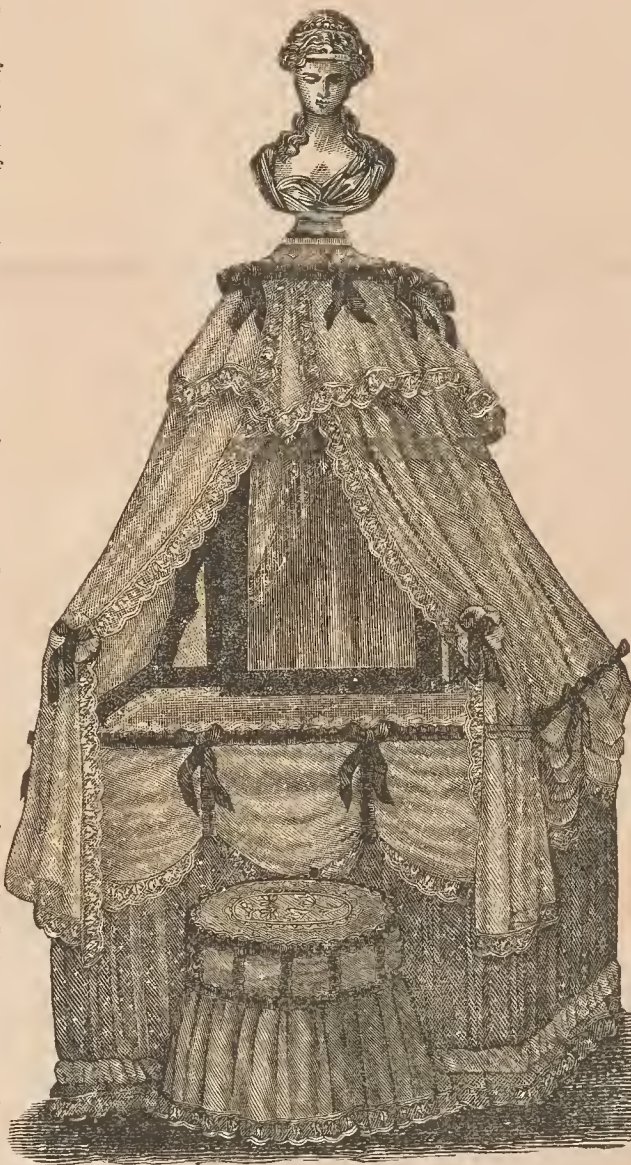
This beautiful toilet table may be adapted to the size of the room and can be draped to suit the furniture.

An ordinary dry goods packing box will answer for the lower part; to this is screwed two upright strips of wood, four inches wide, six feet long, and one inch thick, placed one-fourth distant from each side of the back; small strips of lath are nailed from each end of the back, diagonally, across these strips, and two end pieces and a back of the inch plank nailed on the box; then a hoop is securely screwed to the top of the two uprights, projecting over towards the front; pieces of wood are nailed on the under four corners and castors inserted in them. This forms the frame-work, which is covered with scarlet or other colored velvet, as also the plain mirror hung between the upright standards. Two short posts, one foot in length, are nailed to the front corners and also velvet covered.

The entire box is next covered with suitable crimson glazed muslin, over which is stretched, in gathered folds, dotted lace or Swiss muslin, edged with lace and a full puff of the thin material. Drapery of the same, with a lined and full-gathered lambrequin, cut with long points finish the latter at the top. Around the table is gracefully looped a long strip of Swiss muslin, held by ribbon hands, the same ornamenting the top. The inside of the box forms a handy receptacle.

The ottoman to match may be made of a section of a barrel lathed over and surmounted by an embroidered cushion, draped with Swiss and lining like the table and similarly puffed around the edge.

The table and stool are exceedingly elegant, and in a small room will be found to be not only attractive but very convenient.



TOILET TABLE.

varnish, allowing ample time for each coat to dry. To make the work look "very Chinese," or Japanese, the leaves are put on in every possible way (with no regular design), but it is much more tasteful and pleasing if the leaves and ferns are arranged in bouquets, clusters, wreaths, or garlands. Exquisite brackets and wall-pockets may be fashioned from

Fireside Reading.

No Chance to Ponder.—The other afternoon the crew of the Cleveland boat, which was to sail that evening, discovered an old chap stowed away among the freight to secure a free trip across the lake. The hose was on and the "pony" working, and the mate sent about fifty gallons of water into the nest of the stowaway. He came out on the gallop, wet to the hide, and charging up to the mate, he shouted: "Who threw that water on me?" "I did," was the reply. "What for?" "To help you ashore." "That's the way," said the old man as he took off his wet coat and held the tails between his knees while he sought to wring the water out of the sleeves and body. "I can't get off by myself anywhere, and begin to ponder on the faded and gone, but a barrel of salt falls on my ear, or some pirate hits me in the back with half of Lake St. Clair."

Too Polite by Half.—Pereire, a banker, got a little tired of returning bows of an uncomfortably polite man in his establishment, and finally gave the polite man this counundrum at point-blank range:

"Sir, what would become of the hours if the minute hand stopped to bow to the second hand every time they met?"

Better than Nothing.—A good old Methodist lady, very particular and pious, once kept a boarding-house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call. "Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load." "Wa-al, I don't know," said the old lady. "Oh, house full, eh?" "No, but ——" "But what, ma'am?" "I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?" "About what?" "Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?" "Oh, thunder! yes." "Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire eternally?" "Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that." "Can't you guess?" "Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand." "Wa'al, hom!" mused the good woman: "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

It was a pungent answer given by a Free Kirk member who had deserted his colors and returned to the old faith. The minister bluntly accosted him, "Ay man, John, an' ye've left us; what might be your reason for that?" Did ye think it was na a guid road we was gawn?" "On, I dawrsay it was a guid eneuch road and a braw road; but, O minister, the tolls were nneo high."

A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board of a ship, but who escaped at some seaport, and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the clergyman began preaching, saying that there was no virtue in them; that every one of them would be lost unless they speedily repented. Just as he uttered the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding-place—"All hands below!" To say that "all hands" were startled would be but a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice, from its unknown source, had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning. "All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere. The preacher started from his pulpit, and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anybody had spoken. "All hands below!" was



A BASKET OF ROSES.

the only reply, at which the panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying to be first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling "All hands below!" There was one old woman who was lame, and could not get out so fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out, the parrot flew down, and, alighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear, "All hands below!" No, no, Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way."

A milk-pitcher thrown by his wife at a Nelson-street man, missed the aim and ruined a handsome frame which inclosed the words, "God bless our home."

A New Englander, riding in a railroad car, seemed particularly anxious to astonish the other passengers with tough stories of Yankeedom. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. This story produced some sensation; and the Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend as follows: "True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown—you know Dea. Brown?" "Y-e-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, yes, I know Deacon Brown; I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw-mills that go by buttermilk."

"Well, uncle, how is the cause of religion getting on in your neighborhood?" "Mighty poor—mighty poor." "No new converts, eh?" "Not a single one—not de sign of one." "What seems to be the matter?" asked the citizen, after a lengthy pause. "De matter is dat some one hez stolen four big watermelons out o' my eart dis afternoon, an' I feel in my bones dat religion is gwine down hill all froo dis locality!"

The motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday-school eard was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked her mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "I did," she said earnestly, "and he got behind me, and pushed me into the bush."

"Who was the wisest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Solomon." "Yes; who was the wisest woman?" "Mrs. Isaac." "How so?" "'Cause she euehred her blind husband and got a deed for the old place to her younger son without paying for it." "Correct; who was the meekest man?" "Moses." "Very well; who was the meekest woman?" "Mrs. Lot." "How can you tell?" "'Cause she stood out all night in a thunder shower of fire and brinstone without any unbrel', and never said a word about the ruination of her best hat." "Well, yes; that's so," said the teacher.

A country gentleman was in the habit of entertaining his friends almost weekly, and discovered that regularly some small article of plate was missing, a castor-pot, a salt-spoon, a napkin-ring, or something of the kind. He suspected his servants, and to make sure, one night when the guests had assembled, he said: "I tell you what! Let's do without servants to-night and wait on ourselves!" The odd suggestion was greeted with applause and peals of laughter. The servants were turned out; the meal was seasoned with sparkling sallies at the expense of the clumsiness of this or that guest, and when they had all gone the host took stock, and discovered that two-thirds of the spoons had gone too.

A farmer's daughter lately put off her wedding-day because eggs were up to 40 cents a dozen, and it would take two dozen for the wedding-cakes.

PRIZE COLLECTION OF HOUSEHOLD
AND COOKING RECEIPTS.

BY MRS. M. A. RAMSAUER.

To this collection was awarded first prize, \$25, for best collection of
Cooking Receipts submitted.

BREAKFAST DISHES.

Italian Cakes.—Take one quart of flour, a measure of Horsford's powder, or two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda, mix them thoroughly through the flour, then work in two ounces of butter, and use water enough to make it into a moderately stiff dough, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it out with a biscuit cutter, and fry it in butter until it is a light brown. If you want it purely Italian, fry it in nice salad oil.

Seasoned Crackers.—Take half pound of butter, beat it until soft, then beat in the yolks of two eggs, one pint of warm water and yeast, or rising enough to make it rise well; stir in flour enough to make a batter, and pepper to flavor it well; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them in. Put in a warm place and let it stand until very light, then knead it into a dough like light bread and let it rise again; when light, make it into crackers, about an inch thick, let them rise again, then bake them of a light brown. Next put them all into a pan and set them again in the oven, and keep them there until they are dry and crisp all through. When wanted for breakfast, pour some boiling water or milk over them, as you prefer, and they will be soft in a few minutes. Use them as a dressing, to be eaten either with meat or gravy; they are also very nice to use instead of bread, to make stuffing for fowls.

French Hash.—After dinner, take what meat you have left and cut all the flesh from the bones that you can; pour what gravy you may have over it and set it away. Break the bones and put them on the fire to stew, with sufficient water to cover them, and a little onion; stew them all the afternoon, then strain off the liquor and pour it over your meat; in the morning put it on the fire in a clean saucepan, and let it stew a little; season it well with kitchen salt and thicken it slightly with a little flour. When you dish it up, put some slices of toasted bread in your dish, and pour it on hot. Garnish, if you please, with parsley and hard-boiled eggs cut in half.

Pancakes.—Take two teaspoonfuls of flour, and pour over it just enough boiling water to scald it; mix with it a pint of sweet milk, the yolks of two eggs, and then beat in a pint of flour and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth; bake on a griddle as other pancakes. This same batter is good baked as waffles.

Grand Breakfast Hash.—Make pancake batter by the given receipt, and bake them as large as a good sized dinner plate; as soon as you bake one, spread it over with a layer of French hash, then lay on the next, and continue piling them up, with layers of hash between each, until you have a stack five or six inches high, or more; then set it in your oven long enough to heat it well through. When you serve this dish, cut it down through the whole pile. This is a delightful breakfast dish for cold weather.

Sausage Rolls.—In the evening, make up about a quart of flour into a dough, exactly as you would for light rolls; set them in a warm place to insure them being light. In the morning, make them into rolls, putting in the middle of each one a piece of sausage meat, about the size of a black walnut; bake as other rolls. Any other meat chopped may be used as a substitute for the sausage.

Crescent Rolls.—Take about two pounds of well raised light bread dough. Rub fine on your pastry board, a large teaspoonful of white sugar, and a piece of soda about the size of a large pea, and some flour. Lay your dough on this and stick on it a piece of butter about the size of an egg. Knead it very well and set it to rise again. When well risen, knead it again and roll it out about an inch thick; cut it out with a round biscuit cutter, spread a very little melted butter or lard over the surface, and then lap them over, so that they form a half circle or crescent; let them rise a little while before baking.

DINNER DISHES.

Kibobbed Mutton or Veal, a Turkish Dish.—Procure a fine loin of mutton or veal. If mutton, take all the leaf fat out carefully, then separate into chops at every joint, season it with kitchen salt and grate a little nutmeg over each piece; dip them into beaten yolks of eggs and sprinkle them with bread crumbs; then take a long skewer (a wooden one will do), and stick it through each piece so as to bring it to its original shape, as nearly as possible, and bind thread around it to keep it close and compact; then put it in your oven to bake or roast; baste it with butter until it gives out gravy; then keep it well basted with its own gravy, occasionally strewing bread

crumbs over it. When nearly done, pour the gravy into a saucepan, and put the meat back into the oven. Add to your gravy some catsup or Worcester sauce, and if you have any cold or made gravy, add that also; boil this up together. Take up your meat, pour the gravy over it; if it is veal, squeeze some lemon juice over the inside of the loin. Serve as hot as possible.

Genuine East India Chicken Curry.—Cut your fowl up in pieces, as for fricassee, fry it of a light brown; then take some gravy, if you have it; if not, substitute a teaspoonful of sweet cream, and as much water, a little onion, and curry powder enough to season it highly, then stew your chicken in this, and when sufficiently done, thicken it with some butter rolled in flour, and a little more cream; put to this enough lemon juice to give it the flavor, and boil it up once. Dish it and garnish it with slices of lemon.

To Stuff a Leg of Veal or a Fleshy Piece of Beef.—Grate or break into crumbs a pound loaf of light bread; take a piece of butter the size of a black walnut; two beaten eggs, and work it up with your bread crumbs; season with kitchen salt, and flavor slightly with nutmeg; if it is rather stiff, add a little wine or French brandy to make it sufficiently soft; take a long knife and make an incision around the bone; put your stuffing into it, and sew it up at the top to keep the stuffing in; rub a little butter and kitchen salt over it, and put it on to roast; as soon as any gravy is drawn, keep basting it well; when nearly done, spread over it some butter, and sprinkle bread crumbs over it; put it on again, and roast until well done; garnish with celery or parsley.

French Fricassee of Beans.—Take Lima beans (or navy beans will do); boil them until tender enough to eat; put them to drain; then brown some butter in a frying-pan; put in your beans, and fry them till they begin to brown; then put in some finely-chopped onion and parsley, and fry them a few minutes more; now put in a teaspoonful of flour, some boiling water, and season well with kitchen salt, or salt and pepper; let them stew a few minutes, and then add the yolk of an egg, beat up with a spoonful of water, the same of vinegar, and mushroom catsup, if you have it; if not thick enough, add a little flour and a little cream. This is a good way to dress snap beans.

Stuffed Squashes.—Cut your squashes in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; fry them till brown in butter or lard; while these are frying, prepare a mixture, as follows: beat up two eggs, a teaspoonful of rich, sweet milk, and flour enough to make a thin batter; then stir in bread crumbs enough to make it thick, and season it with pepper and salt; now lay down one slice of squash on a baking-plate, and spread over it a layer of batter; but sprinkle some kitchen salt on the slices of squash as you put them on; continue this until you have a good stack with batter on the top; then bake it until the batter is done. If your oven is hot, it will not take more than fifteen minutes.

Scolloped Salsify.—Boil the quantity of salsify you want until very tender; then peel it and cut into pieces about an inch long; if you have a quart of the vegetable, take an equal quantity of bread crumbs or small slices; season with kitchen salt, and cut a piece of butter about the size of an egg into it; now put a layer of salsify in a deep baking-dish; season with pepper and salt; put a sprinkling of the prepared bread over it; continue this till your dish is full, with bread on the top; pour sweet milk, or milk and water, in your dish until it is full, and bake it till nicely brown.

Spanish Onion Sauce.—Roast six large onions until nearly done; peel them, and add to them some gravy from any meat you may be cooking; thicken with a little dust of flour; season with kitchen salt, very little cayenne pepper and a glass of wine—port is best; add to this the juice of half a lemon, or a teaspoonful of vinegar; stew them till well done, and mash them up with a little butter. A very excellent sauce for game, or ducks and geese.

DESSERT DISHES.

Swedish Blanc Mange.—Take one ounce of gelatine, pour over it one pint of cold water; let it stand in a pretty warm place for several hours, stirring it occasionally; then pour into it one pint of boiling water, and one-half pound of white sugar; flavor it with bitter almonds, extract of almonds, or peach kernels, as is most convenient. As soon as the gelatine is entirely dissolved, set it away to cool; this had best be done in the afternoon, so as to give it all night to get firm; the next morning put your jelly into a large pan or bowl, and, with a fork, beat it until it is perfectly broken up and light; then take a good pint, or rather more than that, of very rich, thick cream—the richer the better; make it quite sweet, and, with a whisk or egg-beater, beat it until it is very light and frothy; then mix the two together and beat until thoroughly mixed.

A Grand Trifle.—As the appearance of a trifle is to be considered, it needs a large glass dish; in the bottom of your dish put a layer of Naples biscuits or sponge cakes, another of ratafias, and then another of macaroons, strewing between each layer some blanched and pounded almonds, a little citron, a little candied orange peel, and a pineapple cut up small; pour half a pint of wine (or

enough to soak the cake)—it should be a nice, light-colored wine—over them; in the mean time have a custard prepared as follows:—Boil a quart of milk and cream mixed in equal quantities; beat up the yolks of six eggs, three ounces of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour or corn starch; when the milk boils, pour it over the eggs, stirring it rapidly; if it does not thicken sufficiently, put it over the fire a few minutes, stirring it all the time, till it comes to a boil; then put it away to cool; flavor it with extract of lemon or orange, and, if you like, a little French brandy; now pour the custard over the cakes, and over that put some apricot or raspberry jam and some nice currant or apple jelly; next take a pint or more of cream, the white of one egg, a glass of white wine, a few drops of extract of lemon, and sugar to taste; churn it with a cream-churn (or you can beat it with a spoon or egg-beater), and as the foam rises, take off and pile it as high as you can on the top of your trifle; it is a good way to take the froth off and leave it in a sieve, so as to let it drip, and then turn it over on your dish, keeping some cream to churn up and lay on, in order to make it a nice shape; you can ornament, if you please, with very tiny sugar plums or comfits, or colored sugars, but it is very beautiful without it.

Orange Cream.—Take a pint of orange juice (four oranges are best), put to it the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and the whites of four; beat these well together, and add to it one pound of fine sugar; set it over a slow fire, and put the peel of half an orange in it; keep stirring it all the while one way, and when it is nearly boiling, take out the peel and pour the cream into glasses to cool. This is delightful when frozen.

Swedish Lent Pudding.—Make some light rolls, but place them so far apart in your pan that they will not stick together in baking. Let them get old and dry enough to cut well, then cut off the top crust and take out the crumb, leaving the crust whole. Mix a part of the crumb with some beaten almonds, sugar and butter, to suit your taste; then boil new milk to cover them, pour it over, and when well soaked they are ready for use.

TEA DISHES.

Delicate North Carolina Biscuits.—Take one quart of flour, four eggs (beat the whites and yolks separately), a small tablespoonful of butter, a large one of yeast; make all into a rather soft dough with sweet milk, set them in the morning so that they will have time to rise well. Make them out into biscuits, and let them rise a little while before baking.

Cocoanut Snaps.—Take the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with three heaping tablespoonfuls of fine sugar and three of flour. Stir in desiccated cocoanut until it is stiff; drop on buttered tins, in any shape you like, and bake. If you prefer using fresh cocoanut, you must put four spoonfuls of sugar with it.

Ratafia Cake.—Bake a sponge cake—it is best if several days old—cut off the top crust and take out the inside, as for charlotte russe. Now mix the crumb with some blanched and pounded almonds, and enough bitter almonds—extract of almonds or pounded peach kernels—to flavor it agreeably; add some coarse grained sugar and enough yolk of egg to make it into a soft paste; put this into the crust of your cake and bake a little while. In the mean time, make the whites of your eggs into a nice icing; as soon as your cake has cooled a little pile the icing on it and put it in the oven until it is the least bit browned. This is a delightful cake, and although a sponge cake is to be preferred, any other cake you may have on hand will do, or you can in this way make use of a cake which has been a failure in making.

Cream Tarts.—Take a quart of flour, half pound of butter and two well beaten eggs, add cold water enough to make into a paste, and set it away to cool, then cut it into round shapes with a cutter or a tumbler; cut the middle out of half of them with a wine glass, lay one of these rings on a whole one and moisten the paste between the two with a little cold water to make it adhere. Bake them about a quarter of an hour. Beat together one pint of cream, four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, fill the tarts with this, grate a little nutmeg over each, and bake again about ten minutes.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Kitchen Salt.—An article that will be found useful for all persons, and a perfect treasure when you have an inexperienced cook, or one who does not season well. Take two teacups of fine salt, the same of sugar, and half a cup of black pepper—if you like a good deal of pepper you may take a whole cup. Mix thoroughly. Use for seasoning soups, hashes, etc.

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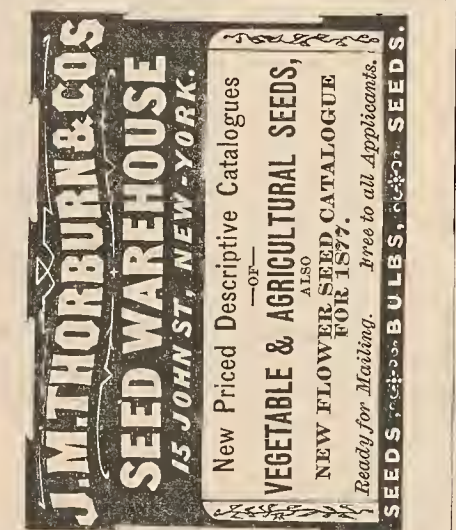
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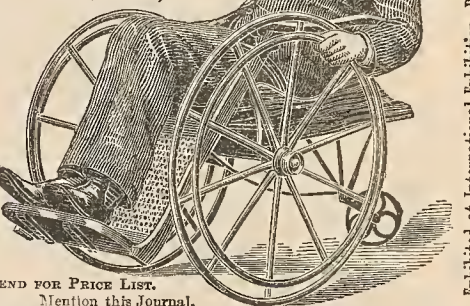


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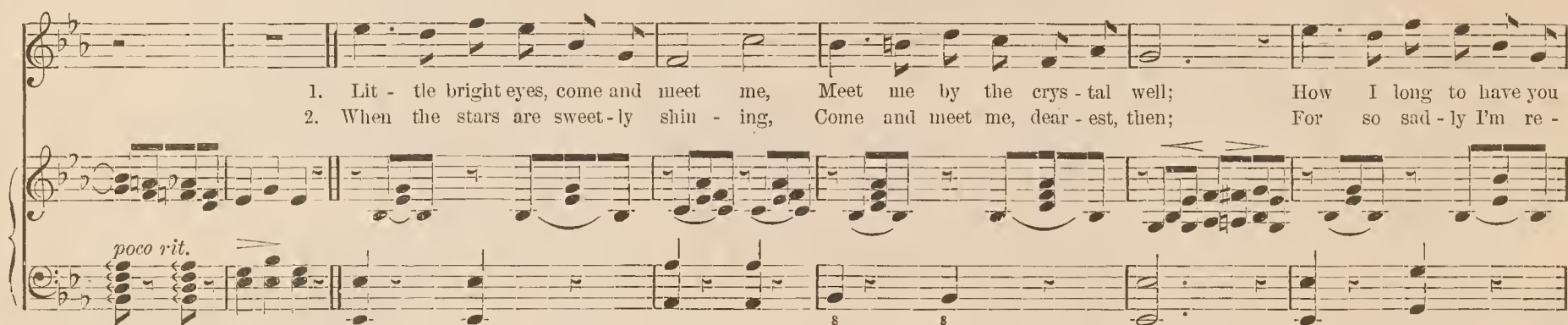
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Moderato
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vivezza.



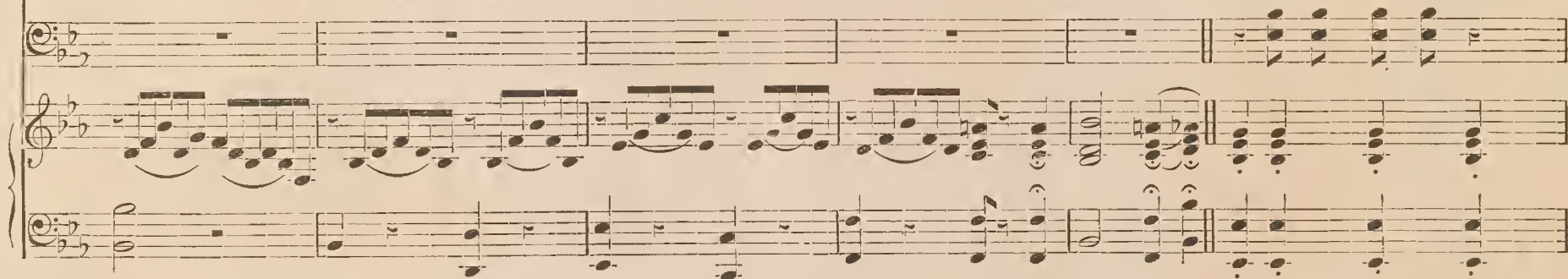
1. Lit - tle bright eyes, come and meet me, Meet me by the crys - tal well; How I long to have you
2. When the stars are sweet - ly shin - ing, Come and meet me, dear - est, then; For so sad - ly I'm re -



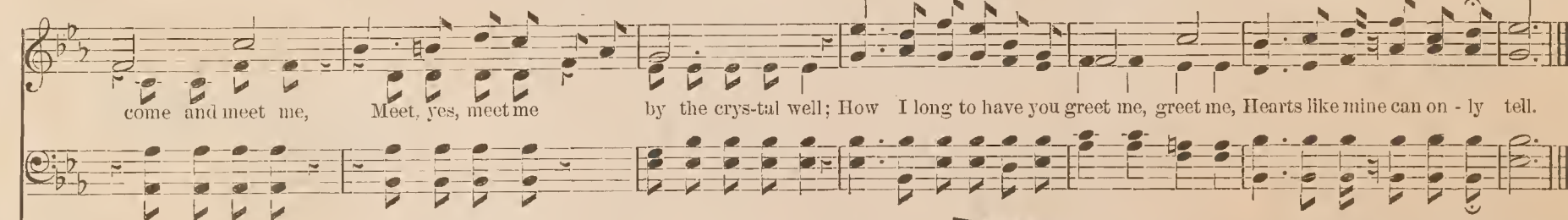
Animato.
greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell! Oh! I long to hear you com - ing In your mer - ry joy - ful
pin - ing, Till I meet thee once a - gain! Then we'll wan - der thro' the wild - wood, And so hap - py will we



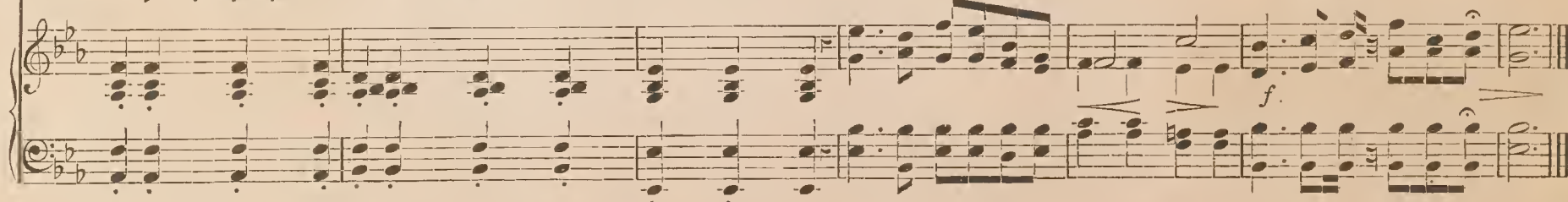
Chorus.
glee, And that lit - tle song you're hum - ming Is the sweet - est song to me! Oh! Lit - tle bright eyes, come and
be, We will sing the songs of child - hood, They are ev - er dear to me! Oh! Lit - tle bright eyes,



meet me, Meet me by the crys - tal well; How I long to have you greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell.



come and meet me, Meet, yes, meet me by the crys - tal well; How I long to have you greet me, greet me, Hearts like mine can on - ly tell.



THE LADIES' *Floral Cabinet*

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1877.

No. 63.

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four inches deep and one foot apart, then scatter a paper of mixed Phlox Drummond among them and you will have as beautiful a show of flowers as you can wish. Plant the small ones first, then every two weeks until all are planted. Be careful to plant your latest in the warmest spot you can, and where you will not want to plant your bulbs. In the fall, say October 1st, I begin to plant my bulbs, and in succession up to December 1st, as my plants cease to bloom. The early plantings give you the early and strongest bloom, as the roots get a good start before the frost touches them. Dig up your beds to the depth of at least one foot, then lay out your beds as you wish to plant them. I find it a good plan to keep a book expressly for the garden. I mark the places, then write the names and location with figures. This will enable you to refer to any spot you wish and ascertain the location of each, in case you wish to plant between them at any time.

In regard to the varieties to plant I will give a single example: In the corner of a bed I plant a Narcissus; between them a Jonquil, then I fill in the border with Crocus, planted two inches apart, or a group of a yellow, blue and white every three inches, setting the bulbs two inches deep. These multiply rapidly, so that in two or three years your borders will be full. Then for the centre I plant a tall growing Lily, such as a Tiger, Candidum or Auratum, then add a few low growing ones, such as the Longiflorum; then fill in every eight inches with Tulips or Hyacinths. The brown Imperial is a good old hardy bulb, so are many others which you will find advertised in the many catalogues. In the spring I scatter a few seed of hardy Annuals among my beds, or set out such plants as I wish to grow, so that by the time the bulbs are done blooming, the others begin to grow finely.

C. W. I.



FLOWER STAND FOR PARLOR WINDOW.

Floral Contributions.

FLORAL DECORATIONS IN OUR BAY WINDOW.

The sitting-room coal stove is within eight feet of our bay window, and is the only heat, except that of sunshine, which the plants receive. The window has a southern exposure. Its floor is covered with oil cloth. This, I think, is preferable to either carpeting or matting, as water will not readily penetrate it, and can be easily removed if any happens to drip upon it. The carpet, under any ordinary window which contains plants, should be covered with oil cloth for the same reason. There is only one shelf, extending along the east and south sides of the window, about eight inches above the floor. I prefer to have most of the plants which are not in my window garden box, on brackets and in hanging baskets. These are so much more graceful and ornamental, tastefully disposed, than the stiff-looking rows of shelves, with their precise rows of flower pots.

Two hanging baskets are suspended from fancy hooks above the double window which forms the south part of the bay window. One is filled with German Ivy, which twines around the wires and the hook, and drops over the basket in a bushy mass. This is kept bushy by frequently pinching off the new shoots. The other is filled with a most luxuriant growth of the variegated Tradescantia. A basket of Maurandya is suspended from another hook on the east side of the bay window. On the west side, just above the window garden, are three hanging baskets. One is an imitation log of wood, filled with pink Oxalis. On each side of this is suspended a cocoanut shell, draped with the long grey Spanish moss, each filled with delicate blue Lobelia. Birdie's cage is suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

A little to the north-east and the north-west, and at equal distances from his cage, are suspended round black-walnut hanging baskets in fret work, each containing a fancy red flower pot. One of these flower pots contains a Cigar plant (*Cuphea Platycentra*), the other a winter-blooming Fuchsia. Some of my brackets are of hardware from the manufactory of florist's goods. Others are homemade ones of blackwalnut, made with the bracket saw. Two four-pot florist's brackets are on the south side. One contains the green Tradescantia, a Cyclamen, a white Chrysanthemum, and a pink Begonia. The other, green Tradescantia, a Chinese Primrose, a white Begonia, and a pink Chrysanthemum. Two single florist's brackets, between the double windows, hold pots of Coleus and Rex Begonias.

On the little space of wall in the south-east and south-west cut corners are side brackets of black-walnut (four in number). One holds a pot of Ivy Geranium; another, above, a pot of Dew Plant. On the other side, the lower bracket holds a pot of a kind of vine which is much used in rockeries. I do not know its botanical name, but we call it "Creeping Charlie." Above this is a pot of Box. On the east side a pair of two-pot florist's brackets hold four lovely little rose bushes. The arched opening between the window and sitting-room does not comprise the full length of the window, so there is still room left for two little shelves not larger than ordinary brackets. On one is a brown painted box, filled with the Bridal Wreath, which falls gracefully over the north end of the window garden. On the opposite side, the other shelf contains a broken sugar-bowl set in a red flower pot. It is almost con-

cealed with a wreath of Kenilworth Ivy. Two small brackets, supporting pots of Madeira Vine, are fastened to the sides of the opening into the sitting-room. The vine is trained about the arch above, back and forth. You can well imagine, if you are familiar with the vine, what a beautiful tracery of green it makes. On the long single shelf before mentioned, are all my taller plants. There are a scarlet Salvia, a General Grant Geranium, an Abutilon, a Calla, a Heliotrope, an English Ivy, a Rose Geranium, and other large pots of Sweet Alyssums, Garden Pinks, Ten Weeks' Stock, and a good-sized box of Verbenas.

My window garden is a box furnished with table legs and castors. It is stained with raw umber, and varnished with coach varnish. This is much more durable than copal, and does not turn white in blotches where water works into it. The box is two feet by three, and just fits nicely into the west part of the window. The tallest plants it contains (about two feet in height), are a Dusty Miller and a bronze red Coleus. Surrounding these are seven varieties of Geraniums, including nutmeg, rose, silver-leaf and zonales, a Tuberose, a Carnation, a Feverfew, a Lily of the Valley, an Achyranthus, two small Coleus plants, a Lemon Verbena, and four blotched and striped Petunia plants. Tradescantia, green and variegated, vines of Tropæolum and Portulaca droop over the edges. White Candy-tuft, Sweet Alyssum, Gilia (tricolor), and green Mosses, are planted at convenient places along the edges, and as an undergrowth among the larger plants. At the corners of the box are vines of pink and blue Morning Glories, Madeira Vines, and one Smilax. These twine around cords along the west division of the window. Everything in the box presents a most thrifty appearance. Much as I enjoy the culture of plants in pots, much more do I enjoy the results which come from the care of my window garden box. In the first place, a goodly number of plants occupy so much less space than the same number in pots. Then they are so easily showered. All that is necessary is to take from one to two quart dippers of lukewarm water, every evening, and sprinkle the plants as you would clothes. This can be done in a few minutes without moving the box from its cozy nook; whereas flower pots must be carried from and to their usual resting place to undergo a thorough sprinkling. One cannot often spare the time to shower them every day, so much time being required in the removal. I sometimes take small plants, one at a time, and hold it in one hand over the window garden, while sprinkling it with the other. My roses get their bath in this way every day. I find that frequent sprinkling is the best preventive for insects. Where any do dare to intrude, they get Scotch snuff to the right of them, Scotch snuff to the left of them, and Scotch snuff all around them, till the air to them is thick with Scotch snuff, and they probably end their existence by sneezing their little heads off. This I allow to remain a day or two before sprinkling again. The drainage for pots and box consists of pieces of charcoal. The soil is a mixture of leaf-mold and black muck, from the woods, finely pulverized. To this is added a small quantity of sand.

Slips that I wish to root, rarely fail to do their duty. Just insert an oat in the end of the cutting, and plant in rich soil. The oat soon roots, and its vitality is transmitted to the cutting.

Last winter, my General Grant Geranium refused to bloom, though it was "ole enuff, big enuff, and oughter known better than to went"—and refuse to bloom. It was about eighteen inches in height, and grew finely in a six-inch pot. But no wonder it re-

fused! It did well out of doors during the summer. When I took it up in September, I resolved that it should bloom for me this winter, and accordingly placed it in a four-inch pot. It was a fine bushy shrub, which I had previously intended for the central ornament for my window garden, but it threatened to occupy so much space as to exclude other plants which must have a place therein; hence that idea was abandoned. After crowding its roots in the small pot, and trimming several large branches, I found that it was still top-heavy, and couldn't stand alone. Not to be baffled in regard to confining its roots in a small space, I planted this four-inch pot containing the plant into a six-inch one, and since then it has stood erect, and several buds have appeared, which promise well for this winter's bloom. This appears to me in the light of a success, after last winter's failure.

Smilax once resisted my efforts to make it grow. I wanted it to grow in a four-inch pot, but it wouldn't, in spite of sun, water and fine threads. After giving it a two month's rest in the cellar, and planting it during summer in the open ground under the Morning Glories, it never began to show signs of growth until it was placed in the window garden; and now it begins to act like a Smilax, by twining nicely around threads, and sending out new shoots, as all well-regulated Smilaxes should do. It wanted more room for its feet, in addition to sun, water and thread. Coleus and Achyranthus always made a point of dropping their leaves after being taken from the open ground and placed in pots, until the advent of the window garden, when they were planted in it direct from the garden border, and continued to grow without dropping their leaves; but on the contrary sending forth new shoots and leaves.

Dusty Miller (*Centaurea Candidissima*), never occasioned me any trouble, as I always kept it in a large pot, but it has improved in appearance since its residence in the window garden.

Were you ever distracted by the dust occasioned by sweeping, which would settle upon your floral treasures, unless you took extra pains to remove or cover them during said operation? In order to obviate this difficulty with my plants, I purchased a "Welcome Carpet Sweeper," and have been more than satisfied with the result, both in the saving of physical strength, and with the great decrease of dust upon my plants. I think that much of insect life is engendered in the dust which often rests upon plants. When the nights are extremely cold, I pin newspapers over the windows around my plants, as a means of protection from the frost.

One word now in regard to the three ornamental flower pots in our bay window. In the September (1876) number of Harpers' Magazine, are silhouettes of Dr. Goodall and Dr. Keats, and in one of Gould's catalogues is another of a boy clinging to the mane of a horse flying at a mad rate through the air. These I selected to make grotesque a pair of red painted flower pots. After holding the leaves containing them up to the window glass long enough to trace their outline on white paper, I cut the designs from the white paper, for a pattern, to use for cutting the same out of black silk. The black silk figures and a border of black silk points, for the top of the pots, were fastened on with varnish, and the whole finished with a coat of coach varnish. Another red flower pot was ornamented with a horizontal oval of black silk, surrounded by an oval border of gilt paper scalloped with the pinking iron. On the silk oval were fastened a bouquet of flowers, and pictures of two musicians, and the whole pot varnished.

E. S. P.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Our Flower Beds.—It is quite possible to make the small court yard in front of a city house attractive and pleasing by a judicious grouping of our floral favorites and a little care in keeping them in good health. To have our flower borders look well we must exercise some little taste in the grouping or massing of our plants. A few well arranged and carefully tended specimens will prove much more satisfactory than a large collection of ill-assorted and carelessly arranged ones. How many are there who, about the middle of April or May, will visit the nearest nursery or greenhouse, spend a great amount of money, with no thought as to the beds they have to fill, no idea as to the effect that will be produced, or rather the lack of it, by the indiscriminate mixing up in beds of twenty or thirty different kinds of flowers; Cactus and Lobelia, Caladiums and Sedums, Dahlias and Mignonette side by side, each one lovely in its own place with others of its species, or in well harmonized groups, but lost in its motley surroundings. We cannot all have our lawns and our pleasure grounds, our conservatories and greenhouses, in which to luxuriate both winter and summer, but thousands of us can have one or two flower beds, thank Heaven, whether in city or country; and let us try to arrange them so that they may be "things of beauty" to gladden our eyes until winter again claims our gardens for his own.

First upon the list of bedding plants I should name Coleus. Nothing, perhaps, looks richer than a bed planted in ribbon lines of well contrasted shades and edged with Dusty Miller. Next, a large bed of scarlet Geraniums edged with Sweet Alyssum becomes, by about the end of July, a bit of dazzling brightness. Deep rose pink double and single Geraniums, bordered with first a line of bronze and then of the silver-leaved variety, always look well. Calceolarias of different colors, with an edge of blue Lobelia, will do well if you have a bed on the south side of the house, so that they do not have too much sun; there, too, will flourish best your Fuchsias, Pansies and Forget-me-nots. Verbenas for bedding purposes are unsurpassed. Salvias look best in a large bed on a lawn. For foliage plants on a large scale, where there is plenty of room, Canna India, Caladiums, Amaranthus and Japanese Maize are all showy and beautiful if planted in masses. Now for our more humble but scarcely less beautiful annuals. First, Petunias; they will flower oftentimes till November, will load the air with their sweet, delicate fragrance, and will draw all the humming-birds and butterflies in the neighborhood to themselves. Buy a few plants for the centre of your bed and then sow seed all round, but not too near the edge, as they spread very much; thin out well when three inches high, and you will have a succession of bloom all summer. Sow your China Asters in a little cold frame, if you have it, or a wooden box with a pane of glass over it, in April, and transplant as soon as large enough, which will be about the end of May, into the open ground; do the same with your Dwarf Nasturtiums for early blooming. Sow the Dianthus seed in the bed you wish it to remain in, but thin out well. Be sure you have a bed of Drummond Phlox, and also Mignonette. Sow both, as the Dianthus, in their own places; these all dislike transplanting and will do best if their roots are not disturbed. Fill in odd corners of your garden with Sweet Peas; they will climb up a piece of common brush or run up strings. Don't sow them until the weather is quite mild and the ground warm. Zinnias are a showy plant and make a fine bed; sow either in cold frame or ground when you think cold nights are over. Heliotropes, for making up our summer bouquets—they will grow almost in any situation, but are scarcely bright enough for beds; they both grow much to wood, and consequently will bear cutting well. ALA.

Glimpses into a Country Parsonage.—I would state at once that I am a minister's wife, and not only a minister's wife, but a Methodist minister's wife, at that. Perhaps you don't think this has anything to do with house furnishing. I guess if you had to undo all you had done every one year, or two or three, as the "powers that be" might decree, you'd think it made a great deal of difference. It was just the brightest, most beautiful day of last May that I grew from Miss to Mrs. Miriam, and, with Thaddeus the Wise (Teddy, for short), journeyed toward the new parsonage home. After the proprieties had been disposed of, the kindly welcome over and the strangers gone, together we made the tour of the rooms. First the library, or, as Teddy said, "our library sitting room." It was a dear little cosy place, with two west and one sunny south window, and connected with a bedroom of the same size by sliding doors, and here was another south window. "What a splendid place for my winter plants!" I exclaimed at once. My first question in regard to the parsonage had been, "Is there a south window for plants?" and my very practical mother said it seemed to make no difference whether there was a kitchen or not, so long as

I had a place for flowers. The dining room was large, nicely papered with a light, cheerful paper, and opening out of that by folding doors was a dear little room with a north window and an eastern door. This soon became, however, the north study, as the warm summer afternoons drove us from the sunnier room. But the parlor! Words almost fail me. The homeliest of homely yellow wall paper with an ugly brown spot in it; the darkest of dark carpets on the floor; a great high black mantel; a black sheet-iron fire-board, cracked and broken, and an open stove-pipe hole to let the swallows out, and black bricks for the fire place; windows high and old-fashioned, with great, barn-like shutters; half a dozen very common chairs and a stray sofa. After taking an inventory I finally gasped, "Oh, Teddy, lets get out. This room must be sacredly set apart for funerals." It was a relief to breathe the air of our cozy kitchen, with its lots of little handy closets. Four bedrooms composed the upstairs; but wait till I come to the furnishing thereof before I tell you of them.

I have taken long for introduction, but I think the getting acquainted and getting to work will take but a short time. THE BIRD'S NEST.

To Bleach Wax.—First sheet it; keep it in the sunshine. To half a pound of good white wax add one-quarter ounce balsam of fir. You can guess at the quantity; less will do; if you get in too much it will be sticky. Pour boiling water into the cup and let the wax melt gradually, then put in the balsam; have a dish of hot soapsuds; dip your mould in that, then into the wax quickly, then in cold water, and slip it off.

Wax Grapes.—To make wax grapes, take annealed wire that is stiff enough to support it—I don't remember the number—wind a little cotton on one end, double it over to prevent its pulling off; then for what is called Black Hamburg, color common rosin with lamp-black and melt gradually, then dip the cotton end in the rosin, then in cold water and press it tight with the fingers; when it is cold continue to dip it in the rosin, then in the water to cool, until it is as large as wanted, being careful to turn it when just out of the rosin to get the required shape and size; lastly, dip in hot wax previously colored with blue and red paint, and hold grape in cup so it will drain. Each kind has its color of paint. E. C. BIDLAKE.

Home Made Rugs.—For those who make drawn-in rugs of rags, I will give two patterns that are very pretty, where the colors are not suitable for flowers, or very elaborate figures. Take an oblong piece of burlap, and fasten it to the frame and draw a line all round the outside as near the edge as you desire to work; then draw a straight line from the middle of each side to the middle of each end, forming a diamond in the centre, and quarter diamonds at each corner. Outline the outside of rug and centre piece with three times round; suitable colors would be one scarlet between two of black, or some shade of yellow between dark blue or maroon; after that draw in different colors in stripes round each piece according to taste, having the centre and corners correspond exactly, or the corners all alike. When the centre is filled up except a small diamond, have that some bright, pretty color, and if shaded, all the better; the corner pieces should correspond also. If attention is paid to contrasting colors, the result is very fine, even if some are rather dull. I have never seen one of this style, except my own, another which I have seen and used is called "hit or miss." The border is generally shaded or drawn in in stripes all round the rug, and the centre is filled in with odds and ends of every color drawn in straight across one after another without much regard to the arrangement, though it is best to have the brightest colors, like scarlet, pretty evenly distributed. Any pieces will do, that when drawn in will make a stripe two inches long, but do not have a stripe of one color more than six inches long in one place. This will work in many beautiful bright bits that are good for nothing else. If sheared it will look more like velvet, but is pretty enough without.

A Kansas Home.—My home does not consist of frescoed walls nor stately palaces, it is nothing more than a neat little cottage. I do all I can to make it pleasant and happy. My little daughter gathers wild flowers and ferns for me during the summer. I press them, and after they are dry, I dip them in white wax or varnish them, they will retain their color, and I lay them on black velvet in the shape of a cross, or a wreath, and will then have a beautiful picture. I also make medleys from pictures I preserve. I have a bouquet I made from grass, I got some Venetian red, mazarine blue and some Paris green, at the drug store, and painted them; I then joined them by placing them on a long stick, and it will make a beautiful corner piece; I made Zephyr flowers and placed through it. When Harry came in he was surprised, for I had not let him know I was making it, and he pronounced it perfectly beautiful. I have just completed a tidy made with the Afghan stitch in strips, and narrow it off in points at

the ends, then take red zephyr and work a little vine through it, and a border around it. Now my dear readers these will help ornament your home, and are got up at little expense. NORETA.

Ferns.—I frequently see directions for bleaching ferns, but in the fall of the year, here in New Hampshire, we have no difficulty in finding them pretty enough without that trouble. Besides the white, there are straw color, pea-green, and many beautiful shades of brown. Soon after gathering, iron them with a not too hot iron, which has been waxed with common yellow beeswax. If intended to frame or wanted to be perfectly flat, iron until dry. Frame with black velvet or cloth for a background, either with or without a mat. For bouquets for vases or similar decorations, I think they are nicer not to be ironed perfectly dry; they will then be curled and drooping a little, much more graceful and natural, autumn leaves can be treated in the same way and remain on the branches if desired.

Fancy Work.—Take a piece of perforated paper five inches square, and work "Scratch my Back," and a border around the edge, of leaves, then tack a piece of sand paper on the back, a quilling of ribbon around the edge, and loop to hang it up. To make vines, take green or red-glazed muslin, and cut the shape of "Ivy," and dip in wax, and lay the wire on the back, and dip a piece of the muslin in the wax, and then lay on the wire, and hold over a lamp-chimney and then press together, and your leaf is done, be careful not to get too much wax on the leaf.

CLEMENCE ST. ONAO.

Washing Dishes.—I would like to say a few words to my friendly housekeeper in FLORAL CABINET. I think the best plan is to wash up the dishes nicely after each meal, I always dislike to have dishes left from one meal to another. Her method of washing dishes suits me very well, but never leave your dishes standing from one meal to another. There is another thing I shall speak of; some housekeepers think on washday, they must have everything in an uproar, and themselves attired in a slovenly and unbecoming manner, now I contend this is unnecessary. I always do my morning work on washdays, just the same as other days, make some preparation for dinner so as not to be in a rush at dinner time, wash and comb myself and children, dress them clean just as I would if there was no washing to be done; one does not get at washing so early by doing this, but I find I like it better than to have things upside down while washing. In cooking, always try to have everything palatable. I have been housekeeping only three years, but by taking an interest in my cooking and the CABINET for my counsellor, I find I improve all the time, my husband often tells me so. I always try to have my floor swept clean before arranging my table, then with a nice white table-cloth on my table, I prepare my meal. I think a white table-cloth far nicer than the fashionable colored ones of this day. L. J. C.

Ancient Gardens.—"The first notice of a garden in the historical records of Rome, is that of Tarquinius Superbus, five hundred and thirty-four years before the birth of Christ. Livy and Dionysius allude to one which adjoined the royal palace, which was embellished with a profusion of flowers, in which the rose and poppy predominated. Among the paintings found at Herculaneum, are a few tracings of gardeus; they are, we are told, small square inclosures formed by trellis work and espaliers, and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and caryatides, elegantly symmetrical." * * * * *

"The gardens of Athens were remarkable for their classic elegance. Adorned with temples, altar, statues and monuments, where some of their departed heroes reposed, it would appear that these gardens had some resemblance to our modern cemeteries. The points to which particular attention was paid, were shade, coolness, fragrance, and repose." * * * * *

"Flowers were not merely a luxury to the Grecians, but they were considered absolutely necessary. Flowers, that lovely part of the creation, that serve the very pledges of a father's love, have indeed been associated with the most striking events of life; they are woven into garlands for the happy and prosperous, they are strewn upon the grave of the beloved, the offerings alike of joy and sorrow." * *

"Flowers have been made the vehicles for sentiment all over the world. The Persians communicate with the fair sex, by means of bouquets. The poet has made the fond girl depend on the decision of a flower to ascertain whether her affection was returned." * * * * *

"The taste for introducing statues and urns in gardens, was revived by Cardinal d'Este. Anxious to design a garden and residence for himself, he took the ground where the Emperor Adrian's villa had stood; there he happened to find a number of antiquities, which he distributed through his gardens, and thus the plan he had accidentally adopted, became the fashion throughout Europe." * * * *

—Extracts from an "Essay on Horticulture" found in an old Magazine of 1854.

Window Gardening.

MY GERMAN IVY.

Last winter a friend gave me a cutting of German Ivy that was kept in the cellar with my other plants until spring. When removed to the air and sunshine of the outer world, it had two or three little frail branches with a few scattering leaves not larger than a twenty-five cent piece, and was a forlorn hope for the magnificent specimen of which I have read, being trained around a room or festooning a window. I removed the soil, and filled the pot with rich, black mold, taken from a lot that had been used as a wood-pile and a cow-pen for several years, and gave it, the Ivy, a little frame about three feet high, so that if it felt disposed to climb, it might have the opportunity of doing so. In a few days it accepted the invitation, and sent out four vigorous young branches that soon climbed to the top of the frame, and as it seemed too ambitious, I moved the pot up to the side-light on the front veranda, tacking up small cords to support it. Its growth was really astonishing; in a few weeks it had reached to the top of the door. We arched it over the transom and across the door, but when it reached the parallel cords, it would not twine around them of its own free will, but had a habit of growing downward, as if its ambitious spirit wearied of its lofty flight and yearned to touch mother earth again, and my little boy (nearly six feet high), had to mount a table, with a chair on it, to train it in the way it should go, and he often complained of its growing so fast; every two or three days he would have to mount the table and chair to train the delicate branches and prevent them from being cut off when the door was closed. By the opposite side-light I placed another pot containing several Cypress vines. When the Ivy reached the Cypress pot in its downward flight, it measured, each of the four branches, twenty-eight feet, but I dare say, before frost, it was forty or fifty feet long, for after it reached the top of the door in its second flight, we allowed it to follow its own truant will, and it leaped from cord to cord over the transom, mingling its luxuriant leaves, which were larger in circumference than a pint cup, with the delicate fringed foliage of the Cypress, all studded with the crimson stars, and made

of my front door a perfect arbor, which was the admiration of all who beheld it. So simple, so inexpensive, yet so beautiful. No Corinthian column, no Arabian arabesque ever equaled its graceful festoons. When frost came, sometime in October, with many sighs and regrets we cut the Ivy off at the top of the little frame and carried the pot in the house, leaving the vines hanging over the door, thinking they might remain green and fresh for a few days, but to my

When the cold days came, not having a greenhouse or pit, or even a cellar to put them in (they were kept in a neighbor's cellar last year, and I did not like to trouble her with them again), we could not see them all die without making an effort to save at least a few of them, and my same little boy, who is fond of flowers as I am, made a frame of laths, three sides of which we covered with paper, leaving the front and top open, intending, when freezing weather came, to cover them also with paper. Under this frame we put our favorite flowers, the Ivy being among them. It still continues growing, and has twined all over the frame, making a miniature bower of it, and is as handsome an ornament for our sitting-room in the winter as it was for the veranda in summer. L.



BOUQUET OF ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

astonishment they scarcely seemed to miss their roots, and although the door is due north, and they had very little protection from the cold winds, in December they put forth abundant clusters of yellow flowers. The severe weather we have had recently has withered the leaves somewhat, but at this present writing (Jan. 10), the flowers are as fresh as ever. I counted one cluster just now that contained fifty-four delicate fringe flowers, looking more like a bunch of little yellow tassels than anything else. But that is not all of my Ivy.

cones. Soon after, the little spears of grass will begin to emerge from among the laminæ, forming a beautiful hanging ornament.

Take about twenty wheat ears, with two or three inches of the straw; tie them together, hang them up in a warm place, keep them sprinkled with water, and when they commence to sprout, put them in a celery glass with water; the top will soon become a perfect pyramid of verdure, and will retain its beauty for several weeks.

Vines For Window Gardening.—The following kinds of plants, says the *Country Gentleman*, can be

easily cultivated and grown in a room not heated more than just to keep out frost: For vines to grow in pots and twine along the inside casing of the window, take the Russian and Giant Ivies; for the borders of pots or boxes, take the different varieties of Sedums—the catalogues will tell you of the colors. Again, as a climber, or trained *en masse* in the center, take *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, which is a miniature foliaged variety of our well-known, hardy Virginia Creeper. *Akebia quinata* is another rapid-growing vine, of neat foliage and large clusters of chocolate, purple-colored flowers, deliciously fragrant. *Anemone japonica nigra* and *alba*, are plants beautiful for pots in winter, being nearly hardy and producing abundance of flowers. And that a pretty ornament for the sitting-room may be formed by taking large pine burs and sprinkling grass-seed of any kind in them, and then place them in a pot of water. When the bur has soaked a few days, it will close up to the form of solid

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VI.

"A mad world, my masters."

Bradley Halcourt removed the large meerschaum he was smoking with the air of deliberation that belonged to him, and bent his hazel eyes, gleaming with covert amusement, on old Nanna, who stood before him, arms akimbo, and with a puzzled, mysterious expression on her broad black face.

"A ghost, Nanna!" said he, smiling, and showing his beautiful teeth. "Now that is delightful; I always thought the old Hall ought to have a ghost to make it complete. And you say you have actually seen one?"

"Pears like it was a spook shore enuf, honey; and I seed it plain as day," returned old Nanna, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Perhaps Steenie has been playing a trick on you," Bradley suggested.

"Dat dar chile is up to de debble's shindies," said Nanna, shaking her head, "but he couldn't, nohow some-dever, make hisself six foot tall, wid a face as white as a pocket handkerchief.

"And it wasn't the old judge?" said he, trying another tack.

"What fore, honey, should de ole mass'r come snootin' back from t'oder world 'cept dar was priests gettin' into de house, or he smelt de dishes dat new fangle cook makes in de kitchen? Ef de ole mass'r was to come, shore's you live, he'd cough and knock on de flore wid his stick."

"Well, Nanna, I'll watch to-night for your ghost, and I'll take my uncle's old musket and see if I can't bring him down."

"Shoot, honey! (in a solemn whisper) dem spooks don't mine bullets; dey go right frew without makin' nary hole; an' if you git de spookses ill will, 'pears like dey might trick us all."

"Never fear," said Bradley, laughing gaily, "if I can lodge a bullet in the ghost, he will not trouble you again. But tell me, Nanna, has any one seen it except yourself?"

"Miss Jinny," said the old woman, in the same awesome whisper. "Lass night, jess afore I locked de house, dat furriu gal, as little miss dotes on like de apple ob her eye, she bust in all white, and trembly and shaky like a ole hen afeard for its chicks; an' 'pears like she wouldn't 'fess what was de matter, and when I chafe and chafe her cold han's she jess bust out acryin'. I'se shore she seed de spook, honey."

"Very well," said Bradley, who had become grave and watchful while Nanna was speaking, "if Miss Duval has seen the ghost I can find out all about it, for here she comes with my cousin."

Old Nanna went off through the trees, and Winnie and her friend, with Hector bounding on before them, came down the oak avenue. The day was cool and windy, with scuds of dark and silvery clouds moving rapidly across the sky, and opening at moments to emit floods of brilliant light. Gusts from the clear, cold west swept along, fitfully laden with "the flying gold of the woodland."

Winnie was in the full radiance and glow of health. She had written her business letters, and attended to the upholsterers who were refurbishing the drawing-room. She had given orders to restock the greenhouse with rare plants, and had been to the stable to inspect her new carriage horses, and had directed the men who were cleaning the grounds. All the knowledge she needed for practical affairs seemed to lie at the tips of her fingers.

The day was cool, and she was dressed in a long cloak edged with fur, and a large black hat with a floating plume. Virginia, who was wrapped in a gray shawl, looked pale and fragile beside her brilliant friend. Bradley had remarked with pain, almost with resentment, that ever since his arrival at the Hall, Virginia had avoided him, appearing to dread a chance encounter, and to keep well

out of the way when there was the least likelihood of their being left alone together. The sense of trust in him, and dependence upon him, which she had once expressed in such a sweet, almost childlike, fashion, had now vanished, and he would have felt that he had a right to be more than hurt, if, as he furtively watched her, the conviction that she was suffering from some secret cause had not forced itself upon his mind. But if she was in trouble, to whom ought she so naturally to turn for help as to himself? He was vexed with her want of frankness when he had tried to prove her friend, and yet he would have been the last to claim anything on that ground. He did not want gratitude. What did he want? Pahl! he was not in love. As he went about the woods and fields visiting the old familiar spots, he resolved to accept his fate, reserving the privilege of railing at the world afterwards. But his mind was mainly busy with wondering why Virginia avoided him, and what was the meaning of her agitation on the day of his arrival. He would not distrust her. She was as ingenuous and simple-hearted as a child; but some dark secret had come to cloud her young life, and kill her faith in him.

With Winnifred, things had gone more smoothly. There was always plenty of spi y conversation and sparring between the cousins while Virginia sat by tongue-tied; or, if appealed to, answered with a mere monosyllable, as if determined to reduce herself to the position of a formal companion to the young heiress.

Mr. Swayne was absent much of the time, attending to the affairs of the school at the mine, and of his new position as minister-at-large. He came to the Hall at night to sleep, and was occasionally present at meals. It was impossible for him to wholly conceal the almost worshipful deference with which he met Winnifred's slightest look or word. Toward Bradley, his manner was cold, stiff, and formally polite. Bradley, who unconsciously studied the different members of this group with close attention, had remarked Mr. Swayne's treatment of Virginia. He seemed to completely ignore her. Had not his own preoccupation prevented him from penetrating Edgar Swayne's secret, he would have discovered that where Winnifred was no other woman counted for anything in the young parson's eyes. Half falling into the opposite mistake, it had flashed upon him once or twice that the young man's apparent indifference to Virginia might be assumed to cover feelings of quite another nature.

Now, as the two girls came down the avenue together, Bradley determined to make Virginia look him fairly in the face. "Miss Duval?" said he, advancing to meet them. Virginia gave a little start as she heard her name called, and then the blue eyes were raised with a half shy, half timid look of inquiry, and a faint flush overspread her face. "Old Nanna has just been out to confide to me the startling fact that you have seen a ghost. Now, as I have the greatest desire to learn the secrets of the other world, I beg that you will tell me all about your adventure. The old nurse claims to have seen the apparition herself in the form of a tall man, with a very pale face."

Virginia's cheek blanched, and an involuntary shudder ran through her.

"Don't you see how nervous you have made her by the bare suggestion?" said Winnie. "Nanna has her head stuffed full of superstitious notions about spooks. She has all the credulousness of the negro race, and has been seeing spirits ever since I can remember."

"I am not at all sure Miss Duval has not seen something uncanny," returned Bradley, pitilessly determined to make Virginia speak and look at him again. "Her lips are quite pale, and they s y that is always a sign."

"I have never seen such things," said Virginia in a low, pained voice, with a deeply serious air. "I have often prayed if such things are possible, that my loved ones would speak to me, or give some sign, but they are silent to my cries and my tears. Last night I was restless, I could not sleep, so I stole down into the grounds, and when Nanna let me in I was perhaps shaking from cold."

"If you could not sleep, why did you not come to my room?" said Winnie, reproachfully. "What was I made

strong for, if not to comfort you, Mousie. She has been ill of late, (turning to Bradley) and it all comes from nursing that Finster boy, Jake, who is down with the measles, and sitting in a stuffy little room where the air is perfectly choking, to tell the freckled-faced, red-headed lad stories and give him cooling drinks; and now, though she is far from well, she is obstinately bent on going again."

"Yes, dear mademoiselle, do let me go. The poor mother has so much to do for her little ones she cannot sit by the lad's bedside. He will be wishing for me." She drew her hand away from Winnie's with a little, gentle violence, and giving her a fond look of farewell, glided down toward the lake.

"What a dear, adorable creature she is," said Winnie, standing still in the road, and looking after her with the deep glow of a smile in her eyes. "I have never been so much attached to any one before, and I am very grateful to you, Bradley, for sending Virginia to me."

"She does not seem a very lively companion," said Bradley, dryly, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I thought her quite a different sort of person when I knew her on the ship."

"I didn't want a lively companion," returned Winnie with some heat; "I wanted some one to—to love." And the next moment she was ashamed and vexed with herself for having gushed over, and made a confession to Bradley that sounded sentimental and ridiculous in her own ears. She expected a sarcastic reply, but he only glanced at her from under his eyelids and said, "Oh, indeed!"

This seemed to Winnie a very unpromising prelude to the confidential talk with her cousin, as she had planned to have that very day; but her will was predominant, and though she felt a husky, half-choking sensation in her throat, she put it down, and said in her coldest and most assured tones: "Bradley, would you mind walking a little way with me? I have not yet told you anything about poor father."

"If the crisis has come, curse my fate," thought Bradley to himself. He would have been glad to whistle, but he only turned toward her with cold politeness, and said, "I am entirely at your service, Winnifred."

"Well, let us move on," said she with alacrity, feeling that the task she had set herself was a very hard and disagreeable one. It would be easier to get through it creditably if she could walk herself into a glow of exercise; then, perhaps, she might take the leap before her in a handsome and spirited manner.

Bradley removed his meerschaum, and stole a furtive glance at her face. He had not studied his cousin as she deserved since he had come back to Halcourt, and found her a full grown, beautiful woman. He acknowledged secretly that she was handsomer than he had at first thought, and carried herself regally. An intense magnetic life seemed to tingle down to her finger tips. How had such a vivid creature sprung from the union of that bundle of legal lore and malignity—the old judge—with his half moribund aunt? It occurred to Bradley that there were men in the world who would worship the ground on which this superb girl trod, and though she might be a wayward creature, capricious, and undisciplined and crude, she was certainly magnificent. There must be a great power of loving in her. Such richness of coloring is never given to the unimpassioned. These thoughts passed through his mind in the flash of an eye, and then Winnie had begun speaking in rather a higher key than usual, which betokened some suppressed inward excitement. She was walking on the moss-grown border of the road where her dress made a slight rustling among the fallen leaves.

"I have not yet had an opportunity to speak to you, Bradley, about poor father's wishes and feelings concerning you, which he expressed to me very strongly just before he died."

"Indeed," said Bradley, in a cold tone of surprise, "I was not aware that the Judge had any wishes or feelings connected with me except a feeling of disapproval—disgust, perhaps, for the way I have, thus far, lounged through life."

Winnie was nettled by the tone of this reply, which gave her no help or reassurance, but she found relief in a little outburst of unreasonable resentment. "My father was a peculiar man. Of course I know there was never any love between him and some members of the family. You may have done him great injustice, and I will not hear one word against him, for he was always good to me, and I am bound

to take his part, and to strive in every way to fulfil his wishes."

"Don't think, Winnifred, I should have the bad taste to speak against your father in your presence," said Bradley, with a slightly cynical smile curling his lips. "I am sure it is very commendable in you to feel as you do."

This speech sounded patronizing and hypocritical in Winnifred's ears, but it only goaded her on to the aim she had in view. "I think you ought to know," said she, trying to make her voice very strong and assured, and looking straight before her, "that my father had some regrets, some feelings of remorse, for the wrong done my uncle Harold by Grandfather Halcourt's will."

"Well, that is all past and gone, Winnifred. There is no use in raking it up now," returned Bradley with alacrity; "I do not hold the money at a pin's fee. As you were the gainer I think you ought to know this."

"But my uncle Harold did not feel so."

"No, his last years were embittered by what he considered an outrage, almost an act of robbery. But we younger ones are not responsible for the irrevocable things that happened to our elders. We do not think or feel as they did. Their grudges are not ours, and we can well afford to let the old hatreds and heartburnings die out, and to live our own lives in our own way."

"Perhaps it is our duty to try and atone for some of the sins and errors of the past," said Winnie, in a loud voice, for her daring and courage had strangely deserted her. Her eyes were dropped on the ground, but in a moment she rallied. "Your mother, Bradley, must certainly be ambitious for you, if you are not for yourself. I have not seen her since I was a child, but then she seemed to me an intensely proud, high-spirited woman. Perhaps her wishes would coincide with my father's."

A cloud swept over Bradley's face, and there was a strong infusion of bitterness in his tone as he said slowly, "My mother has not changed in any of her aims or purposes. She is far more worldly than I once supposed, though we have always lived together in the closest intimacy. But what were your father's wishes, Winnifred?"

Winnie tried to recover from the almost overwhelming sense of humiliation that fell upon her now. She longed to call up a laugh, a saucy repartee, anything to break the evil spell, and give her back the old feeling of predominance and self-command, by which she could do an audacious, almost shocking thing, in a high-spirited manner. But the power refused to come, and she said in a low, half-pleading voice, "I should think you might guess, Bradley, without forcing me to speak out; he wished to have the family name and estates united. It was his dying wish, his very last request to me, and I gave him a promise"—here she stopped, for it seemed difficult for her to articulate.

A distinct shock ran through Bradley, as if Winnifred had violated the sanctity of her sex, by taking the initiative in a delicate matter, where man has always claimed the right to lead. He unconsciously stopped quite still, and pressed his heel hard into the sod, forgetting, for two or three moments, that he had not spoken; but her voice, more deprecating than before, recalled him to himself.

"My only aim is to keep the promise I gave my father, to—try and right the old wrong. Of course, I do not know how you feel. It may be very unwelcome to you. Perhaps you will not understand or respect my motives, or remember how I have been brought up." The words came with great effort, and a hot, intense blush spread over her face.

Winnifred's confusion brought a reaction in Bradley, and awoke his pity, which was intensified by conscious self-scorn for the part he had agreed to play. He was pale to the very lips as he turned toward her. "Winnifred," said he, "I cannot misunderstand you; but it is right that we should not deceive each other; that all should be open and honest between us. You have been forced into a painful position by your father's dying request, which now seems sacredly binding upon your conscience. But, though you are a very clever girl, you are young in mind; you do not know yourself; you have not seen the great world; and are yet incapable of appreciating the immense advantages your great wealth offers. I should be base to make capital out of our singular relation. I am older than you are; it is my duty to protect you, and to convince you that this promise is not binding upon you. If you put shackles upon yourself before you have attained to self-knowledge, nature, passion, life, will revenge the wrong. But what will you think of me, Winnifred, when I confess with shame that I came here to marry you, if I could; that I promised my mother, whose influence on my life has always been overmastering, to marry you, if I could. I have told you that I do not care for the money; but I do not expect you to believe me. My conduct must seem to you disgustingly mercenary. Our fortune has nearly all been lost in bad speculations. We are now poor; and my mother has assured me that she would die in shame and misery if her luxuries were curtailed, if her pride and ambition are mortified; in short,

if I do not marry you. I have told you this in the boldest way; I have not tried to screen my mother; for I wish you to know us as we are, that you may despise my weakness, and reject me with scorn."

"I do not wish to reject you," said Winnie, in a loud voice, "I am bound by my promise to my father."

"And I am bound by my promise to my mother," said Bradley, "if you will take me after the confession I have made. It seems, Winnifred, we are good, obedient little children, with no wish but to obey our parents. You know, in novels, people who are destined for each other, by the will of their elders, who have outlived the generous instincts of human nature, and forgotten the passions and emotions of their youth, generally rebel and make a duce of a time. But we have found out a more excellent way, and are bound to please papa and mamma by perfect submission. Look here, Winnifred," with a strange softening in his voice, "nothing shall be done in haste or unadvisedly, and if you wish to break this bond, even when we are standing at the altar, with hands joined, you shall do it freely. I will protect you against myself and all other fortune hunters. You do not know yourself; you are a splendid creature, a magnificent young woman. I did not do you justice years ago. A boy seldom does justice to the possibilities of a romping girl of thirteen, who teases him. But you have turned into something quite wonderful, and you ought to be loved with passionate ardor, and complete consecration. You ought to love, you will love, with all the strength of your rich, fervid, proud nature; and then the bonds that policy or cold scheming have imposed, will snap like withes in the hand of a giant. But I see how it is," he continued, taking on a light, ironical tone. "A great heiress is like a queen; she sacrifices her inclination for reasons of state, and offers herself in marriage; and the prince-consort is commonly something of a tame cat."

A burning, blending blush had overspread Winnie's face and neck; she was tugging in every fibre with a sense of shame—this proud, mettlesome creature, who never had bent her head to any yoke. Bradley's compliments, his tone of talking down to her level, seemed to heap hot coals upon her, so that the force of the last terrible sarcasm was almost lost. She found relief in an angry outburst.

"Don't waste any of your sentiment on me, Bradley. I consider such speeches absolutely insulting."

They had approached now that part of the winding wood walk that skirted the head of Glenmere, near where the mountain road opened its long avenue. It was carpeted with bright leaves, and the wind was making music among the lofty boughs. Just at this point Bradley had met Virginia, on the day of his arrival. As the memory came over him with a warm rush, he half paused in the path.

"Of course, I did not mean to insult you, Winnifred, though the joke was questionable; but there are always conjugal tiffs after marriage, and I suppose this is a little prelude. I shall write to my mother and tell her the arrangement is made—conditionally. Have I your consent?"

It was horrible to Winnie to say yes after what had occurred. Bradley had been offensive all through this strange interview, and had made things as hard as possible, but she did speak the word in the coldest tone she could command. The silence that ensued as they walked along the road, rustling the leaves under their feet, was so oppressive she was fain to break it.

"I want to speak to you about Virginia and the search after her uncle, which I think had better be abandoned. If he should appear to claim her I would not give her up. She is necessary to me, and I have my own plans as to her future."

"And what may they be?" inquired Bradley, with clear, sharp emphasis.

Something in his voice restored Winnie to herself, and gave her the old delightful feeling of assured power.

"O, I shall always keep her near me and care for her like a sister, for her affection is one of the luxuries of my life. She is a little missionary and saint, and perhaps—who knows—some time she may marry Mr. Swayne."

"Marry Swayne!" ejaculated Bradley, with surprise and scorn, as he stopped, rooted to the path. "You must be very crude, Winnifred, to imagine that you can dispose of the lives and fortunes of human beings by a caprice. You must have an exaggerated idea of what mere money can do in the world."

Bradley had been betrayed into emotion, a weakness of which Winnie took immediate advantage.

"O," said she, haughtily, "you can sneer at me and call me crude. I do not mind that, or your thinking that I am vulgarly proud of my money and what I can do. There is nothing at all unreasonable in the idea that Virginia and Mr. Swayne may some day marry. They have the same tastes and interests, they are both of them given to good works, and love to sacrifice themselves, and of course they cannot help being thrown much together."

"Oh!" said Bradley, turning round, and digging the point of his stick savagely into the soft earth, with a look of intense disgust on his face. In a moment he had turned

back, and was speaking almost humbly. "What reason have you to suppose that Miss Duval is—is—partial to this pseudo parson?"

"O, I know that she admires him, for she has told me so. Why, here is Mr. Swayne coming down from the mine."

Edgar was in fact mounted on horseback and proceeding at a good round pace over the forest road. He raised his hat with stiff civility as Bradley glared at him, and then wheeled his horse so that he might address himself exclusively to Winnie.

"I am glad to find you here, Miss Braithwaite. The engineer of the new works has met with some obstruction. He will be obliged to alter the direction of the galleries, which will involve additional expense. He wants to see you."

Winnie was glad to have a practical problem to grapple with after the unpleasantness of the morning. She answered with alacrity:

"I will go at once, and I shall like the long walk in this invigorating air."

"You will excuse me from accompanying you," said Bradley, "I have letters to write, and there is just time to catch the afternoon mail."

Winnie looked at him with a sarcastic smile.

"You are not interested in the dull details of mining?"

"No," said he coldly; "I am well satisfied you should manage all that. You have a splendid head for business, my cousin."

He turned abruptly into the wooded path, and walked rapidly forward, for his brain seemed on fire. During the forepart of this trying interview a burning, smarting sense of injury, inflicted upon him by his mother, had filled his consciousness, but this was completely lost in the suggestion Winnie had thrown out concerning her friend. Why was the thought that Virginia had formed an attachment to this young man so odious, so unendurable to him, at a moment, too, when he had irrevocably fixed his own fate? His heart was torn at the bare possibility, and yet she had been in familiar, daily intercourse with Edgar Swayne for months. It was natural and reasonable to suppose they might marry, as Winnie had said, but he was angry with his cousin, for the unwelcome suggestion. The young men had instinctively disliked each other from the first moment of meeting. Bradley eagerly lived over every look and tone, every expression of Virginia's face since his appearance at the Hall. The memory of her coldness, her shyness, her marked avoidance, almost dislike, of him, only added to the torment of his soul.

He made a long detour through the woods and fields, and it was hours before he reached the Hall, where workmen were busy laying soft gray Axminster carpets on the drawing-room and library, and hanging rich crimson portieres over the old oak doors.

"Looks mighty like a weddin', don't it honey?" said old Nanna, beaming on him in a rich, expansive glow of satisfaction. He pushed past her and got to his own room, where he wrote the following note:

"DEAR MOTHER: My Cousin Winnifred has proposed to me, and the matter you have so much at heart is partially arranged. It has been conducted strictly in a commercial spirit. My cousin is a fine woman, with splendid business capacity. She hates hypocrisy as much as I do, and is free from all sentimental nonsense. I hope you are satisfied with your obedient son, BRADLEY HALCOURT."

At midnight Bradley was pacing up and down the oak avenue. The red spark had died at the end of his cigar, but he was keeping his promise to old Nanna to watch for her ghostly visitant. By the gleam of the setting moon, that silvered the tips of the fir trees, and made the whole scene sweet and solemn, he could see Virginia's window, in an angle of the old Hall. Suddenly there woke a low, cautious rustling among some bushes at the right. Bradley hid himself behind the trunk of a large tree, and watched and waited. The rustling continued, and something larger than a dog was softly creeping forth. Instantly he sprang upon it, clutched it, and found his hand buried in a head of curly wool.

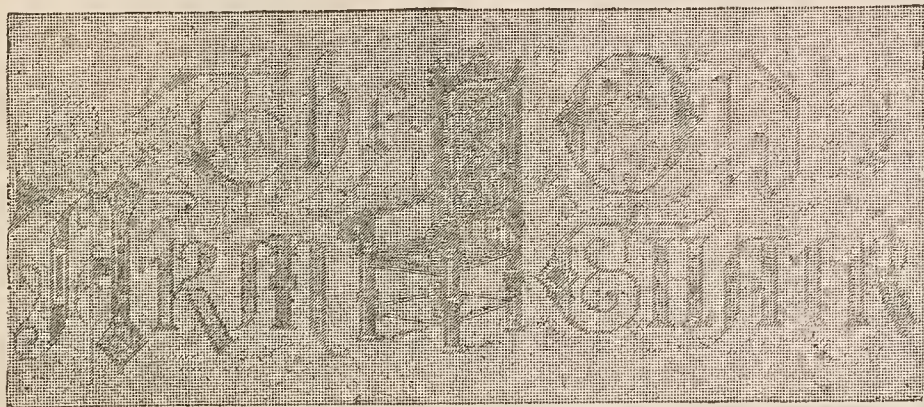
"Who are you, prowling about this place at night?"

"O, Lo'd! O, Lo'd! I'se kotched. I'se no thief. O, Mass'r Bradley, am dat you? Don't whalo me. It's Steenie. Pears like I'se dat scart I shall jess keel up."

"What are you doing at this hour?" shaking the boy soundly, "are you trying to frighten the young ladies, or to fool your old grandmother, and fill her head with ghosts and hobgoblins? I'll take that nonsense out of you, for I have a strong arm."

"O, mass'r, Bradley dont, dont, I knows noffin at all of de spook, I'se innocent as a lam' unbo'n. I did cheat Gandy, for I runned away to tend a shout at Goose Creek, for Ise powerful pious, and it took so long for de sistern and de brederin to tell dar sperience it didn't let out till late, and I was gwine to steal in and sleep in de barn. Don't let on to little Miss. I'll nebber, nebber do so no mo'."

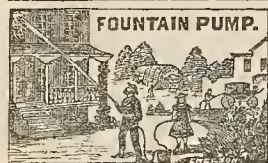
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40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING CARDS, 9 tints, with your name on them all for only 10 cts. STAR CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS.

SUPERIOR QUALITY. By MAIL, POSTPAID. Ten Gladioli, ten sorts, with name, fine, 50 cts. Ten Double Tuberoses, fine flowering bulbs, 75 cts. Four Beautiful Dablias, different sorts, - - 50 cts. Catalogues free. Send for one at once. All kinds of Flower Seeds at 5 cts. per paper. Bulbs and Plants at extremely low prices. JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, QUEENS, N. Y.

COLGATE & CO.'S
VIOLET TOILET WATER.



My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1877 will be ready by January, and sent free to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for cultivation on every package. All seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise I will refill the order gratis. As the original introducer of the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, the Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of other new vegetables, I invite the patronage of all who are anxious to have their seed fresh, true, and of the very best strain. New Vegetables a specialty.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

ROSES

By mail, postpaid (on own roots), 25 cents apiece, \$2.00 per dozen. Large plants (budded or on own roots) by express at purchasers expense. 50 cents apiece, \$4.00 per dozen. The most select collection in America. Send for Catalogue.

ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

\$200.00 IN PREMIUMS

For the largest amount of fruit grown in 1875 from plants set the coming season of the famous COL. CHENEY STRAWBERRY, the hardiest, most productive, largest, handsomest and most delicious Berry grown. LADIES can easily compete for these premiums as a part of them require the care of but from 1 to 12 plants. 1 plants sent by mail or express to any part of U. S. Price, 25c. per doz.; \$1.00 per 100, postpaid; \$5.00 per 1,000; \$38.00 per 10,000. (Original stock from A. M. Purdy.) ROCKLAND FRUIT FARM ANNUAL, with engraving and full particulars free. J. E. REMSBURG, ATCHISON, KANSAS.

A \$2.00 Chromo GIVEN AWAY.

The greatest inducement ever offered to lovers of flowers.

Purchasers remitting \$1.00 for Flower Seeds in packets receive, postpaid, choice of the following beautiful Chromos; Group of Pinks and Moss Buds, Apple Blossoms or Mayflowers (sold at \$1.00 each). Those remitting \$2.00 are entitled to choice of Italian Landscape, either Summer or Winter, or of English Landscape, Summer or Winter. These pictures retail at \$2.00. Those remitting \$3.00 are entitled to one picture each from the \$1.00 and \$2.00 premiums. The above Chromos are from the well-known house of L. Prang & Co. For further particulars and prices, see our Illustrated Catalogue of 150 pages, which will be sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. The well-known reputation of our Seeds for the past twenty years is a sufficient guarantee of their quality. Address WASHBURN & CO., 100 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

ROSES

Fine ever-blooming and other Roses sent by mail post-paid everywhere, and their safe arrival guaranteed. 6 for \$1; 14 for \$2; 30 for \$4. Purchaser's choice of nearly 600 varieties of Roses and other plants, carefully labeled. Fine Premium Rose with each package when 10 cents are added. Catalogue free. Address JOS. T. PHILLIPS & SON, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

THE FRET WORK DRILL.

Indispensable with Fret Saws. It will make beautiful ornamental work with or without a saw; will drill 75 holes per minute without danger of splitting, as an awl will, every one praises it. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1. COLMAN SMITH, New Haven, Conn.

MISFIT CARPETS.

ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN, very cheap, at the old place. 112 Fulton Street, New York. Send for a price-list. J. A. BENDALL.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ONLY THE BEST.
CARSON'S COMPLETE COLLECTION OF CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS, \$5.
12 Varieties of SELECT FLOWER SEEDS, 50 cts.
25 Varieties for \$1.00.
Send Postage Stamp for my illustrated Catalogue, and Guide to the Vegetable and Flower Garden.
WM. H. CARSON,
125 CHAMBERS ST., N. Y.
(Late of Peter Henderson & Co.)

BRIGHTON
GRAPE VINES

This new variety has proved a very strong grower, and perfectly hardy. Fruit ripens just before the Delaware; is double the size, and fully equal in quality for table use. It is as great an acquisition to our list of Grapes as the Concord was to varieties previously grown. I offer strong plants, propagated from the original vine owned by me, postpaid, by mail, or on the trade in quantities. Send for a Circular. H. E. HOOKER, Hooker Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

POND LILIES AT HOME.



READER, if you want, this coming summer, a tub of aquatic flowers like the above engraving beautiful and fragrant as the rose, easy to grow, send \$2 to my address and I will forward you free of charge, one-half doz. strong blooming roots of *Nymphaea Odorata* White Water Lilies, and two roots of *Pontederia Cordata* with instructions for growing them in ponds, tubs or aquariums. Single roots 35 cents each. Will send roots as soon as weather will permit. Please mention this paper. J. E. S. CRANDALL, ROCKVILLE, Washington Co., R. I.

P. O. money orders may be sent to Westerly, R. I.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate flowering, sent safely by mail, postpaid. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$1; 13 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5. For 10 cents each additional, one Magnificent Premium Rose to every dollar's worth ordered. Send for our NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE, and choose from over 300 finest sorts. We make Roses a Great Specialty, and are the largest Rose-growers in America. Refer to 100,000 customers in the United States and Canada. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., ROSE GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

A NEW DEPARTURE. TRAVELING men wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary \$75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6, and 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.



NEW YORK, MARCH, 1877.

VERBENAS AS WINDOW PLANTS IN WINTER.

Have the soil, half garden loam, one-fourth each of old barn yard manure and sand; good drainage of charcoal and broken bits of old plaster. In August take strong shoots, three to four inches long, without flower buds, if you can; if not, pinch them out. Be sure to take them with leaves at the lower end of your cuttings; just at the leaves the roots start. Clip off the lower leaves, and plant about an inch or more, in six-inch pots; four cuttings around the edge, and one in the center, each a different kind. Set them in a shady place for a week, where they will get the dew; they root rapidly, if not drownded; but give water as needed, to keep the foliage from wilting; give an hour's morning sun for a week; when growing well, more sun; and so on until all day; as they grow, pinch back; they soon become bushy plants. Leave out as long as possible; when brought in, place in a south window; they love a plenary fullness of sunshine and air. Do not water too much. Watch and pick off the green aphids, if they appear; sometimes I have this to do once. Once or twice a week dip the plants in a bucket of tepid water, or hold sideways and sprinkle thoroughly with the hand. When they form buds, water once a week with weak manure water. One winter I had a fine lot; they commenced budding in February, bloomed all through March and April. March is colder and rougher here than midwinter. They were just glorious—trusses large, colors as brilliant as if grown out of doors. No plant makes a finer show in the window-garden in early spring, and they repay us for all care. The last of May I set them out in a bed of rich soil; they grew right on, were covered with flowers long before the seedlings were in bud, and were the last to succumb to the frost. In warm countries the Verbena is perennial. I have twenty-four kinds in the house now; they will soon bloom.

L. K. SHARE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The illustrations on the first page, represent favorite ways of decorating windows with flowers in Germany and England, which we can successfully imitate and adopt here in America.

The Fern Window and Aquarium, is large, and projects outward. The arch frame is also on the outside. The rockery constructed within, is made of natural rock and earth, built and cemented together, and the bottom of the aquarium is covered with loose sand and pebbles. The crevices of the rocks are full of earth, in which grows such ferns as Adiantum, Onychicum, Pteris, Selaginella and Pteris, in any of the varieties. Such a window fernery, however, is permissible in this country, either in mild weather, or in the milder climates.

The illustrations of flower stands, represent pretty boxes, in which bloom and are displayed the striking foliage of Dracaenas, Marantas, Agaves, Pteris, &c., while in the trellis hang the drooping tendrils of the Coebea, or the German Ivy.

Upon pages 36 is an artistic arrangement of the common varieties of ornamental grasses, all of which are described in every seedsmans catalogue.

Upon pages 40, 41 and 45, are family scenes, with incidents of pleasure and taste. The absorbed reader of the book—the bright good morning of the gleeful boy awaiting the return of his father—and the fair artist, both whose work and face are pretty, remind us of home joys, and make home occupation doubly attractive.



THE CHARMED READER.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Renew, Renew.—Many thousand subscriptions expire with this number. Renew! Renew!!

Only One Dollar.—All the rest of this year's numbers April to December, will be sent for only one dollar, this including also the steel plate engraving, "The Glee Maiden," worth alone \$1.00.

Get up Clubs.—To any one who will get up clubs for us this Spring, will be given their commission towards your own paper free.

To every dollar subscription, we will allow 15 cents, or to every subscription at \$1.30, we will allow 20 cents, to be applied towards your own paper free, or any book we offer in our list. These commissions are not cash, but trade towards your own paper or book.

A club of 7 will get you your paper one year; a club of three will pay for nearly six months, but every name you get besides your own, counts in your favor and reduces the cost of your own paper.

Respecting Certain Advertisements.—In response to further inquiries of our readers, we will state that the advertisement of the Texas Land Company, was sent us by an agent, Edwin Alden, of Cincinnati. We have always found him and his word reliable. Before inserting it in our journal, we took the trouble to specially ask him, if this Company was responsible, and he informed us they were *all right*. As this Company has not proved other than swindlers—both Mr. Alden and ourselves have been deceived, although, we took due caution before hand. Our readers must understand that we did the best we could.

Mr. C. A. Reeser, of Erie, Pa., also last year met with many misfortunes. Hard times took away his business, his landlord shut down and sold him out by Sheriff, stopped his business, and effectually broke up his correspondence. Mr. Reeser had always previously been reliable. We do not know the cause of his misfortune. We do not consider it a deliberate swindle—if so, then as he owes us \$168, we also have been swindled worse than any of our readers. Mr. Reeser has always tried to keep a good name and reputation, but he was unfortunate.

We exercise scrupulous care over our pages that nothing known to be *wrong*, shall be inserted. We can not personally know each party, but do take pains to inquire and try to become satisfied that every advertiser has hitherto always done as he agrees, and is considered able to keep his promises.

Six Months' Subscriptions.—By reference to publishers new terms, subscribers are allowed privilege of six months' subscriptions at 65 cents (without Premium), to begin with any number. This will accommodate those who may not be able to pay but for six months at a time. It is better, however, to pay for a full year at one time, and thus save trouble of double remittance and correspondence.

To Housekeepers.—Ladies will take note that the Prize Collections of Recipes, which the CABINET publish this year, will be of *immense value to them*. virtually a first-class Cook Book of themselves, worth \$1.50. We do not see how any lady can do without them.

A Sweet Home Paper.—The FLORAL CABINET is eminently a practical paper of *Home Work*. It avoids fashions and exciting stories, and considers things of common sense and practical use; but specially teaches ladies *how to beautify their homes*—this is our special mission. We choose flowers as a leading feature, but it is not an exclusive subject. Music, Art, Elegancies, Housekeeping—all we give, have *ideas* which have cost time, dollars, and experience to procure. There are plenty of papers at cheaper price, but none which give more true worth for the money.

Household Books.—Premiums for Clubs.—A club of only eight entitles club agent to one of these splendid household books:

"Window Gardening,"	- - -	Retail price, \$1.50
"Household Elegancies,"	- - -	" 1.50
"Ladies' Fancy Work,"	- - -	" 1.50

If agent's club is less than eight, 20 cents is allowed towards any book for each name in his club, and he can remit balance in cash. A little effort on the part of each subscriber will enable him to get his book or paper at a reduced price.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, one of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection is unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

OFFER No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.30, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

OFFER No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.30 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

OFFER No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very *cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised*. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.30, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.30 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.30 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, all together worth \$3.50, and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

The collections of Balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.



"GOOD MORNING."

The Household.

WOOD-VIOLETS.

'Tis but a tiny wood-violet,
Gathered by childish hands,
Just in the edge of the forest,
Where the gnarled old oak tree stands.

Yet it stirreth thought's deepest fountain,
And turneth my memory back,
To the years that have flown forever,
Swift-winged adown time's track.

'Neath the old oak's wide-spreading branches,
I've lingered in days ago,
Lingered when day was declining,
To catch the last glimpse of the sun.

See with what beauty and splendor
He lit up the western skies,
Tints no earth painter can rival,
Are these glorious sunset dyes,

'Mid the hush and the quiet of eve'n,
And breath of wood-violet sweet,
For silent self-communings
This seemeth a place most meet.

Here, lessons of life, and God's wisdom,
Are 'round upon every hand,
Plainly writ on the face of all nature,
Who seeth may understand.

The glorious sun, in beams refulgent,
Sinks him in the western way,
To let earth-life, as eve approacheth,
Its most beauteous hues display.

Well we know by laws of nature,
Day succeedeth unto day,
That ere long the sun will greet us
With his cheering morning ray.

When we've trod the mystic valley,
May not our proud spirit rise,
To a morn of life eternal,
To a home in purer skies.

Dainty violets round us blooming,
Fill the air with sweet perfume,
From the seeming death of winter,
They have risen to beauteous bloom.

So may we, through death's cold winter
Rise, 'tis the same God controls
Wild-wood violets in their beauty,
And bids these "hodies bloo" to souls."

HINDA.

PICTURES AS FURNITURE.

"I don't know much about pictures, but they do furnish a room beautifully," said a lady one day as we were talking of house furnishing, and many parlors filled with handsome furniture, and with their walls utterly bare and desolate, or else covered with unsuitable, unsightly pictures, illustrate, by most melancholy contrast, the truth of her words.

In furnishing our houses, we usually try to adapt our carpets and furniture to the rooms for which they are intended, but our pictures, bought as they happen to please our fancy, or that of our friends, and too often because they are considered cheap, are usually hung without a thought being given to their fitness for their place, unless we make their size an exception to this rule. They seem frequently to be bought as Mr. Potiphar purchased the books for his library, "by the foot," or because they will fill certain spaces, without any regard to their subjects, or to the general harmony of the room for which they are intended.

Pictures are considered by many as an extravagant luxury, but when the pleasure they give to every one that enters the house is considered, and we compare notes in regard to their price, and that of some other luxuries, specially of tobacco, which gratifies one person alone, and is often very annoying to others, rendering the atmosphere of a room impure and disagreeable, it must be conceded that a taste for pictures is comparatively unselfish and inexpensive. If "my lord" would save his tobacco money, and "my lady" that which she spends for candy in a year, there is no doubt that they might buy, with their savings, two

pictures, that would not only be a pleasing reminder of their self-denial, but be "a joy forever" to them and to their guests. In a family of children the refining and elevating influence of pictures can hardly be over-rated, and they will teach lessons of faith and love, hope, trust, and heroism that will be felt for a lifetime. A house without pictures is almost as cheerless as a house without windows, and many rooms furnished at comparatively little cost, which have beautiful pictures upon their walls, are prettier, and give more pleasure and comfort than rooms filled with costly and expensive furniture without pictures, or else with pictures unfitly chosen.

A lady living in a plainly furnished house, but with some of Brockman's photographs of Raphael's and Holbein's pictures upon its walls, who taught a class in a mission Sunday-school, and was in the habit of inviting her scholars to her house, had occasion to explain in one of her Sunday-school lessons the word palace. She mentioned the handsomest buildings in the city in which she lived, and said that palaces were usually much more beautifully furnished; to which one of the girls, who always had an opinion of her own, responded with an air of the greatest incredulity, "A house nicer than your'n, Miss Mary?" as if such a thing were not to be credited for a moment. If the lady's house had been stripped of its copies of the old masters, we doubt whether her scholars would ever have been impressed by its grandeur.

As it is very easy to furnish a house on paper, a few suggestions in regard to pictures suitable for different rooms may be useful to some reader. In parlors, landscapes and beautiful faces appear to best advantage, oil paintings if we can afford them, if not, photographs or engravings, only let the subjects be pleasant, and let there be uniformity in regard to the style of the picture. Oil paintings and photographs, or engravings, rarely appear to advantage near each other, and as a general rule, ought not to be hung in the same room, never on the same wall or aside of each other. Most persons hang their pictures so high that their visitors can only see them after tiresome and fatiguing effort, and near-sighted persons lose most of the pleasure that pictures afford by reason of their being frequently entirely out of their range of vision. Pictures, as a general rule, should be hung upon a level with the eye, and in that way can hardly fail to give satisfaction. Good oil paintings are an expensive luxury, but good photographs and engravings are within the reach of all, and chromos flood the country. Some of these are not to be despised. Some of Prang's are very pretty, and some chromos of water colors, especially English ones after Birket Foster's pictures, can hardly be distinguished from the pictures after which they are made.

One word for the illuminated texts and mottoes; they certainly show the religious character of a house, and many a guest, careless in regard to sacred things, may, by their silent teachings, be led to a better and purer life.

In a library, historical pictures seem to be most suitable. Pictures that record heroic deeds, or portraits of men and women who have lived noble lives, will teach us as valuable lessons as the books upon our shelves; and they have this advantage over the books, that almost all who see them, even the little ones, can read and comprehend. In our dining-rooms let us have pictures of fruit and flowers, of animals (and I shall add, of game), but our restaurants seem to have the monopoly of pictures of game, and most of us are unwilling to deprive them of their rights in that direction. It is pleasant to enjoy game upon our

tables with our friends; but most repulsive to many, to see pictures of lifeless birds upon our walls. We have even heard of a dining-room that contained a picture of Herodias, with John the Baptist's head in a charger, but the story is almost too marvelous for belief. In sitting-rooms let there be placed portraits of friends and interior views, glimpses into cottages, and happy homes; scenes taken from pleasant books, as "Priscilla," by Margaret Gillies, from the "Courtship of Miles Standish," or Huntingdon's "Mercy's Dream," or "Christiana and her children," from the "Pilgrim's Progress," or Faeds "O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me." In the nursery, gather all that is bright and beautiful for the little ones; dogs and kittens, and pretty faces of children, pleasant Bible characters, any picture that will point a moral or adorn a tale; any thing that will make the room bright, cheerful and attractive. Little home pictures like "His only pair," by Thomas Faed, are always pleasing to the little ones. In our bed-rooms let us have pictures of the Saviour, of His mother, and of the saints, no crucifixions or martyrdoms, but pictures which will inspire faith and hope; saintly pictures with a holy repose upon their faces, that has been the fruit of life-long struggle, and unto which we also, striving feebly to follow in their footsteps, may in the end attain.

Verily such pictures, when the toils of the day are over,

— "have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Reading, Pa.

M. C. E.

WORSTED FLOWERS.

Select the finest wire (which can be purchased at any drug store); take a large sewing needle, wrap the wire around it very tight and close; cut the wire any length you desire; for a common-sized leaf I cut the wire two fingers' length; I wrap the wire around the needle; I then slip it off carefully; stretch the wire out a little, then putting the two ends together and twisting them; and then you can bend them in any way you wish; wrap the zephyr from right to left, until you get to the top of the leaf; draw the yarn back under the leaf, and over the top, and back under again. To make buds, I take a hair pin; wrap the zephyr around it; then I cut the wire about one and a half fingers in length, and bend it over the zephyr, and twist it very tight; slip the zephyr off the pin; take the scissors and clip the zephyr the shape you want your buds. Make a group of white buds, they are as pretty as they can be. For another way to make leaves, take about three knitting needles, more or less, if desired; cut your wire five fingers in length; bend it in the middle over needles; then throw the zephyr over the needles; bend the wire from right to left, and so on until you get your wire all used up. I have made some very pretty flowers in this way; they are very much admired by those who have seen them. I cannot tell you how pretty they are. I have fourteen colors of zephyr. When you get your flowers all made, take a wire the size of a coarse knitting needle; wrap it with green zephyr (stems should all be wrapped with green). You then arrange the flowers, and bend your wire the shape you want it, and place your flowers upon it. They are very pretty when framed, and cost but little; my frame is 24x26 inches. If the work is done according to directions, you will have some very pretty flowers. I have quite a variety of flowers, leaves and buds. Hair flowers can be made in the same way.

Household Art.

USEFUL ELEGANCIES.

More, perhaps, has been written on the subject of home, how to render it attractive, &c., than almost any other. It would seem that the theme has been well nigh exhausted, so many ways and means have been described by which we can adorn our homes. But ingenious minds are constantly presenting us with some novelty, which keeps up a lively interest in the work, encouraging the practical mind to combine the useful with the elegant. We read of a home rendered so beautiful by artistic female hands, that Titani, herself might preside over it; also of the lowly cot, overruled with graceful vines, bearing a rustic grace as charming as Nature herself in her own untrained wilds. Yet I cannot forbear describing some of the beauties of one, belonging to some friends of my husband and myself. It was a modest one, yet so beautiful in exterior and interior, that it was universally alluded to as "a perfect little Eden," "a real home nest," by the friends and acquaintances of the family. I will tell you of some of the lovely things I saw inside, leaving the outside to some visitor to transcribe for the floral department of our CABINET.

The house, which was an unpretending one, with six rooms, was painted a soft French grey, the door and window facings of a darker shade. It was the delight of Mrs. A—— and her grown up daughter to provide it with many ornamental and useful articles, their own handiwork. The word "Welcome," in large evergreen letters, met the eye upon being ushered into the hall. The cosy air of each room, the cordial greeting of the mother, the sparkling face of the daughter, at once convinced the visitor that this was a haven of hospitality.

Over the windows in the parlor were cornices, which I first thought must be antique carving, but found to be made of putty. The cornices were first sawed out in rough wood and covered with putty, prepared as follows: take several pounds of putty, mix in linseed oil until soft, and easily moulded with the hands; if you wish the work to be the color of walnut, mix in lamp-black and Venetian red until the desired color; after it is thoroughly mixed cover the cornice smoothly all over, using a flat utensil, a case knife will do; make a bead work all around the edges; then comes the moulding of buds, leaves and flowers, grapes, vines tendrils, acorns, or anything the fancy may suggest, and herein lies a field for the display of talent, inasmuch as there is a good deal of art in the moulding. First take a large lump of putty, and roll out on a smooth board, until sufficiently thin to form the foliage (a bottle will do for the purpose); gather some leaves from the plant you wish to copy; or, if you cannot procure the natural leaf, cut one out of paper, dip the pattern in water, and lay upon the putty, cut out with a knife, and trace the veins distinctly; arrange on the cornice, putting a small oblong piece of putty under each leaf, curving and turning it any way the taste may dictate; make stems and tendrils by rolling the putty in the hands; roses, tulips and acorns can be made from nature. Let the work get perfectly hard and dry, then varnish; frames, hanging baskets, what-nots and brackets can be made in putty almost any color. There was a frame in the wall enclosing hair flowers, made of putty, painted pure white, and while the varnish was wet, sprinkled with diamond dust. But the beautiful object that attracted my attention was a basket of rosin fruit, on a small stand in a cor-

ner, covered with a shade made of five pieces of glass, four of them 12x14, the top one 12x12. These were joined together by being set in rough wood, and made fast with putty; the wood work was covered with putty, colored ebony with lamp-black, and formed into half-blown buds and leaves; this was placed upon a pedestal composed of three graduated steps, covered in the same way, around the shade. The basket was placed on a bed of moss, over which were strewn a few shells; on one side was a tiny lakelet, made of a piece of looking-glass, edged with moss. The fruit was arranged in pyramidal form, the luscious grapes, plums, &c., presenting a most tempting appearance; the very bloom of the grape was ably counterfeited. This is how the fruit is made: Procure from a tinner a nursery lamp, and half a dozen tin cups, in which to melt the rosin (get the finest white virgin rosin); you must have half a pint of alcohol for your lamp, a gill of white denar varnish; about ten cents' worth of each of the following kinds of paint: drop-lake, carmine No. 40, chrome green, Prussian blue, and lamp-black; five cents' worth of wire; have your wire ready cut in five inch lengths; wind a bit of cotton around one end, and fasten; dip in the melted rosin; take out and turn the wire in your hand until a good shape is obtained; drop into a goblet of water to cool; grind the paint in denar varnish, and put in a small quantity at a time; follow nature in size and color; bloom with lily-white and a small portion of the dry paint suitable to the fruit you are making; rub on with a bit of cotton.

In a deep rustic frame was a picture in moss work; it was made by drawing the outline of a landscape on bristol-board, and filled in with moss, gummed on, to represent trees and grass; an old mill was made of bits of bark and tiny boards, overgrown with lichens; the water and sky were made by the pencil, slightly tinted. In another deep frame, was a wreath of wax flowers, lovely enough to deck the brow of Spring; while in still another deep frame, on a background of purple velvet, was a waxen cross, with simply a vine of ivy leaves, climbing from the base, twining around it and over the arms; this was thickly strewn with diamond dust. I thought I never saw anything so purely white and chaste. On the mantel, under a glass globe or shade, was a lyre, made of wax, with a wreath of tiny roses, buds and lilies of the valley, fuschias, in fact, almost every flower was copied in miniature; all pure white, the strings were also of wax: this was admired by all, far and near. Silver dust and gold dust are also very pretty on wax work. Brackets of leather work, and brackets and photograph frames made with a fret saw and a jackknife, on every side, made by my fair young friend, evinced her taste and energy. I could fill much more than my allotted space, describing the beautiful things in this room. I would like to tell you of the beautiful tidies on chairs and sofas, the lovely sea-foam mat under the parlor lamp, the exquisite transparencies in the windows, the sofa cushions, footstools, and hassocks, all elegant, devoid of that homestead look which is so discouraging to beginners. The bedrooms of this house were furnished simply, but so pretty and attractive, so faultlessly neat and without being stiff, was every piece and fold arranged, that it was impossible to take no note of details. The room I occupied during my visit was furnished in oak, with oak and blue carpet on the floor, pure white curtains hung at the windows, with cornices of the long Texas moss, and lambrequins of canton-flannel torn in narrow strips, and each edge ravelled out until only four threads remain in the center. The manner of arranging, I have once seen in these columns, so will not

give it place here. On the bureau lay a set of toilet mats in spatter work (this work has also been described in the CABINET), on Swiss muslin, lined with rose-colored silk, edged with imitation valenciennes lace; a toilet cushion was made of rose-colored velvet in applique; that is, the leaves and flowers were all cut out of stiff paper, and covered in velvet or silk; the flowers are made and arranged in groups and fastened on, the stems are wire wound with green silk; this cushion was oblong, about 12x14 inches; it had a fringe of wax beads falling in heavy tassels at the corners. On the bed, over the snowy counterpane, were pillow and sheet shams, made of fine Lonsdale cambric. The pillow shams had a plain center, scarcely half a yard square, surrounded by two rows of puffing and two rows of tucks, four in a group, edged with a ruffle; sheet sham edged the same way.

KITTIE.

OUR SEWING BEES.

We had passed an unusually pleasant summer with picnics under the shady old apple trees, with which grandpa's lot was well supplied.

But summer was over, and so were the picnics, for a season at least. We were all sorry.

"I'll tell you, girls," suggested one—we would still be "girls" to each other until we were seventy, I suppose—"you know how we enjoyed the day that we met together and made short clothes for Carrie's twins, and how much we accomplished too; now instead of working away alone at our winter sewing, suppose we cut out a quantity of work, and meet at each other's houses in turn. We could get it done just as well, and more sociably."

"Yes," said another, "and the gentlemen, that is, the fathers, husbands and big brothers, could come at eight o'clock, and from that time until ten we would have games."

The gentlemen approved of the plan, and waited with impatience for the time of our first meeting.

We talked the matter over, and the result of our deliberation was, we would meet every two weeks, on Friday, that being the day we could best spare, as early in the afternoon as possible, and we were to accomplish as much as we could to do it well, working until eight in the evening. The afternoon dress we should wear if at home, was good enough for the "Bee." A plain supper, just what was convenient, and no cake; we would have that with apples after the gentlemen came. There were ten of us, and five places to meet; and we usually kept three sewing machines busy.

Celia was our best tucker; Sallie splendid at button-holes; Emma, Carrie and Tillie, good, either at button-holes or machine sewing. Ettie could fit dresses and sew cotton goods without basting, thereby saving us much time, whilst Mary and Jennie, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Sue, made themselves generally useful.

We were some of us very fond of fancy work, and anything new or pretty, in that line, that we heard of, or saw, we treasured up for the Bee.

New recipes for puddings, that were specially appetizing, or economical, or both; labor-saving ideas of housework, all were freely discussed; and Mary sometimes read us a choice article from one of our latest periodicals.

We found it possible to pass the evenings pleasantly without the aid of cards, dancing, or theatricals. It was the winter that spelling-matches were so fashionable, and one evening we had a spelling-school; sometimes we played "Twenty-questions," "Verbatim" and "Rhyming-answers."

E. M. R.

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet and Pictorial Home Companion.

Household Elegancies.

DRESSING-TABLE.

Many families have plain wash-stands such as are shown in our illustration, which may be made into charming dressing-tables, in the following manner: Take a piece of plank four inches wide and eight feet long, which screw firmly against the back of the stand; on this nail a circular piece of board, one foot six inches in diameter, around which fasten an umbrella frame, covered with muslin and neatly lined, which will form a scalloped edge, which must be stiffened with wire.

On this is arranged the canopy, made of figured swiss, over pink or blue muslin; plait a circular piece over the top and around the edge, sew a strap twelve inches in width around each edge of it, which are fluted and puffed ruffles; below this depends a curtain one and a half yards long, also ruffled on the edges and drawn up into festoons. Beneath this, around the edge of the frame, is fastened the long curtains, draped back and arranged on the arms or towel rack of the stand, which must first be covered neatly with colored muslin and puffs of swiss.

The table is covered first with a colored cover, and curtains of the lined swiss, finished to correspond with the hangings. This curtain must open in front in order to allow access to the drawer and shelf beneath, which is thus utilized as a receptacle for shoes, &c.; a dressing glass, cushion and toilet set ornament the stand, and bows of ribbon finish the different points where the curtains are fastened. The lambrequin and window curtains are easily understood at a glance.

A BEAUTIFUL ART—PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

Among many of the new and fascinating arts which yearly appear to help make home more enjoyable, is the new art of photographic printing, thus described by a California lady, who has succeeded splendidly with the really valuable Christmas gifts; I am now going to describe a process called photographic printing, by which charming pictures may be taken of our lovely wild field plants, for albums, screens, or any other purpose which may suit the fancy of the collector. The beginner had better commence his experiments with leaves alone, afterwards simple plants like nemophilas or gillias can be taken entire. The first step is to lay in a stock of materials.

We must have good, well dried specimens of all the leaves—maple, abutilon, pear, cherry; every kind is desirable; but those in which the veins are well relieved make the best pictures, and ferns are the most beautiful in form. Lay the leaves into an old book, and dry with medium pressure.

Now for the chemicals. We must have a lot of sensitized paper, and had better, for economy, make it ourselves. As soon as this pretty accomplishment becomes fashionable, as it surely will, we shall be able to buy these papers, as we do materials for wax flowers and the like, but at present we cannot. Select a dozen sheets of the best wove letter paper, eschewing cream laid or any which shows the manufacturer's wire marks when held to the light. We shall want a dozen spring clothes, pins or pegs, and a few quarts of rain water. If you have only spring or hard water, this must be distilled before using.

Now put in a medicine bottle, holding at least half a pint, half an ounce (four drachms) of prussiate of potash, in four tablespoonfuls of the rain water. When it is dissolved, so that none is visible in the bottle,

letting it become equally wetted. Then hang it by one of the corners from the edge of a shelf and let it dry. This part of the business must be done in a dark room, by the light of a candle. Candle light does not affect the paper. Daylight would ruin it for this purpose. Now have two sheets of clear glass. Lay on one of them three or four sheets of white blotting paper; upon this the dried and sensitized prussiate of potash paper with the prepared surface uppermost, and upon this place the fern frond or other desired leaf with the back down. (All this, remember, in the dark room.) Then lay on the second sheet of glass, and put the clothes-pin clamps on the edges to hold it in place.

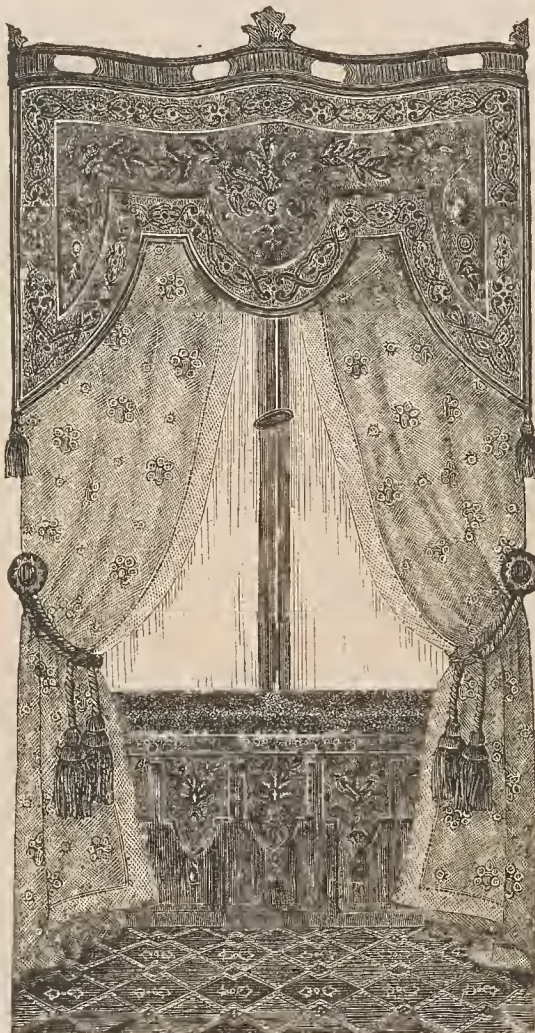
Some clear sunshiny day, take your prepared object into the light, and leave it exposed for a half hour or more to the direct rays of the sun. If you watch the paper while nature is printing it, you will observe the part not covered by the leaf changing to a bright blue, deepening with the tint of exposure until it is nearly black. When you take it out of the glasses, you have a yellow leaf on a blue ground. Wash the paper several times in the clear rain water, and every trace of the potash will disappear from the yellow ground.

Freshly sensitized papers are the best, but you can preserve them in absolute darkness if you wish.

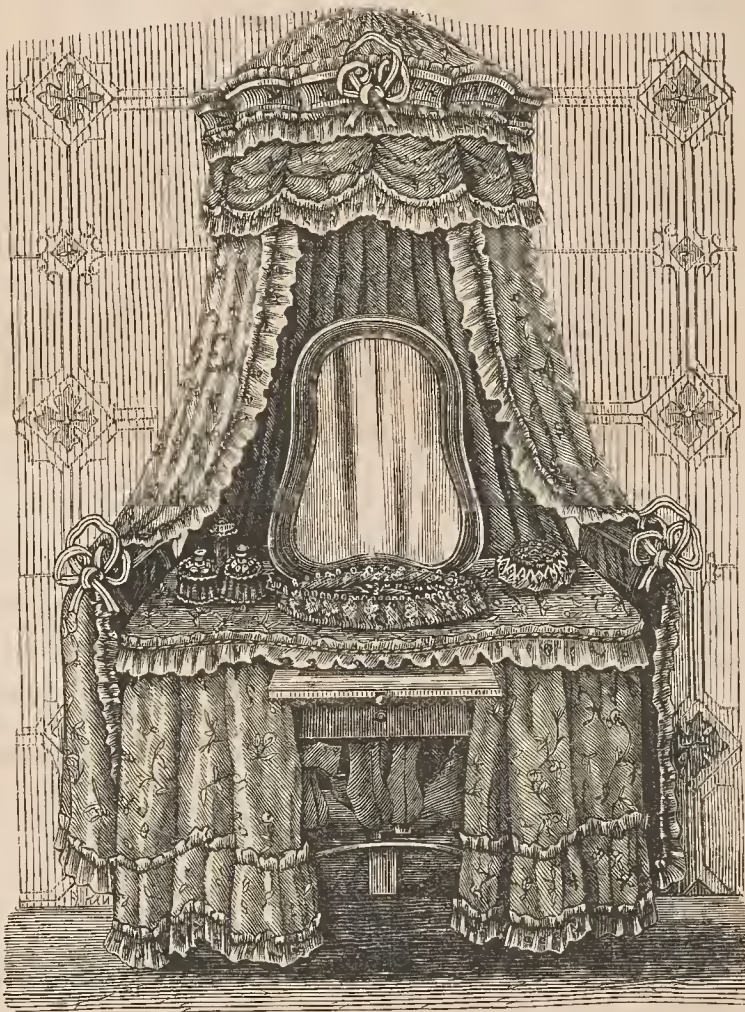
These nature-printed photographs may be colored true to nature, in autumn tints, or the vernal hues of spring. There are other methods; one, in which the ordinary albumenized paper of photographers is used, after dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, sixty grains to the ounce of distilled water. Float and dry as in the previous case. When the picture is painted, and the glasses removed, wash it in rain water, to remove the nitrate of silver; then wash again in a solution of hyposulphite of soda; strength, two ounces to half a pint of water. You will need to keep the pictures, made with nitrate of silver, immersed in the hyposulphite solution for fifteen minutes, in order that they may be permanent.

A great many impressions can be made in the same day by economizing time and space on the papers. They may be ruled off into sizes fit for album cards, and the leaves selected so as to leave neat margins, before the paper is sensitized, by numbering the squares and specimens, the spaces will be quickly filled, and four or more impressions taken at once. The washing and drying process is thus economized also. It is pleasant to have both the upper and lower sides of some leaves taken. Very thick leaves, like the California laurel, should be rejected. Alfileria is a beautiful leaf for this purpose; so are many of the acacias. The nitrate of silver process is the most perfect, but it is fatal to clothes and delicate hands, and should only be attempted by a careful and dexterous operator. JEANNE C. CARR.

Handkerchief, cigar and tobacco boxes? wall pockets, dinner mats, napkin rings, may be all made of tin, worked with a pretty pattern, bound with ribbon, and finished with bows, &c. Tobacco boxes and wall pockets should be lined with cambric. A wall pocket I have is composed of four pieces, front, back, and two long triangular pieces for the sides. The front is worked in a bunch of blue forget-me-nots and daisies; the pieces are lined with blue cambric, bound with ribbon as near the same shade as possible and then joined together; is suspended by ribbons, fastened at the corners back and front, and joined at the top with a bow; each of the four corners of the front are decorated with a little bow of ribbon.



WINDOW DECORATED WITH WORKED BALANCE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS.



DRESSING-TABLE.

pour half of the solution in a dinner plate, and float on its surface a piece of paper of the size intended,

Hireside Reading.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

O! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls!
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awakened, will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

O, link, but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will brighten your pleasure, and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust, as the kind and the great,
And be sure the wild world holds no treasure so rare!

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him;
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

What Happened at an Auction.—An auction sale of old furniture and goods of a hotel, occurred not long since at Colchester, Conn. Part were sold first day, and adjournment made to election day. Those who bought at the first sale found the things so full of bed-bugs, that the second sale looked very hard. The auctioneer came into the Town Hall and invited the people to go over to the auction. He stood on the bench and gave out his invitation, after he got through, a large, tall Dutchman who stood by him, spoke up loud enough for all to hear: "Shenthen you go over dare, and buys some tings, you gets so many bed-bugs, dey carry your tings home for you. I buys a shtraw tick dare, and gets more bugs than I gets shtraw, you can never more get me to buy some ting there." The roar that followed was tremendous, and not a bid could be got for anything in the house.

Miss Kate Field narrates in *The Graphic* these stories of "The Country Parson." Two trustworthy men assured me that they have seen the Rev. Dr. Boyd deliver a sermon in white kid-gloves. More than one related to me the following story: Traveling one day in a railway carriage, "The Country Parson" had for his neighbor a plainly dressed but extremely intelligent man, in whose conversation he became much interested. On finding that the stranger intended getting out at the town in which he resided, he expressed his desire to invite the clever unknown to dinner, but added that it would be impossible, as Mrs. Boyd always required gentlemen to dress for dinner. Having made this graceful speech, the parson exchanged cards with the Duke of Argyle! The parson stammered; the parson apologized; the parson was snobbish enough to eat his own words, and beg of the Duke to waive ceremony. It is unnecessary to say that the Duke of Argyle did not waive ceremony, and that the story has flown from one end of Scotland to the other.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said Damon, of the Milwaukee Poor Department to a Ninth ward female all rags and tatters. "I'd like a cord o' wood, a bag o' flour, and if ye don't mind, Mister, a daily paper for six months, jest to see how this Beecher trial is a comin' out, ye see."

A Party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

There is still a live law in Massachusetts which fines a young man \$5 if he walks out with his girl after sundown. Those old law-makers didn't know beans about the best time to talk love and eat ice-cream and buy peanuts.

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl.—"Dressing a chicken," answered the cook.—"I should call that undressing," replied the crazy fellow. The cook looked reflective.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was very churlish and universally an unpopular man, put the usual question: Are you willing to go, my friend? "Oh, yes," said the sick man "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

Gushing Expressions.—The absurd use of certain words by young ladies is well set forth by the following: Did anybody ever hear a gushing young lady tell what she thought about anything extraordinary? Well, that's nothing to what they write. We have analyzed a short story written by one of them, and find that "splendid" occurs sixty-four times; "beautiful," seventy-seven; "nice," six hundred and eleven; "delightful," sixty-one; and "lovely," sixty-three.



THE FAIR ARTIST.

A Minister was soliciting aid to foreign missions, and applied to a gentleman, who refused him, with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors." "Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister. "Yes." "Well," said the minister, how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres." "How far down do you own?" "Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half-way through." "Exactly," said the clergyman; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land joins yours on the bottom."

It was a rich old widow who wondered that the handsome young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Sprucup; "but I do love you to distraction; why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow; "but I am not in want of a landlord at present."

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gits a whippin' for gwine to a ball."

There is a kind of grim humor in the address of a devout deacon to his newly settled pastor as he gave him the usual welcome: "The Lord keep you humble and we will keep you poor."

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go; thou startest; he departs; we make tracks; you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skeddadle."

"Who is that a statue of?" asked a lady of her husband, pointing to an Apollo.—"The Apollo Belvidere." "Law! how affectionate you are, my love! And now, darling, who was Apollo Belvy?" An explanation on pronunciation followed.

A Voter on a train when asked by the conductor for his ticket, said: "I have (hic) made a d-r-e-f-f-u-l mistake; voted my (hic) railroad ticket 'stead of the (hic) Democratic ticket."

My dear, said a husband to his better half, after a quarrel, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven." "Why not?" "Because you will be wanted as a torment down below."

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is sweet, for Thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our works be soiled,
With strife, or by deceit ensnared
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O, gentle Jesus, be our Light.

PRIZE COOKING AND HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

BY OLIVIA E. CHAPMAN.

To this article was awarded second prize, \$15.

Birds' Nest and Eggs.—Take one dozen lemons or oranges, and with a sharp knife shred off the yellow rind, let the strips be long and slender; make a rich syrup with pure white sugar, flavored with the juice of lemons or oranges. Into this, while boiling, drop the shreds and boil until clear, then remove and cool upon broad dishes. When the syrup has drained off, form the shreds into a nest, in the center of a handsome dish. Take a dozen or more eggs, and cutting off the tip of the small end, extract all the white and yolk; make blanc-mange—yellow and white—yellow with yolks of eggs, and white in the usual way with cornstarch or gelatine, flavoring with vanilla, almond, and other flavoring if desired, separating the mixture and flavoring several different portions; one part should be colored pink and crimson with a decoction of cochineal dissolved in alcohol. While in a half liquid state fill the shells to the top, and allow them to cool. When solid, remove the shells carefully, and beautiful eggs of various shades of color will be formed, with which fill the nest. Dress the dish upon the outside with a green wreath, or set in the midst of branches and sprays of green, intermixed with flowers.

Cream Cake—The Shells.—Beat five eggs, yellow and white separately, add to the yolks one cup full of sugar, then the whites whisked until they stand alone; rub half a teaspoonful of soda into one teaspoonful of flour, beat this into the eggs and sugar, and add one full teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat well, and divide into cakes by dropping a large tablespoonful upon a baking tin, not allowing the drops to touch each other, nor be placed near enough to run together when heated. Gem pans are best to bake them in, the fat circles instead of deep ones. Let the oven be quick, and when the cakes are a light brown remove them, and allow to cool a little, then split them open on one side and drop the cream in the hollow opening.

For the Cream.—Boil one pint of new milk, beat the yolks of two eggs, and add a teaspoonful of sugar and enough of cornstarch to thicken, (nearly three tablespoonfuls) stirred smooth in a little cold milk; add to the milk also the whites of the eggs, a teaspoonful extracts of lemon, and one of vanilla, beat well, and as soon as thick remove from the fire, allow to cool before placing in the puffs, pinching the parts together after filling. Paint over with the white of an egg and dress plentifully with powdered sugar.

Canvass-Back Duck to Roast.—The duck should be young and fat; pick it well, draw and singe carefully; but do not wash it. Dress it, leaving its head on to distinguish it from common game, and place it on the spit before a brisk fire for at least fifteen minutes, or according as your family or friend like them more or less done, which you must inquire; serve it hot, in its own gravy. The head of the Canvass Back is purple and the breast silver color. Other ducks can be served in the same manner, only wild game should not be cooked quite as long, as that peculiar delicate wild flavor so highly prized by epicures would be destroyed. For sauce, currant jelly.

Broiled Partridge.—(French method.) After having prepared the bird with great nicety, divided and flattened it, season it with salt and pepper, or Cayenne, dip it into clarified butter, and then into fine bread crumbs, and take care to have it evenly covered; if wanted very nice, dip the second time into the butter and crumbs, place over a very clear fire and broil gently from twenty to thirty minutes; serve with mushroom sauce.

Bread Jelly for the Sick.—Cut the crumbs of a penny roll into thin slices, and toast them equally of a pale brown; boil them gently in a quart of water until it will jelly, which may be known by putting a little in a spoon to cool; strain it upon a bit of lemon peel, and sweeten with a little sugar; cleanliness is very essential in sickness, a dirty cup, or a bit of coal on toast, or in broth, may turn an invalid's stomach.

Rock Rice.—Boil a teaspoonful of the best rice till quite soft, in new milk, sweeten with powdered white sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay all over it lumps of jelly, or preserved fruit of any kind. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add a little sugar, flavor with what you please. Add to this when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream; drop it over the rice, giving it the appearance of a rock of snow.

To Prepare Fruit for Dessert.—Beat well the white of an egg with a little water; dip the fruit in and roll it immediately in fine crushed sugar; place it upon a dish, and leave it five or six hours, then serve. A more sightly or exquisite dessert than a plate of currants thus dressed cannot be had.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, four cups of flour, four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The flour should be measured in a little larger cup than the sugar, mix well, and bake in a quick oven, then spread with the white of an egg well beaten, and sprinkle with sugar; or a quicker way would be to sprinkle well with sugar just before baking.

To Bake Fish.—Take two good sized fish, clean and wipe them well in a cloth, but do not wash them; keep the breasts as whole as possible; strew salt over them, and leave upon a board several hours; then wipe the salt from them, cut off the heads and fins, cut the skin through down the back, and take it off neatly, being careful to keep the fish whole. Beat yolks of three eggs, dip the fish in the egg, have ready some bread crumbs mixed with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, roll the fish in the crumbs, and stuff the heads and breasts with oysters chopped, but not too fine, and bread crumbs mixed with egg. Butter a dish, lay the fish upon it, stick pieces of butter upon each, and bake them. For sauce, take a pint of veal gravy, the same of cream, mix two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little of the cream, cold, and boil until smooth; add a blade of mace, a little nutmeg and salt; some prefer an onion. Lay the heads of the fish at each end of the dish and garnish with lemon.

A Novel Way of Making Jelly Cake.—Take the whites of six eggs, one cup of white sugar, same of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one of soda. Bake in a large oblong dripping pan, so the cake will be very thin; meanwhile stir another batch, making just the same, with the exception of using the yolk instead of the whites; when both are done, spread while warm with jelly, or preserves of any kind; put together, bring the largest side of the cake toward you, and roll immediately; or cut in four or eight parts, put together alternately, putting jelly between each layer, and frost lightly over the top. Another method is to make three pans, making the third layer of one-third red sand sugar, proceeding the same as for the other layers; in putting together let the first layer be the yellow, made of the yolks, then the red, and lastly the whites. Nicely frost the top, and you have a beautiful as well as a delicious party cake. They are very pretty made into rolls.

For Iced Apples.—Pare and core ten large apples (more or less) of a large tart kind. Bake them until nearly done; put them away to get entirely cold; then prepare some icing as for apple meringue, and first pouring off all the juice, lay the icing thickly on the tops and sides as much as you can. Return them to the oven to just harden and set. Serve with cream.

Wild Plum Jelly.—Beautiful jelly can be made from the wild plums so plentiful in some parts of the west; nice marmalade can be made from the same fruit. Pour boiling water over your plums, turning it off immediately—this is for the purpose of extracting the bitter taste in the skins. Steam the plums in a stone jar or covered pan over boiling water until they crack so that the juice runs out. Put them in a colander and allow to drain, but do not press them; boil this juice twenty minutes, meanwhile heating the sugar on plates in the oven (pound for pint) so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it. Put the hot sugar into the boiling juice and boil all together a few minutes. Jelly can be made from any fruit or vegetable from which can be obtained the peculiar principle called pectine. Boiling the sugar with the fruit longer than is necessary for its perfect mixture spoils the flavor. Never put water on fruit and allow it to simmer, will have to be boiled out again. Everything should be very clean and bright.

Crab-apple Marmalade.—Sift the steamed apples through a colander; do not pare them, only cut out the blossom ends; a pint of pulp to half a pound of sugar. Boil until you have a clear thick paste.

To Cook Beans.—Beans should never be put in cold water to soak, because all the nutritious part of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold; be tied loosely in a cloth; be put into boiling water, with a spoonful of dripping and a little salt in it and be kept boiling for four hours. They are excellent if served with gravy and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish for roast mutton or beef, or are excellent served whole as a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done throw them instantly into cold water, when the skins will slip off; rub the beans through a colander and mix a lump of butter with them. A little milk or cream is good mixed in.

Hominy Cakes.—A pint of small hominy, a pint of white Indian meal sifted, a saltspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of strong yeast, a quart of milk. Having washed the hominy and left it soaking over night, boil it soft, drain, and while hot mix it with meal, adding the salt and butter, then mix gradually with the milk and set away to cool;

beat the eggs very light and add them gradually to the mixture. The whole should make a thick batter. Bake on a griddle.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two, and mix with them half a pound of warmed butter and the same of loaf sugar, pounded; butter cups or moulds, lay at the bottom orange marmalade or preserved apricots, pour the pudding upon the sweetmeats and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. This is very rich, and should not be eaten by those having weak stomachs.

Arrow-root Pudding.—Dissolve four teaspoonfuls of arrow root in a quart of fresh milk, boil with a few bitter almonds pounded up, or peach leaves to give it a flavor, if you wish; stir it well while it is boiling, or until it becomes a smooth batter; when quite cool add six eggs well beaten to the batter, then mix with it a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar (if brown is used it spoils the color); grate some lemon peel into the mixture and add a little of the juice. The pudding should be baked an hour and sent to the table cold. Quince, raspberry or strawberry preserves may be served with it, and, to add to the appearance, ornament the top with slices of preserves.

Mixed Pickle.—To each gallon of vinegar allow a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, quarter of a pound of mustard, quarter of a pound of salt, two ounces of mustard seed, one and a half ounces of turmeric, one ounce of ground black pepper, one-quarter ounce of Cayenne; cauliflowers, onions, celery, sliced cucumbers, gherkin, French beans, nasturtions, capsicum. Have a large jar with a tightly fitting lid, in which put as much vinegar as is required, reserving a little to mix the various powders to a smooth paste. Put into a basin the mustard, turmeric, pepper and Cayenne; mix them with vinegar and stir until no lumps remain; add all the ingredients to the vinegar and mix well. Keep this liquor in a warm place and stir thoroughly every morning with a wooden spoon for near a month, when it will be ready for the vegetables to be added. As these come into season have them gathered on a dry day, and, after merely wiping them with a cloth to free them from moisture, put them into the pickle. The cauliflowers should be divided into small bunches. Put all the vegetables into the pickle raw, and at the end of the season, when the vegetables are all procured, store away in jars and tie over with a bladder. As none of the ingredients are boiled, this pickle will not be fit for eating for several months. I will repeat that the contents must be stirred each morning.

Pickle Chow-Chow.—Quarter of a peck green tomatoes, the same of white onions and pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage; season with mustard, celery seed, salt to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best cider vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil while hot.

Beef Steak Pie.—Choose steak that has been long hung; cut into moderately-sized pieces and trim off all the skin or sinews; season them with salt and pepper; put a crust underneath, or in the bottom, then layers of crust, beef and oysters alternately; stew the liquor and beards of oysters with a bit of lemon peel, mace, and a tablespoonful of walnut catsup. When the pie is baked, boil with the above three spoonfuls of cream and one of butter rubbed in flour. For a small pie, a dozen oysters, generally more is better. The pie should be baked near two hours.

Crust for Tarts.—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth, thin it with as much water as will make three-fourths of a pound of fine flour into a very stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in little bits, dredge it with some flour left out at first and roll up tight; roll it out again and put the same proportion of butter, and so proceed until all be worked in; bake in the form desired and use cranberries for filling.

Ginger Bread to Keep.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then rub in half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ginger and one of rose water; work it well, roll out, and bake in flat pans in a moderate oven. It will take about half an hour.

Pumpkin Pie.—Take out the seeds and pare the pumpkin or squash, but in taking out the seeds do not scrape the inside of the pumpkin; the part nearest the seed is the sweetest; then stew the pumpkin and strain it through a sieve or colander; to a quart of milk for a family pie, three eggs are enough; stir in the stewed pumpkin with your milk and beaten up eggs till it is as thick as you can stir round rapidly and easily. If the pie is wanted richer make it thinner and add sweet cream or another egg or two, but even one egg to one quart of milk makes "very decent pies." Add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one of powdered ginger; the peel of a lemon grated gives a pleasant flavor. The more eggs the better pie. Some put an egg to a gill of milk. Bake three-fourths of an hour in deep plates or shallow dishes, without an upper crust, in a hot oven.

Daisy Darling.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by H. P. DANKS.


Dolcemente.



1. I think of you still, Dai - sy
2. I long for you now, Dai - sy
3. I watch for you still, Dai - sy

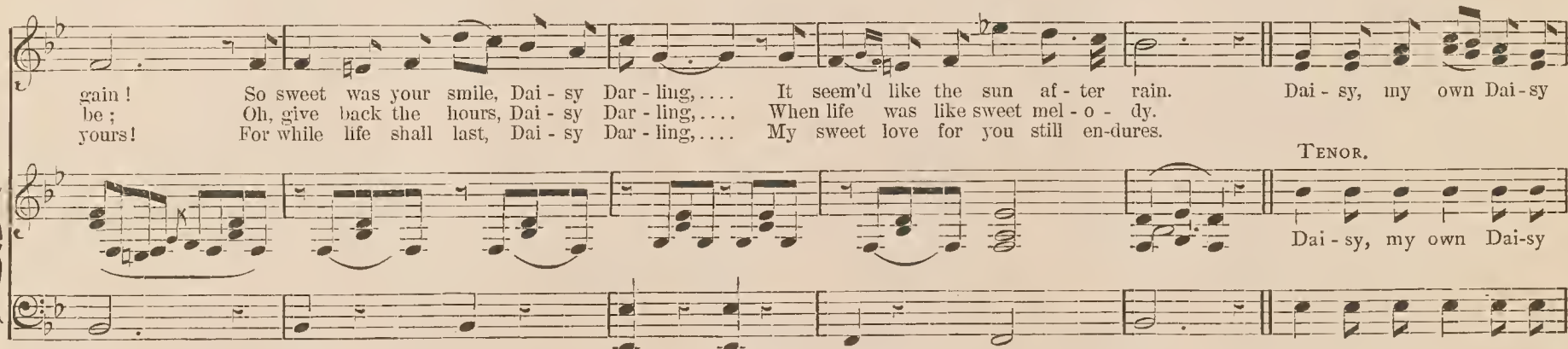


Dar - ling, My love in the years long a - go; I dream of your face, Dai - sy Dar - ling, Your
Dar - ling, When life is so wea - ry and sad; One word from your lips, Dai - sy Dar - ling, Would
Dar - ling, Your face in each flow'r I may see; My love is the same, Dai - sy Dar - ling, You



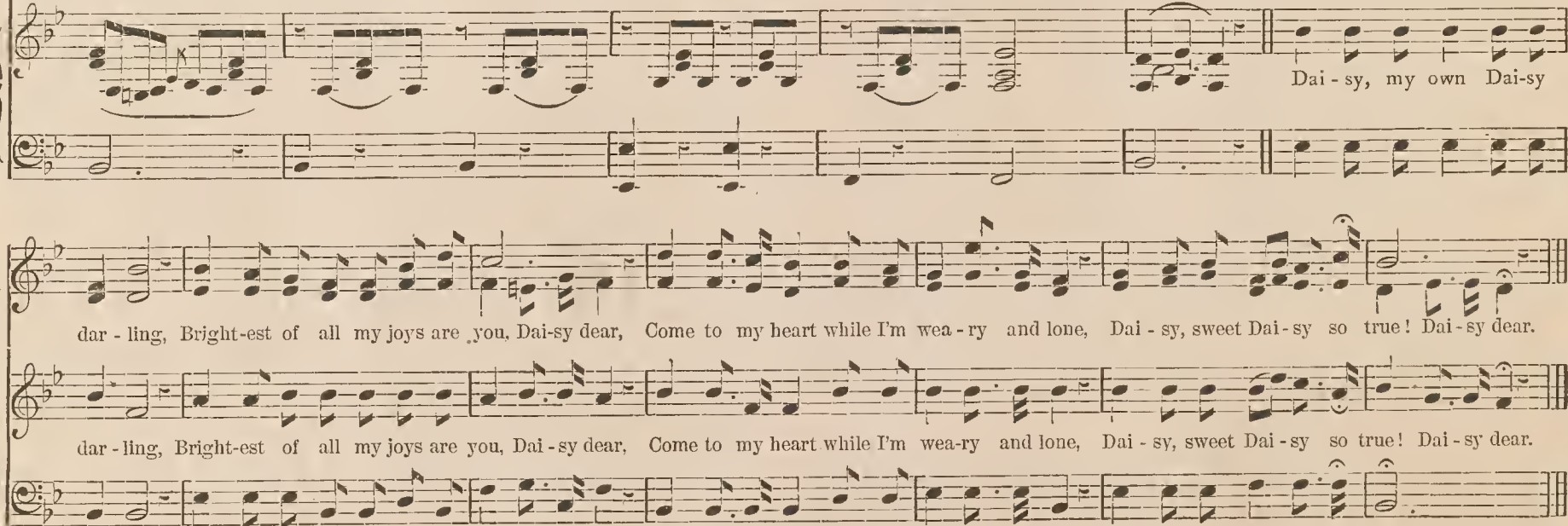
eyes in their bright gen - tle glow. My heart's all your own, tho' we're part - ed, Oh, soon may I clasp you a -
bring back each joy that we've shed. Your eyes are the stars that are beam - ing, They guide me wher - e'er I may
still are the whole world to me. Why lin - ger so long far a - way, love? Oh, come to the heart that is

Chorus.



gain! So sweet was your smile, Dai - sy Dar - ling, It seem'd like the sun af - ter rain. Dai - sy, my own Dai - sy
be; Oh, give back the hours, Dai - sy Dar - ling, When life was like sweet mel - o - dy.
yours! For while life shall last, Dai - sy Dar - ling, My sweet love for you still en - dures.

TENOR.



dar - ling, Bright - est of all my joys are you, Dai - sy dear, Come to my heart while I'm wea - ry and lone, Dai - sy, sweet Dai - sy so true! Dai - sy dear.
dar - ling, Bright - est of all my joys are you, Dai - sy dear, Come to my heart while I'm wea - ry and lone, Dai - sy, sweet Dai - sy so true! Dai - sy dear.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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MY FRIEND'S GREENHOUSE.

What to describe first, where all is so wonderfully beautiful and full of interest, is the query; but as my eye always searches out for the choicest flower-gems, I will introduce you at once to the heart of the house, where, half hidden by Callas, Brugmantias, Laurestinus, and other rare things, stands a huge Century Plant. The east wall of the greenhouse is covered with the rarest Begonias that it has ever been my good fortune to see. These Begonias are all planted in old tin fruit cans, white-washed, holes made for drainage, and a perforation in the side for hanging up. It is wonderful how Begonias and Cacti thrive in cans. It must be that the rust in the cans acts as a tonic on the plant. The Begonias fall in abundant drapery over the wall, entirely hiding it from view. Near this tangled mass of Begonias is a beautiful specimen of variegated ivy-leaf Geranium, crimson and gray—it is very lovely. A large Hoya Carnosa trained across the house, and at short distances soft sprays of Smilax caught lovingly at it and fell gracefully from above. Primulas look at us with their bright faces; Jessamines, Mahernias, Ferns, Azaleas, Bouvardias, Coranella, Japonicas, an innumerable variety of Cacti, Sedums, and a large army of choice plants charm our eye. I must not omit to describe the graceful hanging-baskets, home-made, which add greatly to the effect of the scene. These are made by knocking the end out of a fruit can, cutting the sides with sharp shears, or knife, into narrow strips; form these into basket shape, place a wire around the edge and another for a handle; line with moss, and everything planted in them grows as if by magic. If my flower sisters were to try them, they would never throw away an old can while they live! In the beginning of this article I referred to Brugmantias. I am surprised that they are not more extensively cultivated. There is nothing more lovely or ornamental for a lawn. I saw one last summer about seven feet high, on which were two hundred flowers opened at one time. It was beautiful beyond conception. The plant requires but little care, not more than you would bestow on an Oleander; and with its wealth of pure white fragrant flowers hanging

so gracefully among its dark green foliage, no more attractive plant could be placed in your garden. In the north corner of the green-house is a fine specimen of Rhynchospermum, growing in great luxuriance, vying with a large Cape Jessamine for beauty of flower and foliage. The Rhynchospermum is a semi-tropical plant, of easy cultivation, and pays a large dividend to its owner in star-like blossoms. I would advise all

feet. Make incisions in the Cereus with a sharp pen-knife and insert the branches of Crab Cactus, holding them firmly for a few minutes. They will soon grow and need no special care. It is to be regretted that ladies do not learn to graft; they could become quite skilled in it, and would be richly repaid, especially among their roses. They appear to look upon grafting as a thing that belongs exclusively to skilled gardeners, and

by no means attainable by ordinary workers, whereas, the truth is that women are very successful in this branch of gardening when they attempt it. A nice judgment and gentle manipulations are all that are necessary to accomplish this now mysterious art. But I am admonished by the length of this article to leave my friend's treasure-house of flowers brimming with refreshment, and blessing this grim, persistent winter weather, feeling grateful that it has been my privilege to appropriate so much of its perfect loveliness.

In these days of gold and iron how refreshing it is to come across a charming paper like THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, around which is ever floating an atmosphere of Apple-blossoms, Roses and all the fragrant favorites of the flower-garden. I never think of the CABINET but visions of the beautiful float o'er my brain, and I have derived so much information and pleasure from its perusal that I feel under an obligation for the value of the benefit, and would like to requite the obligation.

LIBONIA FLORIBUNDA.



A FIREPLACE DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.

flower lovers to invest in one. The sweet Bard of Avon assures us it—

"Is wasteful and ridiculous excess
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume o'er the violet."

And so I have felt it to be in this attempted description of my friend's lovely flowers. I would describe to your readers a Cactus which elicits much admiration, and which, I am sure, would lead many to imitate. A Cereus grafted with innumerable branches of Crab Cactus. The process is easy and the effect per-

fect. The love for flowers and children is a redeeming feature in the Turkish character. The swarthiest and coarsest soldier wears a nosegay in his button-hole and cultivates the ground about the guard-house, or fills its windows with pots of flowers in full bloom, and his hard, stern face relaxes into a smile of tenderness as he lifts a little child into a carriage or a boat.—From "Romance of Missions," by Miss West.

Floral Contributions.

GET A GARDEN.

There is one thing that I have long been wishing to tell the readers of the CABINET, and that is the way that many ladies can make themselves happy, and at the same time save doctor's bills. I can talk on this subject all the better, because I have tried it myself. My recipe is summed up in these few words—Get a garden. I very often see ladies, white, weak, and wan, nothing particular the matter, and yet never well; to these I say, only try my plan, and see for yourselves how superior it is to all the apothecaries under the sun. I myself was one of these much to be pitied ladies until, by the advice and aid of a kind friend, a little square of twenty-five feet, near our house, was dug up, laid out, and became a garden. During the whole of one summer, for about an hour every morning before breakfast, I worked diligently in my garden, and I was amply rewarded for my pains. The flowers thrived, and with them my strength. By the next summer I increased my boundaries to fifty feet square, and in a very few years I felt myself equal to even more than that, so now the garden measures one hundred by fifty feet in flowers, besides a small vegetable garden. Of course it is not so easy to make a garden as to write about it, but with a little help from the stronger sex in the beginning, the difficulties were soon overcome, and then came the pleasures. My garden was in the midst of the pine woods, where neither plow nor hoe had ever broken the earth before, so there was much to do in the way of digging up roots, pulverizing the soil and laying out beds. When one gets through this much, there is no further use for men then, unless, indeed, to amuse us or to admire. To begin in systematic style, we must first enrich our garden. For this, nothing in the world is so good as the earth from some old rubbish hole. In every country lot, probably, there is such a hole, where the sweepings of the yard and the scraps from the kitchen are all thrown to be out of sight. All gardeners possessing such a hole are rich, and those who do not, will, if they take our advice, set to work at once to make one. As soon as the decayed contents are evenly laid over the flower-beds, we begin to fill up our hole again with the same material, so keeping up a constant supply of fresh food for another season. Flowers do not require strong manures; it makes them grow too much to bush, fresh mold and decayed vegetable matter being the food they delight in: Roses especially luxuriate on this sort of diet. Another excellent fertilizer is the greasy, soapy water that the plates and dishes are washed in. Annuals in particular improve on this, and a bed of Petunias will beam out their thanks for such a treat in countless blossoms and the brightest leaves. In fact, I do not know any plant that will not grow and thrive for a bucket of greasy water occasionally. Guano and bone-dust are both fine, but one does not always have them at hand; and to country people, they are sometimes impossibilities. For Violets, I think nothing better as an enricher than thoroughly decayed wood-dust. After the garden is once set going, it is but little trouble to keep it up. Seeds of annuals and perennials are so cheap in these days, and reproduce themselves so rapidly and easily, and even Roses cost so few cents, that one wonders why so few people have gardens, surely it must be because they do not know the pleasures to be derived therefrom. For several years our

church has been dressed on every Sunday from my garden, so that the pleasure has been shared by many. I often think of the refining power that flowers yield. They make a sympathy where nothing else can.

There is another mode of cultivating flowers which is very delightful, although, perhaps, not so healthful as out-door exercise in the garden. I mean house-plants, and these are open to everybody who possesses at least one window, be that window north, south, east, or west, for there are many plants that will flourish in a shady northern window as well as in warm southern one. The way I grow my plants, which are Geraniums, Pelargoniums, Begonias, Callas, Libonias, Azalias, Fuchsias, and Lobelias, is very simple. I have neither hot-house nor green-house, and as I believe more than half the lovers of flowers are in the same condition as myself, they will be the better able to appreciate my plan. I will begin by telling of my proceedings in the fall, as that season always seems to be the beginning of the plant year. As soon as October's winds begin to chill the weather, I commence to cut down the plants, not merely trimming them, but cutting them down until only two or three inches are above the ground. They are then set aside to rest, for rest they must have as well as ourselves. Soon they begin to put out new, fresh leaves, and some would even bloom, but it is not good to encourage them in this, for if we want a fine spring and summer show, we must now keep them from exhausting themselves. If a winter bloom is desired, we must have a set of cuttings from the summer before. From this time, until January or February, they require but little care. A moderately warm room, say not below forty-one degrees at night, a plenty of bright sunlight in the day, an airing by raising the glasses when it is pleasant, and just enough water to keep the earth from drying hard, is all that they ask of us. But in February comes the great work on which the bloom of the whole year depends. We now get a barrowful of earth from the same valuable rubbish hole that we feed the garden with, or if there is no rubbish hole, any good garden soil with a little leaf mold will answer the purpose. Each plant is then taken carefully up, the dead earth shaken off gently, and the roots dipped into a tub of water until they are clean. Then set the plant nicely into the new earth, spreading out the tender little roots and gradually filling up the jar and pressing down the earth firmly. We then give each plant two or three spoonfuls of chicken manure, laid on the top of the earth, a good watering, and then set the jar where it is to remain. Occasionally the jars must be turned round to the light, otherwise the plant will grow to an ugly one-sided shape. I particularly recommend chicken manure as the best fertilizer that I know; some like to use it in liquid form, but I find my way the best and least troublesome. Just lay it on top, and every time the plant is watered, a little of the strength is carried down to the roots, and the bloom will be constant and magnificent. Your plants will soon begin to show you their gratitude for this refreshment, and in a very few weeks they will be covered with buds and bright blossoms, which I will warrant to continue until the "melancholy days" come round again, when once more they must be divested of their tops and put to rest. Surely this is not very hard work, my friends, and think how much we are repaid for it. I must not forget to say that Geraniums do best always in small jars, and the younger the plant the finer the bloom. Keep new cuttings, therefore, going all the time, and I promise you there will never be any lack of flowers. Remember to keep the jars bright and clean on the outside. In my opinion,

this is far more important as a drainage than the broken crocks inside. There is another class of plants I am surprised not to see mentioned more frequently; I refer to those charming bulbs, Achemenes; they are the easiest things in the world to cultivate, and humble little beauties, they ask no better habitation than an old tomato can. Indeed, they seem to delight in old tins. The truth is, they must have moisture, and the cans retain the dampness longer than small jars. In the spring I set out my Achemenes in a compost of one-third sand, one-third leaf mold, and one-third well-rotted manure; then put the cans in some half shady spot of the piazza, and leave alone until they begin to come up. In a short time after the plants commence growing, they will begin to put out their lovely flowers, and continue to do so until late in the fall. As soon as they cease blooming, discontinue watering, and when the tops are quite dry, lift the roots and store in thoroughly dried sand until another spring. If my lady friends will only follow these easy rules, there is no reason why they cannot have an abundance of beautiful flowers and much real enjoyment, not to speak of the greatest of all blessings, good health. You will learn to love your flowers more and more as you continue to cultivate them, and in time find in them a gentle, silent companionship that is welcome, even at that time when the expression of human sympathy is unavailing. Very often some plant will take a history to itself that will enhance its value many fold. For instance, this Rose Geranium. It is but a poor little plant, and yet we prize it above rubies. Simply for this: two little hands that we loved, once tended it, and we laid some of its fragrant leaves and delicate blossoms on the gentle, young breast when it had "fallen asleep."

C. P. W.

BEDDING OUT WINDOW PLANTS.

Last spring I was like "the old woman who lived in a shoe;" had more plants than the flower stands would hold; so I prepared early an oval bed on the east side of the house, ten feet from it; this bed was ten feet wide and eighteen feet long. Removed the largest sods, spaded under the lightest; after this it rained, froze and thawed—making the ground very mellow. Then I wheeled on rich, well-rotted manure, two barrows of fine chip dirt, one of manure from the hen house, one of sand, spaded all in and raked smoothly. This was the third of June. In the morning I had given the plants selected a good watering, so they turned out of the pots easily. It was a dry time; into each hole I poured two quarts of water, letting it sink before planting. As I finished each plant I drew the dry earth around it. Was from three o'clock until nearly dark setting thirty plants. When done, showered with a watering pot. Next day made paper caps for all, taking them off at night. For four weeks we had no rain; I watered twice a week, drawing the dirt away, then covering with dry earth; kept them in their paper caps for ten days; after that, they had the sun every day until two o'clock, P. M. They never wilted, and how they grew!

Three times a week I stirred the soil with a push hoe. As it grew cooler, with plenty of rain, the whole was a mass of verdure and bloom! We had no killing frost until the night of September 26. The day before I had taken up the plants I wished to keep over, I trimmed and planted them in boxes of earth, putting them in a dark frost-proof cellar. In August, I took cuttings of all; they are now fine plants in the window garden.

L. K. SHARE.

Gossip with Correspondents.

Plants in the Sun.—It is a mistake to suppose that plants will not flourish except when exposed to the direct rays of the sun, as I have a conservatory on the north side of my house, with a glass roof, in which I have had many varieties of plants in bloom all winter. My Geraniums and Camellias have done splendidly; my Daphne blossomed profusely, and my Fuchsia and Bouvardia are blooming away finely; besides, I have a Hydrangea and Oxalis in bud. I have also a conservatory heated by pipes from the same hot water apparatus that warms the one on the north, on the south side of my house, but which has not the light overhead, in which though I have plants in bloom, they have not done nearly as well as in the one on the north side. I have a large yellow Jasmine vine planted outdoors on the south side, the lower part of which is protected by an oilcloth covering; it had a flower in bloom near the top, while many of the buds are ready to burst forth.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. L. COCHRAN.

Cactus.—I have long looked for and anxiously expected some of our flower lovers to write a treatise on the Cactus. It is a family of plants that I have a great partiality for. I have many times thought if some scientific man, such as the author of the *Rose Manual*, could be induced to write such a treatise on the Cactus, it would be hailed with great pleasure by many flower-loving friends. I should be willing to pay any price for such a treatise as I know he could write, his descriptions are so plain and easy to understand; and as I see from a catalogue I received from him last spring that he has retired from business, I have thought he might be induced to write a treatise on the Cactus, its classifications and descriptions, with embellishments and cultivation.

I have quite a collection of plants; some of them I bought of R. Buist more than ten years ago, such as Azaleas, Camellias, Draeaeas, Clerodendron, and many other plants too numerous to mention. Among the rest I have about thirty species of Cactus; many of them I do not know to what family they belong. I have some of the Cereus family, one Night Blooming Cereus Grandiflorus, Cereus Heptagonus, and others that I do not know the names. I have several of the Epiphyllums; one is night blooming, the others are scarlet, white, and pink. I have three of the Crab or Lobster family, some of the Mammillarias, and many others that I do not know what family they belong, except Melocactus, three species.

Some of the species that I have I collected some four years ago while in Texas; I found them on the prairie in the suburbs of San Antonio; they grew here to great perfection. I there saw the Century plant twenty feet high growing in the cemetery, and it was just opening its bloom buds and had a majestic appearance, grand, but not beautiful. Does the Aloe belong to the Cactus family? I cannot find that it does. Now, my dear floral friends, will you join me in asking Mr. Buist to write us another book, and let its chief topic be on the Cactus, and if he wishes other newly introduced plants, such as the Palms, Ferns, and Lycopodium, such a work I think would be well appreciated both by florists and amateurs.

Petersburg, Ill.

M. L. FISHER.

Pot Plants.—A friend asks advice about pot plants, and you are very welcome to my experience. In the first place, I think more depends upon the earth than anything else. I begin in this way: As early in

May we have warm days, but cool nights, I put my plants out during the day and shelter them at night; in this way they become gradually accustomed to the air. Next, I slip all that I can to start anew, cutting as near the roots as possible, as they have more vitality; and, as regards soil for slips, take salt boxes, and bore a few holes in the bottom for drainage, then put in first an inch or two of charcoal, next sand, and last a layer of earth. Place the box in the shade for a week, then give it moderate sun, and not too much water.

My large plants I cut down considerably, and if they bud I snip them. You will see by this that I do not always put my Geraniums in the garden to continue their bloom, for I like to retain some old plants to winter in my windows. The same with Fuchsias and Heliotropes. As early as July I prepare my soil, and repot and renew the earth of many of my plants; that is, I take out of such plants as Heliotropes and Fuchsias from one to two inches of old soil to replace with new. In that way the tender roots are not disturbed. If possible I get the mold of decayed trees, as that is excellent; if I cannot get this, I go into the woods and scrape away from the trunks of trees the soil that clings around them. This I sift through a fine sieve, adding loam from the garden; and lastly, I take it to kill all insects that may be in it. You may say that this is a great deal of work; but what can we have without care and trouble? I am fully repaid for my work, as my plants are a perpetual joy. Now that my earth is prepared, I repot every day, and very early in September I move all my plants under cover. I think the earlier they are settled for the winter, and commence growing, all the sooner you will have blooming plants.

I like to cut back Petunias at the same time with Geraniums and Heliotropes. The last two require a great deal of water and sun. I wish I could show you mine; but do not feel discouraged, yours will look just as well, with care. Water your plants with warm water every morning before the sun is shining warmly upon them. Hanging plants require more water than others. I use liquid manure twice a week, and to make the leaves green and the blossoms bright I use pounded charcoal. I also use this in potting plants instead of pot shreds. Keep plants and pots clean, as it is a great preventative of insects.

Perhaps you have the great desire of my heart—a bay-window? But next best to that are my two southwestern exposures, eight feet broad, with shelves and brackets. I accommodate fifty plants. With me this has been a splendid winter for blossoms; one of my red Geraniums has eight large clusters, another four, and so on. Petunias, Heliotropes, Abutilons, Mignonette, yellow and pink Oxalis, and even my Dutchman's Pipe has blossoms. Have patience and do not be discouraged; with sun and care your plants will look as well, if not better, than mine.

H. C. H.

Flower Pots.—I would like to say a few words to the readers of the CABINET about flower pots. We are often told in horticultural books and papers that plants will not thrive so well in glazed pots as in the common unglazed ones. I think this is a mistake. I have kept house plants for nearly twenty years, using both kinds of pots, and my experience is that plants will grow and blossom in glazed pots as well as in those that look moldy or discolored, even if washed every day. Within a short time I have learned to improve common pots, so that they will not grow moldy. First scrub them, inside and out, until perfectly clean; then dry them perfectly. If any are

new enough so that they are not discolored, give them one or two coats of shellac inside and out. It is much cheaper to buy the shellac dry and dissolve in alcohol; apply with a brush. Some pots that are discolored I give a coat of black-walnut stain, made by mixing burnt umber with spirits of turpentine; when this is dry, apply a coat of shellac inside and out, putting the stain only on the outside. Sometimes I have painted pots with green paint, but they need a coat of shellac inside and out first to prevent the moisture of the soil from taking the paint off.

AUNT FANNY.

Lantana Seed.—I see complaint is made in the last number about Lantana seed not growing. Please state that the seed must have boiling water poured over them, and soak a while before planting.

C. L. F.

LILIES.

The Lily has for all time the first rank in Flora's diadem. No other flower has been so long admired and universally cultivated. It has rightly been christened the "Queen of Flowers," and no other, except the regal Rose, has ever attempted the usurpation of its title. Within the last half century many new members of this family have been introduced to the floral world. Many of these new subjects have at once taken leading ranks among cultivators. With the introduction of these new varieties there became a small mania for the possession of some or all of them; as a natural result, many who bought bulbs at high prices met with failure, their bulbs living perhaps a year and then dying. This at once had the effect of killing the mania. The cause of these failures were that people, thinking they needed the same culture as the old sorts then known, owing to belonging to the same family, gave them similar treatment, and the consequence was—failure. Cultivators who desire to have success with new Lilies, should find out how they grew in their native places, and treat them accordingly. If they grew in warm, dry places, they should be grown in a dry, warm place; if they grew in a moist, shaded place, they should have a similar place in your gardens.

CULTURE.

A few general remarks on the cultivation of Lilies may be useful to some of the CABINET readers.

All Lilies should be planted from six to ten inches deep, and twelve inches would be better for the Auratum and the California Lilies; the roots that support the flowers and stem grow above the bulb; the roots below the bulb only nourish the bulb; therefore, if the bulb is planted shallow, there is not sufficient soil to allow the roots supporting the flowers to do their duty; and not only this, but the hot sun burns them up. The soil should be cultivated well and deep, and moderately rich, but not freshly manured—fresh manure will kill Lily bulbs—if the soil is very rich, put a little sand or poorer soil around the bulb. The bulbs should be planted in the fall or early spring, not later than April if you wish flowers. After planting it will not be necessary to move them; in fact it will be better not to for three or four years. In moving them be very careful in lifting them not to break or bruise the roots at the base of the bulb; if these are injured, it may cause the bulb not to bloom for the next season, or perhaps to decay. The best time for moving is in September, or just as soon as the stem is ripe after flowering. In some future number I will tell the CABINET readers how to treat the new California Lilies, now becoming so popular.

WM. C. L. DREW.

Flower Gardening.

FLOWER FANCIES.

"That's a fine garden," said one gentleman to another, as they drove past our place one morning while I was staking my Gladioli. "Ye-es," said the other, a Mr. Bullion, who bows in adoration to the almighty dollar, and whose taste is limited to tobacco and "beef critters," "but I think that patch 'd better be planted to potatoes, and she a hoein' in of 'em." And he chuckled at his sagacity, and I pondered the ways of men, and took an inventory of my plant family to find Mr. Bullion's affinity, for I often please myself by studying the habits and dispositions of plants and tracing a similarity to corresponding classes of the human family. For instance: Look at that bed of Tulips. How gorgeous! what a self-satisfied air they have, and how defiantly they flaunt their gaudy colors, as if to challenge admiration. Are you not reminded of the gaudily-attired female who ransacks dry goods establishments, jewelry stores, and millinery shops, in quest of personal adornments? Your mind follows her out of one place, in at another, you catch momentary glimpses of steady-going business men, or sober matrons with a gleam of reproof or indignation in their eyes; and one horny-handed old farmer turns to look, and mutters to himself, "That's the way the money goes." It is pitiful, too. You look in her vapid, inane face, and you see behind those expressionless eyes great mental cobwebs that gather dust and hang in unsightly festoons in the poorly furnished attic. You glance at the flounces, ruffles, ribbons and laces, brooches, bracelets, ear-rings, and chains, at the barbaric display generally, and with that glance you have fathomed the character and rendered the verdict, "More money than brains." Poor human Tulip!

But here is a contrast—they are what we used to call Honeysuckles, or Columbines; now they are named Aquilegias. How prim they are, with straight, stiff flower-stems surmounted by white, purple, or pink heads, with faces turned downward; admiring humility, they clothe themselves in it and carry our thoughts away back to the time of our great-grandmothers, who spent so many days and weeks at the loom weaving linen for their own households, and filling chests, presses, and drawers with the work of their hands, to be handed down to posterity and valued as precious heirlooms. And here is a highly respectable representative of the floral kingdom; it comes of a very aristocratic family, and is called *Lilium Auratum*; when it was first introduced it commanded high prices, five dollars a bulb being readily paid for it. The florists all declared that no garden should be without it, and so all of us lady amateurs were unhappy until we possessed one. But they had come from a far off country, and were not acclimated; some of them sent up a sickly little stalk, and were petted and nursed to death; others sent up no stalk at all, but rotted in the earth, heart-sick and disgusted, making no effort to live, and taking no thought of the care and expense that had been lavished upon them; perhaps one in a hundred had survived the perilous voyage and transplanting process, and made glad the hearts of their owners by blossoming and sending out a rare perfume, once inhaled, never forgotten. We have all seen their human compeers. Some of them are university graduates, who look down from the sublime heights of a Greek lexicon and point their fingers in disgust at a Roman capital. They are our lawyers, and doctors, and theologians, in an embryotic condition. They

are our white-handed clerks and perfumed exquisites, who spring up in the social hot-bed of caste and distinction. It is the *Lilium Auratum* that our girls think of when they declare they wout marry a farmer. Many a young lady has made a wreck of her life by indulging in these expensive fancies; too often the investment has proved the counterpart of these same



WATER LILY GARDEN.

*Auratum*s. Dry rot, a failure to send up even one green leaf, a sickly little effort to fight the battle of life, and they are overcome in the unequal struggle. Better by far, be content with the prosy Sweet Williams, and stout-hearted Hollyhocks, than to sigh after the unreliable *Auratum*s. And here are the Balsams, so improved by cultivation that a novice would never dream they were the lineal descendants of the old-fashioned Lady's Slipper, but here they are reminding you of your fat, good-natured aunt sitting on the kitchen door-step shelling peas for dinner.



RUSTIC FLOWER DECORATION.

Here are the Violets, too—Johnny-jump-ups, we used to call them; little dandies, with hair parted in the middle, twirling a cane and inditing verses to Angelina Evaliua, sentimental youths—they claim priority of acquaintance and kinship with the royal Pansy. Yes, here they are, a great bed of them. "O-o-o-o-h." To be sure, that's just what everybody says—in fact

that is about the only expression one is capable of making at first sight of them. The next is, "How do you grow them so large?" or, "Why don't you take them to the fair?" My dear friend, my ambition is satisfied in that respect, for I took the first premium at the State fair last year; and now I'll tell you how I manage Pansies: I get first-class seed, and sow about the last of April in pans or shallow boxes in the house, transplanting when they have four or six leaves, into a bed composed of two-thirds leaf mold and one-third good garden soil. You see my bed is located where they get the shade of that young apple tree at midday, but far enough out to escape the drippings of rain or dew that fall from it; and my leaf mold is never composed of oak or beech leaves. Pansies and tannin don't assimilate, no how. These are for fall blooming. For spring flowers, I grow seed in August, and cover the young plants with leaves for winter protection. Dahlias? yes, born to command. Give them a deep, rich soil, a plenty of liquid manure, and you shall see regality of form and demeanor. And see my Verbenas. I never fail of a fine show of these; and this is my secret: I sow the seed early in April in a shallow box, and do not allow the earth to become dry until the young plants appear. Almost every seed will germinate, and once they are up they are hardy enough, and bear transplanting with the fortitude of veterans. The Pansies make a fine display, but they are the Aldermeu, the Tweeds of society; and the Marigolds, coarse-grained creatures of the plebeian origin, no amount of cultivation will ever refine them. They have daily intercourse with the elegant Lilies, the delicate Daisies, and the beautiful Roses, but none of their graces ever stick to the Marigolds. One is reminded of the old sayings, "You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail," "Can't silver scour a pewter spoon," etc., and you compare them to Mrs. Jones, who has gradually risen from the position of servant to be the mistress of a fine house of her own, fine furniture, fine dress, fine equipage, but who, although she has very good associates, hasn't the tact or capability of filling the position with honor to herself or family.

MRS. GEORGE KATOR.

MY LILY GARDEN.

I wish to tell the readers of the FLORAL CABINET that I had splendid success in cultivating Water Lily, *Nympha Odorata*, last summer. The roots were sent me by express from Massachusetts, the 9th of June. I had sawed into a large barrel a rustic band of braided twigs, with the bark on around the top, and a handle of the same material. In the centre of the handle I placed an urn-shaped wire basket lined with moss and filled with earth, and some very lovely plants. The tub sat on a stone foundation two feet high; surrounding that, a mound of earth covered with scarlet and white Verbenas and Pansies. I filled in good rich soil to the depth of six inches; set out the roots and filled in the water gradually with a sprinkler, or watering-pot. I trained vines of Star Ipomoea over the rustic handle. The 9th of August the first blossoms opened, it was a beautiful little picture; people came for miles around to see it.

MRS. WM. H. MABEE.

RUSTIC FLOWER-STAND.

A few summers since we obtained from the forest the top of a chestnut tree; shortened the main stem until four and a half feet in length, leaving five or six of the top branches projecting above and outward from three to four and a half feet. This was firmly inserted in the ground, fronting the house. Upon the main stem was placed a damaged wooden bowl of eighteen inches diameter, and to each of the branches was attached, by screws, a pint tin basin, painted green. After filling with rich soil, Strawberry Geraniums, and various running plants, with fine, delicate foliage, were placed in each, and soon presented a beautiful and novel appearance.

L. D. SNOOK.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VII.

"O Love, what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved?"

The Fortescues had come up to Clovernook for the autumn, and there were greetings between their cottage and the Hall in these latter days of October. The two young ladies were plain, and wore eye-glasses, but they had the reputation of being very clever. They had read Mill and Herbert Spencer, and could converse about evolution. They came and played wonderful fantasias and sonatas on Winnifred's new grand piano, while their brother Charley sauntered languidly about the drawing-room, making eyes at the young heiress, to convey to her the fact that he considered her "a deuced fine girl." Mrs. Fortescue, a fussy little matron in gray puffs, and with a set smile on her false teeth, overflowed with compliments and caresses toward her dear, darling Winnifred.

Mrs. Halcourt had dispatched an exquisite little perfumed note to her friend, announcing the fact that matters were satisfactorily arranged between Bradley and his cousin, and congratulations quite in order. Bradley had not behaved very well in company since the arrival of the Fortescues, and the whole family voted that his indifference to Winnifred was simply brutal, and anything that could rescue the dear girl and her money from such a marriage, might be looked upon in the light of providential interference.

To Winnifred, in those days, the Fortescues seemed a welcome resource. She was fitfully feverish and restless in all her moods, hurrying things on to a certain point, and then losing interest in them from mere whim and caprice. Her unnatural gaiety was succeeded by petulance and irritability, which every one felt except Virginie, towards whom she was uniformly tender and considerate. In her hoydenish days she had snubbed Charley Fortescue unmercifully, but now she showered her favors upon him, until the foolish youth's curly blonde head was almost turned.

One morning nearly all the inmates of the old Hall were assembled in the fine old dining-room, which the young heiress had refitted in a very good style. Though an untutored girl, without artistic cultivation, she had a feeling for harmonious adornment. The old fireplace was a delight to Bradley. It was a great roomy cavern, large enough to sit in, and finished with picture-tiles which his diplomatic ancestor had brought from abroad; the walls of the room had been tinted a cool gray, and Winnifred had hung about upon them some of the oldest and mellowest of the family pictures. There were heavy crimson curtains at the windows, and the great mahogany side-board was weighed down by a burden of antique silver. Now a cheery wood fire crackled and snapped between the hand-irons, and Hector lay stretched out at full length on the tiger-skin rug.

Winnie enjoyed presiding at her own board, and ordering Steenie and the new maid, and she did the honors with a touch of pretty imperiousness that was not unbecoming. Bradley occupied the head of the table, and Edgar Swayne sat opposite Virginie, who was pale and listless, making the merest show of appetite over her tea and toast.

"What were you telling me just now, Mr. Swayne," Winnie inquired from behind the tray, "about those masked burglars at Deanport?"

Virginie felt a quiver run through her, and as she looked up she caught Bradley's eye, and a wave of conscious color dyed her cheek. Edgar answered with the stiff punctilious politeness he always assumed in Bradley's presence, "It was a bad case, Miss Braithwaite, and may involve serious consequences. The Deanport people are thoroughly aroused, and there are detectives out in several directions. This Mrs. Stanley, whose house was entered, is a nervous invalid. Her husband was absent on business, and she was alone in the house with the servants. The burglars obliged her to rise, gagged her, and bound her to a chair, while they rifled the drawers and boxes. Of course they escaped with their booty, and now the poor woman is lying very low indeed."

Virginie felt a creeping, cold sensation, mount from her feet to her vitals, why, she could not tell; and she seemed to hear Winnie's voice far off through a roaring of waters, as she said, "O, how dreadful! Have they any idea where the robbers are hiding?"

"There is a shrewd suspicion that a gang has been organized in this neighborhood, and every effort will be made to unearth them."

"You make me quite nervous," exclaimed Winnie, "talking about an organized gang," though in fact she half enjoyed the spice of danger. "I shall have new chain bolts put upon the doors, and the window fastenings must

be looked to. For outside protection we can depend on old Hector, and within doors I suppose two brave gallants will suffice."

"Don't trust too much to my prowess," said Bradley, who had not spoken before. "I sleep like the dead. I would advise you to get a small dog that can rouse the house by vociferous barking."

"It would be well to have a burglar alarm put in your bed-room," suggested Edgar.

"Yes, and to sleep with a brace of pistols under my pillow," said Winnie, laughing gaily. "Your suggestions are very kind, and prove your courage. But perhaps you will try and prevent the masked gentry from visiting us by exerting yourselves to detect them."

"I thought I had got on the trail of one of them yesterday," said Edgar, as he helped himself to another muffin. "There has been a suspicious character lurking about the mine for some weeks. He has been seen lying in bed in the day-time in Smoky Duff's cabin, so I was told by little Ben Harding, a very sharp boy, who lives next door to Duff's. Duff's wife is a virago. I could get nothing out of her, and she abused me like a pickpocket, when I went to her door. But Ben tells me he believes the man was playing possum, lying in bed, and pretending to be sick, for he has caught him once or twice prowling about at night. He describes him as a tall man, with a dark, watchful face, and black hair, very noiseless and stealthy in his motions."

"I am convinced he is one of the gang," said Winnie with animation. "His hiding in a miner's hut, shows he was on an evil errand. If you can catch him, Mr. Swayne, it will be a feather in your cap."

Virginie's face had grown miserably pallid, even to the lips, and her eyes had a hunted, despairing look they sometimes wore now. Bradley had watched her cautiously, though listening with keen interest to what Edgar was saying. He trembled lest she would faint, or break out into hysterical weeping. She did neither, but sat rigidly in her place. The girl had a power of self-control for which he had not given her credit, and happily, just at that moment, there came a diversion. Much to the surprise of every one present, Mrs. Braithwaite entered the room. Her black dress was huddled carelessly upon her, and her gray locks tucked away under a soiled morning cap. But there was an unusual look of determination and energy in her heavy face.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Winnie, in a tone tinged with annoyance, as Mrs. Braithwaite stood defiantly still, and gazed about as if seeking to discover her place at the table, "this is an unexpected favor. You have not breakfasted with us before for ages."

"I have not been asked to take my rightful place at this table," said Mrs. Braithwaite, her voice breaking into a quaver of resentment. "I have been ignored and slighted in this house, where I was born, for many a long year. Your father did it before you, and now you are carrying out his policy."

Winnie colored high with anger, in spite of her determination to put down a scene with a strong hand. "I am sure you are at home here, mamma. It is not my place to point out what it is proper for you to do. I have always supposed that you consulted your own ease and comfort in staying in bed until late, and I have instructed Nanna to attend to your every want. If you have any complaints to make of me, this is certainly not the time to make them."

Both Bradley and Edgar had risen and offered the lady a chair. She took her place beside Bradley, and replied, with snuffing, but increased acrimony, "I shall choose my own time for making complaints. The strangers here are not of my inviting, but Bradley Halcourt is my own nephew, and it is right he should know all I have endured. I am willing he should judge between us."

Bradley looked at his aunt, to whose almost squalid figure an exalted sense of injury could not add one touch of dignity, with unmixed dismay. The appeal she had made to him against her own child, the woman he was in a manner pledged to marry, opened up vistas that it required a stone heart to contemplate. Edgar and Virginie had left the room, and at that moment Steenie entered with a card on a salver.

"Mr. Fortescue has called," said Winnie, as she took it up with an immense sense of relief. "If you would like to see him, Bradley, perhaps mamma will defer setting forth my high crimes and misdemeanors until a more convenient season."

"He is no friend of mine," returned Bradley. "I have nothing to say to him."

"I know by your tone you do not approve of poor Charley."

"What matters it so long as he is a favorite of yours?"

Winnie gave an expressive little twist to her shoulders, and went sailing out of the breakfast-room with mixed emotions. There were disagreeable things in her triumphant young life that had to be put down, or crushed; but deeper than all lurked a feeling of resentment toward Bradley, who refused to be piqued with her—who received all her doings and sayings with cold imperturbability, or

sarcastic silence. But why should she wish to pique Bradley? If he had remonstrated with her it would have been to save an appearance of decorum and propriety before the world, and for this Winnie had nothing but scorn. In the hall she encountered Virginie, who had her hat on for the daily visit to the Finster cottage, where little Jake still lay ill. Winnie ran and clasped her arm about her friend's waist.

"What on earth put it into mamma's head to make such a scene," said she in a whisper. "She must be plotting something or other in which she wants Bradley's assistance. Do you know I am so oppressed by her presence that I cannot stay in the room where she is five minutes at a time. It was shameful for her to come down in that untidy dress; and I shall scold Nanna, and tell her not to let the thing happen again. She must lock the chamber door if necessary."

Virginie lifted her clasped hands with a pretty, imploring gesture. "Pardon, mademoiselle; would it not be better to try and win madam by kindness and gentleness, to try and make her life a little less *triste*. Forgive me, but she is your mother, and that is a holy name."

The sensitive mouth began to tremble, and Winnie took her playfully by the chin and kissed her.

"You have been reared so differently you cannot understand things, Virginie. You have never known anything about fighting and contending. But I cannot shut my eyes to facts—I cannot be hypocritical, and I do not see why one's life should be spoiled by disagreeable things one is not to blame for."

"But, dear mademoiselle, is there not such a thing as duty?" and the great blue eyes were lifted to her's.

"Yes, I suppose so; but I cannot stop to discuss it now, for I hear Charley Fortescue romping around in the drawing-room like an impatient bear. You know he was a kind of beau of mine once, and I used to treat him abominably."

"Why does he come back again now? Why do you waste time on him?"

"O, one must amuse one's self, as the French say," and she gave her friend another kiss and ran away to engage in lively nonsense with the young loungee in the drawing-room.

Meantime Bradley was closeted with Mrs. Braithwaite. The poor woman had fallen into a very lachrymose condition, and the flesh of her heavy cheeks and chin trembled visibly.

"So you are going to marry Winnifred?" she asked.

"I believe so," he answered somberly, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out under the table. "Things have been arranged between Winnifred and me partly to that effect."

"I suppose your mother has played her cards," said Mrs. Braithwaite, with a gleam of shrewdness coming into her dull face. "She always had an eye on the property."

Bradley did not answer, but he winced under the imputation. "Well," Mrs. Braithwaite went on, "I am glad you are going to marry her; things will be better for me than if a stranger was to come in here. They might lock me in a lunatic asylum, who knows. But you are my nephew, and bound to take my part. You ought to have the money if you want it, for I am sure Harold was cheated by the old judge. Nobody knows the life I led those days when poor father lay dying. It's perfectly natural that you and your mother should want to get the property back again, and I suppose there is no other way but to marry Winnifred. She is just like her father—heartless and hard, though she does fawn over that foreign girl. Folks may think I have been so crushed and beaten down I have got no natural feelings, but wouldn't a stone feel to be deprived of every right and title? I brought all the money to the Braithwaites. This house was mine, but I have no more authority in it than a dog. My wishes are never consulted, my spiritual adviser can't darken the door, and I am put down and disgraced in the eyes of menials. But when you are married, Bradley, you can make things better for me. Promise me that you will try."

Bradley was deeply shamed by his aunt's rather coarse speech, so far as it bore upon his own motives. A sense of repugnance and loathing made him sick at heart. He seemed to see what a poor creature he was in other people's eyes; but it was useless to deny anything that might be imputed to him, so he sat some instants in silence with a black cloud on his face, and then said very slowly and coldly, "You are very much mistaken, aunt, if you suppose I shall ever have control of the Halcourt estates. Winnifred's fortune is settled on herself, and should we marry, I shall be only one of her appendages."

"I don't know anything how it was left," said the poor woman, shaking her head helplessly; "I haven't the faintest idea what I am entitled to. That Deanport lawyer came here and talked a rigmarole I couldn't understand, and then he made me sign some papers, and that is all I know. But I thought if you got the handling of the money perhaps you could persuade Winnifred to let Father Dooley come to the house without setting the dog on him. Now she has taken a whim to have schools, and a Sunday

preaching, and a parson of her own, and it is cruel to deny me my only consolation," and the poor woman broke down into a snuffling exhibition of her wrongs.

"I can do what you request in regard to Father Dooley," said her nephew, who really pitied her, "but I must tell you before-hand that it will be in vain, for I have no influence with Winnifred."

"Perhaps not," said his aunt, with a dolorous sigh; "she's that wilful that she'll break her neck to get her own way. But I think, Bradley, you ought to do what you can to have that French girl sent away. Her coming to this house was your doing, and I've a presentiment that she will bring trouble. Winnifred is ready to eat her up now, but one day she will hate her—mark me, she will hate her."

Bradley was shocked by his aunt's narrowness and suspicion. "Nonsense," he muttered between his teeth as he rose to his feet.

"There is another thing, Bradley," Mrs. Braithwaite continued in a half whisper, not minding his exclamation; "I do not feel at liberty to mention it to anybody but you; that girl has held secret meetings with a suspicious character—a strange man."

"O, I know all about that," returned the young man eagerly, catching at any straw that would save him from committal to a distinct course of action in reference to Virginia; "she told me herself. A stranger met her by accident in the pine grove and spoke to her, and she was very much frightened. It happened the day I came."

Mrs. Braithwaite shook her head, and settled down heavily into herself. "That ain't all, Bradley; you don't know the whole story."

"I'll tell you what," Bradley resumed after a moment of serious reflection, "if you will promise not to persecute Virginia, and will put by your cruel suspicions of the poor girl, I will do all I can to induce Winnifred to let Father Dooley visit you here at the Hall."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at him with a glimmer of surprise in her leaden eyes. "It seems strange that you should want to keep that girl here when I am sure she will only do harm by staying. But perhaps you know best, Bradley. I have always thought you were good ever since you were a little boy."

Bradley received this declaration with a black scowl on his face. "No, aunt, I am not good, but I want to be just, and I will stake my life and soul that Virginia Duval is a pure, noble-minded girl." Then he turned abruptly on his heel and walked out of the room. Just as he had taken his hat with the design of escaping from the house, Winnie opened the drawing-room door and came hurriedly toward him in her white morning-gown. There was a defiant, playful light in her eyes, but the expression on Bradley's face was peculiarly discouraging.

"Mr. Fortescue has asked me to ride over to the fair at Clovernook, Bradley, and I thought perhaps your highness might be induced to join us. I can mount you tolerably well already, and as the fair is a horse and cattle show, you will have an opportunity to select a steed for yourself. The stables are not half filled, and you can indulge your taste in horses to almost any extent, and oblige me at the same time."

Bradley grew as cold and rigid as stone. "No, I thank you," said he hastily; "I do not care for horse exercise, and you will excuse me from accompanying you to Clovernook, as you already have an escort."

Bradley's tone was like sleet beating on her face. A vista strange and bleak and desolate seemed to open for a moment before the young girl's eyes. She felt hot tears burning against her lids, but she nerved herself instantly. "I suppose it is your absurd prejudice against Charley Fortescue. You disapprove my knowing him."

"I have no prejudice against Fortescue, Winnifred. He does not interest me; but if you like his society, there is no reason why you should not enjoy it. Be assured I shall never attempt to interfere with your friendships."

An unreasonable feeling of indignation came to sustain the girl, as often happened. "You want to exhibit your lofty pride and wise prudence to show me that you will take no favors from my hand. As I do not care to have mine go begging, I will not intrude them again."

"Yes, I will ask one favor of you, Winnifred," and his whole manner changed and softened. "It may make you angry, I presume it will, but I shall do it because it is right."

"What is it you will deign to ask of me, Bradley?" looking up at him with surprise.

"I will ask you to treat your mother with more consideration—to give her the place she is entitled to by age and circumstances."

A fiery, red tide suffused Winnifred's face. "It is just what I have expected," she cried, with bitter scorn; "you have espoused mamma's cause, and taken sides against me. Now I suppose you will ask to have that disgusting, dirty old priest let into the house, though mamma knows she can have the carriage to go to chapel whenever she chooses. You will not interfere with my friendships, but you will come and preach to me about my duties and obli-

gations, and I shall tell you plainly that I hate preaching and canting."

"It would seem that a daughter's heart would teach her all she ought to feel toward a mother," he said in a low voice, "without forcing upon any one such a disagreeable and thankless task."

"Yes, of course," returned Winnifred resentfully; "you think me hard and unnatural and monstrous, but I cannot help it. That old priest shall not darken this door. I gave papa my word for it, and I will keep it."

Bradley turned upon his heel and walked off without another word, and that same morning when Winnifred rode away to Clovernook Fair, she almost hated herself. A sense of personal loathing had come over her, mingled with burning indignation toward Bradley. She knew she was right, but the world had changed and grown perverse and hard and unlovely. The old buoyant, brilliant consciousness of life and power was clouded over; but a sharp canter of several miles and a great deal of high-spirited, soulless banter poured out on Charley Fortescue would surely set her up again.

The October day was mild and still as it drew toward noon, with a golden haze netting up fields and farms and woods and waters in a symphony of exquisite color. Bradley wandered along the lakeside and started up a partridge now and then from the cover. By circling nearly the whole sheet, he came to the north end, and was soon clambering up the high bank in among the dark Druidical pine trees, where he wandered about for a time over the pale red needles, and at last emerged at a point where Finster's cottage was visible, and seated himself on a mossy log. The voices of the children playing around the door came softened to his ear, and he idly watched the ducks making circles in the water near where the fisherman's boat was drawn up on the sand.

Long time he watched and waited, for Bradley had great capacity of patience in him, until at last the cottage appeared to exercise an attractive power he could not resist, and slowly descending the bank, he came to a little unfenced cabbage patch. The place was only one room high on that side, where a window stood partly open. Bradley approached and peeped through the light screen of withering morning glories and scarlet runners that shaded it, and there he saw this picture: Virginia sat by a low cot with her hat off, and her golden hair making a dim glory in the shady room. She was reading to the sick child, a freckle-faced, sandy-headed lad of eight or nine. The boy's little brown fist was clasped in her hand, and the story was in French, which she turned into English as she went along. The child's eyes, large from illness, devoured her face, and now and then he broke into a weak, gurgling laugh, for the tale was a merry one.

Bradley watched this scene for some instants, and then gently shook the sash and spoke her name. Virginia raised her head. She could not see him through the screen of leaves, but she knew his voice, and it thrilled through her. She put down the book and went to the window.

"You look worn and pale, and the air of that little den is stifling. Do come out and let me row you round the lake in Finster's boat; I want to speak with you."

"Where is mademoiselle, your cousin?"

"She has gone to Clovernook Fair with Fortescue. Do come out," he pleaded in a whisper.

Virginia went slowly back to the cot, stooped down and spoke to the sick boy, and kissed his freckled face. Then she tied on her hat, and another moment was embarking in Finster's boat with Bradley Halecourt.

"I'm glad you're going to give her a mouthful of fresh air," said she slatternly, easy-going Mrs. Finster with her heavy baby hanging on her shoulder like a bag of beans. "She's stuck to little Jake as if he was her own; beats all how he dotes on her. If the child gets well, it will be her purty face as has cured him, and not the doctor stuff."

Bradley pushed off into the middle of the calm lake. He had seated Virginia in the stern so that she could not avoid meeting his glance when she raised her eyes. He knew not what he meant to do or say, for he seemed carried along by an irresistible tide. For some moments nothing was heard but the light splash of the oars, but at last Bradley spoke in rather a constrained tone of voice.

"Did you tell me, Miss Duval, that you wish the search for your uncle definitively abandoned?"

"Yes," said she, with a little shudder; "he is dead to me."

"I have been surprised," returned Bradley, assuming a cold air of grievance that seemed to fortify him, "to see that you evidently wish to avoid me."

"O, monsieur!" in a low, pleading tone of remonstrance.

"Yes," said Bradley, not daring to look at her for fear his coldness would melt, "there is some mystery enveloping you; something is troubling or perplexing your mind. I dared once to hope that I might win the right to a little more frankness—the right to help you if it lay in my power."

"Monsieur does not trust me," she said, with a low

half sob; "he has suspicions like madame. I do not wonder, for monsieur has been all kindness, all goodness. It is monstrous in me to seem ungrateful."

"I have no suspicions," he exclaimed, dropping the oar, now. "I do trust you, Virginia, with all my heart and soul, but will you give me the right to ask one question: Is it true there are thoughts of—of marriage between you and Mr. Swayne?"

She gave a little cry of surprise, and clasped her hands. "Marriage between me and Mr. Swayne! Monsieur must know, he must surely have seen, that the poor young man has a hopeless passion for mademoiselle. You are betrothed to her, and you have no cause for anxiety. She is a glorious being, monsieur. I know that her heart is noble and true, and I have reason to worship the ground where she walks."

Bradley sat with his face quite pale, a troubled gleam in his eyes, and his arms hanging at his side, for he had let the boat drift as it would. "If what you say is true," he returned, "things are more inextricably tangled up than I had supposed. But I cannot think of my cousin now. I am mad, perhaps, Virginia. I am out of my senses, but I must speak. It has made me desperate and reckless to see you suffer. I have not slept, and am not myself. But why should I keep up this miserable mockery and pretense, when I know now that I love you better than life?"

Virginia gave a low, despairing moan, and covered her face with her hands. "O, monsieur," she sobbed brokenly, "you do not respect me, and I have revered you as a superior being far, far above me; but you have forgotten your honor or my helpless and dependent state, else you could not speak thus, knowing what I owe to my generous, kind friend, who has so loved and trusted in me."

Bradley was bowed down to the depths of contrition by the sight of her grief. He went over to her and knelt before her, and took one of her cold, small hands in his. "O, forgive me," he cried. "Do not misjudge me so cruelly. I do reverence you like a saint in heaven. No wonder you are shocked, for my conduct has seemed weak and strange and inconsistent and unmanly. I was led to make a wicked promise to my mother before I knew the strength of my feeling toward you. But the tie that binds me to my cousin is only a business arrangement—a matter of expediency, of convenience and cursed family pride. I will break it, and follow the dictates of my own heart."

"You do not know the truth, monsieur," said she, raising her head with the tears streaming over her pale cheeks. "Your cousin loves you, though, perhaps, unconsciously."

"God forbid," said Bradley, with an incredulous smile. "That is a strange delusion of your's, Virginia; she loves only her own way and the power to rule."

Virginia shook her head mournfully, and gently withdrew her hand. "Monsieur is noble; he will put by this delirium and let me land here in the little cove, and forget all that has passed in this mad hour. I am going away, for I have only done harm in this place. I am going back to the good pastor Viardot at Geneva. I put myself under your protection while I remain, monsieur. Do not let them think me a mere adventuress. Do not let your cousin believe herself deceived and wronged by me, and that I have returned evil for her good. O, monsieur, I beseech you save me from every breath of suspicion and reproach."

"Wherever you go," said Bradley doggedly, "I shall follow, unless you tell me distinctly that you do not love me. You will draw me to you by an irresistible attraction."

She put her hands again over her eyes and began to tremble. "O, have mercy, monsieur; be not pitiless!"

He had possessed himself of one of her hands again, and covered it with kisses. "You do love me, Virginia; I know it now. I will obey you like a dog, and never pain you again."

"You will be docile if I tell you we must part forever," she whispered.

"O, my God, Virginia," he groaned, "these are hard words. Do not give me over to despair. I will do nothing unworthy of you or of myself, nothing to pain or trouble you. But trust me, believe in me, my love. If we belong to each other, who shall part us? Virginia, I saw you stoop and kiss that boy in the cottage. I would give five years of my life for a touch of your lips."

Virginia's face was pale; she did not blush at his words. Her eyes had a depth of solemn meaning as she said, "It will be the first and last time." And just as the keel of the boat grated on the sand of the little cove, Bradley folded her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

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NEW YORK, APRIL, 1877.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

The illustration represented upon the first page is a floral arrangement which is often used at an occasion of a French party, for hiding a doorway or large fire-place. Tall panels filled with mirrors are placed in such situations. At the base is a marble slab; and within the fender are grouped varying collections of plants in bloom. The mode of arrangement is as follows: A double row is necessary, the taller plants standing at the back, as indicated by the uneven numbers, the lower ones being placed between each of the large flower-pots. Roses, Arum Lilies, beautiful tree Ferns, Marantas, and Azaleas, are used to form the background, the tallest and most erect being placed in the centre, and the most sweeping away at the end.

1 3 5 7 9 11
2 4 6 8 10

For edging, nothing is so pretty as the *Isolepis gracilis*, a little hanging grass, which grows naturally and in extreme profusion. For grouping amidst the grass, low-growing ferns are chosen. Such flowers as Lilies of the Valley, blue Lobelias, double Violets, Forget-me-nots, white Anemone, and Campanulas, both white and blue. For training up the sides, use Passion flower vine, a honeysuckle, or the hop vine. The design on first page is only slight indication of possible achievements. In the back are tall Lilies, Penstemons; in front, Geraniums, Deutzias, Violets, etc. A suite of rooms was so well decorated with this plan of floral arrangements that it seemed double in size, and another suite, a perfect counterpart, appeared to extend on beyond. One of the immense pier-glasses, so much used abroad, was placed so as to occupy the end of the

drawing-room; at each side of this were tall thickets of shrubs and flowers, filling up the interstices between it and the walls. These thickets of shrubs came down in the segment of a circle at the base, so that the effect was perfect of another room, separated only by a mass of most lovely flowers.

Upon this page is a sketch of a Fender Basket. The front is constructed of wicker work. A zinc or tin tray is made so as to fit the basket. The ends rise slightly; the centre should be quite low. The fire-place is fitted with a mirror which reaches from the floor to the mantel. The fender basket, or tray, is filled with a mass of moss, arranged to form a soft swelling bank, rising very gradually. Either a heap of moss, or a mass of sand or cocoanut fibre, can be used to fill up the tin tray all around the flower pots, and the interstices between. The illustration shows Callas, Fuchsias, Begonias, as the principal plants; but to these might be easily added Palms, Acacias, Roses, and large ferns, if the fender basket is of sufficient width. All these form ideas upon which those fond of floral decorations can build and construct to ornament their fire-places, their mantels, mirrors, and doorways between rooms and niches and bay windows. If the zinc tray is properly made of sufficient depth, it can be filled with earth and sand, covered with moss, and the plants grow therein without pots.

Upon page 57 is an illustration of a beautiful combined aquarium and plant case. Suitable rock work is provided within, and cemented together. At the sides, corners and back are planted lovely plants and grasses which will grow in moist places. The plants most suitable for this purpose are the following: Vallisnerias, Anacharis, Charas, the pigmy-blossomed Water Lily, the hawthorn-scented Aponogeton distachyon, fresh green disk-shaped sheath-rooted Duck Weed, pontederia crassipes, the hollow petioles of which are smaller, and filled with air. The only earth necessary is



A FENDER BASKET.

fibrous peat, and fresh living sphagnum, or moss. In the aquarium can be placed lizards, golden trout, frogs, and a multitude of other fish or water inhabitants. While flitting from branch to flower overhead may be butterflies and birds. The aquarium and plant case is very large; at least six to eight feet long and wide, and ten feet high.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Fire, Snow, Post Office.—Within the past three months a combination of fire in our office, a missing bag of papers delivered to the post office, and the extraordinary delays occasioned by snows, and mails (often days and weeks behind), have utterly prevented exact promptness in filling orders. We usually are able to fill every order within forty-eight hours, but must confess, in such a combination of circumstances, our readers must exercise charity. In January, letters from our subscribers were two weeks in reaching us—and even in case we filled the order the day received, still the blockaded condition of the railroads made another delay of two weeks in delivering papers to subscribers. Our office, also, within the past month, was burned with a serious fire, and created serious interference. Also a bag of mail matter to subscribers was sent to the post office, which must have been lost, for we cannot otherwise explain delay of some in receiving their January No. But all difficulties have been overcome, and everything now is again "on time."

Steel Plate Engraving, "The Home of Washington."—We have the past month become possessors of the plate and copyright of this splendid and expensive Steel Plate Engraving. The cost of it, together with the original oil painting, has been \$8,000. Wishing all the subscribers of the FLORAL CABINET to have a copy of it, as it is really a gem of art, we will present a copy to every one now a subscriber, who will enclose to us the certificate printed upon our first page cover, before July 1st, and also remit 50 cents. This sum hardly pays expense and labor of forwarding; as all our subscribers know that we never offer a poor article, and in almost every case the *real worth* is from *two to ten times the sum we ask*, we feel sure our announcement of the privilege of obtaining a copy of "The Home of Washington" will attract confidence and attention. We guarantee perfect copies, printed directly by hand from the plate, equal in all respects to the best \$25 engraving sold in this city. And if any one does not find it a "real treasure," we will refund the money. Any one who, at this time, is a subscriber to any of our papers, for any length of time, or has been in the past a purchaser of any of our books, etc., has the privilege of procuring a copy.

Chromo, "Gems of the Flower Garden."—All editions of this are exhausted, and we cannot supply any more. Subscribers will therefore be supplied instead with "My Window Garden"; or, "The Easter Cross," a new and most beautiful cross of flowers.

Renew, Renew.—Many thousand subscriptions expire with this number. Renew! Renew!!

Only One Dollar.—All the rest of this year's numbers, April to December, will be sent for only one dollar, this including also the steel plate engraving, "The Glee Maiden," worth alone \$1.00.

Get up Clubs.—To any one who will get up clubs for us this Spring, will be given these commissions towards your own paper free.

To every dollar subscription, we will allow 15 cents, or to every subscription at \$1.50, we will allow 20 cents, to be applied towards your own paper free, or any book we offer in our list. These commissions are not cash, but trade towards your own paper or book.

A club of 7 will get you your paper one year; a club of three will pay for nearly six months, but every name you get besides your own, counts in your favor and reduces the cost of your own paper.

MAGNIFICENT NEW FLORAL PREMIUMS.

"The Floral Cabinet" Collection of New Seedling Gladiolus.—This is a new collection, never before offered, grown exclusively for us, which consists of twelve flowering bulbs of Gladiolus, one of the finest quality and most exquisite variety of colors. The quality of this collection is unequalled, and in every respect, we can safely guarantee them extra choice. The same quality of named varieties of Gladiolus, obtained of reliable seedsmen, would cost \$12. The colors range from the most fiery scarlet to the purest white.

Offer No. 1.—This collection, worth \$12, will be given free to any person who will raise a club of 15 subscribers to the FLORAL CABINET at \$1.50, and also an extra copy of paper 1 year, free to agent.

Offer No. 2.—To any one who will get up a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.50 we will give sufficient bulbs that the members of the club may have each 1 bulb worth \$1, and the club agent the entire set of 12, also with extra copy of paper free 1 year.

Offer No. 3.—One subscription at \$3, will give subscriber the CABINET 1 year and collection free, all worth \$15.

This collection is not for sale by any seed house, and cannot be obtained at any other place, and all are new seedling varieties just originated.

The Floral Cabinet Collection of Balsams.—This comprises the best strains of Camellia-flowered Balsams ever offered. The Balsam is a great favorite with the ladies. This collection is the very cream of the extra choicest sorts ever raised. Its value may be judged when the seedsmen have offered 10 cents a seed for all that can be spared. We know there is nothing in Europe or America to equal them. The collection consists of 6 packets, pure white, deep, rich purple, brilliant scarlet, crimson spotted, velvet violet spotted, and carnation striped. The flowers are so large and perfect as to be almost equal to roses. The set is worth \$1.50 at least, and can be obtained only on the following terms:

No. 1.—A club of 10 subscribers to FLORAL CABINET, at \$1.50, will entitle club agent to 1 set of above packets, \$1.50, and 1 extra copy of CABINET and engraving free.

No. 2.—A subscription of \$2 to CABINET will entitle subscriber to the paper and collection in addition.

No. 3.—A club of 4 subscribers at \$1.50 will entitle agent to the collection free, as a premium.

No. 4.—A club of 20 subscribers, at \$1.50 each, will entitle club agent to enough packets to present each member of the club with the collection, worth \$1.50, also the CABINET and engraving 1 year, all together worth \$3.50, and the club agent to extra set of paper, engraving, and collection free.

The supply is limited, and those who desire them will do well to get clubs in as soon as possible.

The collections of balsams and Gladiolus are named specially after the FLORAL CABINET, and we are very cautious never to send out anything but just as represented. The good name and fame, and honor of the CABINET is the best endorsement of these new floral collections, which are of extraordinary value.

BIRD HOUSES.

Birds appreciate houses and other artificial shelter, and will usually accept any accommodations we may provide for them; but they have their preferences, and while perfectly indifferent to the fashion and beauty of their habitations, they naturally seek for retirement and secrecy. Consequently, a dilapidated stove-pipe hat, with a hole in the top and nailed against a retired wall, will be more readily occupied than the most wonderfully-carved and highly-colored pagoda perched prominently on a pole. The less conspicuous bird houses are, the better; all elaborate, gaudy affairs in imitation of temples and other buildings are to be condemned, both as unsuitable and as contrary to good taste.

The most artistic bird houses are of rustic construction. A strong, rain-proof box of rough boards serves as a foundation. The size and shape of the box is simply a matter of taste and convenience, but it must be provided with a roof. Shed and gable roofs are most easily made, but curved or gambrel, and hip or four-sided roofs are more fanciful. The floor of the house should project an inch or two beyond the walls, making a sort of step or perch. Two round or oval holes two inches in diameter must be made for doors, and the house is ready to be covered with strips of bark or of some straight splitting wood nailed on. The "rustic" appearance is further increased by nailing on crooked twigs or roots. A very beautiful house could be made by covering it with pieces of bark from which bits of grayish-green dry moss are growing, and adding tufts of the same kind of moss here and there. In fact, any kind of rustic work used for hanging baskets is suitable for bird houses.

An ordinary paint-keg, stood on end with a hole in the side, and a gable roof, makes a very good house. It can be painted, or covered with bark and twigs.

To make a nice martin house, take two soap-boxes, and put two cross partitions in each, dividing each box into four rooms. Nail one of the boxes on a board of sufficient size to allow a two-inch projection all around.

Prepare the other box in the same manner, and nail its bottom to the top of the other box. Put a piece on each side of the house to fit it properly for the roof, and with two boards make a gable roof. Furnish each room with a two-inch door, and the house is complete, except the outdoor finish. Paint a deep brown or slate, or sand it over with clean, dark sand, or cover it in rustic style.

Old tin pans, nailed against the walls of out-build-

they be mounted on poles, fastened against walls, or suspended from limbs of trees. MRS. M. F. A.

STATUARY TRANSPARENCY.

A beautiful and striking statuary transparency that I recently saw hanging in a parlor window is different from anything I have noticed described in the CABINET. The method of preparing it is quite simple, but calls for tolerable skill in drawing.

Wash a piece of ground glass clean with soap and water, rinse thoroughly and dry with a towel. Fix it firmly in some way convenient for drawing, and clearly trace the outlines of a group of statuary on the ground side. If expert at drawing you may design your own group, or copy from some good model, directly on the glass. If not sufficiently skilled for this, place a wood-cut, photograph, or drawing on the smooth side of the glass, with the face of the picture next to the glass. The picture will show through distinctly, and the outlines can be easily traced correctly. Shade carefully with soft drawing pencils, and touch the high lights with pure mastic varnish, and if there is anything of the artist in your nature, you will be able to produce the true statuary effect. When finished satisfactorily, fill in the groundwork of the glass with opaque black, either water colors or oil, or with any of the transparent oil colors. Prussian blue, crimson or scarlet lake, or purple (by mixing crimson lake with Prussian blue). Exercise the greatest care when applying the color around the edges of the picture that the sharp, clear outline may not be disturbed. When dry, take a piece of plain glass of the same size and place it over the painted side, and bind

the two together by gumming narrow strips of paper or ribbon over the edges. MRS. M. F. ADKINSON.

In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol.



AQUARIUM AND PLANT CASE.

ings and painted brown, are not disdained by the birds for housekeeping purposes. Large sized tin fruit-cans, placed on the side and securely held in place by wires or other means, are also acceptable. Care must be taken not to put tin houses where the sun's ray will strike them long, as the reflection will make it too hot for the birdlings. Attention must also be given to placing the bird houses out of the reach of cats, whether

Ladies' Boudoir.

MY COZY ROOM.

"O, May, what a cosy room," said my friend Stella Moore, as I led her to my own special sanctum, on the occasion of her first visit to me.

We had been room-mates at a celebrated seminary, and had left school just one year before this time. Our situations in life were very different. She was the only daughter of a wealthy city merchant, while I was the child of a country physician, and had numerous brothers and sisters. Although we were intimate friends, it was with some misgivings that I invited her to spend a few weeks of the summer with me, for my home, though pleasant, was plainly furnished. I wished much to have my own room pretty and cosy, and lay wondering many a night how to accomplish it. At last a plan came to me, and only confiding it to my mother, I set about it, and now, as it is all complete, perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET would like to have a description of it.

It contained two large windows; it was a few feet longer than it was wide, and there were two doors. My first move was to purchase a white straw matting for the floor; next I papered the walls with pretty gilt paper, touching the top with a blue and gold border. At my window I hung plain, full white muslin curtains, looping them back with blue ribbons, and hanging over them lambrequins of delicate blue chintz. Then came a bold move. I went to a furniture dealers and purchased an *unpainted* bedstead, dressing-case, commode, two chairs, and a rocking-chair; at a paint-shop I bought some very delicate blue paint, and by dint of much patience, painted and varnished my set myself. When perfectly dry, I relieved its very blue look by ornamenting it with lovely landscapes in decalcomanie. So far, very well; but I needed a table and two more chairs. In the attic I found an old stand with two drawers, just the thing for my purpose, but it was a woeful sight. I, however, with soap and water and sand-paper, washed and rubbed off much of the dirt and old paint. I then applied several coats of my blue paint, and with a cloth of blue flannel pinked around the edges, and braided with gold braid—behold a charming stand. On this I placed my writing-desk, my albums, and my few choice books. For my chairs, a barrel with the top sawed off, so as to form an easy back, and nicely cushioned and stuffed, made a comfortable seat, and when covered with chintz to match my lambrequins, was very pleasing to the eye. For the other, I got an unpainted camp-stool, painted it blue, and an old bit of tapestry carpeting, nailed on with brass nails, did admirably for a seat.

Thus my principal furniture was complete. Now for the ornaments. I took two pieces of wood about two inches thick and circular shape, put a broom-handle through the centre of each piece about two and a half feet apart; I covered it with chintz and tied a band of blue ribbon round the belt. Around its top were pockets of the chintz, with blue bows, and on it stood my basket of work. Over my commode I hung a curtain of white rubber cloth, pinked round the edges, and ornamented in the centre and each of the four corners, with sprays of flowers and grasses in decalcomanie. The commode was covered with a white cloth, and mats, crocheted in cotton yarn over lamp-wicking, were under the bowl and pitcher. Two small mats of the same were on the small shelves. Under the mantel stood a box covered with chintz; its

cover was put on with hinges, a broad knife-plaited ruffle finished the edge. This was a pleasant seat, being nicely stuffed, and also a convenient receptacle for soiled clothes. The mantle itself was a piece of plain board painted blue, and set on iron brackets. Around this hung a curtain of Java canvas, white, on which was worked a broad, handsome pattern with the shades of blue worsted; its edge was a shaded blue fringe. On the mantel stood two hollow wood frames (sawed by myself with a friend's bracket saw), holding photographs of two friends. These frames rested on two rose mats made of blue and white split zephyr. In the centre was a Parian vase filled with autumn leaves made in wax. Over this hung a picture of Evangeline in a gilt frame, which no one would guess was very much worn, for it was covered with straw-colored tarlatan prettily falled over it. My dressing-case held a toilet set of white honeycomb canvas, worked with blue worsted in Grecian pattern, and consisting of a large mat, two small ones, and a cushion. A handkerchief box, made of pieces of glass, cut to fit each other, and bound together with narrow blue ribbon, a hair-pin basket, long and narrow. A hair receiver of silver paper, embroidered with blue floss, and lined with blue silk, hung from one knob, and from the other a watch-case of blue velvet embroidered with a raised pattern of beads. My pretty trinkets, gifts of friends, were scattered around, with here and there a picture; most of them drawings or paintings of my own. Several brackets were fastened on the walls; one bore a cross of wax twined with ivy, another sea-shells and moss. Hassocks made of odds and ends of silk and worsted goods pieced together, offered easy resting places for the tired feet. The straw matting was relieved by mats made from old coffee-bags, and worked in various patterns suitable for canvas with bright colored Germantown wools.

ELLEN C. WRIGHT.

MY GUEST CHAMBER.

A large chamber with three pleasant windows, two looking south and one west, curtained with plain white shades. On the floor a carpet decidedly the worse for wear, hardly a square yard guiltless of a darn, a cottage bedstead of dark stained wood, a bureau of ditto, surmounted by a small, dull looking-glass, a wash-stand of the same gloomy color, and three straight cane-seated chairs with one rocking-chair; a table of the hour-glass description, covered with white, and standing at the head of the bed, completed the list of furniture.

This was my guest chamber, which I had just entered. We were poor and could not afford to spend money save for those things which were absolutely needful.

A bad debt, as my husband had always considered it, of fifty dollars, had been paid to him the night before, and he had given me half of it, to do as I pleased.

As a result of my cogitations, I bought a dollar's worth of white paint, into which I stirred a very little lamp-black, making a light French gray. With this I painted all my furniture excepting the bedstead. I wished for a French bedstead, and by going to a manufactory obtained one, unpainted, for four dollars. The man of whom I bought it cautioned me to shellac all the knots in the first place, as otherwise they would make their appearance through the paint. I put on three coats of paint, and no one could have suspected what was underneath. After it was all dry my John took a small paint brush, and after putting more lampblack into the paint, and making it very dark, he drew

lines, straight and curved, where they were necessary to give a finished look.

I had bought a dollar's worth of decalcomanie pictures, groups of flowers, of three sizes. The largest I put on the bedstead, one on the inside of the head-board, two on the foot-board, one inside and one outside, and a medium-sized one on the lower part of the foot-board. On each large bureau drawer I placed a medium-sized picture, and a small one on each small drawer, also one at the top and bottom of the looking-glass. For the wash-stand I used medium-sized, and on the top of each chair a small one. I then varnished all the furniture, and with immense pride regarded my work. It was an experiment, and I had felt so doubtful of success that I had chosen to do it first; now, however, with renewed courage, I set about considering what I could do for the rest of the room. The ceiling was clean and white, so was the paint, and the paper was likewise respectable, being delicate in tint, with an unobtrusive small figure, so I merely got a cheap blue border—I had decided on having a "blue room"—and that part of the work was over.

Twenty yards of white straw matting, at twenty-five cents a yard, made me a carpet. I had once heard of putting wall paper on the floor, giving it one or two coats of varnish after it was down, and was tempted to try that economical arrangement, but refrained, not having much faith in such a carpet.

When bright colors were worn for dresses, I possessed a blue, all-wool delaine of a light and exceedingly bright shade. I had not liked to wear it for years, so it had hung undisturbed in the attic. Now I thought that I saw an opportunity of utilizing it, as there was a good quantity of material in it; so I took it, bought ten yards of curtain lace, which is very wide, for thirty cents a yard, to put over it, and made my lambrequins. I lined them with old white cotton, putting between the lining and delaine thick brown paper, through which the sun could not shine and fade the blue. I made my pillow shams in the same way, finishing them around the edge with a narrow plaiting of tarlatan, as I also did the lambrequins and a splasher for my wash-stand. Next, I got John to make me a rough table, with a frame work at the back four feet high, and rounding over at the top. I covered this plainly with the blue delaine, and over it fulled the lace, excepting on the top of the table, where I drew it smoothly across. For two dollars I bought a good-sized looking-glass with a white pine frame, which my husband fastened on the back of the table. I pasted gilt paper nicely over the pine, and arranged the draperies to fall over in such a manner that it looked like a gilt frame—which it surely was! My supply of delaine was exhausted by this time, else I should have liked to make a barrel chair, upholstering it like the toilet table, but I drew consolation from the reflection that lace would hardly make a durable chair covering. I bought, for a dollar and a quarter, a pretty towel rack, a bracket for a dollar, and with another dollar, a pretty little Parian head to put on the bracket. I still had about five dollars left, with which I purchased two photographs and one chromo, unframed, black walnut inlaid enough for the frames of the photographs and gilt for the chromo. John made the frames himself, and very creditable frames they were too. And now, when I had added a few finishing touches, such as a toilet cushion and mats, hair-pin drum, cornucopia, etc., my work was done, and the room which had been a source of such dissatisfaction to me, had become the pride of my heart, for without a single costly article in it, the effect of the whole was very pleasing.

KATE HILLARD.

Household Art.

ONE SITTING-ROOM.

A few weeks since I visited an old schoolmate for the first time since her marriage. She had been in a home of her own some six months, and everything in it had been arranged by her own hands and as her taste dictated. Such a cosy, restful home feeling came over me as I entered the sitting-room. I involuntarily exclaimed, "How beautiful you have made your home!" As I realized how much of its beauty was due to her own labor, I wondered how she ever found the time in which to accomplish so much, and putting my wonderings into the form of a question one day, she replied: "By employing the odd minutes." That answer set me to thinking; and as I staid there day after day the fitness of things impressed me so very much, "the spirit moved" me to tell the CABINET readers about this home. As I can describe only one room now, I have decided that that shall be the living room, and promise at some future time to give you a sight of the rest of the house. I can only hint at its beauties; but I know that hints can be caught up and worked out so as to form many beautiful creations; and thus I may help some house-keeper to be a home-keeper too.

The woodwork of the room was black walnut, and was simply oiled; and just here I cannot refrain from saying that I wish house builders would use in the finishing of rooms those woods which need only to be oiled or stained instead of painted. No paint can give such soft, beautiful shades of colors. My friend had chosen for the walls a plain paper of a delicate shade of drab, and a wide, handsome bordering of gilt and dark, brilliant scarlet. The carpet was one of those lovely all-wools which are now made with vines and flowers scattered over it in no set pattern. The color of the ground was drab, of a shade matching the wall paper, which set off the green of the vines and the pink and scarlet of the buds and roses to perfection. A lounge covered with green terry filled the space between two windows. The chairs were of different patterns and all invited you to rest; while once in them you felt that their looks were a faithful index of their characters. Did you ever realize how very much chairs differ in degree of comfortability? Entering the door from the hall, the first thing to attract notice would be the bright, cheery wood-fire, which sparkled and sent out a warm welcome from an open grate. A broad black walnut shelf, directly above, held various ornaments; in the centre a pure white dove seemed the very embodiment of peace; on one side a tiny vase held small pressed Ferns and Sumac leaves; a large one held *Tradescantia Zebrina*, which drooped over the shelf and lay on it in beautiful gracefulness. On the side were two vases, each large, one filled with *Tradescantia Vulgaris*, the long shoots of which completely enveloped its receptacle and ran riot over and on the shelf; the other held pressed Ferns, autumn leaves and vines, the whole forming a handsome bouquet. Two large butterflies seemed to have just alighted on one of the Ferns a moment to rest themselves. The *Tradescantia* had been growing in moist sand some months and was very thrifty-looking. Suspended from the wall, midway of the space above the shelf, was Vick's chromo, "Winter, indoors and out." The frame was of pine and on the plain surface were glued grapevine tendrils, the whole stained with burnt umber and varnished. Up the cords and around the frame a lovely Madeira vine clustered, which was

growing in a large-mouthed bottle filled with rich earth and suspended from the back of the frame in such a manner as to be entirely concealed from view. One corner of the room held a bracket constructed of dark scarlet velvet cut in the shape of a very large maple leaf, and over it was worked a vine of small leaves done in white glass beads. On this was placed a handsome pot containing a root of English Ivy, the vine having gone two-thirds of the distance round the room, the branches shooting here and there down the cords of some pictures, up those of others, and twined around a few of their frames. It was held in position by very small tacks, and no one would suppose it grew in any way or place other than it pleased. One vine which was used much with ferns and leaves to decorate picture cords I had never seen, and my friend told me to "guess;" but I had to give it up. It was the common running blackberry vine, gathered just after the frost had turned the leaves so many brilliant hues, and pressed carefully and thoroughly with a quite warm flat iron. It was very lovely.

Another corner was filled by a bracket of various colored worsted worked into canvas in such pattern as to form a bouquet of beautiful colored flowers, buds and leaves. This held a wax cross which had leaves and flowers made of feathers falling over the base and twining up the body and over the arms. I think nothing can exceed the airy grace of feather flowers. A third corner was occupied by a black walnut bracket of three shelves, and the two lower and larger of these held the books which were in daily use, while on the small upper shelf was placed a bust of Dickens. Suspended directly over this bracket was an engraving of Longfellow. How fitting that these two, so eminent in fiction and song, should watch and guard over those volumes which did so very much to elevate and purify the taste of their owners!

The remaining corner was rendered beautiful by a bracket made of white bristol board cut in fanciful shape, on which seaweed had been secured in the form of a vine. This shelf supported a quite large branch of red coral, and around that were grouped many handsome sea shells. Above this hung a picture entitled "Noon on the Sea-shore." Whenever my eyes rested on these suggestions of "Old Ocean," how my heart bounded, and pleasant thought came scattering all cares and anxieties!

I liked this idea of filling up the corners of a room, for I found it helps largely towards cosiness. I will say nothing of the lamp-mats and tidies which were in every proper and available place, because everyone knows so well how to fashion beautiful ones, except that all were of dark scarlet color mingled with drab or white. The bay window I must not neglect to mention, for the taste displayed in the arrangement of the curtains, plants, &c., which were therein. The curtains at this window, as well as the other two in the room, were of lace; the cornices were embroidered bands of various colored wools on drab rep, so combined as to form a lovely vine of leaves and rosebuds. The holders were like the cornices, and the lambrequins of green terry matching the cover of the lounge and some of the chairs in shade. In the centre of the bay window was a low stand supporting an aquarium, in the middle of which rose a stately calla lily, the roots held firmly by sand and a little rich earth. A few sea-shells were grouped together so as to form two little grottoes, and among many small plants, other shells and pretty pebbles were scattered. Among and over all this prettiness darted and played three gold-fishes. On either side of this miniature lake was a small fernery with round base containing

blooming plants and creeping vines. Up the sides of the window were plant brackets of black walnut on which were plants of brilliant foliage.

Directly over the stand hung Birdie's cage, and from the same hook was suspended a basket made of hoopskirt wires and scarlet worsted. Growing in the centre of this was a Mrs. Pollock geranium, clustering around that were five Chinese primroses, all of different colored bloom, while at the edge was coliseum ivy growing so luxuriantly as to cover the supports of the basket and fall over the edge, twining in, out and over the canary's home, thus making for him a perfect bower.

But time and space both failing, I must bring my description to an end, feeling that the half has not been told. However, I cannot refrain from begging some tired and almost homesick housewife to employ a few of her spare moments now and then in beautifying the living-room at least with some of the many pretty things which are costless. I know too well that many people think the time spent in making and arranging these articles is wasted time; but doesn't such help to cultivate a taste for the beautiful wherever found, and thus help the soul to fit itself for the enjoyment of its life after it has gone from the life of earth? If we like not lovely surroundings here, how can we enjoy them there? Then, too, our husbands and children like a cosy, restful room much better than any other place, and I feel sure that they will gladly come to such a home, and that they will prefer no other place to it.

FOOT MATS.

Cut woolen and flannel pieces of cloth into strips three inches long and half an inch wide. Get a pair of very coarse steel knitting needles and some jute twine—no other will answer—the same that is used in making gunny-sacks, and can always be obtained where they are made, if not at the shops. Set up fifteen stitches on the needles, and knit once across; knit the first stitch on the second row, and between the needles put a piece of the cloth at right angles with the stitch, and knit another stitch; then turn the end of the cloth that points toward you out between the needles, so that the ends will be even, and so on clear across, two stitches for every piece of cloth; then knit across again plain to get back to the side where you began. The ends of the cloth must always point from you as you knit them in.

I knit one for my phaeton one yard in length and five strips wide, sewed together with jute, over and over stitch. They are very warm for the feet and are very pretty, and it is a good way to use up discarded coats, vests and pants. The cloth must not be too thick; broadcloth, waterproof, ladies' cloth, &c., are the best for the purpose. Mine is really very pretty; the centre is orange and black mixed waterproof and a border of black, brightened up with tufts of scarlet flannel.

Mrs. J. H. S.

Preventing Wood from Cracking.—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic*, writing of a good mode of seasoning wood, says: Having a great deal to do with the seasoning of the harder and better kinds of wood, I find that they are all liable to crack badly at the ends. I generally give them three or four coats of glue on the ends only, which I find is a sure preventive, till the wood is well dry, and then cut on the quarter.

Gray marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

Household Elegancies.

PEN-WIPERS AND SCISSORS' SHEATH.

FEATHER PEN-WIPER.

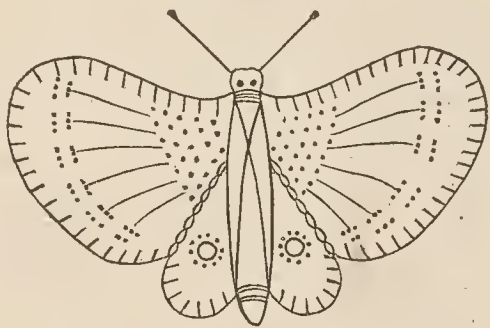
This elegant little article is composed of a pigeon's wing, blue, scarlet, and black cloth, and a bit of scarlet ribbon. Take a strip of black cloth fifteen inches long and two and a half inches wide; gather it round the top, and sew it up in the centre of the back neatly, so as to give it a bell shape; then take a strip of red



cloth two inches longer and a little wider than the black, and one of blue cloth the same length and half the width; scallop and pink them round the edges; gather and sew together the scarlet strip like the black, arrange over it and then add the blue, done in the same manner, next the wing, to which all should be sewed firmly; then a scarlet or black ribbon is tied around and arranged in a pretty bow in front, to hide the joinings of the cloth to the wing.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.

This shape is easily made, and looks quite pretty. First cut out a piece of black velvet the shape of the butterfly's wings; buttonhole stitch all round the outside of the wings with bright gold-colored sewing silk, and do the chain-stitch lines with the same. For the straight bars on the wings, use red sewing silk, and sew on small gilt beads, according to the figure. For the body, cut out another piece of velvet the size you require; sew it up, over and over, and stuff with cotton wool; twist round the neck a piece of red silk, cross the same over the back and again round the end,



and fasten it off, putting two beads in the head for eyes. The inside leaves must be made of black cloth, two or three thicknesses, and the back of another piece of plain black velvet; then stitch together neatly through the wings each side of the body. Light drab velvet is also pretty for these pen-wipers.

GAUNTLET PEN-WIPERS.

This pretty method of constructing pen-wipers must not be left from our list, as they are really worth the trouble of making them. Cut two pieces of black cloth the shape of a gauntlet glove; sew over and over around the edges to the wrist, which leave open down the sides; now back-stitch together the two pieces where the fingers would be separated in a real glove. Chain-stitch with bright-colored silk, three round the back of the hand; then take some wicking,

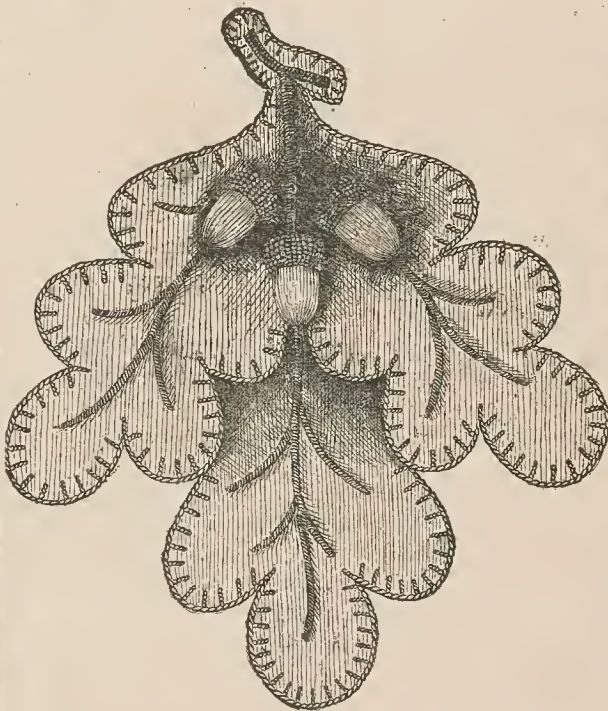
attach a small darning-needle threaded with common thread to the end, run the needle successively up through the hand and out at the tip of the fingers, drawing the thread tight until the wicking fills up to the end of the finger, leaving the lower ends to stuff out the hand as far as the wrist. A little cotton wool besides, will be needed to fill out the hand. Cut sev-



eral pieces of old black silk or thin cloth, and fasten firmly between the two outside pieces of the wrist, to wipe the pen on. Put a piece of ribbon around at the wrist the color of the chain stitching on the back, and finish with a small bow on the back of the wrist.

OAK-LEAF PEN-WIPER.

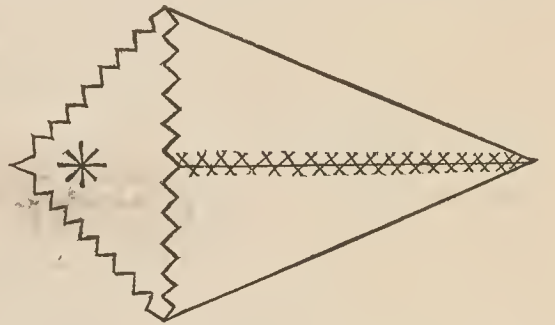
The materials for this nice pen-wiper are green, brown or red cloth for the outside, black for the inside, and brown or green zephyr worsted. Cut two shapes like the pattern, of either color of cloth mentioned; buttonhole stitch around the edges with sewing silk of a shade darker than the cloth; embroider the acorns



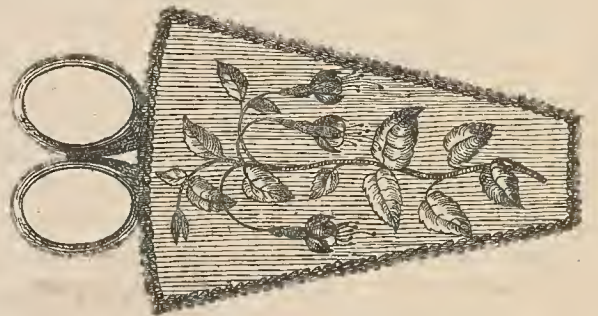
with either brown or green zephyr by taking the stitches the long way, very closely together. Form the cups of brown zephyr by small French knots, and sew the stems neatly over and over with zephyr the color of the leaf; this is for the upper side; for the under side the leaf may be simply veined. Cut three or four leaves of black cloth a trifle smaller than the outside ones, and without the upper stem; point these,

and laying them between the outside ones, fasten together neatly at each side of the centre stem for a short distance from the top, and you have a nice little gift for some friend's writing-desk.

There are many other pretty ways of making these useful additions to a secretary or desk, one of which is made by cutting three pieces of broadcloth about two and a half inches square; fold these together, and sew them down the centre, so as to form a shape like the pattern below. The first three can be simply sewed together with black silk, and a little figure worked near the top with bright zephyr or silk; now cut three



more pieces about two inches square; work them down the centre, after folding like the first, with bright zephyr or silk, in herring-bone stitch; also work little figure near top like pattern. Either point or buttonhole stitch the upper edges. Fasten the three larger pieces together at the lower points, and at the sides, so as to form a fan shape; then fasten the other three in like manner; place over the larger ones and fasten at the lower, and near the upper points; finish off at the lower points by a fancy button on each side, or a little bow of ribbon. Another method is to cut circular pieces of card-board, cover with velvet or silk; cut three or four pieces of black cloth, point them finely; place them between the covers, and fasten a fancy button on either side; or cut circular pieces of black cloth, and fasten all over them small round pieces of bright-colored cloth about the size of a wafer, laid one over the other, like the scales of a fish. Place several pieces of cloth cut round, folded together in centre, then again, and fastened together at the points, between these outside pieces.



EMBROIDERED SCISSORS' SHEATH.

The materials for this useful article for the work-box, are gray, blue or black kid, gold thread, or saddlers' silk of different colors, silk cord or chenille, card-board, white kid, grey sewing silk. Cut two pieces of card-board the shape of the pattern, covered outside with the embroidered kid and inside with white kid; sew together over and over stitch. Trim the edge with silk cord or chenille. Instead of kid, nice cloth, thick silk, or velvet can be used, and the embroidery—worked in satin stitch—may be done with gold thread, chenille, or saddlers' silk of various colors. I have made them without any embroidery, and trimmed the edge with chenille, forming it into three leaves in centre of each side at the top, and they are very neat, done in this manner.

MRS. MARY I. HERRON.

Hireside Reading.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

There is a beautiful legend connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, but the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife:

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself:

"My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their astonishment when, on the following morning, they found that their respective shocks were undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard, and, if possible, solve the mystery. They did so, when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shocks than add to a single sheaf!

SELF-SACRIFICING.

This is a true story. The circumstances occurred the other evening. He escorted her to and from church, and upon arriving at her home their discussion of the sermon and the extreme heat suggested an invitation, readily accepted by Charles, that they step into the house and partake of a cooling glass of lemonade. She led him to the dining-room, and there found naughty brother Ben about to squeeze the last lemon in the house for his own individual benefit! Calling him aside, she induced Ben, by means of sundry threats and promises, to dissect that lemon and make Charlie and herself a glass. A self-sacrificing thought struck her! "No, Ben," said she, "put the juice of the whole lemon into Charlie's glass, and bring me a glass of water. He won't notice it—there is no light in the parlor!"

Ben was making one good strong lemonade, as directed, when Charlie quietly slipped out and re-

marked: "I say, Ben! put the juice of the entire lemon in your sister's glass, and bring me some ice water—there is no light in the parlor, and she won't notice it!"

Ben's forte is in obeying orders.

With a merry twinkle in his eye he drank the lemonade, then carried them each a glass of water, which they drank with much apparent relish, asking each other, between the sips, "if it was sweet enough!" And naughty brother Ben, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, stood out in the hall and laughed till his sides ached, to hear them assure each other that it was "just right! so palatable and refreshing!"

The late Dr. ——— did not satisfy, by his preach-

parents live on Myrtle avenue, entered the house the other day and remarked to his mother: "Is dinner ready, and if not, why in t. (thunder) and l. (lightning) ain't it?" "What do you mean?" she slowly inquired. "I mean that you had better t. a. l. (tread around lively)" he answered. She didn't say any more, but when the father came home to dinner she quietly informed him that young Napoleon was picking up slang. "Is, eh? I'll see about that," and he called the boy and inquired: "Napoleon, where were you last evening?" "Oh, down at the c. g. for a little while." "What do you mean by c. g.?" demanded the father. "Why, corner grocery, of course. You see, I have g. t. h. (got the habit) of abbreviating my words!" "I see you have," mused the father, as he rose up.

"You will p. a. m. (please accompany me) to the woodshed!" They had a little physical exercise out there, the father holding the balance of power, and the son doing all the high stepping and side dancing. When the show had adjourned, the father said: "Now, d. l. m. (don't let me) ever hear any more of your slang." "Not a. b. w. (another blessed word), sighed the boy, and he sat down on a lump of Briar Hill and wiped his tears away.

Pigeon English is all the rage with Boston girls, and, when an escort leaves one of them at her papa's front steps, he is startled to hear something like this: "Hoop-la—Melican man he heap much nice—fetches me home alle light, top-side up on slippely walk—buy gum dlops—comee you alle same 'gin sometime—you savey, eh, John?" And she disappears within the storm-doors, leaving the perplexed young man slowly muttering, "Well—I'll-be-heap—much—blowed—alle—same—if I know what that charming creature is driving at."

The Cincinnati Saturday Night relates the following: "A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining-room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask. 'Suppose,' said the lady—'now only suppose, under-

stand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?' The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking, 'Is it a private family, or are there boarders?' 'Boarders,' answered the lady. 'Pick it up and put it back on the plate,' firmly replied the girl. She was engaged."

Sometime ago a pupil in a deaf and dumb asylum in New England read a portion of the Book of Job; when asked to write out his understanding of Job's sufferings, he wrote: "The Lord boiled Job seven days."



THE WEDDING.

ing, the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor; "I never saw any ye had to renounce."

Under the head of "D.D. (Domestic Difficulty)," the Detroit Press Press recounts the following: It is all right for the Hon. Bardwell Slote to lug his "Mighty Dollar" around the country and say g. f. for good fellow, c. d. for cash down, and s. m. for sour mash, but such little eccentricities don't wear well in the family circle. A forward youth of fourteen, whose

PRIZE COLLECTION OF HOUSEHOLD
AND COOKING RECEIPTS.

BY HORTENSE SHARE.

To this collection was awarded a third prize.

French Rolls.—Of light bread dough take as much as will make one loaf. Work into this one egg, one heaped tablespoonful of lard, two of white sugar. Set in a warm place to rise. When light, work down, knead again. When very light and puffy, roll out. Cut with a biscuit cutter. When raised, bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Indian Bread.—Two-thirds pint of corn meal, one pint sweet milk, two tablespoons flour, one of sugar, two eggs, lump of butter size of an egg, one small teaspoon soda, two of tartar or one tablespoonful vinegar, pinch of salt—tartar mixed in the meal, soda in the milk. Beat sugar, butter and yolks of eggs together; add the milk. Beat whites and stir in last. Bake half or three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven. Makes a delicious cake if one cup of sugar is used. Good hot or cold.

Noodle or "Nudla" Soup.—Three hours before dinner, take three eggs, teaspoonful salt, mix with as much flour as will make a very stiff dough. Beat well with the rolling-pin—the more the better. Cut into four pieces, roll each as thinly as possible—keep on rolling till as thin as paper. Spread on a paper to dry—but do not leave till so dry as to break when rolled into long rolls to cut. With a sharp knife slice into rings no thicker than a broom-splint. Spread out to dry, shaking them out well. Fifteen minutes before dinner, shake them lightly into five quarts of the boiling liquor in which a fat chicken or piece of fat, fresh beef has been cooked, the broth having been well skimmed. Add salt and pepper to taste, cup of sweet milk or cream, pinch of parsley or saffron. Boil up two or three times and serve.

"Smeltz de Nudla."—The noodles made same as for soup. When cut and dry, boiled five minutes in clear (boiling) water with a little salt. Have ready in a skillet a teacupful of bread crumbs browned in butter size of an egg. Skim out the noodles into the bread crumbs. Pour over them a cupful of sweet milk or cream; let it heat. Send to table hot with bits of butter strewn over the top. This is a stand-by in the spring when winter vegetables are gone and we are tired of canned things. Noodles can be made in quantity, well dried, put in a jar, covered tight, keeping for months to be used as wanted. (Both these recipes have been in use in our family over a hundred years.)

Cucumber Salad.—Two hours before dinner, slice on a slaw-cutter four full-grown, but not yellow, cucumbers; salt, and leave stand in an earthen dish. Half an hour before dinner drain in a colander or squeeze out the juice with the hand. While they are draining, peel and slice two onions and fry in a spoonful of lard. Beat together the yolk of an egg, half a teacup sweet cream and two spoonfuls of water. Put the drained cucumber in a porcelain kettle with the onion, pour on the beaten mixture, dredge over a little flour, add half teacup sharp vinegar. Boil up five minutes. Serve hot.

Potatoe Salad.—Boil until soft two pints of pared and sliced potatoes, fry two onions in one spoonful of lard, skim out the potatoes into the onion, beat the yolk of one egg with a cup of sweet milk and half cup of vinegar; pour over the potatoes. A little flour to thicken. Boil two minutes, serve very hot.

Spiced Hash.—Take bits of cold beef, or any other kinds of roasted or boiled meats, and hash fine. Mix with potatoe mashed well, as much potatoe as meat. Add two beaten eggs. Season with salt, pepper, cloves, summer savory—any or all as you like. Shape into a loaf and bake brown. Good hot, or as a relish cold.

Egg and Bacon Pie.—Beat together six eggs, mix two and a quarter pints of milk. Put a rim of pie-crust at the side—none at the bottom—of a deep earthen dish. Cut some bacon or ham into small bits and lay over the bottom. A little pepper, no salt. Make no vent in the top crust or the egg will boil out.

Egg Omelette.—One pint rich, sweet milk, three table-spoons of flour, three eggs well beaten, half teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, and some parsley or summer savory, if liked. Stir flour and milk smooth, add the eggs. Melt a large tablespoon of butter in a baking pan, pour in, and bake twenty minutes.

Transparent Pies.—Yolks of eight eggs, quarter pound butter, half pound sugar, beaten together. This will make

two pies. Make only bottom crust. Bake about as long as custards. They are nice baked in shells for tarts.

Baked Flour Pudding.—Mix smoothly one cup of flour with one cup of sour cream, then pour in one cup of sweet milk. Beat separately three eggs, and stir in one teaspoon salt and not quite one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a quick oven. Don't think the batter too thin; it will come out right. For sauce to it, boil two cups of sweet milk and thicken with a tablespoon of flour. Add half cup white sugar, butter size of an egg.

Boiled Flour Pudding.—One quart flour, one quart milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one of tartar, half teaspoonful soda. Boil in a bag one and a quarter hours. For sauce, sweet milk and sugar and nutmeg, or six spoonfuls sugar and three of butter, worked until very light. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Sweet Pickled Pears.—Pare, halve, core and boil the pears till soft enough to run a straw through. To seven pounds of pears, three pounds sugar, one quart vinegar (cider). Use root ginger and stick cinnamon. Tie in bags, boil them in the syrup. Put the pears in jars, pour over the syrup, and lay the spice-bags in with the fruit. Boil syrup two mornings. Keep in sealed jars.

Sweet Pickle—Nutmeg Melon.—Take the melons when just ripe, pare, take out the seed, cut in any shape or size. Put them in a pan, cover with weak alum water; let stand twenty-four hours. Drain well, pour on vinegar to cover, pour it off and measure it. To each quart take two pounds of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of mace; no other spice. Put on the syrup, boil fast, skimming well, then put in the fruit; boil five minutes. Pour into a large jar, leave stand twenty-four hours. Boil the syrup without the fruit eight mornings, then once together. If too much juice to cover, boil down. Keeps in unsealed jars.

Peach Custard.—Cover a pie dish with bottom crust. Into this place the halves of ripe freestone peaches that have been pared, until the bottom is covered. Fill each half with sugar. Make a custard of one pint sweet milk, three eggs and three tablespoonfuls sugar. Pour over and bake.

Custard Tarts.—Four eggs, quarter pound butter, quarter pound sugar beaten together. Line tart shells with puff-paste. Put a little jam of any kind on the bottom of each tart, pour the mixture on top, and bake.

Centennial Pound Cake.—(Been in use 100 years.)—Twelve eggs, leaving out three yolks. Beat separately. Three-quarters pound butter, one pound sugar. Sugar and butter worked together with the hand. Then add the yolks, next the flour, lastly the whites. Flavor with rose, lemon or vanilla.

French Sponge Cake.—Half or three-quarters pound of flour, one pound white sugar, one teaspoonful vinegar or small teaspoon cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, twelve eggs beaten separately. After the yolks and sugar are well beaten in a bucket, beat in the whites, stirring slowly while sifting in the flour.

Spiced Plums.—Four pounds brown sugar, seven pounds plums, one pint cider vinegar, one nutmeg grated, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice. Boil all slowly two hours.

Plum Jelly.—Boil the plums until soft in enough water to cover them. Pour into a jelly bag, and drain over night. Then strain through a flannel bag. Boil this juice twenty minutes, skimming well. Take off, measure it; to each pint of juice add one and a half pints of white sugar, and boil, one pint of juice at a time, seven minutes. Pour into cups. When cold, paste papers over, and brush all over with white of egg.

Lemon Conserve.—One pound powdered white sugar, quarter pound fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two, adding the juice and grated rind of three fine lemons. Put all into a saucepan, stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it gets thick as honey. A delicious spread for bread, biscuit or rolls.

French Croul.—Cut fine a common-sized cabbage, add one tablespoonful ground mustard, one of black pepper, one of salt, one teacup of white sugar, two beaten eggs, one teacup sweet cream, and one of vinegar, all warmed before stirring. Excellent for dinner.

Candied Orange Peel.—Orange peel boiled in a thick syrup of white sugar until it granulates; packed in jars and syrup poured over. Keeps well, and is excellent for fruit cake or in puddings, or eaten with rice cups.

"Slippitie."—Take two quarts of pared, quartered and cored green sweet apples, or one quart of unpeeled dried sweet apples, and boil till tender. Thicken the juice with a tablespoon of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Then set on the back of the stove where it will keep hot, but not boil. Tart, dried apples can be used, but they must be well sugared as soon as they begin to boil to keep them

whole. Have ready in a kettle three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat-flour until as thick as corn-meal mush. Boil three minutes. Brown a handful of fine bread-crumbs (in a skillet) in butter or lard size of an egg. With a tablespoon drop one spoonful at a time of the wheat-mush in the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a hot platter until full, dipping the spoon each time in water so it will slip off easily. Dish the apples in a separate dish, send to table hot, eat together, and see if this old German dish is not good. (100 years old.)

French Cream.—Half box of gelatine, cold water to dissolve, one quart sweet milk, one cup white sugar, yolks of three or four eggs. Beat sugar and yolks together, then add gelatine. Have the milk boiling and cook as custard. Beat the whites to a froth. When the mixture is cool—about luke-warm—stir in the whites lightly, flavoring first with vanilla. Put in moulds. Makes a handsome, delicious dish for tea or dessert.

A Delicate Custard.—Take the yolks of two eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar, and one large cupful of milk. Beat the yolks and sugar well, add the milk and flavor with lemon or orange. Bake in a tin plate on paste in a moderately hot oven. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add two teaspoonfuls sugar. When the custard is done, cover with the white and set in the oven a few minutes to brown slightly.

To make nice Syllabub.—Take a quart cream, sweeten, and add the wine; put it in an old-fashioned churu and churn it until it thickens, and you will have syllabub that will not be all froth. If the cream is not new, or it is allowed to get too warm, it will make butter if made in summer.

Fricassee Chicken with Green Corn.—Cut the green corn from the cob, put it in the pot with water enough to cover it, let it stew until the corn is nearly done; then cut up the chicken, put it with the corn and let them stew together about half an hour; put in a few whole grains of pepper, with a teacupful of cream or milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour stirred in a lump of butter; add the salt last.

To Stew Mushrooms.—The large buttons are the best for this purpose, and the small flaps while the fur is still red. Rub the buttons with salt and a bit of flannel; cut out the fur, and take off the skin from the others; put them into a stew-pan with a little lemon juice, pepper, salt, and a small piece of fresh butter, and let the whole simmer slowly until done; then put a small bit of butter and flour with two spoonfuls of cream; just boil and serve with sippets of bread. We do not believe mushrooms nutritive, and anyone knows they are dangerously poison—the uneatable kind, we mean—and cooks should be perfectly acquainted with them before attempting to present to epicures.

Scandinavian Sausage (quite equal to the best Bologna).—Take twenty pounds of the best beef, carefully cut away all the fat and sinews, cut it up and run it three times through a sausage cutter, put it in a cool place. Now take ten pounds of fat side pork, remove all the lean and skin; with a sharp knife cut your pork into very small square bits, and as you cut it up throw it into a pail of cold water, then beat it so that the pieces are separate from each other. Take the beef and put with it one pound of salt, three ounces of black pepper and sixty ground cloves; knead it like dough for an hour, then drain the pork, put it with the beef and knead again for twenty-five minutes. Stuff very closely in cloth bags about three inches in diameter; rub the outside of the bags well with powdered saltpetre, lay them on a table or shelf, lay a board over them on which put a heavy weight; let them remain for three days, then smoke quickly.

Heat is a perfect antidote to taint in milk in all its phases. Passing milk through charcoal will remove taint from warm milk, and give it a most delicious flavor. Cold will silence the activity of the yeast, but will not kill it, and acidity will neutralize the oil for a time, but it will assert its sway upon the first favorable opportunity. In the treatment of milk, airing is a more efficient antidote.

Meat boiled for table use should be plunged at once into boiling water, as the heat contracts the outer surfaces, and coagulates the albumen, thus preventing the escape of the juices. Prepared for stock or broth it should be placed on the fire in cold water, as then unconfined juices are free to pass into the liquor surrounding it.

Until the kitchen becomes thoroughly and systematically organized, and is regarded as one of the most—if not the most—important of household departments, there can be no such thing as habitual health in the family. Bad cooking poisons more persons than all the nauseous drugs ever administered to poor humanity, and it affords the remote cause for the employment of two-thirds of all the divorce lawyers in existence.

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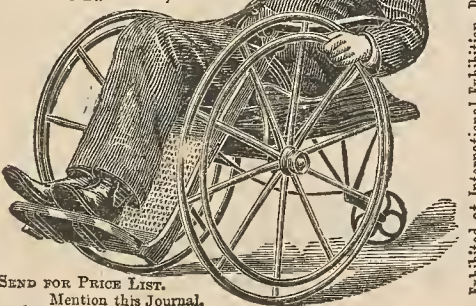
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THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by EMILIE CLARE.

Music by M. LERMAN.

cresc.

1. "Just a - cross life's flow - ing riv - er, Just be - yond its storm - y
2. All of love and life and wis - dom, Rip - ens on that un - seen
3. Soft - ly plies the un - seen boatman, As the rip - ples wan - ton

Moderato espressivo.

dim. *cresc.*

sea, Where the slant - ing moon - beams quiv - er, Dar - ling, I will wait for thee." Fear not, love, to stem the
shore, Fair - est, sweet - est, fade - less flow - ers, Bloom in beau - ty ev - er - more. Lin - ger not for tear - ful
past, Sad - ly, in the voice - less si - lence, Till the shore is reach'd at last. Then a smile of saint - ly

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

tor - rent, Tho' its waves are dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is
part - ing; Swift - ly flows death's tur - bid tide, Launch thy bark up - on the cur - rent, Heav'n is
beau - ty, On the cold lips seems to hide, Whis - p'ring in their peace - ful qui - et, Heav'n is

cresc.

on the oth - er side! An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!
on the oth - er side! Launch thy bark up - on the cur - rent, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!
on the oth - er side! Whis - p'ring in their peace - ful qui - et, Heav'n is on the oth - er side!

Chorus.

rit.

TENOR.
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav'n is on the oth - er side.

rit.

SOPRANO.
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav - en is on the oth - er side.

ALTO.
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav - en is on the oth - er side.

BASS.
Fear not, love, to stem the tor - rent, Tho' its waves be dark and wide, An - gel hands will bear you o - ver, Heav - en is on the oth - er side.

THE LADIES' HOME GAZETTE

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1877.

No. 65.

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DESIGN FOR RURAL COTTAGE.

We present this month a cottage, costing \$3,850, containing, we think, a good deal of accommodation for the money, there being four rooms on the first floor. The parlor, dining and sitting rooms are connected by sliding doors. There are three rooms and bath on second floor, and two good rooms in third story. The room over the kitchen is intended for servant's bedroom—reached by a private staircase from kitchen. All the rooms are of good size for this class of house. Each room is lighted from two sides, thus insuring coolness in warm weather.

The exterior, although plain, has, we think, a pleasing appearance, with its broad, comfortable verandas and carriage porch, and liberally projected roof at eaves and gables, casting deep, pleasant shadows.

The house is intended to be well built. To be sheathed and papered before clapboards are put on. The interior to be neatly and plainly finished. The bathroom has closet, tub and bowl. Butler's pantry has copper sink. Kitchen has sink, and pump to supply tank in third story from cistern.

The architects assure us that the above quotation of cost is not guesswork, but that they have a builder who stands ready to build the house for the sum of \$3,850, in the vicinity of Newark.

LILY OF THE VALLEY, Etc.

The Lily of the Valley—emblem of happiness and innocence! Dear to the hearts of all lovers of nature! The opportunity of raising those tiny bells of beauty should never be omitted. The process of forcing them, that they will beautify our homes in the dreary winter months, is extremely easy. I have never failed once, and I would that those who think the garden the only proper home for these bulbs would allow them a secluded corner of the window-garden, for I am sure they would appreciate them much more as a house-plant than ever be-

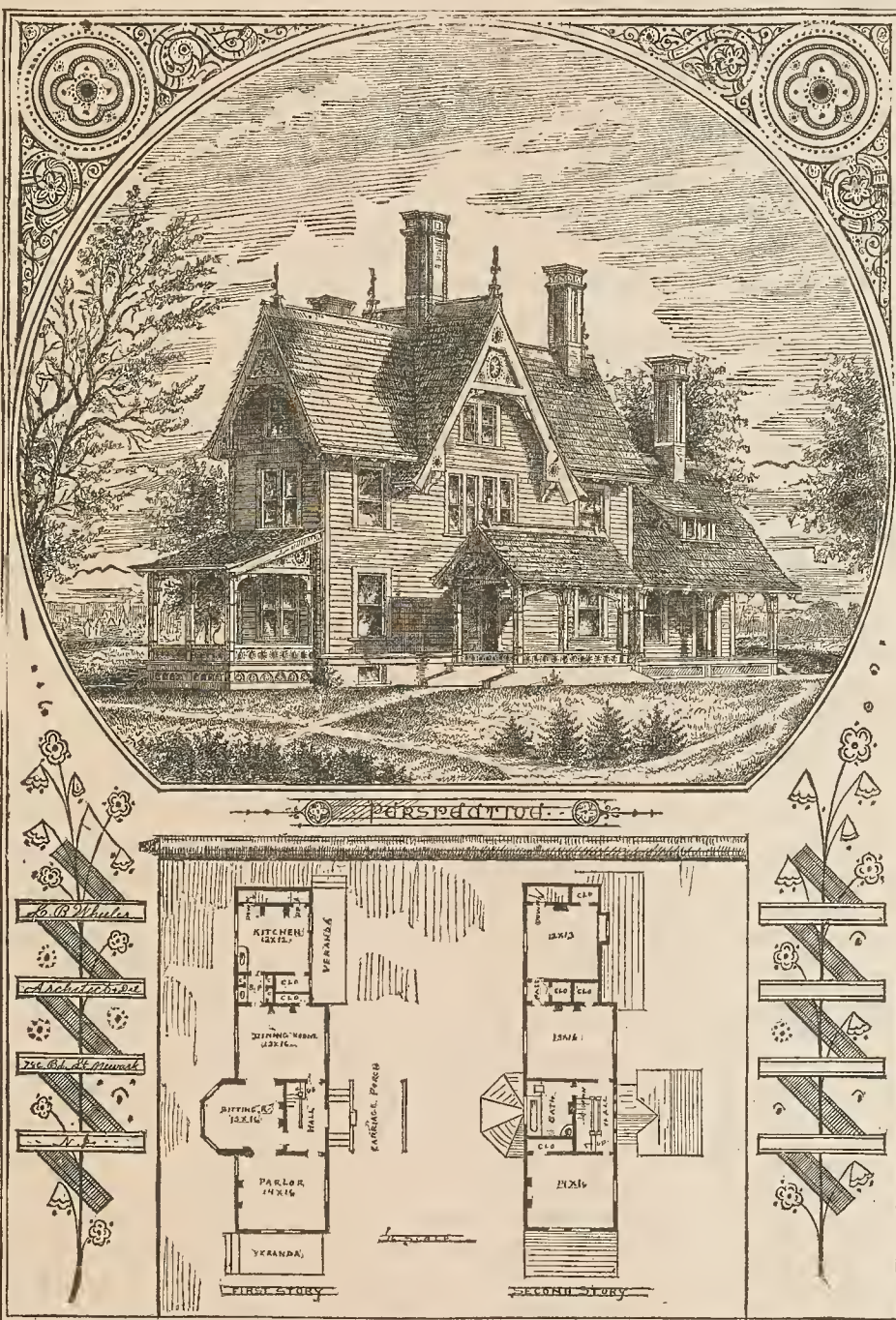
fore as a hardy one. I force them in this manner. About the middle of December I plant them, allowing eight or ten bulbs in a seven-inch pot. As they are

time after, and keep them at a very high temperature by giving bottom heat, which may be accomplished by placing in a basin of water and setting them upon the back part of the stove, and keeping the water at 100°, having the soil thoroughly moist. Very soon tiny green spears will appear from each bulb. It is then time to lower the temperature a little each day. After the second leaves have expanded, and buds appear, they should be removed to the window-garden and frequently watered with liquid manure. The snowy, perfumed bells, in contrast with their bright green protecting leaves, will rival many of their gorgeous companions, and you will surely be rewarded for your trouble in the enjoyment of their perfect beauty and fragrance. After blossoming, deprive gradually of water and light, and lay away in the dry soil to rest until another autumn.

Snow-drops, Crocus, Narcissus, and all hardy bulbs, with few exceptions, may be forced in the same manner and with as much success as the Lily of the Valley.

The Oxalis is a bulb requiring little care, as is well known to all flower-growers, and there are few small plants which furnish us a greater number of blossoms than these "gems of Erin," and it gives us much greater satisfaction if we allow it complete rest during the summer months. I treat it as other bulbs, quite similar to Calla Lilies, except it does not require forcing by hot water. They grow nicely in a north window, but they enjoy occasional glimpses of sunshine, and if placed in a sunny location for a short time each day the flowers will appear more rapidly, and seem to smile and thank us for our thoughtful kindness. Every winter its pink and white foliage afford me much pleasure. I treat Hyacinths in the same way as Callas, and each bulb repays me

with two or three spikes of immense and perfect flowers. If amply supplied with liquid manure, the bulb is very much strengthened and beautified. IVYLIN.



DESIGN FOR RURAL COTTAGE.

very economical, and will flourish as well in loose, sandy soil. I am not as particular in regard to that. I leave out doors to freeze well. I bring them in any

Floral Contributions.

LILY'S FLOWERS.

Let me preface by saying that Lily was one of that large class of persons who hug the delusion that they are unfortunate in their undertakings in general, and in particular if they presume to meddle with any of the enchanted subjects of Flora's fairy realm. "One must have natural genius to succeed with flowers," is the favorite saying of these self-tormentors, forgetting the fact that genius, like faith, is not effective without "good works." My heroine's belief in this species of fatalism was fostered by several untoward ventures in gardening in early youth. When a little girl at school in the "centennial" city, each member of her class was given the care of one plant. Lily being an adorer of flowers (I speak advisedly), and not comprehending the needs of her deities, killed hers with kindness. It was watered several times a day with ice-water—"it is so refreshing in hot weather"—the earth dug up around the roots, and last, but not least, was repotted three times in as many days, owing to the breakage of the pot in being carried all over the portions of the house to which she had access. Fortunately her zeal could not extend to the other plants, much as she pitied their apparently neglected condition, and they were flourishing finely. This failure caused many tears, but failed as a lesson, the moral not being understood. A second attempt fared still worse, as she redoubled her attentions and succeeded in killing it in a shorter time. She now fully believed that she was not of the "circumcised," and was not to approach the "Holy of Holies," but to worship afar off. Many years after, while riding in the suburbs of a western city, the sign "Selling out below cost," on the grounds of a nursery and greenhouse, attracted her attention. This temptation could not fail to capture any woman of sense, and Lily went boldly in. The surly florist's good little wife—to whom "ladies who did not know what they wanted" were turned over—was patient, and explained the needs of many of the plants so clearly that Lily felt emboldened to try again. Of course her first selections were blooming Geraniums, Fuchsias, Heliotropes and Roses. "They were so easy of culture," the woman had told her. "In winter, give all the sun you can get, water once a day with tepid water—Heliotropes and Fuchsias more if they appear dry—once a week a little, a very little, ammonia in the water; wash the plants once a week, being careful to handle gently, so as not to disturb the roots, and do not repot until you understand more about them; better let them remain root-bound than attempt repotting in the hit or miss style." This last counsel was very difficult to obey, as Lily's first thought was to put her plants in nice large pots, their present quarters being so crowded they would surely be grateful for the change. On intimating this idea to the florist he smiled and advised her to do as she thought best, and not fail to let him know the result. This decided her to follow the advice of the wife, and "understand more about them" before making any changes. She accordingly set to work industriously to learn about the care of flowers, consulted newspapers and magazines for floral subjects (the CABINET was not issued at that time), cultivated the acquaintance of successful amateur florists, interested her friends in the good work, and finally succeeded in raising flowers to her own satisfaction—and surprise—and that of many grateful recipients of her floral bounty.

Those little pots troubled her so much, that her first

care was to acquire a proper knowledge of the soil. The first ingredient, with the majority of authorities, was leaf mold. This necessitates many delightful trips to an old forest about five miles from the city. The giant old trees, almost falling to pieces with age, had stood sentinel for years over the swift flow of the grand old "Father of Waters." No young growth had been presuming enough to force its way among these patriarchs, and they stood alone without descendants on whom their mantles of watchfulness could fall. The ferns here, starting up among the mossy, gnarled old roots, were finer and more delicate than their high-priced exotic sisters, and on being transplanted to the sitting-room, accommodated themselves wonderfully to their changed quarters—lying down, it is true, but after a month's rest starting up again as airy and delicate as Titania's veil. The sand was the next desideratum. It must be silver sand, if there is a cave in the bluff opening on the river bank to go to; common sharp sand may answer even better, if found by a sparkling brook or lonely lake where Lilies grow. Distance, which lends enchantment to the view, confers also virtues and powers on sand—for flowers. Good garden soil and a little old manure for many kinds were the remaining ingredients for a good soil. By this time Lily's knowledge had so increased, that small pots were no longer a bugbear, and the long deferred repotting did not result in the sacrifice of the blooms to "plenty of root room." The exceptions were foliage plants and Chinese Primrose. A paper of seed of these latter planted in a cigar box during the last of March, in the aforesaid good soil, produces a great many little plants. During the hot weather in May (the upper Mississippi region is famous for arid heats before the leaves appear on the trees), the box was placed on the north side of the house, when it was observed that the little plants were rapidly disappearing under the ravages of a little fly. They were then removed to the house where the remaining fourteen were carefully watched, and transplanted into small pots until July, when they were again repotted in pots of four different sizes, the largest being six-inch pots. This experiment resulted as follows: the six-inch pots produced luxuriant foliage and flowers, the next in size gave flowers somewhat smaller, and so on in the order of size; the smaller the pot the smaller the flowers. A ten-cent paper of Cyclamen seed produced six little bulbs, which withstood all the snares with which the path of young plants are beset. One needs more patience with these than with the Primrose, as only an occasional one blooms the first year. *Cobæa Scandens* had been tried three years without success, and when at last two little plants made their appearance, great was the rejoicing. Lily attributed her final success to the fact of watering only once a week before the plants were up. The seeds rot if kept as moist as is necessary for other seeds. These plants, set out in the open ground in June, attained a height of twenty feet when an early and severe frost in September killed them when covered with buds. Lily soon discovered that a common collection of plants will endure an occasional pinch of frost without permanent injury. During one winter, all her plants were frozen three times. On one occasion the earth in the pots was frozen solid, and yet she did not lose one. The frozen plants were immediately taken to a very dark cellar and left to thaw out slowly—some taking a whole week—and afterward introduced gradually to light and warmth. Callas and Heliotrope suffered most, but all were finally restored.

Cuttings of Geraniums and Fuchsias grew under any kind of treatment short of total neglect; Roses,

Heliotropes and Begonias somewhat more difficult, and requiring constant watchfulness. A box two feet square with panes of glass fitted into top and sides served to cover them and bring back vitality on the slightest appearance of wilting. Nothing was found as fine as the vines Major Variegatissima for a lawn vase or large hanging basket; the roots endure any amount of frost apparently without injury.

Her final success in having blooming flowers during the winter is attributed to the weekly washings, the amount of light, and the comparatively low temperature which are secured by means of a large bay window separated by sliding doors of glass from the sitting-room. These can be closed during sweeping or when the temperature is too high for the plants. The temperature in this miniature conservatory rarely rose above sixty-five degrees during the day, and frequently fell to forty degrees in the night. Lily's experience with the more tender exotics was attended with many failures as well as successes, of which more anon.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

TREATMENT OF CALLAS.

I have found that the secret of successful bulb culture of every kind is in granting them a season of complete rest—which means, gradually depriving them of all moisture and light—this period commencing after blossoming.

The Calla Lily being one of my favorite plants, I was determined to learn by experience a successful method of treating this bulb. The following way is precisely as I proceeded, resulting in the most admirable success. My Callas always blossom from December until May. Almost immediately after, the leaves, one by one, show signs of decay. I then place them in a shady location, a north window being desirable, and water about every two or three days for three weeks, and finally once a week until all the leaves have withered away. Then I place them on their sides in a totally dark place (for if exposed at all to the light they lose their strength by throwing up small unsightly leaves). I allow them to rest undisturbed until the middle of September, when I exchange the dry, exhausted soil for a mixture of equal parts of sand, garden mold, and well decayed cow-manure. After thoroughly washing the pot, and covering the bottom an inch deep with charcoal (to procure a good drainage and insure health to the roots), I fill the pot with the prepared soil. I then plant the bulb, breaking from it the small tubers, and supply with water and light as gradually as it was before deprived of it. The sunlight and moist soil soon awaken it from its unbroken slumber, and the broad glossy leaves burst from their confinement and unfold at an astonishing rapidity, and before we are aware, our labors are rewarded by a bud which soon unfolds its banner of purity and loveliness. As soon as the bud appears, or when one is expected, I set the pot in a basin of hot water, removing when it becomes cold; and if convenient to repeat it frequently, the plant will grow with greater luxuriance. The average size of my Lily leaves is eleven inches in length and eight inches in width. I also use liquid manure nearly every time I water them, not forgetting to shower the leaves as often as they become dusty. I would add that the small tubers, broken from the bulb at the time of repotting, should be treated in the same manner as the parent bulb. If those who have not been successful in the past with their Callas will strictly follow the above rules, I know that failure will be as unknown to them as it has been to me.

IVYLIN.

The Home Circle.

As correspondents desire our field widened to include other topics as well as flowers, we have done so, and now call it The Home Circle, and welcome all items of interest and sentiment.

Every subscriber and friend is invited to make this department the medium of communicating any and every thing that can give pleasure, instruction or entertainment, and also to ask questions regarding those subjects upon which we have spoken. Either the editor or "Aunt Carrie" (C. S. J.) will reply.

Book-Case.—Can any of your readers tell me how to make a book-case? I have a great many books, but have not the means to buy a book-case, but still would not like to have them spoilt by the dust; also how to make ottomans of round and square boxes; also how to make scrap-jars. By so doing you will oblige a young housekeeper who is inexperienced, and though anxious to beautify her home, has not the means to buy expensive articles. PEARL PRICE.

Answer—The best book-case you can make, that will protect your books, is as follows: Get a set of brackets—either iron or wood, simple triangular pieces answering very well—and nail two of them against studding on the wall, six feet from the floor, and about five feet apart; another pair six or eight inches below these; again another ten or twelve inches below. In order to accommodate books of different sizes, about one foot from the floor place the last set, and on these nail plain pine shelves, neatly stained—as also the brackets, if of wood—in imitation of walnut, oak or mahogany, and when dry, varnish. Along the edges fasten strips of scarlet cloth or leather, pinked out on each side, with brass-headed tacks along the centre. In front, against each corner of the top shelf, fasten picture nails, and around them twist the ends of a strong piece of wire, on which hang curtains, with small rings along the top so they will slide easily back and forth. Here you will have a cheap yet most stylish arrangement, for such cases, hung with rich tapestry, are now very fashionable in England. The cases are low, and extend round the room in all blank spaces. On the top place a set of jars—hereafter described—or plaster busts. Tycoon reps will make really rich-looking hangings, and cost a mere trifle.

If you wish to use doors, get more frames made the length and half the width of your shelves, and tack green baize, moreen, or even colored glazed muslin, over with brass-headed tacks.

To make ottomans, take any boxes available, and, turning them upside down, fasten casters or round, smooth drawer-knobs on each corner; cover the sides smoothly with any material convenient; make a deep cushion size of top, and, with pieces of zephyr twisted round the finger, and a long mattress needle, make the tufted appearance seen in upholsterers' work, by buttoning through in regular divisions.

Make a puff or two ruffles, and fasten round the upper edge with brass-headed tacks, and you will have a neat ottoman. Cheese-boxes answer well for round ones, and an entire set of large and small ones, with a divan made in the same manner, but finished with a set of cushions and a couple of barrel chairs, will give a room quite a luxurious appearance.

Now for your jars, my pearl, visit some crockery store, and select one or more common earthenware jars, of as quaint or graceful form as you can find; rub off all rough places with fine ashes or rotten stone. Then decide on what kind of china you wish to imitate—ancient Egyptian, toile Indienne, Japan-

ese, Rose-du-Barry, or Pelissy styles of Sevres china; Wedgewood, or Minton-ware—and tell me in a postal, when you shall have a full description next month.

Affghan Stitch.—"Y." With regard to the affghan stitch for bag—make a row of chain stitches the width of article desired, then take up each one of these chain stitches, keeping them on the needle to end of row; you will now have a long row of stitches on your needle, the point or hook of which will be at your left hand; now "drop off" these stitches one by one, until you get to the right-hand end again; now begin taking up these stitches as before, keeping them all on the needle, by slipping your needle-hook *only* under the little straight threads of the former row, which are plainly visible. This is the peculiarity of this stitch, and which gives the canvas-like appearance, so requires particular attention. When you arrive at the left end again, commence and drop off as before; and when to the right end, take up again. This is all there is in affghan stitch, and it is very simple. I hope you will find I have made it plain.

Washing and Churning.—I have wished, oh, so very much, dear Mrs. R. W.—e, that I could give you a call and have a chat regarding all those matters which so trouble you. I have long promised to get up a good practical book on housekeeping and cooking, and have them well forwarded; then you shall learn many things you do not yet appear to understand, and which so earnest a seeker after knowledge certainly deserves to know. You will make a fine housekeeper, I feel sure. As regards clothes-washing—there was a season, during our sad war, when I was obliged to perform my own household labor, even to the washing and ironing, and I feel sure it is a woman's duty to make these laborious operations as easy as possible, either for herself or her servant. The first thing I did was to purchase a good wringer, washing-machine, and a little kerosene stove with patent flat-irons, having moveable wooden handle. On Monday I gathered together the clothes, assorted them into three lots—fine, middle and coarse—which I put loosely into coarse muslin sacks. I then made a boilerfull of suds, using one cake of any good washing soap, and two cupfuls of the following: sal soda, 1 lb.; stone lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; water, five quarts; boil, stirring constantly, five minutes; then let it settle, and boil slowly a short time; pour off the clear liquid and put into a tight jug. Let the water boil; stir and divide—if the clothes are in separate tubs—using cold water until the suds are only quite warm, and covering deeply. They remained in this until Tuesday morning, then I made another boiler of hot water and added until that in the first tub was pleasant to the touch, rubbed through the washing-machine—in which most of the clothes in my case were soaked—passed through the wringer, then just scalded in weak suds, examined, and after rinsing through a clear and blue water, starched where necessary and hung out—generally before nine o'clock in summer and eleven in winter. Used the first warm suds for flannels. Dried these in a warm place.

When ready, sprinkled with a whisk-broom and packed in a basket until the following morning; seated myself before the ironing-board or table, and with the little stove at my right hand, made play of the work of ironing.

All this may appear extremely troublesome, but it really occupied very little time, considering the work, and required no serious wear and tear of muscle or energy.

Now about the churning. This winter I have churned generally once each week or ten days; kept the milk until *almost* turned, in a closet in the kitchen, cold at night; the day before churning stood the cream

jar behind the dining-room stove, and had churning done in the afternoon, the butter invariably "coming" in twenty minutes—often in ten; if slow, stand the jar in a pail of warm water.

Chocolate is made thus: to each quart take half a cake of baker's chocolate, finely grated; boil one pint water, and mixing the chocolate to a paste with a little cold, add it, and boil steadily a half hour; then add one pint of rich milk, and boil for ten minutes longer; sweeten to taste, and pour into a pot kept expressly for the purpose; serve in hot cups.

Graham Bread.—Prepare a sponge, as for wheat bread, and mix into a very soft dough, but knead long and thoroughly. Wheat bread, when put to rise, should have a towel put over the mass, dredging first lightly with flour, then place a tray so as to cover completely. When made into rolls have a bread napkin and a warm tea or breakfast plate to cover over each loaf; before placing in the oven dip a feather or brush in melted butter or lard and lightly paint the top, and your bread will never "crust." When removed from the oven wrap in a sprinkled towel, place each loaf on end against the kneading-board, and throw the blanket or towel lightly over the whole. In summer place the loaves to rise away from the stove, but in cold weather cover warmly and place behind the stove each time.

The oven should not be too hot. If you cannot count thirty while you hold your bare elbow in it, it is too hot; but keep the heat steady for one hour for a pan holding three pints. Rolls and biscuit both require a quick oven, and should not remain in more than fifteen to twenty minutes or they will become hard. Corn bread requires a quick, steady oven.

Some varieties of potato require cold, others boiling water; when done, pour off all water, place on the stove and watch closely while the steam passes off, no cover on, of course. If boiled with skins on, press each one in a towel between the hands.

Beefsteak.—The gridirons with covers prevent smoke escaping, but I do not like them particularly. Take a "tenderer," or a dull knife, and, *before cooking*, pound the entire steak, not allowing the tenth of an inch between the strokes. Use clear coals, on which sprinkle a little salt; use no salt on the meat. Turn constantly for twelve to fifteen minutes; then place between hot plates, covering the meat first with bits of butter in which pepper, salt and a dust of flour have been rubbed; turn over twice in the gravy thus made, and if no chafing-dish is used, send to table between the hot platters, with a napkin over. Never "hack" while cooking. Will give mince-meat recipe among recipes.

To Can Peaches.—If possible procure the large, firm, white freestone varieties, but we have put up even little seedlings that were delicious and kept for three years. Sugar over night, or for several hours at least prior to cooking, putting eight pounds of sugar to one bushel of fruit; put on and let the kettlefull come gradually to a boil, removing all "scum"; have your glass jars on a stand or table, with wet towels placed beneath them, and with a jar-funnel and small dipper fill the cans with fruit and syrup; wipe the mouth and screw down the lids, or put on the cap and cement if used. Our peaches are beautifully white and sufficiently sweet to require no more sugar. Canning may be made a tremendous operation, or merely a pleasant morning's work, as you carry it out. There is no need to annoy yourself by any such process as you mention. Tomatoes peel after scalding. Put on in own juice; as soon as the kettle comes to a boil, can in tin as quickly as you conveniently can.

Flower Gardening.

SEED-SOWING.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
Tho one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never."

You hold in your hand a tiny seed. Very small, you say; but what possibilities are wrapped up within the little brown atom! There lies the germ of a plant, the leaves, the blossoms, the flowers, and the next generation of seeds. Were we to see the process of germination and development for the first time, we would all exclaim: "A miracle!" But it is repeated so constantly before our eyes, that we cease to regard it as any thing marvelous, and forget that in this process we have one of the most striking evidences of Divine agency upon the earth. As each season fulfills its mission in the growth and maturing of vegetation, it yields us from its garnered store the seeds of numberless varieties and classes of plants that, although the parent plants may be cut down by the breath of the Frost King, they may live again the next summer in the forms of their offspring.

Seeds vary indefinitely in form, size, and natural tendencies, and require a great diversity of treatment. The seeds of plants indigenous to the soil, like our weeds, will grow under almost any circumstances, and in spite of neglect and abuse. But we desire to possess the floral and vegetable treasures of all climes, and therefore if we expect our foreign favorites to gladden us with successful growth, we must study the natural conditions under which each thrives in its native soil, and, as far as may be, fulfill those conditions. Some general directions, however, may be given, that will aid us in our efforts to make beautiful our flower-beds, or our garden successful.

First, our plans must be laid in good season. It requires faith to lay out flower-beds and garden-walks, even in imagination, while February winds are whistling and snow-drifts hide the face of Mother Earth. But it must be done, and preparations made for the summer beauty we covet, if we expect any measure of success. In February, then, make out your lists. If you are supplied with seed of the varieties you desire, well and good; if not, study your seed-catalogue, make out your order, and send to your florist at once.

Of the rarer species of flowers, especially the double varieties, it is more satisfactory to get seed from the florist every year, as those saved by the unskilled grower are apt to be semi-double. Flowers growing near each other are very liable to mix, and deteriorate in many ways. This is well illustrated by self-sown pansies, which in blooming often show the strangest markings, the result of mixture from the different varieties. Therefore, if pure varieties of choice

species are desired, get fresh seed from headquarters every year.

Having received your seed, it will be necessary to turn your attention to planting such as need to borrow time from the early spring, to be ready to bloom in due season in the summer. Do not plant all varieties indiscriminately, as soon as received; for while some need the longest time you can give them, others do not thrive when planted too early. Your floral catalogues will give the needed information on this subject, and they cannot be studied too carefully. As a general rule, annuals desired for early bloom will need an early start in the house. A few varieties have long tap roots, which do not bear transplanting well; these should be sown when they are to flower, when the season is sufficiently advanced.

Having obtained all the information possible in regard to your seeds, you are ready to begin operations. It is supposed that you have a box of rich, fine-sifted earth, taken from around some old barn or hen-park

over each other in their eagerness. Then the flannel was removed, the little seedlings given air and sunlight by day, and a warm corner by night, constant care being taken that they should not be chilled.

My experience with cypress seeds was very peculiar. It was quite late in the season, and they were needed to fill a vacant spot in a flower-bed. I put them in hot camphorated water, and left them for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time I found them sprouted, many of them with shoots half an inch long. I planted them in the bed, and in less than a week they were up, and growing finely.

Smilax seeds are among the slow germinators. I have had them lie dormant two or three months before putting in an appearance, but camphor helps them forward wonderfully. It is also of great value in restoring the vitality to old seeds, often proving efficacious in very doubtful cases.

All seeds planted in the house do better if covered with flannel until they come up; it protects them from

changes of temperature, and keeps them moist. Light is not necessary to germination, but as soon as the young shoot is in sight, then sunshine and air are indispensable to healthy growth.

Too much water is nearly as prejudicial to seeds as too little. Never pour water over the earth in which they are planted, but sprinkle the dirt carefully, so as to keep up a gentle moisture.

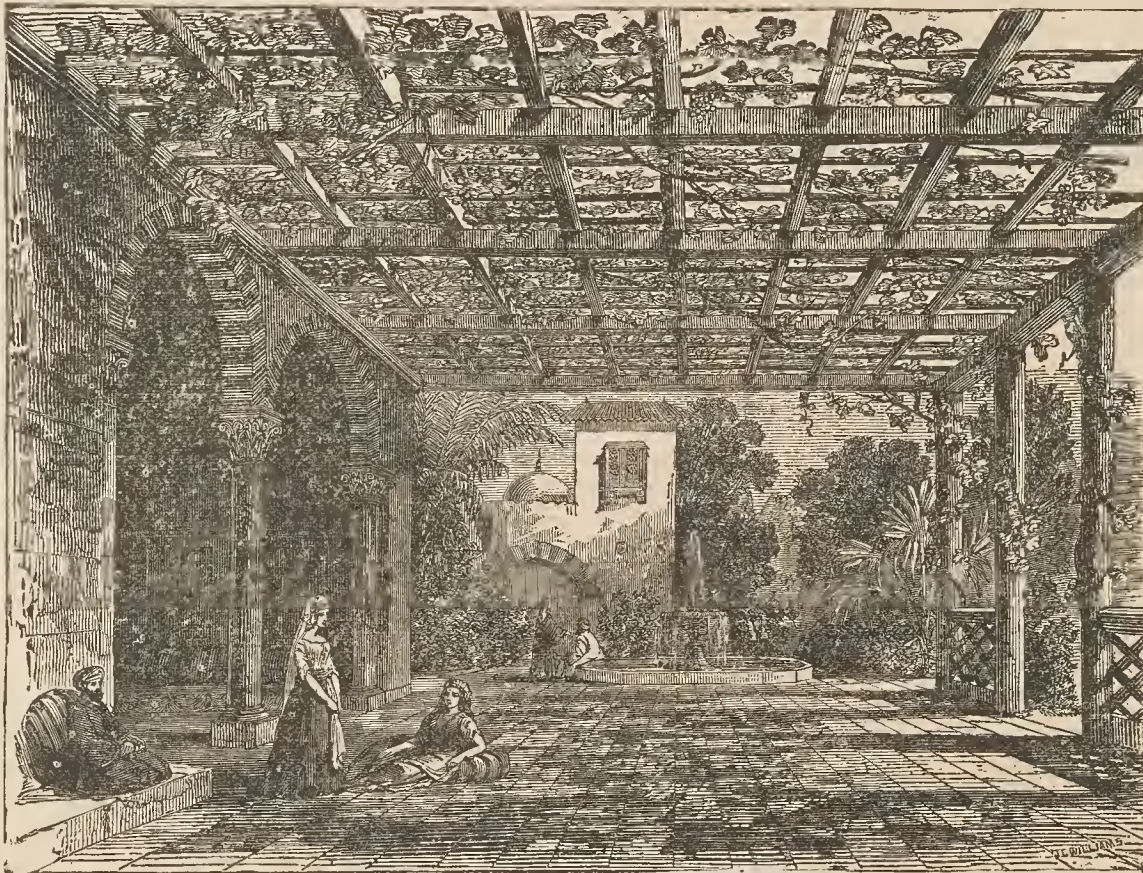
Much more might be said upon this subject, but space forbids. These few practical directions have been written for women who cannot command a hotbed in which to start their flowers and early vegetables, but who, with limited appliances, desire to enjoy these beauties and luxuries. If these few suggestions, born of earnest effort and varied experience, shall help any to even a measure of success, their object will have been gained.

And, dear sisters, let us remember that we are continually "seed-sowers," and that the fruits of our daily sowing will spring up in our homes, and wherever our lives touch other lives.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you sow."

MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

Vines for Shaded Places.—I had a north wall, from which high, projecting buildings on the east and west shut out the sun entirely, and German ivy grew over it twenty feet high, forming a mass of most thrifty green. I procured the ivy from the florist the 1st of May, well rooted, and with vines a yard long. I cut it back closely when I transferred it from the pots to the ground, watered freely all summer, and twined the vines on twine. The soil was half sand and half garden loam. I also had Madeira vines grow in the same location, but not very thriftily. The Bignonia or trumpet vine will also grow in the shade. M. L. A.



AN ORIENTAL VINE-COVERED COURT.

in the fall, and stored in the cellar for the spring's use. Cigar, pipe, candy boxes, square oyster cans, with one of the sides removed, are excellent to plant seeds in, as they are shallow, light, and easily handled.

A very important point is the preparation of seeds for planting. Most varieties are hastened in their germination by soaking over night in warm water. A bit of personal experience may not be amiss. Several years ago there appeared in Scribner's Magazine an item regarding the effect of camphor upon seeds, and experimenting with the idea thus gained, I obtained wonderful results. Taking tomato seeds, which every one knows to be slow in starting, I poured boiling water upon them, putting in two drops of camphor, and letting them soak in a warm place until the next day. Then I planted them in well warmed earth, covered them with several thicknesses of flannel, and set them directly under a large stove, in which fire was kept night and day. They were not allowed to get dry, but were watered occasionally with quite warm water. On the morning of the fifth day, the little loops came hurrying up, helter skelter, almost tumbling

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There are points from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass."

Virginia got out of the boat in the little wooded cove and began to walk rapidly back toward the Hall. She had forgotten the sick boy who was awaiting her return, for she was completely absorbed in the idea of escape from a menacing danger. She shrank back from herself with a feeling that the time might come when she could no longer control her life. She must fly while strength yet remained. Her heart fluttered like a frightened bird with the thought of those impetuous, burning words of love that had been poured into her ears. She had given her heart ignorantly and unconsciously, but now the knowledge that she was loved brought no joy, only despair and anguish. She felt basely wicked. What was there in loving or being loved that could atone for the sin of treachery to the friend who had trusted her with such generous, open-hearted confidence?

For a long time Virginia had been secretly determined to leave the Hall, and her thoughts and plans had all looked to that end. She had written to Pastor Viardot, but a fortnight must elapse before his answer could arrive, and now she was without means to make the journey back to Geneva. Her uncle, who filled her with fear and loathing, and who yet possessed a strange power over the poor girl, had by mysterious missives summoned her to more than one secret interview since their first meeting in the pine grove. She dared not expose him to her friends, and his covert threats filled her with shuddering dread for their safety. She had given him nearly all the gold pieces in her little purse at an interview in the grounds. And it was from this interview, late in the evening, that Nanna had let her into the house looking white and scared.

Although Freeborn had grumbled at the small sum which the little purse contained, and had accused her of a deplorable want of all proper affection and feeling for him, in not bleeding Miss Braithwaite, he had promised to leave the neighborhood. His lurking presence near the Hall filled Virginia with a creeping terror, for she was sure this sinister man had possessed himself of every secret connected with the place, and a vague sense of danger hovering over her kind friends and protectors destroyed sleep and appetite. She seemed held in the grasp of a nightmare, and yet the time that must elapse before an answer could come from Pastor Viardot brought a certain relief, for it gave her the power to watch over the safety of the house, and to assure herself that Walter Freeborn had actually quit the country. Night after night she lay broad awake, with a painful tension of the nerves, waiting, watching, dreading she knew not what.

For several days past he had left her unmolested, and she was beginning to breathe a little more freely, when Edgar Swayne's account of the burglary at Deanport had brought all the old terror back with tenfold force upon her heart. She had nearly fainted at the breakfast table, and it was impossible to conceal her agitation from Bradley, whose eye she had felt searching down into her secret. Those moments when Edgar was detailing his suspicions about the mysterious stranger at the mine were terrible to live through, but as well as the confusion of her senses would allow her to gather, she heard that the man had disappeared, and it seemed to give a gleam of hope in the darkness. It was horrible to be made an accomplice in the man's crime, to have guilty suspicions polluting her pure bosom, for it was impossible not to believe the worst of Walter Freeborn.

If he had participated in the Deanport affair, the country now being roused, the mine would no longer be a safe hiding place. Virginia had pondered sadly upon this all the morning, and now the scene with Bradley in the boat had brought a new and overpowering sense of danger and shame, and though almost penniless, she was prepared for immediate departure from the Hall. The place was fresh with subdued gold, and frescoing, and crimson carpets, soft to the feet, and with the scent of varnish on the new, rich upholstery. Virginia arrested her steps at the sight of a pile of letters on the lobby table. She had no correspondents in this country, but the thought occurred to her that Parson Viardot's message might have come sooner than she had calculated, and she saw amid the heap a long, slender envelope addressed in her name. It bore no foreign postmark, and Virginia took it up shudderingly, foreboding a mysterious summons to her uncle's new place of concealment. She ran with it up the stairs, and locked herself in her own room.

The letter when torn open revealed a sheet of exquisite scented note-paper, traced in the finest feminine hand.

"Dear Mademoiselle Duval," it ran, "you will be sur-

prised to receive a letter from one so nearly a stranger to you as I am. Our intercourse on the steamer was very slight, but having heard from my son of the great disappointment which attended your arrival in this country, my interest in you could not fail to be awakened. Your residence at Halcourt Hall has doubtless been of benefit both to yourself and to my niece Winnifred, but by putting myself sympathetically in your situation, I am confident that a mere life of dependence will not long satisfy one who has the power to place herself in a more becoming and congenial sphere of life and duty.

"I know, dear mademoiselle, that you are amply qualified, both in mind and manners, being well versed in music and the modern languages, to fill the place of governess in one of our best families. Such a position involves little hardship, and the young person who occupies it is generally treated with more kindness and consideration than in a similar position in the old world.

"With an instinctive regard for the scruples that must arise in a mind as delicate as your own, and a knowledge of the various annoyances that a sensitive spirit is subjected to when in a state of dependence, even among attached friends, I have ventured to proffer my services in procuring for you a pleasant home, where none of these burdens need be felt. If you will come to my house here, it is freely open to you for any length of time you may find it agreeable to remain, while we compare ideas as to what will best render your future both useful and happy. I will add that I have now in mind a dear friend in Maryland, who would gladly receive you into her beautiful home, and give you the educational charge of her children. That your movements may be quite unembarrassed, I will send a sum to defray the expense of your journey, as soon as I hear that the plan meets your approbation. Do not hesitate about using it, dear mademoiselle, for you can return it at your own convenience.

"Of course you are well aware that my son is betrothed to his cousin. When the marriage takes place their establishment will necessarily be put on a different footing, and perhaps it may be agreeable to you to have settled plans and prospects in life before the event occurs. I shall be more than glad to occupy toward you the position of friend and helper which my son undertook to fill. He would befriend any woman, however poor or old, who needed assistance, but new affections and duties may cause him to overlook your interests, and I have therefore taken the liberty of volunteering my aid and friendship.

"Believe me ever sincerely yours,

"EDITH HALCOURT."

Virginia, already crushed and beaten down to the earth, felt this new humiliation to be more than she could bear. Gentle as she was, her pale face burned with anger and shame, as she crumpled the hateful letter in her hand, and longed to fling it back in the face of the hard, cold, elegant woman of the world who had tried to cover up her selfish designs with smooth words and proffers of friendship.

Though inexperienced in the ways of life, she felt the covert insult in nearly every line, and penetrated the motives of the writer. This woman had extorted from her son a promise blighting to all his hopes of happiness, and now she would sweep out of her path every obstacle in the way of her ambition. No, she would never put herself in Mrs. Halcourt's power, and allow her to probe down to the sad, hopeless secret hidden in her heart.

Then came a great revulsion of feeling, and the memory of the wrong she had done, the deceit she had practiced toward Winnifred, swept over and humbled her to the dust. She would force herself to accept Mrs. Halcourt's proffered aid, as a penance for her sin—at least until the way opened for her return to Geneva. Then for a long hour she lay with her face buried in the pillow, crying out, in the depths of her loneliness and friendlessness, to God and the good angels, to her dear dead parents, to keep her safe from temptation and life-long remorse. If the love in her heart could slay her and do no harm to others, she would welcome death as a blessed relief.

At last Virginia arose, and, heavy eyed and pale, but tearless, seated herself at her little table and penned a cold and formal note to Mrs. Halcourt, in which she thanked her, and accepted the situation in Maryland, saying that she would go directly to the place as soon as she received directions for the journey. The money for her expenses she would also take, with the understanding that it was to be paid out of her first quarter's salary. Virginia paused, counting the days; two, at least, perhaps three must elapse before an answer could reach her. How could she remain at the Hall and meet Bradley Halcourt with the knowledge that lay between them, and be tortured by the unconscious endearments and caresses of Winnifred? What could she do—where spend the interval? Suddenly there occurred to her the name of Hopedale, a little village among the hills, that lay upon the railroad some ten or fifteen miles from Halcourt. She had never been there with Winnifred, no one would recognize her as belonging to the Hall, but she knew it lay to the north, and was reached by the rugged mountain roads. She could make the journey on foot, and if one day did not suffice she would stop over night at

some friendly farm-house. There was still enough money remaining in the little purse to pay her way for a few days in a cheap country place. At the bottom of her note Virginia appended the request that Mrs. Halcourt would direct to Hopedale. For the evening she determined to feign illness and lock herself in her room, not even admitting old Nanna with her tea. Poor child, there was no need of feigning. Such nights and days had told terribly upon her delicate frame, and now she felt a strange lethargy creeping into her limbs, and a dullness stealing over her brain. But it was settled firmly in her mind that she would escape out of the house early next morning, before any soul was stirring, and leave behind her a note for Winnifred.

Nothing remained now but to carry the letter to the post-office. As she tied on her hat she felt glad that it was all settled, and there was no longer occasion to think. She was almost past that now. O, if she could only creep away into the dark and sleep forever!

Virginia had completely forgotten the sick boy, and now the memory came back with a pang of reproach, through the dull aching that filled her, as she saw Mrs. Finster watching in the path, the heavy baby in her arms, and her slatternly dress looking as if it might any moment slip off her form, totally devoid of hips.

"O! what has kept you so, miss?" she began, in a querulous tone of remonstrance, which Virginia's kindness had given her the right to use. "Jakey has fretted himself most out of his mind. I'm 'fraid the fever and light-headedness is comin' on again. He just needs you as he does the air he breathes. I had no idea you was a-going to do more than take a row round the lake with that young man, Miss Braithwaite's intended, and when you didn't come back I was just beat."

"I am so sorry Jakey has needed me," said Virginia, with deep humility. "I had to go up to the Hall, and there I found a letter that required answering at once, and now I must walk to the post-office in time for the mail. Tell Jakey I will hasten back as soon as possible, and will not leave him again to-day. If I can find an orange over at the store he shall have it."

Mrs. Finster could not help noticing the heavy-lidded eyes and pitiful, wan face, framed in a mist of golden hair.

"You look sick yourself, miss," said she, beating up the baby as if he had been a feather pillow, "and not fit to drag over to the post-office. Let Hendrick take the letter. He's got a nimble pair of legs and would get over the ground quicker nor what you would. I'll time him by the clock so that he can't play truems. Poor Jake would be so done up not to see you now, and him with his tongue parched up in his mouth like a bit of dry luther."

"I will gladly let Hendrick carry the letter," said Virginia, with an immense sense of relief, for her feet were like two lumps of lead. She paused a moment and looked at Mrs. Finster. "Could you keep me here to-night? If it is not inconvenient I will stay by little Jake and nurse him for you."

"O, how kind you be to the likes of us, miss! I could worship the very ground you step on! But it's poor pickin' you'll have here; I do the best as ever I can with such a pack o' children, and the wiud has been contrary for a few days and the fish won't bite, and Finster's such a soft-hearted creeter when the children are sick and things go wrong, he has to drown his sorrow at the tavern. Miss Braithwaite has promised to do fine things for us, now she's rollin' in money, and could ride in a gold coach. But I s'pose she's all high-tighty took up with her beau, that handsome young man. No matter; I'm too proud-sperited to ask help, and now there ain't a dust of tea in the house. But I'll send up sly to old Nanna and borry a drawing on account of you."

"No," said Virginia, putting her hand in her pocket; "I have money, and Kendrick shall buy a pound of the best they have at the store, and there will be a little sum left to get Jakey an orange."

"Never mind the orange, Miss, and God bless you; the poor boy don't want nothing but the light of your face. There, I hear him groanin'. Come right in."

Bradley brought the boat to shore and fastened it high and dry on Finster's beach, but he made no explanation as to the disappearance of Virginia, for at that moment the mother was within doors attending to her sick boy. The tumult of his feelings was an exquisite kind of intoxication. He lost sight of everything but the knowledge that Virginia loved him, and that awoke a passionate awe, a deep religious sense of bliss that brought tears welling up into his eyes. He wandered about in an aimless way, lost in his sensations, not thinking or caring where his feet might take him, when he found himself at the junction of the wooded path with the hill road, at the very spot where Virginia had flown almost into his arms like a frightened bird on the day of his arrival.

Bradley had been walking in a magic wood, while a strange, unreal happiness thrilled his frame, and he was now brought back to reality by the shock of remembrance. He had slowly and patiently put together all the signs of Virginia's secret trouble, until something like the truth

dawned upon his mind. The scene at the breakfast-table only confirmed his suspicions that she had been dogged and frightened by a man claiming to be, or who really was, her lost uncle, and who had insured silence by threats and violence. It was a joy to feel that now he had the right to free her from this mysterious torture, that his arm and his heart were a shield for the poor, sad girl's defense, her deliverance from the baleful influence that of late had been disturbing her pure life and troubling her sensitive conscience. Edgar Swayne's account of the stranger lurking about the mines had given him the clue he needed. He could think of only the one woman that the world held for him, and what he would do in her cause. All else had shriveled into insignificance. He meant to break the conventional tie that bound him to Winnifred at once, confident that the rupture would only wound his cousin's pride. He would renounce mother, fortune, friends, all if need be, to cleave unto the one God and nature had made his.

It was a steep climb up that hill path, and suddenly, about half way to the top, the road emerged from the woods upon a broad, black track, where the coal-trucks were coming and going in endless procession. The land had a blasted look, with scrubby oak patches and ferruginous rocks cropping out, for here the coal measures lay close to the iron. The entrance to the mine lay a little over the mountain ridge, in a sheltered hollow, where the miners' cabins were grouped about a quarter of a mile apart from the black sheds and buildings connected with the works. Now many laborers were engaged in the slow business of sinking a new shaft, and in extending and repairing some of the old disused galleries. The creaking of machinery was constantly heard, while the pumps poured out streams of water that made dirty yellow brooks and runlets, and great piles of *d bris* were heaped about the pit's mouth.

Bradley, in his boyhood, had been very familiar with the mine, which he had explored from end to end in company with a friendly old guide, who told him wonderful yarns of his early days passed in the deep Cornish mines. Now, as he threaded the dirty wet lane that ran between two rows of wretched miners' cabins, picking his steps among fowls and garbage heaps, he looked about for the little lad known as Sharp Ben, who had given Edgar Swayne his information concerning the stranger. But at that moment the boy was picking and sorting coal, with his grimy fingers, a toil to which he was doomed except for a few hours daily, when Winnifred had decreed that all children under a certain age should attend the school—her new pet—which she had just set up. There had been no end of grumbling among the parents at this attempt, as they judged it, to take bread out of their children's mouths, by "putting a little useless book-learnin' into their noddles." But Winnifred had persisted, and the youngest workers were paid for full time, and received their schooling gratis.

The temple of learning, where Mr. Swayne was working very bravely and devotedly, was a mere rough shed, hastily altered; but Winnifred had already secured plans for a new building, which, besides its main purpose, could be used for Sunday services, social meetings and lectures. All this was included in her plan of civilizing the rough people brutalized more or less by their hard lives, and which she had talked over and arranged with Edgar Swayne.

Among the houses where the women were washing, cooking, scrubbing and clattering pots and pans, while the wee little ones, too small to pick coal, stared at him with round-eyed wonder as he passed, Bradley sought for a particular cabin, with which he had once been familiar. He stopped at last before a door where a gigantic, bony, north of England woman was standing to cool herself, and to escape the smudge she had raised in the interior of her room. Her hands were propped upon her hips, and her face was bold and red and defiant. The old judge had imported a number of these miners from the great coal and iron district, the black country, as it is called.

"Does old Nat Driver live here?" Bradley inquired, in a civil tone.

"Hoot, mon! old Daddy Driver's been dead and buried these three year gone. He got full drunk one day and slipped down the pit's mou h and broke his neck. Mo and my mon, Smoky Duff, and our gell ten year old come Michaelmas, have lived here risin' of two years, and a poor place it is," she grumbled, "with the rain beating in through the roof. The old boss wouldn't give a board or a penny worth o' nails to save a body's life, and here's the young missus up in arms about the schule, and comin' to meddle and make in things no business of her'n, takin' the callants from their work and payin' full time, as if ever a body should hear the like of that onreasonableness. She's overbearin' and masterfull, puttin' down her foot to say what shall and what shan't; but they do say she's goin' to get married, and have grand doin's down to the great house, and then she'll fash her head no more about the mines, and things 'll be harder than ever. They allus is harder after a let-up. But I shan't cry to have the schule shet. I'se no scholar myself; nuther's my mon. I've never heard that schulin' helped a mon to save his light, or kep' him from swallerin' the damp, or helped him at heavin'; but our gell Polly is so took up about learnin' and readin'

books, and that fulcishness, my mon and me thinks most likely she'll turn out bad."

"I have heard of you and your husband, Smoky Duff," said Bradley, as he stepped inside the cottage, "and also of the gentleman who has been lodging with you for a few weeks past."

The woman started back into the gloom of the cabin with a gesture of surprise and anger. "If you've come pryin' and peepin', begone with you, and all I can say is that you've put your head in the wrong trap. I wouldn't have yon parson-schulemaster sneakin' around the place. When he come pokin' his nose into my business I drove him off with my tongue. Next time I'll take a broom or a jug of hot water to him."

Bradley seated himself on a stool near the truckle-bed with the coolest nonchalance. "Why do you get angry and accuse me of prying into your affairs because I spoke of this stranger? I have come to you as a friend."

The virago looked darkly for a moment at his half-smiling unconcerned face, and then her scowl began to clear. "Hoot, mon, how should I know friend from foe when there's rumors of robberies abroad in yon town, and if it was known we had lodged a stranger, me and Smoky might be suspicioned for aidin' and abettin', as it's called; but you do look like a fine young gentleman, as wouldn't dirty your white hands with sich work. Mayhap you're the friend the doctor spoked of. He said he was expecting to get some money from a friend, and then he would pay me for his lodging, and keep, and his bit of washin'."

Bradley clasped his hands around his knee and laughed lightly. "So you took me for a sheriff's officer, or a spy, when I am the most harmless man alive. I have no ill designs against you or the doctor either."

"Well, now," returned Nancy Duff, still more mollified, "I thought you must be a friend of his'n. Poor gentleman, it's a shame to suspicion him. He was poorly when he first came, and staid in bed a good deal, and took his porritch as quiet as a lamb. He was that peaceable I never did see, and he took a great shine to our little Poll, and of an evening helped her figure on her slate, and the drops he gave Smoky did him a sight of good for the ericket in his back."

"Drops?" repeated Bradley, interrogatively.

"He peddles his doctor stuff round the country now you know. Fash my head, what do he call 'em? But I can show you the bottle."

"Do," said Bradley, with quiet alertness.

Mrs. Duff went to a dark corner cupboard, and brought back a little vial with a printed label, which announced that "Dr. Walters' Universal Panacea and Elixir, for the cure of all known diseases, was prepared and sold exclusively by himself." He took the vial, a harmless looking thing, and turned it about in his hand. The virago, whose confidence he had won, turned her broad back toward him for a moment, to stir some mess that was cooking over the fire. There was a little piece of writing-paper wrapped around the cork to hold it fast. It was in fact the end of an old letter. Bradley turned toward the window, and, drawing it dextrously out, smoothed the scrap of stained, crumpled paper in his hand. It was that thin, sheer kind used mostly for foreign letters, and on the inside of it were traced a few faint lines in a feminine hand. They were quite sufficient. Bradley stood still for a moment without attending to Nancy Duff's remarks, which had run on in an uninterrupted stream.

"I do know Dr. Walters," said he, turning round, and then he stepped to the cabin door and closed it quietly, and returning, faced Nancy Duff, who had eyed his movements with gathering astonishment and suspicion. Bradley took from his pocket a little roll of money and slowly unfolded it.

"You have been kind to this man," said he, facing Smoky Duff's wife, "and I want to reward you. Take this and answer me one or two questions."

"O, your honor," cried Nancy, "I'm an honest woman, 'deed I am, and if harm should come along of the money to me, or my mon, or little Poll!"

"No harm can come," said Bradley, with quiet decision.

"Take it and keep your own counsel. Now tell me when Dr. Walters left this place. It is absolutely necessary that I should know to insure you and your husband from trouble."

Mrs. Duff hesitated and scanned his face with her keen eyes, then she glanced at the money in her hand.

"Three days ago, your honor."

"And you do not look for his return?"

Again she faltered, but the money and Bradley's eye were potent charms. "I can't say for dead sure. He may, your honor, to-night, seeing he left the medicine-box and some of his clothes in the attic where he slept."

Bradley took a little diary from his pocket and rapidly traced with a pencil on one of the blank leaves the following words:

"You are strongly suspected of complicity with the Deanport masked burglars. You are watched, and will be arrested on suspicion if you remain in this place another night. This is from a friend, who warns you of your

danger and advises you to instantly quit the neighborhood."

He tore out the leaf, folded it, and gave it into Nancy's hand. "Give that to the doctor immediately when he comes, and if you should happen to know where he is at this moment, convey it to him at once. But not a word, not a breath to your husband, or that bright girl, Polly. If you follow my directions to the letter you shall be liberally rewarded. Do you hear?"

Nancy Duff seized the paper, gave him a significant look, nodded three times, and Bradley was gone. He walked rapidly away out of the cluster of miners' huts, glad to feel the cool air blowing on his face, for his mental excitement was intense, and he wanted time to recover himself and to think clearly again. As he struck into the path that led down the mountain there was the sound of rapid steps behind him, and some one called his name. He turned and saw Edgar Swayne dashing along over the slope.

"Pardon me for troubling you, Mr. Halcourt," said he, as soon as he could recover his breath. "I saw you coming away from the miners' village, and it seemed quite providential, for I have been in urgent need of some safe and secret means to send a message to the telegraph station at the depot. I should go down myself but Bob Smithers' wife has just lost her baby. She is a good, gentle, patient soul, and it is pitiful to hear her moan and sob over the empty cradle. The young ladies at the Hall took a kindly interest in her last summer, and I have promised to hold a little service this afternoon. You will see by the message to Dalrymple that I have got hold of what I believe to be important testimony in reference to the burglary. There is not a moment to lose, and if this man is secured probably it will lead to the capture of the whole gang. I shall tell Miss Braithwaite all about it when I see her, but I must remain here to night, for there may be lively work. If you will personally see that this is sent to the sheriff at Deanport by telegraph, I think you will be doing a service to the public."

"I will attend to the matter," said Bradley, curtly, as he took the open envelope from Mr. Swayne's hand, and received that gentleman's thanks, given less coldly than any words he had ever spoken to him before. Edgar turned hastily back, and Bradley stopped in the path feeling sick and giddy from a sense of something that had stolen away the strength of his manhood. What had inspired Swayne with such a diabolical zeal in the public cause? Slowly he opened the message and read as follows:

"HALCOURT MINES, October 18th, 18—.

"ALFRED DALRYMPLE, Sheriff of Deanport: A stranger calling himself Walters, and purporting to be a quack doctor, has been lurking for some weeks about the Halcourt mines. He has been recognized as a notorious character, who has figured under various aliases, and it seems probable that he was the ringleader in the recent burglary committed in your town. He has a confederate here, the wife of a miner named Smoky Duff, in whose cabin he has lodged. He will be here to-night. Send up by the late train a sufficient force to surround the cottage. A wagon will meet your men at the station, and I will be here to guide them to the place."

"EDGAR SWAYNE,

"Schoolmaster at the mines."

Bradley's knees seemed to give way, and he sat down on a log by the roadside, for the light had suddenly darkened before his eyes. Should he, a gentleman, who had always prized his honor before his life, betray a trust, and help to shield a criminal from justice? Then there swept past him the vision of a sad, wan face, framed in a mist of golden hair, that seemed to implore him with wide open, pitiful blue eyes. He must shield her from shame; he must save her from being dragged into the courts. Nothing had as yet been proven against this man. It might not be wrong to give him a chance to escape. Bradley rose to his feet, looking strangely haggard. He seemed to have grown old in a moment of time. Slowly he tore the dispatch into bits, and scattered it to the winds.

(To be continued.)

[For the FLORAL CABINET.]

CYPRESS VINE.

Leaning gently from my window,
Swaying softly in the breeze,
Is my pretty cypress, growing
With a modest, graceful ease.

One by one the buds are peeping
Through the fragile, leafy vines,
Fairest beauty now unfolding,
While around the frame it twines.

How I prize its tiny blossom,
As I watch it day by day;
Cheering me in lonely moments,
By its little petals gay.

Tendrils clasping one another
With a sister-like embrace—
Teaching me a noble lesson,
As its tenderness I trace.

VICKIE BLUE.



NEW YORK, MAY, 1877.

BULBS.

I have had such good success with a few bulbs, for the past two winters, that I must call upon the flower-loving sisters to rejoice with me. Crocuses are not much of a comfort out of doors—the stems are so very short, one has to get down on the ground to see them; and then they are sure to open upon some deceitful sunny day, and we run out without a shawl to look at them, and are chilled to the bone, by the searching wind, before we can take refuge in the house again; but when they are in pots, we are masters of the situation. I get the bulbs as early as possible in the fall, buying named bulbs always; plant three of a kind in a four-inch pot, water them well, and placing the pots in the hot-bed, have them covered six inches deep with tan bark. There they must remain until winter sets in—two months is about right, to develop roots.

Their winter quarters is an east window in a hall which is warmed by a drum; there are also two warmed bedrooms opening into it, the doors of which always stand open; but as the window is at least twenty-five feet from either of them, it can't be overly warm. A board just wide enough to hold the pots is laid down, and the four Crocus pots and one of Due Van Thol tulips stand upon it, from the time they are brought into the house until they are turned into the ground in the spring. On cold nights the board is lifted upon a chair in the corner near the drum—it takes but a moment, and is easier than to carry two pots at a time; if the days are very cold, a newspaper is laid between the pots and the window—but it is not often necessary. In about two months, they commence blooming, and all come out together—solid purple, white, purple and white striped Crocus, and the three red Tulips for a contrast. The yellow Crocus I cannot recommend; they won't grow over three inches high, and soon fade; but the others are just lovely—from six to eight inches high, large blossoms, each remaining fresh at least five days, and a number of flowers from each bulb—one white one has had seven blooms; the brilliancy and delicacy of their colors is astonish-

ing, when one considers how little sun they get. A thrifty hanging-basket of Coliseum Ivy hangs in this window to add to its attractions, and it has been greatly admired by visitors, as well as a source of much enjoyment to ourselves.

In a south window in my bedroom, I have another board, on which are two superb Hyacinths—a white one, with two stalks, and a red one—also a pot of lemon-colored dwarf Tulips, and two pots of Sweet Violets, that won't bloom. I wonder if anybody does manage to have Violets bloom in the house—but the Hyacinths console me for this failure. While I was in Chicago I took pains to look in the windows of the florists, but saw no Hyacinths that would compare with ours; we have two or three in the conservatory, also, but these are the finest. This room is considerably warmer than the hall—but as we open the window a little ways at night, usually, the board is moved upon the chair with the others. Of course, the pots are watered when they need it, and they take considerable water when in bloom, and very little until they do so. We do not ask these bulbs to bloom again in the house; Crocuses, especially, are so inexpensive that we think they have given us the full value of our money, so get new ones every fall.

Dyer, Ind.

Mrs. J. M. B.

HINTS AND EXPEDIENTS.

The rose-queens, robed in silken white, pink, yellow and deepest crimson and velvety purple, had fluttered away to the silent chambers in which they hide from all the mouths but June, except Prairie Queen; she swung her last bells merrily in the first July sunshine. Most of the spring and early summer flowers had gone, and the later ones had not yet bloomed; but beds of Phlox, Portulaca and such perishable flowers were in their prime.

Church bouquets were wanted, and what could they be made of? Certainly nothing in the garden was suitable but the Prairie Queen. Early Saturday morning, with the aid of waterproof and rubbers, the question was solved. Walking over the hill, with that open-eyed loitering most apt to lead to woodland discoveries, (which are so often only a comprehensive sight of what we pass every day), there was a sudden glimpse of white among the scattering bushes, which proved to be the snowy spikes of Indigo Plant. They were soon cut with long stems and put into the basket.

Now which way? A few moments' hesitation, then the inevitable turning toward the hill of resources, one of those occasional hilltops where all manner of flowers and vines and shrubs grow in loving company, though in other localities they only grow isolated. Just in the edge of the swamp at the foot of the hill was a single wild Lily, which soon nestled in the basket with the other flowers. The lower edge of the hill was widely bordered with a shining mass of mandrake leaves, spreading eagerly and crowding each other to hide their one precious jewel of a flower, trying to burst its wrappings. Above there were tangling vines and quaint shrubs and stately grasses. The handsomest vine-sprays and handfulls of a tall nodding grass soon filled the basket. Down in the swamp there were faint bits of red to be seen. More Lillies? Yes, and for every one reached two or three more were in sight.

Turning homeward with laden arms and basket, the vivid Lillies nodding softly against the dewy grass at every step, brought to mind their text, "consider the lillies of the field, for they toil not, neither do they spin." No toiling or spinning, yet what secrets they have of subtle chemistry, baffling our senses after all labored investigations and theories.

An hour after returning home the bouquet was completed. In the centre was a single stem of three lilies, thickly encircled with the tall nodding grass; then a row of the spikes of snowy, pea-like blossoms; more nodding grass; then a heavy row of lilies glowing radiantly behind the veil of the fine, misty grass; then short spikes of the white flowers and the heavy grass, finished with the vine sprays and the most perfect Peony leaves. The bouquet was large and loose, that each flower might assume a natural position, yet firmly confined by the stems.

With such large bouquets, and, indeed, many smaller ones, it is a good plan to make them *upside down*, holding the stems firmly with the fingers of the left hand, while adding to the bouquet with the right, turn it slowly around as you work. It can thus be made much more even and easily.

For an edging Peony leaves can hardly be surpassed. They should be selected as mature and perfect as possible, and arranged in a close circle around the bouquet, leaving the pointed ends to extend out beyond the bouquet a little ways. Peony leaves are also fine to put into the bouquets of some flowers.

After the large bouquet was finished, the "Prairie Queens" were made in two round bouquets, with nothing but Peony leaves for filling and edging.

To remedy the water-lilies' habit of closing at night and so hiding their beauty, the outer green petals may be neatly plucked off, leaving large, white, waxy buds that can be used very effectively. If for daytime, Phlox (annual) and such flowers may be used, when they would be insignificant in the evening.

A large ornamental vase may be filled in this way: fit a common milk-pail in it so the edge of the pail is level with that of the vase; fill the pail half full with water, then swath the vase from brim to pedestal with the thick, handsome wild vine called "Sarsaparilla," or some other equally luxuriant; put the stems carefully under water and weight them down with small stones; arrange the delicate curling ends artistically around the pedestal, and take care that all the leaves face outward, and the whole vine looks natural; hide the brim of the vase with a thick row of Peony leaves; in the middle of the pail set a basin on the stones, so that its edge may be an inch or two above that of the pail; in the middle of the basin set a round tin can or tumbler. A rather rough outline of a pyramid is thus formed. Putting in enough water, commence at the outer edge and fill in with a row of darkest Phlox, then one of variegated or ornamental leaves, and so on alternately until pail and basin are full; then in the tin can put a cluster of bold leaves, such as those of the variegated Calla, and a bright truss or two of Geranium. The color in the rows of Phlox should grow lighter from the outer edge, until the last is white. Both flowers and leaves should be so smoothly arranged as to hide the unsightly dishes and make a low, perfect pyramid. Now decorate the whole by putting the stems of several long trails of Smilax in the tin can and winding the vines carelessly but artistically around and over the flowers, letting the ends drop lightly over the vase edge on the heavier vine beneath. Finish with heavy grass in the centre around the Calla leaves, and weave a fine mist of more delicate grasses over the whole vase. The stems can be inserted without disturbing the flowers. Grass is not used as much as it might be, and when used is apt to be introduced formally. If used naturally it enhances the beauty of flowers as much as moss does that of moss-roses.

Thus, with a little ingenuity, and an humble attention to that most perfect artist, Nature, we need never despise any material.

KATE PRICE.



THE PROPOSAL AND ACCEPTANCE.

Household Art.

SOME NEW IDEAS FOR THE PARLOR.

Nothing so much destroys the look of parlor as suits of furniture and angular arrangements. It is far better to have pieces of two or even three sets of parlor furniture, if you will buy furniture in suits. The arrangement of furniture in this show-room, as a rule, reflects the mind of the owner. The crotchets, kinks, or go-by-a-line woman will arrange her apartment after the fashion of her mind. There is no end to the fine effect that may be produced; it is a question of money as to the richness and magnificence of the room; but the beauty and artistic feeling of the room is not a question of cash. There are parlors and parlors. The amount of money lavished on them is not a test of merit, and every man and woman with a maximum of taste and a minimum of money, by clever arrangement of common things, can vie with upper-ten neighbors. In a case of this kind artistic feeling and common sense has the advantage of surplus cash. The writer will not attempt a model parlor, but simply suggest novel treatments, from which the housekeeper can select such ideas as will please the owner or will best suit the conditions of the apartment.

A novel effect can be made by the use of cheap, gaudily painted Japanese fans. Three of the same general tone of color, spread open-spaced in a circle around the chandelier and against the ceiling, will make a handsome centre-piece. The butts of the fans will have to be sawed off some distance from the handle and then tacked to the wall. To hide the jointure, they should be pushed under the brass washer. They can also be used with effect to cover an unsightly pipe-hole, provided it is equi-distant from the side walls.

There is a general tendency to overcrowd the wall with pictures. Better a very few large pictures than a number of small ones, in considering the general make-up of the room. Paintings and engravings should not be indiscriminately mixed in groups, and small pictures should be grouped together rather than hang unaccompanied on the wall. Family portraits, unless possessed of intrinsic merit, become the sitting-room or bed-chamber, but not the parlor. Some pictures may be suspended by the artificial vines of ivy or autumn leaves, advertised nearly everywhere. Behind others a bottle of water standing on a shelf or supported by a string, in which living vines can be planted, in time will twine up the cord and around the picture-frame. One of the most artistic methods of bestowing a picture, especially if it be the gem of your collection, is to place it upon an easel made of some dark wood. Your carpenter can make one for you at a trifling cost, out of pine, if better wood cannot be obtained, which may be stained in imitation of some of the handsomer species.

One great rule to be observed is to avoid the littering up of the mantel-piece with a variety of small articles, such as mugs, plaster casts and china figures. A couple of long vases of odd pattern, with a handsome clock, or some of the many unique articles of *vertu* which have become so abundant is much more tasteful. A multitude of books or daguerreotype cases generally find their way to the mantels or centre-table in the hamlets and villages, and are out of place, and help to mar many an otherwise pretty room. One handsomely illustrated volume, or two at the most, are in better taste. The appearance of the card-case and imitation receiver savors too much of affectation to ever be allowed in the parlor. A vase

for cut flowers, which is always better with the flowers arranged in seeming confusion, and vines trailing to the floor and over the table edge, may in the winter be replaced by a wax bouquet, if the owner can make up her mind to do without the glass cover and can submit to their transfer. What-nots are a nuisance after the admirable designs of Mr. Clarence Cook for curiosities, and small fry generally, which of course do not belong to a parlor at all, but rather to the library, music, or billiard-room. If you have nothing but a small mirror, do without any in the parlor. Japanese scrolls, hung on rollers, can be used with effect, especially if the tendency of the room is too dark or subdued. Better one large than two or three small ones.

The fireplace may be filled with rockery, or an old stump with ferns, ivies and moss. A bright-plumaged specimen of the taxidermist's skill adds greatly to the picture. I know of no one thing in a parlor, among the many devices in ferns, etc., that can at all compare with this design, if carried out with proper spirit.

A remarkably handsome mantel-piece or framing to doors and windows may be made by using unpainted pine framework throughout. Over the fireplace a sentence in German text may be drawn in pencil, and in other places geometrical designs or arabesques in bold, decided figures; or vines and flowers with an occasional bird or two may be attempted if the person who executes the drawing is a free hand, otherwise you had far better stick to angular figures. Then with a steady brush go over the whole work, filling around the pencil mark, and not inside of it. The best coloring matter to use for this purpose is the finest kind of black varnish, shading inside the lines with india ink and camel-hair brushes. After this is thoroughly dried, several coats of the very best carriage varnish. The richness of the unpainted pine may be much heightened by sandpapering the varnish off a couple of times; but the tendency is to blur the outlines, and unless great care and dexterity be observed your work is irretrievably spoiled. The naked wood, after this treatment, will very closely resemble inlaid gold work. In a room, however, art would be best served by attempting the mantel-piece alone. The same principle we have applied to furniture, etc., with most excellent effect. Little conception of the richness and high tone of the wood can be had until the work is seen.

A white-painted mantel-piece is an abomination; better plain black or stained wood. A few hassocks and rich rugs may be distributed around. In this, as with many other articles, if the tone of the walls and carpet is dark, the minor articles should be bright, which will greatly diminish the sombre tendency. The rugs and stools, under ordinary circumstances, should not be of shade or color of the carpet and walls, but will look well if they match in a general way the lambrequins, or if the pattern is the same as that of the carpet in different colors, especially if in bold geometrical figures. Gracefully hung curtains suspended on brass rods or rings have a much handsomer effect than the very finest blinds, even should the former be of the plainest material.

Singing birds are a nuisance in the parlor, their proper habitation being the veranda or sitting-room. Wardian cases, aquaria and ferneries add to the beauty of a room. A handsome bookcase may be placed in the parlor, especially if ornamented with busts and protected by curtains instead of glass doors. In place of the vase of flowers, or additional thereto, a very pretty ornament may be made by using a high wicker sewing stand and filling it with cut flowers; or for a small sum you can purchase a photographer's head-

rest, and attaching a basket or metal pan to the top of the movable iron rod, fill it with cut or living flowers, vines, etc. The rod can then be raised or lowered to suit the growing foliage. A few large brackets may be placed in odd corners rather than in the broad side wall, on which to place such nick-nacks as generally find a place on the what-not.

The corners of the room deserve attention, especially in a sparsely furnished room, and are susceptible of many different treatments, some of those suggested by Mr. Clarence Cook being of the greatest variety. A bust on a bracket or pedestal fills a corner nicely, and handsomely if the bust or statuette is rather large and of rare workmanship, and will admit of curtains divided in the middle and drawn back at the sides with cord and tassel. Light rose or blue curtain with silver or yellow fringe or Grecian border, should be suspended on a half circular rod and topped off with a Moorish cap of the same material, with border or fringe at the juncture of the same. The background of the figure should be maroon, or possibly black, in order that it may stand out better. A handsome vase might be used in the same method, but the effect is not as good. A trophy corner has also a fine effect in a room. Brightly burnished arms and flags may be effectively grouped in a corner, either based on a small pedestal or half way up the wall and standing out from them; crossed cutlasses, Turkish arms and an ancient shield, spears, bows, arrows and the like, make a bizarre design for a centre-piece over the mantel or between windows, or better still, in the library.

As before remarked, all these, or modifications of them, will go far to make your best room a pleasure to the eye. There is great danger of overdoing the adornment; the more so if the room be small, and great care should be taken not to overload the walls or the floor with an incongruous collection of hangings and furniture. There are very few who are gifted with good taste and judgment sufficient to handle a mass of material and reduce it to a happy adjustment. The general tone of the best room in summer should be airy, comfortable and restful to the eye. The winter parlor should be very warm in tone and fill the eye with color. Easily overturned tables, chairs and unsubstantially fastened brackets, pictures, etc., should ever be guarded against. One wants to take in pleasure through the eye as well as in conversation, and a well arranged apartment is a great quickener of conversation and happy thoughts. The parlor should be unique as well as suggestive to the organs of sight. One delights to see something in the general outfit that is different from the ordinary imbecilities of house-furnishing. Then, too, the room is taken as a reflex of the owner's tastes and habits. If he or she be gifted with romance, it crops out in furniture, carpets, pictures, and *bric-a-brac*. It is a criterion of taste and artistic sensibility, and the owner of a fine parlor compliments the world at large in preparing a fine apartment wherewith to please all other eyes besides his own; for, say what you will, all of us live, more or less, in fear of the censure, and covetous of the praise, of all the rest of mankind, even down to such a practical matter as the appearance of our shabbiest room, to say nothing of our best. The parlor should not be too fine and handboxy, so as to oppress mankind with the length of your purse; nor so fine as to make it uncomfortable for your own family; and your friends fearful of motion in the grand chamber, lest all the magnificence should come tumbling about their ears. The sight of magnificent furniture, wrapped in the swaddling clothes of brown holland, is a melancholy one.

WARREN WALTERS.

Household Art.

ZEPHYR-WORK.

I have been a subscriber for the FLORAL CABINET for several years, but have never, as yet, seen anything in its columns about zephyr-work. I think if some of its readers could see my wreath, they would desire to have one also. It has been admired by many. To those who understand making hair-work it will appear very simple to do, as the weaving is done almost the same in one as in the other. The only difference is, that the wire is crossed on the top of whatever you are weaving on, instead of underneath. But for the benefit of those who do not understand what we mean by weaving, I will endeavor to make my explanations as clear as possible, so that they may feel able to undertake the work. The materials used are: zephyr of different colors, fine hair wire, a smooth stick of about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, scissors, gum-arabic, a table-knife and a fine-tooth comb. Cut your zephyr into pieces of about a yard in length, and your wire into pieces about ten inches in length. Now we are ready to begin. Double your wire into two equal pieces. Place the wire at the point where it is doubled on the top of your stick, holding the stick in such a manner that your thumb will be on top of the wire on the upper side of the stick; now take a piece of zephyr and place one end between your thumb and the wire, wind it once around the stick, winding from you, and throw the end over the hand; then take and cross your wire by drawing one end toward you and the other end from you, drawing tight and firm under your thumb; again take your zephyr and wind it around your stick and your wire as before, making sure to cross the wire at every winding. Each winding is called a stitch. After you have woven the required number of stitches, twist your wire two or three times tight to the zephyr, so as to keep the stitches from coming open. Then draw your work off of your stick and cut each stitch in half. Smooth it out carefully on your knee so that there may be as many half stitches on one side of the wire as on the other. Place your forefinger firmly on the wire and begin to comb with your fine-tooth comb; commence at the edge and comb into the wire very slowly; comb each side until no more wool combs from the zephyr. Care must be taken in the weaving to have the wire crossed tight to the zephyr, else, in combing, whole threads of zephyr will comb out, which will spoil the appearance of your work. Next take and hold the wire between the thumb and forefinger at the point where you twisted it when you were done weaving, and comb it all over in the direction of the wire so that the wire is completely hid. After you have all combed, place it carefully in a book and under a heavy press for about twenty-four hours; then you can take it out again. Have your gum-arabic prepared, and, with your table-knife, spread the under side of each piece—that is, the side with the wire on—with the prepared gum. The next day you may trim the pieces into leaves of the desired shape.

To make white lilies, cast on twenty stitches of white and five stitches of yellow zephyr. To make yellow lilies, take one strand of yellow and five stitches of white zephyr. To make red lilies, take one strand of scarlet and five stitches of white zephyr. Trim all the leaves to resemble the petals of a lily—long and pointed—and bend so as to curve backwards. For stamens, cut four pieces of yellow zephyr of about half

an inch in length, and tie them into two equal parts by twisting the wire firmly. Have four stamens in each lily. To make pansies, make three weaves of royal purple and two weaves of canary yellow of five stitches each, also five weaves of purple and yellow mixed, made by casting on three stitches of purple and two stitches of yellow. In forming your pansies, take your two petals of canary yellow and three petals of your mixed weaves for one. For the other, take three petals of royal purple and two petals of the mixed weaves. I think the lilies and the pansies are the prettiest flower that can be made in zephyr work. To make a Star of Bethlehem, make three weaves of nine petals each, trim to a point, and join together. In making pink roses, cast on six stitches of white and twelve stitches of pink zephyr, trim the ends round, and form your rose as you would a wax one. For red roses it is not necessary to use any white; only the plain scarlet zephyr of eighteen stitches in each weave. I have in my wreath three Stars of Bethlehem of each of the different colors, pink, white and blue, two pansies, one of each of the different lilies, one white, one pink and one red rose, and a few buds. On both sides of the wreath is a row of plain green leaves. At each end is a small bunch of grapes, one bunch being made of purple and the other bunch of green zephyr. The grapes are made the same as you make small balls, using wire for tying instead of zephyr. Flowers made in this way may also be arranged very prettily in a bouquet.

Last summer we altered our sitting-room. On one side there had been a large cupboard, which we removed, leaving a portion of the wall to be replastered. On the day the plastering was to be done, father was called away on business which could not be postponed, leaving the plasterers to do their work alone. As is often the case, when men are left to do their work without an overseer, so it was in this case. The plaster was laid on unevenly, and in some places, where old plastering had remained, instead of taking that off they plastered right over it. You may imagine what an eyesore that wall was to us. We placed a large bookcase in front of it; still all around it the wall showed. We were determined not to have it that way. We went to the woods, gathered a quantity of the different kinds of moss, and in the fall a large variety of autumn leaves, taking care to procure a number of pretty small ones. Then we persuaded father to cut us out two pretty brackets of half-inch pine boards; also, two picture-frames. We then covered the brackets and frames with moss and made a moss cross, twining them all with pretty autumn leaves. On one side of the bookcase we hung a bracket, with the cross over; on the other side a bracket, with a picture over. Above the bookcase we hung a very pretty motto, in a moss frame. Then from the motto down each side of the bookcase, to meet with the cross and picture, we trimmed the wall with ferns and autumn leaves, forming an arch around the bookcase, and completely hiding the ugly wall. On each of the brackets we placed a small vase holding a few feather flowers, autumn leaves and Egyptian wheat. I obtained my idea of making moss brackets and frames from Mr. Williams' book on "Household Elegancies." But in that it said the moss should be pasted on. I tried pasting but could not get it to stick, so I tied the moss on with fine thread. The thread sunk into the moss and did not show.

Persons living in the country or in small villages can obtain a number of beautiful things in the fall from the woods and surrounding country that can be made into ornaments for decorating their homes. I

have a grass basket which is quite a thing of beauty; it is composed of wheat, oats, and a species of fine brown grass gathered in the summer and put away for winter use; also some fall weeds, skeleton leaves, bachelors' buttons, seeds from the cotton plant, &c. Another very pretty ornament is to make a cross or anchor of white paper stars and twine them full of small ferns. Last winter I made two small picture frames of colored stars, which are very much admired. A beautiful way of trimming an oval frame is to have a card tacked on the back of the frame about an inch from the edge, and then place ferns all around the frame, sticking the stems under the cord to hold them in place. After you have the frame trimmed, hang it up and trim the long cord with ferns.

E. A. R.

VARIOUS KNICKKNACKS.

The well known sponge garden sprinkled with hemp or canary seed, can be made more ornamental in this way. Make a card-board basket in any graceful shape you like, and cover it by glueing on rosettes of tissue paper fringe. The fringe is made by taking strips about an inch and a half wide and then cutting them fine crosswise, leaving a piece on one side a quarter of an inch wide for a heading. Each strip of fringe can be readily twisted into a rosette. The paper may be pink, pure white, or shades of green in imitation of moss. Set a glass or earthen dish in the basket, and in it place your sponge.

A DRUM MATCH SAFE

Is quite an oddity, readily fashioned by deft fingers. Make a round box of stiff card-board, three inches in height and the same in diameter. Line the inside with tinted paper, and bind the edges by pasting over a narrow bias strip of brown silk or muslin. Fasten in a bottom to the box, pasting sand-paper on the outside, and tinted paper on the inner side. Next, cut a strip of firm muslin, one and three-fourths of an inch wide and long enough to reach around the box. On this paste triangular points of red and white cloth; each triangle should be one and three-fourth inches long and an inch wide at the base; place the points of the white triangles at the base of the red ones, and cover the edges where they join with gold cord fastened with cross stitches of black silk. Now, paste this prepared strip around the middle of the box and border each edge with a cord or fold of brown silk. Make two rings of card-board three-fourths of an inch wide, and fitting closely over the box; cover with brown silk, pasting the edges down smoothly on the under side. On the outside stitch fine gold cord in a series of points from edge to edge, and fasten with cross stitches of black silk, as before. Put one of these rings on each end of the box, just so as to cover the raw edge of the brown silk cord, and hold in place by pasting. For a cover, cut a round piece of card-board, fitting into the ring, paste sand-paper on the under side and cover the outside with white leather, which must come over the edges; a bit of white kid glove will answer if well cleaned. Make too tiny drum-sticks of wood, cross them and fasten securely to the cover, so that they may serve as a handle.

M. F. B. ADKINSON.

Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumicestone mixed with verjuice (juice of sour fruits). Cover the spots and allow the stuff to remain for twelve hours; then rub clean, dry and rinse.

Household Elegancies.

WINDOW WITH DOUBLE CURTAINS.

The curtains and lambrequins shown in our illustration are of figured damask—of cigar color—with plain damask, richly embroidered, for the lambrequin. The lace curtains are of costly point, with under shade of fine muslin and embroidery.

The majority of people who have means will purchase them from some upholsterer, but there is a great body of families who will prefer to do the work themselves, and save the large expense.

To do this, first procure, of some one of the pretty woolen stuffs now to be bought for a comparatively small sum, sufficient to make the curtains, reaching from the top of the window to the floor; and should the window be small, better to measure far above it, which will give the impression of greater size; if the material is of double fold, one width on each side will be all-sufficient, and if the material is not unusually heavy, it might better be lined throughout, purchasing a bolt or two of colored cambric, and thus obtaining it much cheaper. Procure also a few yards of plain material, matching the ground of the color somewhat; this for the lambrequins and border to the curtains. Get also an entire piece (or two, perhaps,) of coarse Swiss muslin, or neat, small-figured Nottingham lace curtains. Now we have our materials, and will proceed to make up the curtains; but first, perhaps, we might better make the cornice, which is easily done by using carved ornamental pieces, first preparing a strip of wood, five inches wide, on which the ornaments are fastened. If desired particularly elegant, the wood and carvings may be ebonized and gilded; or if preferred the entire work may be enameled and gilded.

The under shade is made of Swiss, and is prettily finished with a fluted ruffle and gathered into long puffs from top to bottom.

The curtain trim with a band of the plain material, on which large figures of black velvet are fastened with application embroidery, using gold-colored braid on the edge, or button-hole stitching of yellow silk. Instead of lace curtains, take a half width of Swiss muslin, trim the edge with fluted ruffles, and fasten on the inside of the heavy curtains.

The effect is precisely the same as though the entire curtain now hung beneath, and, as will be seen, with far less expense.

The lambrequin is "shaped," as shown in the illustration, from the plain goods, and a design cut from black or other colored velvet is embroidered in application work of chain or button-hole stitches, or edged with yellow braid. The lining is put in after this is done. Heavy woolen fringe finishes the lambrequin and curtains. Cords and tassels drape back the curtains on each side.

BEDSTEAD WITH CANOPY.

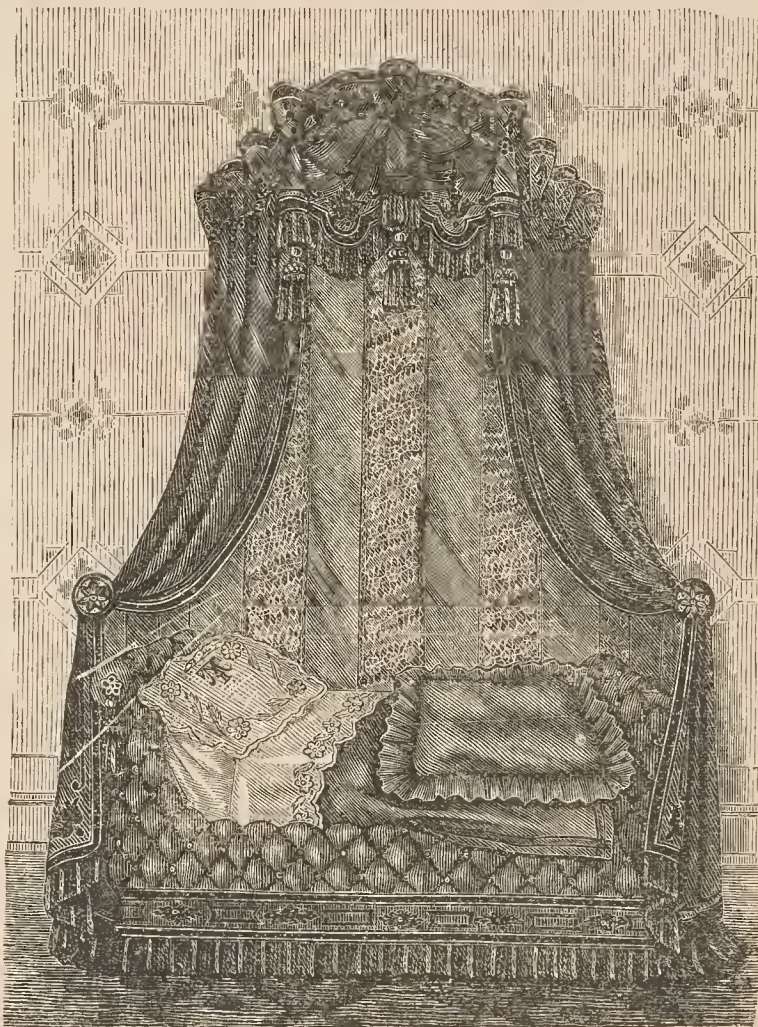
The charming effect given to the pretty bedstead presented in our illustration makes one willing to take some little trouble to produce such a result. Neither is it so difficult a matter that any one need fear to undertake it.

The bedstead itself is really a most simple affair, and our model was made for the small sum of *ten dol-*

lars! though a home-made one, consisting merely of a box of proper size, with plain board head and foot-



WINDOW WITH DOUBLE CURTAINS.



BEDSTEAD WITH CANOPY.

boards, are all that is necessary, as the entire wood-work is covered with a neat quilted rug, edged with a

border, embroidered and finished with woolen fringe. This cover may be of silk or any goods preferred, and is made to fit the frame, with a roll bolster fastened on the head-board; a frame of half-circular form, placed on two brackets, is fastened against the wall, ten feet from the floor, in the centre of the side of the bedstead, and sustains the curtains and lambrequin of the canopy, the form of which is shown in the illustration. This frame should be sufficiently deep to extend across the bedstead for several feet. The curtains are held gracefully back by ornamented curtain-bands.

CHROMO PAINTING.

BY MRS. E. B. GONZALES.

Most ladies are fond of "household elegancies," but many have the mistaken idea that to obtain them one must spend a great deal of money, or be possessed of marvelous skill. But a little money and more perseverance will accomplish wonders. People that are fond of pictures may have as many as they like—pretty ones, too—and at the same time cultivate their taste and utilize every engraving that falls into their hands.

Get a carpenter to make a stretcher the desired size, (bookbinders' pasteboard will do for a small picture); stretch some coarse, unbleached muslin over the frame; tack it firmly; great care should be taken to draw the muslin tightly, that dampness may not affect the picture when completed. Make some flour paste; strain; wet the muslin thoroughly; lay the engraving on a table; cover it smoothly with paste; mount on the stretcher; raise the ends alternately, and with a hair-brush press the air from under the picture. Dry twenty-four hours. Boil equal parts of linseed oil and beeswax; cool in a cake; warm the wax slightly, and

rub the picture until it is glazed. Run the fingers over the surface, that you may be positive that it is well covered. The following articles are required for chromo-painting: Palette and knife, (for these a piece of glass and a well-worn tea-knife may be substituted), artist's brushes of various sizes, some spirits turpentine for cleaning purposes. If the paint becomes dry on the glasses, they may be readily cleaned by boiling in a solution of potash; put them into the liquid when cold. If care is taken to rub them often with a cloth wet with turpentine, the necessity for boiling will seldom occur. Maeguilp is made of equal portions of mastic-varnish and turpentine, and strong English drying-oil, and is used for moistening colors when painting; standing in the sun for a few days improves it.

In painting, commence at the top and paint downward. Lay the dark colors on that part of the picture most heavily shaded; the lighter any part of a picture may be, the more delicate must be the tint applied. The colors required are silver-white, flake-white, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, king's yellow, raw sienna, burnt sienna, vandyke brown, ivory-black, vermilion, Prussian blue, ultramarine, carmine, yellow lake, chrome yellow, three shades of chrome green, chrome orange. Carmine and vermilion mixed make an intense red. By mixing these colors any shade desired may be produced; for instance, carmine, blue and white make purple. A little experience will teach the amateur how to modify shades.

It is cheaper to buy black, white, and burnt sienna in pound cans, for obvious reasons.

Fireside Reading.

THE DAIRY MAID.

The girl engaged in molding bread
Shall make some sweetheart flutter
With hope to get the dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

A Thick-headed Husband.—A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend her meetings, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor duce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and, with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word, without missing a syllable.

The words were, "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar."

"Well, let us have the text," remarked the good woman.

"I know every word," replied the husband.

"I am very anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are very nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, dear."

Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem. An Ingen came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter."

Prof. Elicott Evans tells this story concerning his grand-uncle, Joseph Elicott, and the chief Red Jacket: The two having met at Tonawanda Swamp, they sat down on a log which happened to be convenient, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English: "Move along, Jo." Elicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request: "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket again said: "Move along, Jo."

Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Elicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not enough, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time: "Move along, Jo." "Why man," angrily replied the agent, "I can't move any further without getting off from the log into the mud." "Ugh! Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no further, but he say—'move along.'"

The Sister.—No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence—what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care—can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness—does the world show us anything more pure? Who would live without a sister? A sister that is a sister in fidelity, in purity, in love, is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a

fulness to the juvenile who informed, a large bunch of the purple plumes was presented, while he, on rejoining his incensed comrades, with that same smile called childlike and bland, merely remarked, "If I was too little to climb, I wasn't too little to tell on you."

"What exquisite preserves, Mrs. Smoothly! How do you have such splendid luck with every thing you put up?" complimented one of the ladies at the tea-table. "What are they, by the way?" Mrs. Smoothly is taken by surprise, but recovers herself and calls the servant. "I have not tasted them yet," she said, "and have really forgotten what I ordered the girl to put on for you. Bridget, what are these preserves?" "Thim, ma'am? Thirty-five cents a can; sorry the nickel less wud the grocer take, and thim big green things in the dish beyant is fifty cents for a little glass jar." Tableau of silence, and a good-hearted, honest girl out of a job two hours later.

A strange clock is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs.

The pile was made up of the number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click; when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile and fell apart again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did



A QUIET NOOK.

fast friend; a charitable, tender, forgiving, though often severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day, and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love; we feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is her's to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with sleepless vigilance and virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy office.

He was only a four-year old who pulled the door-bell the other day, and upon the lady of the house answering the call the innocent remarked: "Please, ma'am, but I comed to tell you some fellows are stealing your lilacs." Somewhat like Tennyson's Maud, this information caused her into the garden to go, where she surprised these felonious florists, and caused them to hurry over the fence. In token of her thank-

likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprung up, and marching to the gong, one struck, after the other, his blow, making twelve in all; then returning, fell to pieces as before.

A fond father sent his young hopeful of four into an adjoining room to get a book. The boy came back and said it wasn't there. "Yes it is, my son," said the father; "it's on the table." The boy went back and reported again that there was no book there. The father got impatient and sent another child for the book, and in the mean time the mother brought the book from a different room, with the remark, "Here's your book; it was on the mantelpiece." The gentleman composed himself to read, and about ten minutes afterward discovered young hopeful still standing by his chair. "Father," he said, solemnly, "there's a fib about somewhere, and I didn't tell it."

Walter Savage Landor, it is said, entering a ball-room, saw therein a young lady who pleased his eye. He cried, "The prettiest girl in the room; I'll marry her!" And marry her he did, straightway.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Bread.—(Including two receipts for yeast—two for bread, &c.) The mysteries of “panification,” as the scientific cooks term bread-making, are few and simple, but requires more attention and judgment than any other branch of cooking.

One rule I would advise every housekeeper to establish from the very beginning, as “unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians which chaungeth not,” and that is, never to allow poor flour to be used for any purpose whatever, especially for bread-making, for unless this one article be of the best quality, baking after baking will prove but failures, and a vexation of spirit to the ambitious baker.

Give me nice Graham flour, if you see proper, and I will make you sweet, light, brown bread therefrom; but no sticky, blue, plaster-like “white” flour, that when squeezed in the hand, forms a tough-ball; on the other hand let it be of a rich yellowish-white tinge, have an oily feeling under pressure, rolling off from the hand in feathery flakes.

The second point of importance in bread-making is the yeast; and herein are more failures than can be attributed even to poor flour, for a wise housewife will insist upon having fine flour, when perhaps she will not be so careful with her yeast, and will either from carelessness or ignorance, utterly fail. I say ignorance because so many even experienced housekeepers are constantly asking the question “How do you judge yeast? by what means can you tell whether it is ‘lively’ as you term it?”

My answer is—by taste and smell! If good, the taste if a little is touched to the tongue, will be rather biting, not sour by any means, but quick and somewhat pungent; while the odor is that of weak ammonia or fresh ginger-beer, and the color, the opposite to “leaden”—a clear yellowish-white. If sour, blue, and lifeless, like unleavened buckwheat batter, empty the jar, and at once make a fresh supply with “rising” from some other source.

Hop and Potato Yeast. (No. 1.)—There are many varieties of yeast—hop, potato, milk, corn-meal, salt, &c., but the one old receipt handed down in my own family for many years, has, I believe, no equal. It is this:

Take eight good-sized potatoes, peel and slice into cold water, put three coffee cupsful of loose, or half-cake of pressed hops into a thin bag, tie securely and boil for half an hour in three quarts of water, with the potatoes. When soft, remove the potatoes, mash them in a paste with one pint of flour, adding one teaspoonful ground ginger, and when cool, beat well in one large cup of yeast, or one cake of leaven, soaked in tepid water. Cover closely and place in a warm spot to “rise” for twenty-four hours, when turn into jars which can be closed air-tight, but do not fasten down the cover, or cork tightly until it has ceased to “work” lest the bottles be broken. (I have used the Mason self-sealing glass jars for several years past, and nothing can be better for keeping yeast pure and sweet.) Place the jars, after tightening the lids, in a cool place. This yeast will keep for two weeks in winter, but in summer it should be made weekly.

Yeast—Self-Working. (No. 2.)—I said I never used any but the above receipt for yeast, but I have a few times in my life been so situated that my yeast ran out, and I had no opportunity of obtaining any from other sources, in which case I have made the following with perfect success.

Take two handfuls of good hops, which tie in a bag and boil in one gallon of soft water for an hour or more. Allow it to cool and with it make a batter of three coffee cups of flour, beating until perfectly smooth, and gradually adding half a pound of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one handful of salt. Put into a shallow vessel, cover lightly and place in a constantly and uniformly warm spot for two or three days. On the fourth morning, peel a dozen potatoes, parboil them, and grate into the batter, and allow to stand another day, stirring occasionally. Then put into jars and fasten the covers securely, placing in a cool cellar or refrigerator. This yeast will remain sweet for a length of time, and is excellent.

To make good Family Bread. (No. 1.)—For a family of six, where warm bread is used for breakfast, and baking is done other times weekly, take about one gallon of fine flour, or less if measured before sifting, put it in to a large pan, or kneading bowl, and with a strong spoon, hollow out a well in the middle, using care to leave a quantity of flour on the bottom, or the sponge will stick to the vessel, which will give trouble. Next take one quart of warm milk and water, equal parts, and six teaspoonfuls or one teacupful of lively yeast, which stir together; adding one small teaspoonful bi-carb. soda dissolved in water, and pouring the mixture into the cavity in the flour, turn in as much of the flour as will make a thick batter, beating it perfectly smooth. Strew flour quickly over the top, cover with a cloth, and place in a warm spot in winter, and a cool one in summer, over night. Should this be done during the day, however, allow to remain until the flour on the top is seamed with cracks, and the bubbling sponge breaks through the openings. Next place the vessel on a low table, or strong bench, and with a spoon stir in all the flour possible, wipe the spoon out clean with the fingers, and laying it aside, sprinkle in one handful of salt, throw on a handful of flour, and with hands and fists, proceed to work, and knead in as much flour as will make a rather soft dough, which test by thrusting one finger into the mass, to which it should not cling. Now if you are not strong, or feel weary by this time, instead of continuing to work, and knead this batch, take a hash-chopper, hatchet, or even a large knife, and chopping or dashing the whole mass, double it together, and again use the chopper, thus continuing for fifteen minutes, by which time the air-bubbles will all have been opened, and the dough in proper condition to rise. Form it into one large ball, which place in a pan, well greased or floured, and pressing the fist down into the centre, cover with bread-blanket and towel; turning a warm plate on top, place behind the stove until it has risen; which will be known by the indentation on the top, becoming obliterated, and cracks appearing on the surface. This, if it has been made up at ten o'clock in the morning, will probably be about twelve, when the mass must be again turned out on the moulding-board and cutting it into three loaves, work and chop each one a few minutes, until a smooth loaf is formed, which turn into well-greased tin pans, circular or box shaped as convenient, again press in the centre with the fist, and covering the blanket and towel over the loaves, turn a tea-plate on each one and place behind the stove again, for about one hour or less, when with a sharp knife make a cross-cut slash across the centre of each loaf, and place in a moderately heated oven, quickening the fire towards the latter part of the baking, which for such loaves will require about three-quarters to an hour. When done, if the crust appears hard, rub a piece of nice suet or butter over it, and always wrap in damp towels, with the blanket thrown loosely over, placing the loaves against the moulding-board on the back of the table, until cool, when put into tin or wooden boxes, keep the bread towels around each loaf. It is my custom to use the third piece of dough for tea rolls; working in a piece of shortening butter, sweet lard or beef drippings, the size of an egg. This place in a kitchen closet until one hour before tea-time, when roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter, or rubbing the palms of the hands with butter or lard, take up a piece of dough and knead it into round balls, which place closely side by side, in shallow tin pans, and covering, as with bread, set to rise for three quarters of an hour, then stab each one with a fork, and place in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. When done proceed as with the bread, sending to table between napkins.

In winter, I frequently add another pint of flour, and mixing a larger amount of sponge, set this at six o'clock in the evening, making up the dough about ten o'clock, place it in a moderately warm room to rise, along with a breakfast loaf, made by cutting off a piece of the dough sufficient to fill a quart bowl, and moulding it into an oblong or round cake, about one or one and a half inches thick, which is turned into a baking-pan well greased, and covered with blankets, and another pan of the same size turned over it. In the morning score the top with a sharp knife, forming squares, which will allow breaking after baking. Bake in a quick oven, and when done proceed as with rolls. I have here given the quantity of bread required for a family of six persons; when the baking is done on

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and waffles, muffins, &c., are used each day for breakfast, I prefer small oblong pans with perpendicular sides, though when the baking is necessarily large, it becomes necessary to make four or five long-shaped loaves, placing them side by side in a large baking pan, rub lard or dripping on the edges to prevent the loaves adhering.

Brown Bread (No. 2). The sponge for this is the same as for white bread, which, having risen, put into the pan, or kneading bowl, three quarts Graham flour, one quart wheat and one pint of corn meal, a handful of salt and the sponge; into which stir one small teaspoonful of molasses, merely to impart a general sweetness to the flour, not by any means rendering the bread what might be called sweet. This dough should be like a thick batter (just beyond the point of stirring with a spoon), which may require the addition of a little more lukewarm milk and water. It should be made over night, as it requires long rising. Make into round loaves and bake each one in a separate pan, well greased. Bake in a moderate oven and for a long time, allowing perhaps an hour for a quart-pan loaf. If well kneaded and nicely baked this delicious bread will amply repay for the sticky hands, and should be found on every table, where there are children and dyspeptics especially.

Brown Flour Rolls (No. 1). Take off a piece of the dough, as with wheat bread, and work into it a tablespoonful of shortening. Make into long narrow rolls and allow to rise for two hours; then with a sharp knife score each one longitudinally and rub melted butter over the surface of each one. Bake in a moderate oven, quickened towards the last; cover closely in a damp towel for five minutes, and send to table covered with a napkin.

Light Rolls (No. 2). Set a sponge with one pint milk, made sufficiently warm to melt one cup butter; one teaspoonful salt, two eggs, one tablespoonful white sugar, pulverized, and one small teaspoonful bi-carb. soda, in sufficient flour to make a batter; beat briskly for ten minutes, adding four tablespoonfuls of lively yeast; cover warmly for several hours, or until the flour on top cracks; then add flour to form a soft dough, which knead and work until perfectly smooth; or better still, chop or dash it as before described until all air-bubbles disappear; place in a quick oven and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes; paint the crust with a piece of butter rubbed quickly over; cover with a damp towel for a few moments to soften the crust, and cover with a cozy napkin before sending to table. These are the French rolls which have been enjoyed in the cafe in Paris and our own Centennial, and if properly made will be quite as delicious to the taste and beautiful to the sight.

A very nice roll, much esteemed in our own family, is made by turning dough that has risen twenty-four hours on to the board, and rolling very lightly until half an inch thick; cut with a cake-cutter into small rounds and fold one half over the other, somewhat in turn-over style, rubbing a little melted butter or lard on the parts folded; then putting to rise for another half hour, or more perhaps; then baking as before directed. These rolls appear well when nicely done, and if desired, the lid may be raised and a piece of butter placed between the fold.

Bread Napkins are made of two half yard squares of linen, or damask, quilted together in squares and trimmed around the edges with fringe, lace or scallops in embroidery. They may be made extremely ornamental, and should be placed not only over hot bread, such as rolls, twist, etc., but on the cold loaf, usually placed on the wooden trencher, though it should not hang so low as to hide the beauty of this, when handsomely carved. C. S. J.

Vegetables should never be washed until immediately before prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer even more than other vegetables through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

Before washing almost any colored fabrics soak them in water, to each gallon of which a spoonful of oxgall has been added. A teacupful of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods. A strong tea of common hay will improve the color of French linens.

Little bright Eyes at the Window.

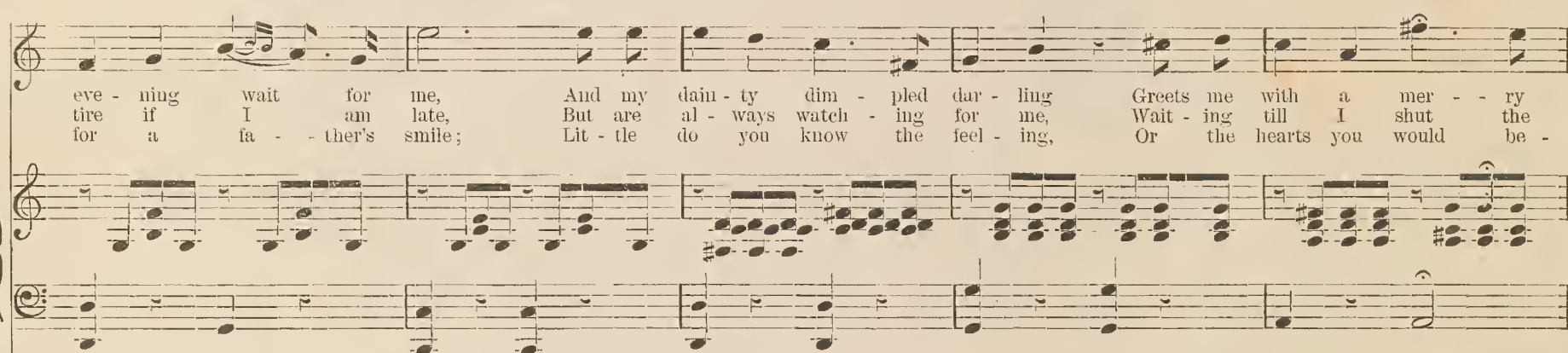
Words by SAM'L N. MITCHELL.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

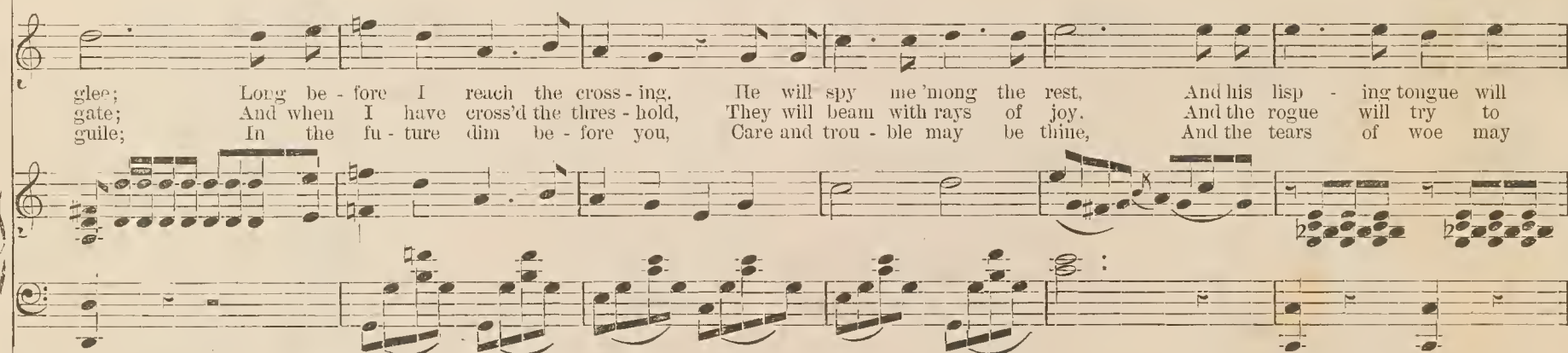
Andante cantabile.



1. Lit - tle bright eyes at the win - dow, Eve - ry
2. Lit - tle bright eyes at the win - dow, Nev - er
3. Lit - tle bright eyes at the win - dow, Wait - ing

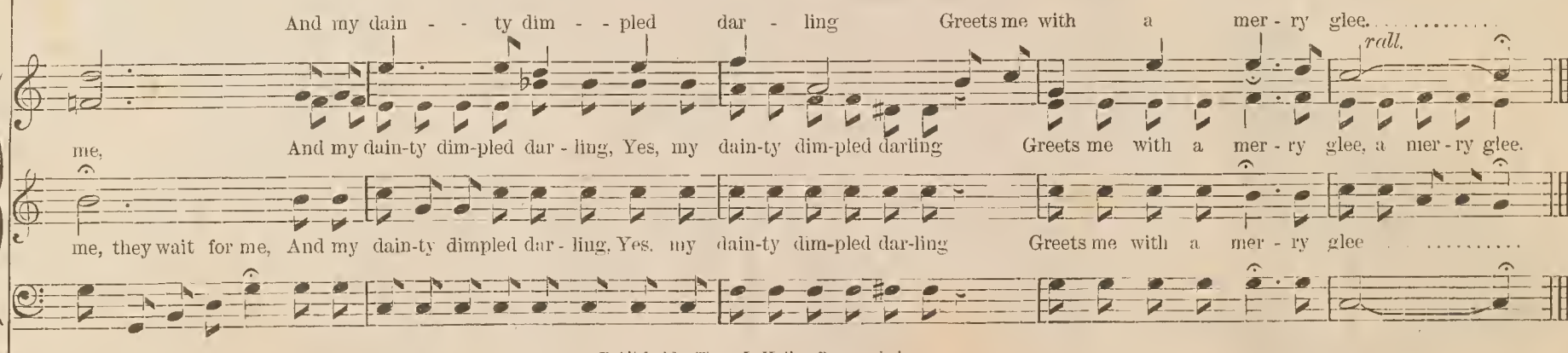


eve - ning wait for me, And my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling Greet me with a mer - ry
tire if I am late, But are al - ways watch - ing for me, Wait - ing till I shut the
for a fa - ther's smile; Lit - tle do you know the feel - ing, Or the hearts you would be -



glee; Long be - fore I reach the cross - ing, He will spy me 'mong the rest, And his lisp - ing tongue will
gate; And when I have cross'd the thres - hold, They will beam with rays of joy. And the rogue will try to
guile; In the fu - ture dim be - fore you, Care and trou - ble may be thine, And the tears of woe may

Chorus.
SOPRANO.
chat - ter, Till I take him to my breast. **ALTO.** Lit - tle bright eyes at the win - dow, Eve - ry eve - ning wait for
tell me glis - ten, That he is my dar - ling boy. **TENOR.** Lit - tle bright eyes at the win - dow, Every eve - ning wait for
Where con - tent - ment used to shine.



And my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling Greet me with a mer - ry glee. *rall.*
me, And my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling, Yes, my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling Greet me with a mer - ry glee, a mer - ry glee.
me, they wait for me, And my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling, Yes, my dain - ty dim - pled dar - ling Greet me with a mer - ry glee

THE LADIES' *Home* Almanac

HILLSDALE
 Mrs. A. D. Dummer 69
 Mich.
 HILLSDALE
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 Mich.
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 Mich.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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SKETCH OF A SUMMER HOUSE.

The sketch upon this page is one of a Rustic Summer House, erected at River Edge, N. J., upon the grounds of William S. Carman.

It is made of heavy red cedar, with the bark left on, and even the branches for several inches, except upon the inside.

At one side of this summer house, and extending half around it, is a rock work well filled with Sedum, Echeveria, Cactus, Aloe, Plumbago, Lobelia, Ivy, etc., etc. The upright poles, as well as those of the roof and peak of the summer house, are reversed, so that the larger ends are placed where the smaller ones usually are in structures of this kind.

A substantial—almost massive—look is thus produced. The vines spread over a greater part of the roof, and, ascending the peak, attach themselves to the twigs of the trees near by, or flow back again upon the arbor in festoons, quite in keeping with the disorderly beauty that this intricate piece of gardening has been designed to display.

Between the summer house and the rock work, a deeply shaded space of several feet is filled with hardy Ferns, Pansies, and Violets.

On the back and the other side, a connecting semi-circular plot is filled with Rhododendrons, Kalmias, Mahernias, Azaleas, and Roses. These, exposed partly to the east, partly to the south, and planted in muck, taken from what is now the lake, mixed with ordinary garden soil, grow satisfactorily and bloom abundantly.

A part of the summer house on this side is reserved for rapid-growing summer vines, such as Cobœa and Maurandya.

Plants started in the house and put out in spring, very soon cover the space, and add a freshness and variety of bloom and foliage that cannot be produced when hardy vines alone are employed.

Roses.—The best soil for Roses is a strong loam; the deeper it is the better. It should be well drained.

THE FUCHSIA.

BY W. C. L. DREW.

For natural elegance and beauty, I know of no flower which equals the Fuchsia. It is eminently the flower for amateurs, whether for summer or winter decoration. There is no flower of equal pretensions so easy of culture and propagation, and so adapted to a widely diversified range of circumstances.

The Fuchsia is of South American origin. There

slips at a very high price to a nurseryman of her village, who made a fortune out of it.

Fuchsias are propagated from slips and seed. Slips are the surest and best way, and where plants true to color are desired, are the only sure way. All the new varieties are originated by seeds.

PROPAGATING BY SLIPS.

As this is the best way, a few words on the method will not be out of place. No secrets are required, no hothouse or greenhouse is necessary; an amateur can succeed as well as a nurseryman.

Take your slips off with a heel; that is, break them off where they branch out from the main stem, slipping, not cutting, them off. Have ready a box of very fine, nice soil, composed of sand, garden soil and manure well rotted, or leaf mould, which is better; have it well mixed, plant the slips with two or more leaf joints under ground; water them with lukewarm water; never let the soil get dry, and nearly every slip will grow. From April to October is the best time to slip.

Many people complain that Fuchsias are hard to start from slips; this is owing to cutting slips off without regard; they should never be cut, but slipped off with a heel attached.

Having started them, they will need attention as to training, which can be done in any manner to suit the fancy. A neat little trellis may be made or bought, over which it may be trained, or they may be made into neat little bushes by nipping out the centre shoot when about a foot high, which causes side shoots to start, which should have their tops nipped

out again when of proper height.

Some varieties make excellent winter bloomers, but as they are classed separately in nearly all catalogues, it will not be necessary to give a list of them.

If a window or greenhouse is not convenient for saving the plants over winter, in October they may be taken up, the soil shaken off, and placed in a box of dry sawdust over winter.



SKETCH OF A SUMMER-HOUSE.

is a very pretty story as to its introduction, telling how a young sailor boy, leaving home against his mother's will, at the last moment promised to bring her a handsome present. As he was about to start for home, from a South American port, he remembered his promise, and obtained a Fuchsia plant, which he carefully tended on the home voyage, and gave to his mother on his return: how she cherished it, and sold

Floral Contributions.

SUMMER TREATMENT OF WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS.

The plants that have brightened our homes and lives when all without was bleak and bare, are certainly entitled to kind care in return, especially if we wish a continuance of their well-doing. That which would be beneficial for one, would be sure death to another, and, having tried this treatment many summers successfully, can truly say, go do thou likewise.

We will begin with the ever-faithful cheery Primrose; they have a way of growing up out of the earth like an onion, and seem to have but a slender hold; at the least touch they sway back and forth. Remove from the earth, and shake all from it; with a sharp knife cut the lower part of the long root, provided there are enough of fine fibrous roots near the crown; if not, use a larger sized flower-pot and set deeper; do not give rich earth, for it will cause luxuriance of foliage and but few flowers; water well and keep shaded a few days; then either sink the pot in a cool shaded spot in the garden, or keep on a shady piazza, and give but little water all summer. The last of May they can be put out, and returned to winter quarters by Sept. 1st.

Oxalis should be dried off in April, taken from the earth, and kept in a dark, dry place; replant the last of August.

Carnations that have blossomed all winter might be planted in the ground, first cutting well back, and those cuttings will make nice plants for winter. They do not force well a second winter.

Roses that have bloomed freely should be shaken out of the earth and dipped root and branch into water and washed; cut severely back, and repot in fresh soil; after a rest of at least two weeks in a cool place away from sunlight, take them to a bright sunny place in the garden and sink the pots. This can be done any time in May; water whenever dry.

The soft, feathery blooming Stevia and Eupatorium have most likely grown to be great bushes, taking up more than their share of room. Cut the tops nearly to the earth, shake off the dirt, and cut a good portion of their roots. Treat them in like manner with the Roses, only give less sun. If young plants are started, keep pinching all summer; in that way you will have double the quantity of bloom. Bring in before frost.

From the Callas we will remove all the earth; wash the roots, cutting away all decayed substances, and most of the young bulbs; repot in rich earth; water well, and stand them under the shade of a tree, keeping them dry all summer. About the last of August bring them on to a piazza, and water freely, if you would have them bloom by November.

Bouvardias should be well cut back, given fresh earth, and when the roots become well established, say in two weeks, plant in the ground any time after the 10th of May. During the month of August, the roots need a little protection by mulching. They do not fancy the cool nights and mornings, and should be in the house by the second week of September.

Cyclamens, when through blooming, give them but little water; repot them in new soil, and treat in like manner as the Primrose.

My Laurestinus for a long time proved very ungrateful for all the good care I bestowed, and refused to repay me with one blossom. I had done just what

I should not have done. After changing the earth and giving a chance to recover its disturbance, sink the pot in the sunniest spot the garden affords, and by Thanksgiving it will greet you with its beautiful pearly flowers.

There is no plant more showy or attractive than the Azaleas. They require great care and close attention all summer; the soil should be light, mixed with a little peat, but they do not need replanting every year, and only a little trimming to keep in shape. It is safest to keep them on the stand on the porch; they require more water while resting than any other plant. Should they by accident become very dry, set the plants into a tub of water for a good soak, for its roots are such a bunch of knots, that it requires a great deal to reach the inner ones.

Euphorbias and Poinsetias are of one family; are tender hot-house plants. About the 1st of June repot the plants in a size smaller pot than they have been growing in; they revel in heat, so give them plenty of sun; water whenever dry. If they become waterlogged, they yellow their leaves, and if too dry, they wither. Bring in early and then give larger pots. Many advise planting them both in the ground; but it is so difficult to lift them successfully, I have been afraid to try.

In sinking these pot-plants, always put either coal-ashes, brick, or broken glass underneath, to keep the angle-worms from taking up their quarters for the winter and making themselves troublesome.

Jessamines, both yellow and white, plant in the ground.

Of all the varieties of foliage plants, the Gesneria is the most exquisite; its leaves are like embossed velvet. This is a bulb, and needs to be entirely dried off; leave in the pot where grown; keep dry and from the mice. About the 1st of August they will plainly show their rest is at an end, and they want to fulfil their beautiful mission. Replant in peaty earth; give but little water until the leaves are well grown, and keep shaded from the strong sunlight.

Of the varieties mentioned, the most of these will be found in any choice collection, but like a family of children, all cannot be reared or governed alike. Through the interchange of plans and thoughts valuable aid we may gain. Tears even, like raindrops, have oftentimes fallen to the ground and come up in flowers.

IRENE H. WILLIAMS.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

We have just been introduced to THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, and it was while engaged in cultivating the acquaintance so fortunately begun—for we vote this latest acquisition to the circle of our friends as marvelously congenial—that memory brought forth from among her carefully preserved art-treasures, one of the rarest pictures in all her choice collection, and, holding it up before us, challenged for it anew our delighted admiration.

To begin at the beginning and tell you how it chanced that Memory's halls became enriched by a thing at once so beautiful and so rare, it will be necessary to relate a little personal experience.

While on a visit to friends in Chicago last summer, callers came in one evening, and amid the animated conversation that followed, our attention was suddenly arrested by the words: "It bloomed this evening." "What is it?" we eagerly questioned, and after hearing the magic name, two other important queries fol-

lowed: "How far is it from here?" and "Can't we go and see it?"

Our kind friends were only too glad to give us a pleasure, and in a few moments we were on our way.

Upon entering the grounds where this magnificent display was made, we saw a group of people collected about a man holding aloft a good-sized lantern that cast a brilliant light over a plant placed just outside the green-house door upon a stand elevated two feet, perhaps, from the ground, and appearing, at that distance, to bear the disks of four large sunflowers!

Shades of Flora and all the Graces! How our excited imagination lashed herself in self-imposed penance for the exultation of ten minutes before.

A sense of disappointment, almost of chagrin, stole chillingly over us, but we meekly permitted our friends to draw us through the crowd until we felt ourself face to face with the object of our interest.

A faint, subtle, indescribable perfume admonishing us, we raised half-reluctant, half-eager eyes, and, oh! Were they flowers or fairies? Do blossoms live and move and have a conscious being? Then we are sure that these were whispering and nodding to each other and to us, under the very gaze of mortals.

We stood spell-bound and only dimly conscious of the remarks and comments of our friends.

There were threatening indications of a storm about us, and the evening air was full of weird murmurings, in which these singular creatures—each one a royal princess in Flora's kingdom—seemed to share.

For the first time in our life, we were thrilled through and through by, what seemed to us, a responsive intelligence in flowers, and experienced a slight embarrassment, as if guilty of taking a liberty in coming there to examine these exquisite beings with bold and curious glances.

The plant itself resembles, to some extent, the Snake Cactus, and can lay no claim to beauty on its own behalf. This one had an interlaced network of growth, perhaps a foot and a half broad, and somewhat more than a foot high, supported by a light framework of wood.

The blossoms reared aloft their queenly heads with very little to show that they had other support than their own fairy lightness.

There were four of them. One or two had blossomed the previous evening, and there were still one large and one small bud remaining. Unprepossessing prophecies of future loveliness.

Had the outer row of petals upon these flowers extended outward instead of curling gracefully backward as they did, we dare not say how much each blossom would have measured. In their natural form the smallest of the group could not have been less than seven inches across; but they were very nearly the same size.

The outer row of petals are long and narrow; the exact shade of color known to fashionable ladies as *ecru*. The inner row are short and wide, like the white petals of the water-lily, which they resembled in tint and texture. These extend forward and hold the richest store of golden stamens.

The pistil divides—if my memory-picture is true to life—into three parts, each exquisitely delicate flue bending lightly backward in dainty, creamy contrast to the white petals and bright golden stamens surrounding and enclosing their base. These long, feathery flues could not have measured less than five or six inches in length, and were the crowning beauty of what seemed absolutely perfect before.

BEULAH.

Gossip with Correspondents.

A Flower Garden of Herbaceous Perennials.—The first day of May, and my flower-garden is ablaze with beauty! Snowdrops, Bulbocodiums, Crocuses, and Scillas, have passed away and the Hyacinths are come! "Red, white, and blue," royal purple, yellow and rose, both single and double! Added to them are the early Van Thol tulips, scarlet, white, rose, yellow, and red, and the double Tournesol gorgeous in rich and yellow! The native Mertensia virginica is very beautiful; with its long, gracefully-drooping racemes, which are rosy purple before opening into a lovely cerulean blue! But the most regal plant among them all, is a single red-brown Imperial, that is three feet high with ten large bells upon each stalk! One must peer into its cups to realize all its beauty, the beautiful markings of the flower and the pearl lying at the base of each petal.

A mass of blue grape Hyacinths have been in bloom some time, and now the dwarf blue Isis is added to the display. The large family of Narcissus, the Lily of the Valley, Snow-flakes, and the Parrot and late Tulips are coming on. The curious fall Crocus, that ripens its seed in spring and blooms in the fall; the Lily family, hardy Gladiolus, the Ornithogalum tribe are all fully represented. Seven varieties of Peonies, and as many of German Ivies adorn my garden. The Hemerocallis and Funkias are also here. A bee Larkspur stands in one corner, and aside from its flowers, it is an elegant plant.

I have five other varieties of Delphiniums besides; D. Formosum is splendid, and a double celestial blue, with white centre, is especially lovely. Campanula grandiflora and Pentstemon grandiflora are both very desirable, the latter with its spikes of large lilac flowers renders it a conspicuous plant, and with us it is a biennial. Scarlet perennial Poppy is showy, but ephemeral. Lychnis Haageana is a favorite of mine; the plant is dwarf, but has such large vermilion-colored blooms.

Of Aquilegias or Columbines, I have more than a half dozen colors, both double and single. One curious variety is entirely without acetaries, and as double as a rose. For several years the "yellow birds" have taken all the seed. I find the "early bird gets" the seed as well as the "worm." Both white and rose-colored perennial Peas give me much satisfaction. All the above, from bee Larkspur, I grew from seed.

Of trailers, the creeping Phlox, Moneywort, and Vinca minor (Periwinkle, or Myrtle), and, I am sorry to add, ground ivy. Monkshood and Lamium variegata, have pretty foliage, but the latter is anything but sweet-smelling.

When the covering was raked off the flower-beds in March, the blue perennial Flax, Verbena Montana, white Lily, and three sorts of Sedum were fresh and green. White and purple perennial Phloxes, Ranunculus (buttercups), Blackberry Lily, (mine is from seed, a pretty, graceful, reflexed little lily, but not a lily, either), and Achillea millefolia, with its fern-like foliage and corymbs of crimson flowers edged with white, closes the list of my plants. Gypsophila paniculata must not be excluded, for it adds to a bouquet (as a writer in the CABINET said), what a bit of rare lace does to a dress.

In a sheltered spot is my "wild garden," composed of Solomon's seal, "Jacks in the pulpit," clumps of both crimson and white Hepaticas, the spotted-leaved Erythronium, and last, Dodecatheon Media, the Queen

of prairie flowers. Flower-seeds, like corn, were a failure in Illinois last year, as one Canterbury Bell, varieties of Dianthus, and my "Hollyhock walk," alone show that any were sowed the past summer.

Did not space forbid, I should like to tell of my success with window-plants, tender bulbs and Cacti. My plants have been collected from the east and the west, north and south, from seeds, bulbs, roots and cuttings, all through exchanges, that have brought me likewise many pleasant correspondents. Many of them, both friends and flowers, I owe to the FLORAL CABINET, for which I am sincerely grateful.

MRS. KATE SHERMAN.

Rustic Baskets.—I have not seen any mention made of rustic baskets like mine; so I will describe them, as they have been very much admired. I have two, one in front of each front window, made of small branches of trees, about half as large as a man's wrist, driven into the ground and grape vines woven in and out until it is about two feet high and then filled with rich soil. Two vines twisted together form the handles. Of course you can make them any size you like; mine are about three feet in diameter. I have a bed of pink Verbena in one and scarlet in the other, and in addition, I sow flower-seeds every spring. These, with my box plants, are all I can undertake to keep alive through the summer. CLEAR LAKE.

My Flower-Garden.—Last summer my flower-bed was three feet wide and reached two-thirds across the garden, which is a large one. In it was planted three rows of seed; in the middle was planted London Pride, Zinnia, variegated Petunia, Mignonette, red and white Petunia, Pearl and variegated Balsam. In one row was Verbena, Antirrhinum (Snap-Dragon), Sweet Alyssum, Phlox Drummondii of different colors, Diadem Dianthus, Cacalia, single Portulaca, Amaranthus, and Candytuft. On the other side is Sweet Alyssum, Dianthus, Hedderwigii, Pot Marigold, Sweet William, Acroclinium, German Asters, Dianthus Laciniatus, and mixed Balsam; also a small bed along the grape vine, which is lengthwise of the garden; this is a bed of Petunia, a perfect mat of sixteen different shades, with now and then a Canterbury Bell. Dianthus, Sweet Alyssum, and Candytuft; it was a perfect beauty, covered with bloom all summer and till the first of November, and even at the middle of the month I picked a bouquet of Petunia, Sweet Alyssum, Dianthus, and Chrysanthemum. I gathered bouquets of Verbena, Sweet Alyssum, and Mignonette on the first of November.

My friends that visited me through the summer, admired my flowers very much, and thought it must take all my time to take care of them. When I tell them it takes only one hour a day, they are surprised, the flowers look so thrifty, and the ground is so mellow and clear of weeds.

When I go into the garden they seem to nod their graceful heads in thankfulness for the care that is bestowed on them; this pays me well for my hour's work each day. It being a damp summer, I did not have to carry very much water; but when I did, I watered them in the evening and in the morning; they look so bright and fresh, it rewards me well for all my trouble.

It is better to have a few flowers well cared for; they make our homes seem so bright and cheerful. I cannot see why all people do not love flowers, their pretty bright faces peeping up at us, continually thanking us for the few moments of care we give them each day. I think they are a blessing each and every home ought to be adorned with. X. N. SUBSCRIBER.

Rugs.—I have made some articles recently that differ somewhat from any I have seen described in the CABINET, and may assist some farmer's wife, like myself, to make home more attractive, while employing leisure moments. The first I made was two pulled rugs, woollen rags pulled up through coarse coffee sacking, differing from those described in the CABINET. In design, No. 1 has a large black eagle, with wings expanded as though flying, for a centre; the rug being two feet wide and three and a half feet long; three inches from the edge I drew a line, but instead of leaving square corners, as on the outside edge, I made each corner to form a scollop rounding toward centre of rug; now from this line to the eagle I filled in with hit or miss stripes, and from the line to the outer edge (for the border) I filled in with scarlet stripes. This rug is called pretty.

No. 2 has a small circle for centre, in which, as though swimming on light blue water, streaked with white foam, is a white swan, with gray wing, yellow beak, and black eye; the circle is made distinct by pulling in two rows of black, then three rows of red rays; at a pretty distance from the circle is an oval ring of purple, black and red, so this circle seems to lay in the oval; from one to the other is filled with hit or miss stripes. This rug is the same size as the first, and filled from the oval to the edge with black, and a fringe adds much to the beauty of each.

Next I made a card-basket composed of eight sections, of pretty shape, and medium size; I bound each section to make it more easy to join them when covered; covered them with points made from blue tinted ribbon paper, in the same manner as the corn-husk work described in the CABINET last year; line each section and the bottom with white merino, sewing in with each piece of lining a heavy green silk cord; make the handle in the same manner, cording it the same, and sew quite fast to the basket; now in the small space in the centre of each section and handle sew a straw flower, if you have a pretty rose, and three green leaves, for each place, and embroider a rose and leaves on the white lining at bottom of basket, and for each section. Your basket will be very pretty. Mine is simply corded and trimmed with straw flowers.

I have made two pretty rugs from cotton cloth. Braided rugs, I call them. Take three strips of cotton cloth; calico and muslin do nicely. Braid them the same as you would straws, only sew the pieces when joining them. Knit a strip three inches wide and one foot and a half long for the centre. Knit this of one color; around this sew three rows of the braid, cutting and laying one over the other where they meet; these rows should be bright colors; then three rows of plain, or one colored, braids, and add them in this manner until your rug assumes the desired size. These make pretty oval shaped rugs and look well when placed beside a bed, if the carpet should be a "rug carpet."

My mind is still stored with knowledge concerning numerous articles to be found in my rooms, but this chat with the CABINET readers has now grown too lengthy. At some future time perhaps I may tell you more about housekeeping in the Old Rock House.

MRS. EMMA TREICHLER.

Water for Plants.—The best for the gardener's purpose is rain water, preserved in tanks sunk in the earth, and rendered tight either by puddling, or bricks covered with cement. To keep these tanks replenished, gutters should run round the eaves of every structure in the garden, and communicate with them.

E. L. B.

Flower Gardening.

A LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN.

During a pleasant walk upon a lovely day last summer, when earth and sky were radiant with beauty, I passed a small but neatly arranged flower-garden, and stopped for a moment to enjoy its beauties; but among all the fair blossoms that met my gaze, my attention was most drawn to a bed of lovely Pausies. Lifting their large beautiful heads above the mass of dark green foliage, royal in purple and gold, and running through all the degrees of shade to the palest violet, it was a picture to become ineffaceably fixed in my mind, and has made me richer and happier for its possession, and I still often turn back to it with the greatest pleasure.

I have often, when weary with toil and laden with care, found rest and strength, and drank in deep draughts of delight, in gazing for a few moments upon the unfolding beauties of my own loved flowers. What a pleasure to watch the gradual development from the tiny shoot to the full-grown plant with its wealth of leaves and blossoms, often filling the air with exquisite fragrance. What more beautiful sight can there be than a bed of gorgeous Verbenas, glowing in all the shades of scarlet, crimson and purple, intermingled, with here and there starry clusters of pure white; or of velvety Petunias with their rich coloring and delicate veinings and shadings, such as only the hand of the great Artist could pencil.

But radiant as are these summer beauties, there are so many choice and beautiful perennials that adorn our gardens that we must give them their due share of admiration; and almost unrivaled among them stand the Lilies, the queenly lilies. Surely, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Tall and stately, some waving their yellow cups like golden censers in the summer air, some gleaming out white and pure as some fair spirit, so filling all the air with their fragrance, while others lift their royal heads, so glorious with brilliant coloring of scarlet and purple and gold, as to transcend all powers of description.

Of these lovely flowers, I have several varieties in my own garden, some of which are common and old-fashioned, and others more rare, but all are very beautiful to me.

And now I must say a few words for the Roses, for among all the gems of the flower-garden, these are, to me, the fairest and sweetest. So rich are they in perfume, so perfect in form and coloring, combining so many rare and delicate tints, and possessing so many excellencies, that they stand almost alone in their beauty. Could I have but one kind or class of flowers for out-door culture, I should prefer Roses to all others. But dearly as I love them, from some unknown cause I have not been very successful in the culture, especially house Roses. Some time ago, I purchased of a well known florist, several varieties, mostly Tea. After recovering from the effects of their long journey, they grew rapidly, putting out the most luxuriant foliage, and nearly all blossomed. Never will I forget my delight in watching the unfolding of those exquisite buds into the perfect flower, and inhaling their delicious fragrance.

There was a Washington, with its clusters of snowy white; a Madame Damazin, with its delicate creamy petals, softly tinted with rose; a Louis Philippe, of the richest, deepest crimson; a Madame Margotten, throwing out magnificent blossoms of golden yellow, with a deep pink centre, and a Duchess de Brabant,

blushing very lovely amid the bright green foliage, and others that I will not take time to mention.

But perhaps I bestowed too much care and attention upon my favorites, for they were frail as fair, and very short-lived indeed. During the winter they began to droop, and lose their leaves, and pine away in spite of all my efforts to save them, until nearly all were dead; only my Marechal Neil and Duchess de Brabant remaining. These both produced some splendid blossoms in the summer, for all their slender and not very thrifty appearance, that were as beautiful as heart could wish.

I have been quite successful with my house plants this year, and though my collection is not very large, I have some fine plants, and they are a source of much pleasure to me, brightening many a lonely hour, while they furnish food for thought and study in their varied forms, habits, and needs for promoting growth and beauty.

My plants are not numerous, it is true, but a few choice and well cared for, are preferable to a great number of worthless ones. I have an Achyranthus which has been especially admired by everyone. It is a large bushy plant, more than two feet in height, and combining every shade in its large beautiful leaves, from the palest pink to the darkest crimson and maroon. It is, without exaggeration, a magnificent plant. I have some half dozen varieties of Fuchsias which are great favorites; a lovely double white, and one a soft pink and crimson, which, with its luxuriant growth and rich masses of dark shining foliage, is something truly splendid; and several others of the various shades of purple and crimson, which have paid well with their constant abundance of rich blossoms.

My Geraniums also have been a source of both pride and pleasure. The beautiful tricolor, Mrs. Pollock, and the ivy-leaved Holly-wreath, and most lovely of all, a double one of the brightest and purest pink, the florets of which were each a perfect little rose, measuring nearly an inch and a half in diameter. I have quite a variety of Zonales, part of which are seedlings of my own raising, and are very beautiful both in leaf and flower; a few other pretty foliage plants, some seedling Heliotropes, a scarlet Salvia, and Chinese Primrose, with some baskets of drooping vines, make up my small collection. As to their culture, so many useful suggestions and excellent methods have been given through the pages of the CABINET, that I could tell nothing new, and will only say that I pot them in good rich soil, and water whenever the earth is dry, and the plants show a need of it (not at any regular times), using soft warm water, adding a little ammonia occasionally, and stirring the earth about the roots frequently to keep it mellow.

And now I would only say to every weary, toiling one, to all who have many cares, and but few pleasures, and still possess a love for the beautiful, if you have a spare foot of earth, or one sunny window, cultivate a few flowers, if it is only two or three varieties, and you will be amply repaid for all your trouble in their unfolding beauties. You will find rest and refreshment for both body and mind, and in caring for them you will find only a pleasure, and better still, something that will lift the thoughts higher, and make them purer for their refining influence. May we all, whatever be our mission in life, do our work well and nobly, and at the same time not forget to love and cherish the beautiful things spread out before us in the great realm of matter, that a loving Father has so kindly and lavishly bestowed, and thus be drawn nearer to Him who has made them all and clothed the earth with such wondrous beauty. M.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER IX.

"The many-colored threads of fate
Are weaving webs of strange device."

It was near midnight in Finster's cottage, and the tired mother lay asleep with her children, while Virginie kept watch by the bedside of the sick boy. He had been restless and wakeful for hours, and the patient nurse had smoothed his pillow and given him cooling drinks, singing to him in a voice as low and sweet as the cooing of a dove. She had quieted the fever, at last, by her gentle, magnetic touch, and he was sleeping with the faintest dew of perspiration on his forehead, and one little hot hand clasped in hers.

The shaded kerosene lamp burned low in a corner of the room. Virginie sat in Mrs. Finster's rocking-chair with her light hair unbound and falling about her shoulders. Her great blue eyes, so weary with weeping and watching, were wide open staring at the bickering shadows. She wondered if she should ever sleep again. How many hours was it since Bradley Halcourt had spoken those rash words that burned in her brain and throbbed through her whole being? She was praying in a confused, frightened way, "Keep me from temptation. Deliver me from evil." How could she ever again meet the frank, true eyes of her friend, with the memory of those words of love and that kiss tingling on her lips? Her heart was so full of shame and contrition she could have fallen at Winnifred's feet and bathed them with tears of repentance.

Virginie might have stolen out of the cottage and fled away into the night had not reason and reflection still been strong in her. Mrs. Halcourt's letter could not reach Hopevale before Thursday night. It was now Tuesday. Might she not venture to remain secluded in the fisherman's cottage, nursing little Jake, over the next day? Minnie was too busy and too happy to miss her, and she would rely with all her soul upon the promise of protection which she had extorted from Bradley. It was a great comfort to put off the necessity of immediate action—of thinking what she would do—even for a few hours, for her frame seemed drugged with languor, and only by a strong effort of will could she exert herself at all. Thus she sat outwardly pale and calm, trying to bear, and to be patient until daylight came.

The moon had risen, but it gleamed out fitfully between heavy masses of dark cloud, and a sad low wind began to wail in the forest bordering the lake, while the little waves rippled mournfully against the shore. Between two blasts that scattered showers of dead leaves, Virginie first heard a low tapping at the pane. She bent forward, and grasped the arms of her chair, her lips apart, her cheek blanched, while her heart seemed to stop beating. It was the same signal by which Bradley had summoned her in the morning. She did not answer, but sat gazing into space as if petrified. But the tapping continued, and a voice said in a half whisper, "Mousie, are you there?"

It was not Bradley's voice, and she rose reluctantly, and went forward, and softly raised the sash.

On the other side of the screen of leaves which the night-wind was rustling, stood Winnie, wrapped in her great furred cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and looking preternaturally tall and shadowy.

"I must speak to you," said she, in a penetrating whisper; "I have Hector with me, and you need not wait to get a wrap; my cloak is big enough to cover us both."

The boy was still sleeping; Virginie stole back to the bed to assure herself of the fact, and then crept out of the house through a little passage. She shivered as Winnie embraced her, and drew her in under the shelter of the big warm cloak, and in silence they began to climb the bank with Hector's feet pattering on behind them. Among the trees it was almost palpably dark with faint patches of moonlight here and there cast down from between the shifting clouds. But Winnie, by a kind of cat-like instinct, kept to the path until they had got into the black shelter of the great pines, and below their eyes could discern the glimmer of the lake that lay spread out in a vague, whitish expanse. Then she sat down on the pine needles and drew her friend into her strong arms, while the dog kept rustling here and there, and the great boughs sighed overhead.

"Why do you tremble so?" she asked in a whisper "Are you afraid? That cry is only the hooting of a screech-owl."

Virginie longed to shrink away from the warm protecting clasp, but she seemed held in a vise, and with a deadly sinking of the heart, she murmured, "No, I am not afraid; but why have you come out here in the night?"

"I could not sleep, Mousie. I was wretched, and terribly nervous, and when I found you were away from home I was just ready to raise the roof. I wandered like a lost spirit into Lady Betty's room, and all over the old Hall, and had more than half a mind to send and have you fetched back. But then I decided to come for you myself, so I waited until all the people were abed and asleep, and then I stole out for I knew the night air would do me good."

"Are you ill, dear mademoiselle?" Virginia asked in a whisper, shivering and cowering in the dark, for the wind had brought down a great dead limb with a sharp crack.

"No, no, I am never ill," Winnie answered, hurriedly. "I am only restless and out of sorts. Oh, Virginia, I don't know what ails me. I believe I am a fool, an idiot. I hate and despise myself, and I could never speak to you as I do if it wasn't for the dark that hides my face," and suddenly she dropped her head on her companion's shoulder, and gave way to a violent outburst of tears and sobs, frightful as such an explosion always is from one who cries hard.

Virginia felt that constriction of the heart that presses the life and hope out of young bosoms. Her exclamation was a sob of agony, "Oh, mademoiselle, what has happened? Is it Mr. Fortescue?"

"Don't name that creature," cried Winnie, as soon as she could get her voice. "I loath the very thought of him, and have told him never to come near me again."

"But why?" and the whisper in the dark faltered.

"Why, darling, my love," sobbed Winnie, as the confession was wrung out of her, and feeling her face burn in the dark. "You are so pure-hearted, so true, you will never understand it, and you will despise me as I despise myself."

"No, no," said Virginia, making a great effort over the words. "It is I that ought to get down and eling to your knees for pardon."

Winnie was absorbed in what was passing within her to the exclusion of all else. Her voice broke and she seemed strangely humble. "I have only allowed that ape-faced Fortescue to dangle after me, and whisper silly nothings, because I hoped it would vex Bradley."

"And your cousin has scolded?" gasped Virginia.

"No, no," with another passionate outburst of grief and impatience, "he does not care; he is as indifferent as a marble statue. You do not understand, you cannot know, you have never felt as I do. I thought I was strong, but I am miserably weak. I meant to rule myself, and never give way to this folly and madness," she moaned on in the darkness.

"And your cousin?" returned Virginia, holding out through these moments of torture she knew not how. "He has made a scene, perhaps?"

"No, no," sighed Winnie; "he does not care enough for that. He would not mind if I was lying dead at his feet. I believe he would be glad, for this marriage must seem odious to him. He never would have consented except for the promise he made his mother. I believe he hates me, Virginia. And how can we go on in this way years and years? Oh, it is hideous to think of. I hate myself because I cannot give him up, and tell him to go out of my sight."

The last drop had been shed into poor Virginia's cup, but the crisis seemed to calm and steady her, and she said, in a tone that sounded sharp, almost shrill, in her own ears:

"You love him dearly, with your whole heart and soul?"

"Do not ask me," groaned Winnie, "I am beside myself. Did I not vow never to pine away, a love-lorn thing, like the Lady Betty? I am too young and strong to die, and I shall not go mad, but I may turn wicked, Virginia, unless you help me. I have only you in the world to cling to now. Can't you comfort me a little, and show me a gleam of hope? Maybe in time, in a great many years, he might come to feel differently. I would not expect much. I would be humble. I would subdue my pride and break my will. I would think only of pleasing him. But to have him dislike me always, and grow harder and colder, oh, that is too dreadful to bear."

Winnie's tone of pleading and entreaty, not unmingled with tears, was a prayer for consolation poured into her friend's ear, and she clung more convulsively than ever to her side, almost hurting her with her strong arm.

The pause before Virginia could gain power to speak seemed simply horrible, and at last when the words came, they were very cold and measured:

"I am sure your cousin will love you sometime, mademoiselle. You are worthy of his love."

Winnie heeded nothing but the import of the words. Though poor and scant, they were like the bread of life to her.

"Oh, say that again, Virginia; say it every day and every hour. I can live on the least crumb of hope, and you shall teach me how to win him; you shall make me all over. I know men don't like women who assert themselves. You shall teach me to be gentle and docile. Do you know a horrible fear has sometimes come over me; the fear that he loves another. It was like fire on my

bare flesh. If he is heart-free why shouldn't I win him in time?"

"Oh, you will win him in time," repeated Virginia, mechanically, and then with a kind of wrench, she broke away from her companion's arm, and rose up before her from the place where they were sitting. Her face was deathly pale, and just at that moment the moon shone out upon it between dark clouds, and upon the long fair hair streaming over her shoulders. She looked more like a spirit than a mortal.

Winnie felt a little creeping fear of her that was quite a new sensation.

"You are ill," said she, tenderly, getting up, and standing beside her. "How selfish I have been not to find it out before! You are killing yourself nursing that red-headed boy, and I am to blame for permitting such a sacrifice. Come, we will go call up his mother, and then you shall come home and sleep in my bed, and I will take care of you."

Virginia rejected her friend's supporting arm, and even the clasp of her hand.

"I cannot go back to that house," she said, in an unnatural, sharp tone. "I must return to the boy, for I have promised to watch with him, and he needs me."

For an instant, Winnie stood rooted to the ground with surprise and consternation. She had never before heard such a tone issue from Virginia's lips. When she spoke, it was more in grief and remonstrance than in anger.

But Virginia had turned and begun to thread her way through the trees.

"Do you care more for that boy than you do for me?" cried Winnie, following down the path. "He is in no sort of danger, and I have shown you how much I need you. I have laid bare my heart's core. And you only seem bent on killing yourself. This is not kind, Virginia. It is not like you. I never saw you perverse before. I thought you had the temper of an angel, for you never gave me a single pang. Now I am shocked that you should treat me in this way."

They had descended the bank very rapidly, and Virginia was again in dense shadow. She stopped and her voice was forced and strange:

"Think of me as you will, mademoiselle, I cannot go back to that house to-night."

"You have given me a blow in my heart," gasped Winnie, in a voice thrilling with sorrow and reproach. "No human being but yourself could have made me believe it possible."

Virginia did not stay to hear more; she fled over the cabbage patch into the cottage, and her friend was left outside alone in the night, stunned by the blow that had fallen upon her, not knowing why it had been dealt, or what it meant. She stood a minute or two rooted to the ground, gazing blankly at the dark outline of the fisherman's house. Something cold and moist insinuated itself into her hand. It was old Hector's muzzle, for the faithful creature was rubbing himself affectionately against her dress. He recalled Winnie to reality. She found that the earth had not given way under her feet; that the heavens were still stable. All was calm and still, for the wind had gone down, and the moon coming out again cast weird shadows down the old oak avenue.

Winnie crept slowly through the trees, for this new trouble had awed her restless mood into silence. She let herself into the dark house at a little side door of which she kept the key, and, taking off her shoes, stole noiselessly to her room.

Winnie's strong nature had quivered under this shock to her tenderest affections. For hours she lay in bed staring before her with eyes propped wide open, torturing herself with conjectures and surmises as to the reason of Virginia's strange behavior.

She dreaded the coming of light; she dreaded to have to meet her again. Her heart was bruised and sore, for all the happy past seemed shivered to pieces at one stroke. Everything was changed between them, and why was it so? The words that had been spoken were nothing, but an indefinable change in Virginia had impressed itself upon her never to be effaced. It was the cold shade of death that had crept between them.

Sometimes Winnie sobbed in her hard, violent way. She could not have it so. It was too dreadful. All her world, so rich and splendid, seemed crumbling to pieces.

Once a serpent crept into her bosom, and stung her. Perhaps Virginia loved Bradley; had learned to love him on the steamer. But Winnie was loyal to her friend's truth, though suffering from this change in her affections, and she put the creeping thing away as if it had polluted her heart.

Truth and health triumphed over this tumult of feeling, and, at length, far on toward morning, Winnie fell into a deep sleep. She was intensely interested in a vivid dream which she could never recall, but all the time there was the sound of knocking upon her door; that kind of knocking which we hear in sleep, but do not heed. However, the knocking increased. She opened her eyes to find the sun shining in between the curtains of her windows, and

with a mist of sleep hanging round her she got up, slipped on a dressing gown, and opened the door to encounter the broad figure and perturbed countenance of old black Nanna.

"Oh, little Miss, dat furrin gal," the old woman whimpered. "I dreamt of snakes las' night, honey, an' I knowed suffun was wrong."

"What about Virginia?" the young mistress asked sharply, now broad awake.

"Pears like I've scart you, honey. You's pale as bleacin' cloth. Dat yaller-haired gal is like de apple in yore eye. Dat pore white trash, Finster's wife, she sent up to say how as Miss Jinny was took bad in de night, and has gone off light-headed, and is cryin' for you dat are put out wid her, honey, and won't forgive her nohow."

Winnie leaped for a moment against the wall. She was weak from the rush of emotions that had come into her heart. Pity, love, and sorrow were struggling there, but thankfulness was uppermost.

It was all plain to her now. The delirium was coming. It had made poor Virginia appear strange and unnatural, but she had been too selfish and purblind not to perceive the cause. Winnie felt an impulse to pray, though she had never been taught to pray. The instinct arose within her, and bedewed her heart, and made it soft. When she opened her eyes they were full of tears.

"Get the carriage instantly," said she, in her clear, decisive tones. "We will fetch Virginia home."

Mrs. Finster was on the lookout, with the heavy baby sucking its thumb over her shoulder, and the rest of the children huddled together in an awed, little group when the carriage drove up to the door.

"It's a mercy you've come," she began in a very lachrymose tone. "I never was so beat in my life as when I found her lying on the floor at the foot of Jake's bed, with her head burning hot, and her eyes staring wide open, but not knowing me more than the dead. And then how she did talk, and sing, and laugh? It would have just broke your heart to hear her. Now she has fallen into a stupor like, and I routed Finster out of the house, and made up the bed clean with the only whole sheets I've got; and there she is breathing and moaning in her sleep, so it's dreadful to hear. Poor Jake has took on so about her, I thought he'd have a collapse himself."

Winnie cut short Mrs. Finster's lamentations by pushing past her into the low, untidy room, in one corner of which stood the bed, where Virginia lay with a purple, congested flush on her face, her baked lips wide apart, and the sunny hair scattered over the coarse pillow. It was a sight to wring Winnie's heart, but at that moment she must not give way; she must act. Motioning Nanna to the bed-side, she said in a low voice, "You and I can lift her easily to the carriage."

Softly as the words were spoken, they seemed to thrill through Virginia. For an instant the lethargy was shaken off. She shuddered and covered away from Winnie's touch, and moaned out, "Don't take me away from here. Let me stay here and rest."

But Nanna, with one firm movement, lifted her in her arms, and laid her drooping head down on her broad, motherly bosom, and thus she hushed and soothed her all the way, like a sick baby. She even carried her, unaided, up the broad staircase at the Hall, declaring she was only a feather in weight.

"Take her into my room," whispered Winnie, as they were going up.

Virginia opened her eyes full and wide, and the same shuddering and shrinking came over her. "Put me in my own bed," she half sobbed. "I shall die if you lay me there."

Winnie knew she ought not to be hurt by the poor girl's ravings, in her delirium; but somehow she was. It recalled all she had suffered during the night. She was glad there was no time to brood over her thoughts. So Virginia was laid in her own little bed; and for two days she knew not what was happening about her.

Bradley had passed a wretched, sleepless night between hours of self torture, and irrational gleams of joy awakened by the consciousness that Virginia loved him. Haggard and unrefreshed, he arose just at dawn to nerve himself by a few hours in the fresh air for the interview with his cousin, in which he meant to break with all his past, and set his face toward a new life. He would tell her the truth, and throw himself upon her generosity. It was maddening to think that any imputation of evil would be cast on Virginia; but he was there to guard and shield her.

This step he meant to take without her knowledge, for he knew he could never gain her consent, and it was impossible for him to carry longer a load of deceit. He was about to take his fate into his own hands. And the resolution once formed, he was calm and almost joyful.

When he returned to the house, Winnie stood in the great entrance hall, holding an earnest half-whispered conference with the country doctor. He was rooted to the ground by the first words that reached his ear.

"And you think it won't be necessary to cut off her hair?"

"No; I hardly think it will go the length of brain fever. There are some ugly symptoms, but the leeches will likely check them. The young lady must have had some kind of a shock; bad news from home, perhaps. I understand she don't belong round here."

"Oh, no," returned Winnie, positively, "nothing of the sort. I think she has got some malarial poison in her system. She has been nursing a sick boy down in a cottage by the lake where it is damp and unhealthy."

"Oh! ah!" returned the shrewd, farmer-like doctor. "I never knew malaria to produce just such effects; but I will call again this afternoon. Be particular to apply the ice, and give the medicine as ordered."

Bradley stood rigid and motionless until his cousin had accompanied the doctor to the door, and then she turned and approached him with a half timid air quite new to her.

"Have you heard about poor Virginia? You know she was taken very bad down at Finster's. We brought her home in a high fever, and at times she is dreadfully delirious. I felt sure she was killing herself, and I tried to make her come away last night; but she was dreadfully perverse. I never knew her so before. It was this coming on."

Bradley felt such a grip upon his heart he could not speak, but he was conscious of making an almost superhuman effort at self control.

"Does the doctor think her in danger?"

"Yes, he thinks there is danger, but he is more encouraging than we could expect. She is so young perhaps she may throw off the brain trouble in a few hours."

Bradley's manner was colder and more impassive than before, as he said, "Had I not better go and summon a doctor from Deanport?"

"No, I think not," returned Winnie. "Dr. Rudd is said to be quite skillful. Papa hated the whole tribe, and would not let one of them into the house, and I have never been sick in my life; but somehow he has inspired me with confidence. He says if there is not a decided change for the better by to-morrow morning, he will call a consultation of physicians."

"Let me know if I can be of any service," said Bradley, as he hurried away, feeling that he could bear up no longer. This new and consuming anxiety had obliterated every other thought.

Winnie was vexed with him for receiving the news so coldly.

"He looks fagged to death," she thought, "but he has no more heart than a stone." However, she had reason to change her mind, for though Bradley was obliged to turn away to hide his anguish of heart, when he had recovered a little from the shock he could do nothing but wait and watch for his cousin's emergence from the sick-room to get reports of Virginia's condition. His whole manner had changed. It was so gentle, so humble, that a new hope fluttered in her heart. Surely, they were drawing a little nearer to each other. Bradley, though his face was haggard, had never seemed so kind as on that day, and the next, when the whispered conferences were going on about the hall and staircases.

The poor girl's delirium was at its height, but she was very gentle and pathetic—in fancy wandering with her dead mother over the Alpine pastures, gathering harebells, and listening to the bleat of flocks, and the song of birds. She was away back in her happy lost childhood, and spoke only in French, sometimes singing snatches of the songs her father had taught her. Bradley heard these bursts of delirious singing as he hung about the passage, or set his door open to listen. He was reduced to a pitiable and abject state of misery, and sometimes he secretly waylaid old Nanna on her way to and from the sick-room. The old darkey shook her head, and her eyes were full of tears:

"De pore lam' is mighty bad, Mass'r Bradley; but de Lord transposes, and I se prayin' for her powerful strong. De Lord can hear old black Nanna. He's no suspecter of possons, an' I neber prayed in faith, believin', dat I didn't git an answer shore, for, honey, I allus prays 'de Lord's will be done,' an' whichever way it turns, it's de Lord's will; don't ye see dat, honey."

The hours wore on without any perceptible change. The doctor came and stayed most of the night. He was confident a favorable crisis would occur in the morning. Bradley never knew how he got through the time. He sat up all night in his dark room, ill with anxiety and dread, and constant smoking only made him worse. A slight nausea stole over him, and just at daybreak he crept out into the fresh air. The sunrise was sweet and calm, shining goldenly through the bare trees.

He wandered about without aim or purpose through the paths, not knowing or caring where he went, when he saw Edgar Swayne ride up to the stable-yard gate and dismount. Everything had been swept from Bradley's mind by the crushing anxiety and suspense of the past day; but now as he saw the stern light in Edgar's eye, their interview at the mine came rushing back upon his memory, and he advanced to meet him.

The question came abruptly and without preface, "Mr. Halcourt, did you send the message I intrusted to you for the sheriff of Deanport?"

"No; I did not?"

"Will you please to explain, sir, why you did not?"

"No, I cannot do that, at least not at present. I owe you an apology for what may appear strange conduct, and that apology, full and ample, you shall have in time. At present I must allow you to think of me what you please. I can only say that I withheld the message in order to protect an innocent person."

"And I can tell you that your conduct has been basely dishonorable," cried Edgar. "You have connived at the escape of a criminal, and are answerable to the law. I had everything prepared for the capture of that man, the leader of the gang that has infested this neighborhood, and you have defeated me for reasons best known to yourself. But all who have had a hand in this thing shall yet be brought to justice. I have tracked that man through all his aliases—Dr. Walters, Charles Meadows, Long Andrew, and he has been notorious through them all."

"And his real name," said Bradley, eyeing him, and not allowing a sign of emotion to escape.

"His real name I do not yet know; but I shall find it out."

Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, and he turned squarely upon Bradley:

"Perhaps you may know this man's true name?"

Bradley did not answer. He stood in a quiet attitude, one hand thrust into his pocket, and the other holding a long-handled meerschaum. Thus they stood, taking each other's measure, Bradley pale, Edgar flushed and excited, until the latter's hostility could no longer restrain itself. "If I thought you knew that man's true name, I would force you to reveal it."

"Oh, is that it?" returned Bradley, looking down from his broad-shouldered height on the slight, nervous student form before him. "Are you a fighting parson of the church militant? I should hate to handle a man of your cloth, and a smaller man than myself, too. You see with just one blow of my fist I could hurl you into those bushes yonder."

"Don't mind my cloth," cried Edgar, quite beside himself now. "I will meet you as man to man, as foe to foe."

Bradley's placable temper asserted itself more and more as Edgar's wrath was gathering.

"No," said he, "I have no quarrel with you, Mr. Swayne. That is all bunkum. I owe you an apology, and an explanation which you shall one day have. You have heaped some injurious words upon me, and if you think I will bear imputations upon my honor more patiently than another man, you are mistaken. But you are angry, and there is some color for your anger, and I will not take advantage of it. A contest of fisticuffs between us would be too unequal. If you are determined to regard me in the light of an enemy, and wish to attack me, you must pop away with a pistol from behind some tree. I shall not molest you."

Bradley turned on his heel and walked away, triumphing as the strong man does triumph who has the advantage of coolness and self-control. Edgar before had hated him, now his breast seemed full of hissing serpents. He leaned a moment on the gate for support, and then almost groped his way toward the Hall. Hardly had he entered and thrown himself upon a sofa, still quivering with rage and pain, when Winnie came flying down the staircase, in a white wrapper, and with such a tender glad light in her eyes, in spite of weariness and watching, as seldom had been seen there. Virginia was better; the blessed crisis had come. She had fallen into a peaceful slumber, and a cool dew of perspiration was beading her forehead.

Winnie had flown down the stairs to find Bradley, that she might pour the good news into his sympathetic ear. Her cousin's changed manner, and his gentle kindness had made these confidences sweet to her; but in the hall she encountered Edgar.

"Oh, Mr. Swayne, you will be so glad to hear that Virginia is better. You know how ill she has been. At one time we thought her case almost hopeless; but the crisis has come and she is asleep."

Edgar looked up with a miserably pale, haggard face, his eyes blood-shot and burning, and forced himself to say, "I am very sorry she has been so ill."

"It is a blessed thing you were not here during the worst," Winnie returned, "for I see how you have suffered."

Edgar looked at her steadily, entranced by the splendor of her eyes.

"Miss Braithwaite, what do you mean? I do not understand you."

"Mean, Mr. Swayne? Why, nothing, only that I see you have been very unhappy about poor Virginia."

"You are laboring under a strange delusion," said he, in a low voice, standing before her, and keeping his eyes riveted upon her face in a way that made her very uncomfortable.

"I have not been unhappy about your friend. I did not even know that she was ill until you told me."

A crimson flood came slowly up and suffused Winnie's

face. She was deeply vexed and ashamed that she had made this mistake; and, moreover, the young man would not take his burning eyes from off her face, while she seemed powerless to move.

"Miss Braithwaite,"—in the same low voice—"did you, could you, for a moment suppose that I was in love with your friend?"

Winnie, brave as she was, opened her lips, but only gasped. There was something impending she would have given worlds to avert, and her own little schemes all seemed tumbling about her ears.

Edgar put his hands over his face for an instant, and was trembling visibly.

"Oh," said he, in a muffled, choked voice, the sentences coming out disjointedly, "I meant to keep silence. I vowed I would not speak to you. I have been a fool, or something worse, for I have forgotten conscience and duty, even God himself, in the mad intoxication of loving you. You can never know how I have suffered, how I have struggled with myself. You can have no conception of what has gone on within me. Sometimes you have seemed to lure me on, and then again you have treated me with haughty coldness, almost scorn. But it made no difference. I could not help worshipping you blindly, for I only lived when I was in your presence. But it was madness to suppose I could stay here and endure the sight of that man who is so unworthy of you."

"Have you and Bradley quarrelled?" Winnie asked in a timid whisper, feeling that the vigor had gone out of her strong, young frame.

"Yes," he groaned, "we have quarrelled; there can be only one long, eternal quarrel between us. I will tell you the truth, though you may think I am goaded on by insano, jealous rage: that man is base and dishonorable."

Winnie recovered herself instantly, drew up her tall form to its extreme height, and said with cold hauteur, "Mr. Swayne, you forget yourself. I will not hear one word against my cousin, not one word. You may upbraid me, if you will. I have wounded and hurt you with my teasing, girlish caprices, and my thoughtlessness," and suddenly melting with the tears filling her eyes, "I beg your pardon for the pain I have inflicted. I could beg it on my knees."

"Oh, Miss Braithwaite! Winnie!" he cried, in heart-broken tones. "You will remember some day that I would give my life to save you one pang."

Winnie was sobbing passionately; she had utterly broken down.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive," she cried, putting out her clasped hands, "if I have crossed and marred your life. It is dreadful to think of."

He caught her hands in his, and pressed them fervently to his lips.

"Oh, Mr. Swayne," she went on, in a broken, pleading voice, "if we love truly, and grandly, even though that love be unhappy, ought it not to make us nobler? You may scorn me for what I have done, but do not go away from those poor people up at the mine. They need you. Is it not wrong for us to run from our natural and proper work because life has not given us what we ery for? Promise me that you will not go."

He looked at her with an indescribable expression of hopeless misery.

"I cannot answer now," said he; "I must have time to reflect," and he rushed out of the house.

Winnie fell sobbing upon the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. Where was now her self-satisfaction, and little cut-and-dried schemes that were to make everybody comfortable? It seemed as though the illusions of her crude girlhood had been shivered to pieces by one touch of passion and truth, and were lying in confused fragments at her feet.

(To be continued.)

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No. 11 Clinton Place
New York.



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1877.

A SUCCESSION OF FLOWERS.

I am no advocate for an indiscriminate planting of flowers. A few well cared for and set out with an intelligent idea of their requirements, will give far more satisfactory results than a host set out for the sake of having everything that Mrs. Grundy has, and a little more.

The plants with which we beautify our grounds require as great diversity of soil and care as do the cereals that our farmers raise. No wise farmer would think of raising Indian corn on ground that was only fit for a crop of white beans, or vice versa. Just so with our Geraniums and Roses. While the former do well in a clay soil and partial shade, the latter require a deep, rich soil and full sunshine. The same holds true with regard to our window-pets. It is folly to expect Begonias, Bouvardias, Heliotrope, or Coleus to thrive in temperature that suits best Azaleas, Camellias, Geraniums, etc. The former requiring a night temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees and a day temperature of from ten to twenty degrees higher, while the latter will do well with a night temperature of from forty to fifty degrees, with a correspondingly high day temperature.

By a proper selection, and in a moderate season, we may enjoy a succession of bloom in the open air from the first of March until the first of December. Our earliest floral treasures are the Snowdrops, Crocuses, and sweet-scented Violets, soon followed by Tulips, Hyacinths and Lilies of the Valley. Before these are ready for their season of rest, we have the Pyrus Japonica, or Japan Quince, Lilacs, Deutzias, Weigelia-roseas, Spireas in variety, and the old-fashioned, but never-to-be-despised Snowball.

By the time the glory of these has departed, our annual Roses should be opening. Then we have ten days or two weeks of beauty and fragrance, provided we have been able to circumvent the slugs which in years past have been so destructive to the queen of flowers.

Dusting the bushes, when wet with dew, with white

hellebore, plaster, or wood ashes, are said to be infallible remedies.

For those desiring the hybrid perpetuals, the following list is recommended as the best one dozen, by four of our prominent florists: Gen. Washington, Caroline de Sansal, La Reine, John Hopper, Victor Verdier, Gen. Jacqueminot, Baron Prevost, Annie de Diesbach, Mad. Alfred de Roquemonte, Triomphe de l'Exposition and Sidonie. But to my mind, nothing can excel the ever-blooming Roses. They are exquisite in form, color and perfume. In our climate it is hardly safe to winter them without some protection, but one is amply repaid for the slight trouble. I would recommend the following dozen: Hermosa, Bon Silene, Malmaison, Safrano, Isabella Sprunt, Agrippina, Bella, Duchess de Brabant, Devoniensis, Louis Phillippe, Sanquinea, and Woodland Margaret.

For bedding plants, none make a finer display than Jessamines. Probably the scarlet gives the best satisfaction of any other; but in the great variety offered by our florists, and the ease with which they may be propagated, we need only limit the number by the size of the bed.

Then we have Verbenas in countless variety, every shade and marking, except the coveted yellow, and that, I suppose, is only desirable because it is unattainable. Of course, we cannot spare the Heliotrope and Mignonette, so lovely in their modest bearing and delightful fragrance.

For those that wish a larger collection, there are the Pink, Carnation, and China Pansies, Ten-week-stock, Nasturtiums, Asters, Petunias, Phlox Drummondii, Salvias, and Chrysanthemums. Our list would not be complete without some permanent vines. Clematis and Wistaria are both beautiful climbers. Then there are the Honeysuckles; the coral and sweet scented varieties; these with a few running Roses, such as Queen of the Prairie, Baltimore Belle, Multiflora, should be enough to satisfy the most avaricious.

There is another family of vines that I cannot forbear mentioning, although they are not ornamental as bloomers. I refer to the Ampelopsis. First we have Ampelopsis Quinquifolia, or five-leaved Ivy, also called Virginia Creeper. This, in common with the poison vine, or three-leaved Ivy, grows in our woods and by the wayside, and is never more beautiful than in the fall, when its foliage is a brilliant scarlet. Ampelopsis Veitchii is a miniature variety. The young growth during the summer is a dark purple, and changes in the fall to the brightest tints of scarlet, crimson and orange.

Ampelopsis tri-color is a rapid grower, and the young leaves are beautifully variegated with pink, white and green. There is nothing more desirable for covering unsightly buildings, rock-work, old trees, etc., and these vines, unlike our English ivies, have the merit of being quite hardy.

MRS. E. G. BONHAM.

HARDY PLANTS AND VINES.

I will tell you first of the Pansy, as that is a favorite flower of mine, and I have been very successful in its cultivation. These lovely and popular flowers are the true Violets, they all being descended from the well known Heartsease, which is known as Viola tri-color. The Heartsease will grow by itself, and care for itself, increase by self-sown seed, and bloom from January until December in sheltered situations. Not so its high-born relative, the Pansy. Its culture is very difficult, unless you pursue the proper mode of treatment.

As I have succeeded so well, let me tell you my method. A year ago last spring, I thought I would make an effort to have a nice bed of Pansies. I procured a paper of mixed seeds and planted them in the house in pots; in March they came up beautifully, grew well, and by the time the ground was ready to receive them they were fit to be transplanted. I set them out where the house shaded them in the afternoon, as they will not bear constant sunshine, neither will they grow under the shade of trees. I watered them every evening, and by the first of July they were blooming beautifully, and in great variety; and often when weary with the cares of life, how they delighted my heart as I gazed upon their beautiful up-turned faces, some of them looking so saucy and others so modest, and all so grateful and lovely, (I suppose you all know the Pansy has expression). Well, they bloomed and ripened seeds until I had enough for myself and friends.

When cold weather came the question was, What shall I do to preserve them in their beauty? How cruel to let Jack Frost nip them, they looked so intelligent and so much as if they would like to be cared for. And as I had often tried to preserve them by covering them with leaves and boards, and failed, I thought I would try another plan, and give them a cold frame. So I hunted up some boards, got out my saw, and a window-sash that had been left when we were changing some windows, sawed my boards the proper length and width, nailed them together at the corners, placed the frame over the bed higher at one end than the other, banked the earth well around it, laid on my sash, and had as nice a cold frame as any person could wish, with very little trouble and no expense.

In very severe weather, I threw some old carpet over it and let it alone for the winter. I continued to gather flowers all the early part of the winter, and on New Year's Day made some lovely button-hole bouquets for friends. As soon as the heavy frosts were over in the spring, I removed the glass, and what a glorious bed of flowers I had. People came from all parts of the town to see them, and the Pansy fever raged; all wanted seed, and I gave until the supply was exhausted. I pulled hundreds of flowers some days, and still there was plenty left. And so they bloomed on, until late in the summer they showed signs of exhaustion; then I took my seedlings and fixed up another bed, and in the middle of November, I had my glass on, and expected a repetition of last year's profusion. I have been very particular in regard to details, so that no one need fail. And if this article will induce any lover of flowers to go and do likewise, I will be amply repaid.

And now let me tell you about a vine that is so beautiful that everybody should have it. Cissus Quinquifolia variegata; it is very rare; I have never seen it offered in but one catalogue. It is perfectly hardy in the latitude of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The leaf is something like a grape leaf, but much more delicate, and beautifully marbled with white. The blossom is insignificant, but the berries are the crowning beauty, the clusters of which are red, blue, and green, all on one bunch, and looking as if they were varnished, and they remain so all the season, and when flowers are scarce, they are a splendid substitute, with which to ornament the parlor or dining-room.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The Home of Washington.—Subscribers wishing for this splendid steel-plate Engraving, will take special notice that the limit of our offer to them expires with July 1st. This is far the finest premium we have ever offered, and the certificate for it which we published in March is very valuable. It is well worth \$25.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Household Enjoyments.

OLD AND NEW.

About two years ago, soon after my young friends Adolphus and Dulciphina were married, and had set up their household gods in a cottage on Willow Avenue, I recollect making them a visit. Being a friend as well as a distant relative—unfortunately the terms are not synonymous—the bride so kindly pressed me to remain, that an intended morning call was lengthened to an all-day's stay, which included, as a matter of course, a thorough inspection of the new home.

It was pretty, elegant even, overflowing with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, and abounded, as usual, with all the dainty knick-knacks that modern young ladies construct so skillfully; besides there were books, plants, and pictures; not in profusion, but in sufficient number to indicate the tastes of the occupants. A new, nicely furnished and convenient modern house has a great charm for me before the tins lose their shininess and the coal gets low in the bin, and, in short, the saw-dust filling of life crops out everywhere. But after dinner, as we sat in the parlor, a doubt erept into my mind, and I said to my pretty hostess:

"Dulcie, I want to ask you a very impertinent question?"

"Oh, you careful soul!" she exclaimed, laughing, "I only wish you would—a dozen of them; but I haven't the slightest hope of it. Nothing of that sort will ever proceed out of your mouth. What is it?"

"Have you any bed-quilts?"

Dulcie lay back in her easy-chair and laughed till the tears came.

"I knew that was it," she said, "I felt a presentiment of it all the time. No, Cousin Hesah, my bed-quilts are not anywhere just now; and why should they be? I don't want them;" and she recommenced rocking in a slightly defiant manner.

"I think you will," I said, meekly, (for I well knew the modern prejudice against tearing calico in pieces to sew it together again), "and I am sure you will be of my opinion before the year is out. Quilts are far better than your heavy comfortables for summer, not as easily soiled as spreads, and, to my taste, quite as pretty."

Here Dulcie began to laugh again.

"I am so sorry, Cousin, that I haven't a rising sun or a blazing star in the house; I must commence at once, I see, on an elegant log-cabin, like the one that nearly ruined my best hat at the last fair, if I expect you to visit me often."

"I did not mean to defend such inanities," I commenced—but just then visitors were announced, and the subject was dropped.

Early the next summer I received the following note, which explains itself:

No. 9 Willow Avenue, June, 2, 1875.

Dear Cousin Hesah:

If you can look in upon me some day this week I shall be very glad. I am suffering from that contagious but not dangerous disease, the bed-quilt mania, and entreat you to fly to my relief.

Distractedly, yours,

DULCIPHINA SMITH.

Half an hour afterward, I rang the bell at No. 9, but before the maid could show me into the parlor, Dulcie appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Come up here," said she; "I am quite unable to

leave my room except to call people into it," and, upon following her in, I did not wonder. Upon the floor and bed lay five discarded summer suits in almost their pristine freshness, each perfectly lovely once, but hideous now, according to the decree of fashion: a buff linen lawn, a white pique, and three cambrics; a gaily-flowered Dolly Varden, a blue spotted with white, and a green and white striped one.

"What am I to do with them?" said poor Dulcie; "I can't make them over, for no two will go together, nor wear them mornings, for they are unsuitable. If I attempt to bestow them upon the poor, they will be sure to object to the style, and I have about concluded to make a bed-quilt or two, and finish off by inviting all my friends to an old-style quilting, with pumpkin pie and cheese for refreshments. What do you say to it?"

"Capital," said I. "Where shall we begin?"

After much deliberation, we decided upon a "sash-work" quilt of the green striped cambric and the pique, and a star pattern of the buff and blue dresses—buff stars upon a blue ground. For the sash-work we cut the white cloth into blocks eight inches square; there were some half-blocks to come at the sides, and four quarter-blocks for the corners. The green stripes were about an inch and a half wide.

Commencing with a quarter section, I basted a green strip across the straight edge and cut their ends slanting outward. Dulcie stitched this across on the machine, while I took a half-block of white, basted a strip of green across the perpendicular edge, then joined a plain white block to the green, another green strip to the white block, and finished with another half-block of white. When Dulcie had sewed these seams, I joined the row to the corner and they were stitched together.

We went on in this way till the side of the quilt measured eight feet in length, and then we finished the middle row, running from corner to corner, with a quarter-block at each end, and in each succeeding row left out one white block till we, as Dulcie said, "narrowed it off." When we had finished, there were quite enough of the green stripes left for two more quilts. Dulcie bestowed part of them upon an admiring lady friend who dropped in while we were at work one morning,—it is my private opinion that she put them in the rag-bag on reaching home, but I never expect to know,—and laid the remainder aside to go with the Dolly Varden.

Dulcie was a little dubious about the buff and blue.

"I know," she said, "it will be patriotic and Revolutionary, and very much like the flag of our country forever, but it's too much to expect it to be pretty, too; besides I don't want it to give my guests the nightmare and have them celebrating the Fourth of July in their dreams."

But as there appeared to be nothing else to do, she was finally persuaded to set about it, though regarding the task a little unkindly. When done, she acknowledged it to be quite pretty. The buff stars were eight-pointed, made of four double, diamond-shaped pieces, and around each we put alternate squares and half-squares of blue, thus making a square block; these were joined to each other by plain blocks of the blue. There were about fifty of the star-blocks in the quilt when completed.

After both were finished, we held a council of war, at which Adolphus was permitted to assist, and it was decided that the quilting should come off on the Fourth of July. Thirty invitations or more, printed upon brown paper in ye olden style, were duly sent out, and the thirty expert needlewomen who received them re-

turned immediate acceptances; about the same number of gentlemen who were bidden to the "frolic" in the evening, responded "aye" to a man.

The eventful day—a cool one, fortunately—beheld the front and back parlor cleared for action, each containing a quilt, stretched, however, upon such patent frames as our grandmothers—unfortunate souls!—never dreamed of; and at two P. M., precisely, eight maids and matrons, in costumes suited to the occasion, took their seats at each. Martha Washington, I am happy to say, worked with a royal will; one or two more made their appearance presently, and seemed willing to do likewise, as did Abigail Adams, Mrs. Knox, and many others whom we read of. We were greatly entertained by Mistress Dorothy Dudley, who performed Washington's March with much grace and spirit upon an ancient spinnet, borrowed for the occasion from a music store; and a dulcimer, on which Adolphus' great aunt Keziah had made melody in the days of her youth, was vigorously thumped by nearly all the quilters in succession.

After an hour's steady work, the first set of quilters were relieved and bidden to amuse themselves with games of croquet, etc. while others took their places. So well did this plan work, that by seven o'clock, the hour at which the gentlemen were to appear, the ladies were at liberty, and the two quilts neatly folded and laid away.

At about eight o'clock Samuel Adams, who had been hovering around most of the afternoon, led the way to the dining-room, where a "goodie collation" was set forth. I fear the domine's grace before meat was of modern length, but it suited well the sharp appetites of the hungry quilters. As the tea was passed in tiny, ancient cups, I overheard Mrs. Abigail A—remark to her nearest neighbor, that a rare packet of it, sent by husband from Philadelphia as a present to herself, had been mistakenly appropriated by Mrs. Samuel, but, as it was all in the family, she should never mention it; no, indeed!

Time would fail me to tell of all the good things set before the company. Pumpkin pies had been found a possibility, as Adolphus had discovered at a farm-house a few miles off a supply of that useful vegetable, dried.

Lemonade and coffee, doughnuts and cheese, election cake, boiled ham, yellow pickles, sandwiches of brown bread spread with butter and honey—does not one cry enough! just to read of them? And afterward? There were old-time games, a few worldlie songs, and a reel or two, walked through in the manner supposed to have been *en regle* at the Republican Court to music supplied by a very squeaky fife.

At ten o'clock the domine and his lady took a ceremonious leave, and the remainder of the guests soon followed, the gentlemen all declaring that somebody ought to have a quilting every year, but for some reason the ladies did not echo the sentiment as strongly as they might.

HESAH BROWN.

CANARIES.—Make just half the fuss directed in the bird-book over the matter, and you will have, doubtless, better success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat. It is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it. Give him flaxseed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy, occasionally give a diet of bread and water, with red pepper sprinkled in.

Household Art.

MY SLEEPING-ROOM.

My sleeping-room has received so many compliments, and so many have asked me how I made the many fancy articles which add so much to the beauty of a room, and which find a prominent place in the room in question, that I will endeavor to describe it in order that the readers of the CABINET may have the benefit of the description.

Blue and white are the predominating colors, but it may be copied in blue and drab, or any colors desired. I bought some turquoise blue paper and papered the wall two and one-half feet above the mop-board; separated it into panels, with strips of white satin paper one and one-half inches wide; I raised the bands with papier-mache, rounding with the finger. I then procured some embossed designs of flowers, pure white, and pasted them on the centre of each panel, raising as the bands. I had the wall above the panels tinted with blue, finished with border of blue and white, the panels being furnished with silver mouldings.

My carpet is blue and white. I made curtains of white Swiss, taking two widths for each window, trimming with fluted ruffle; over these I have curtains of blue brocade. I made lambrequins by cutting a strip of the muslin fifteen inches wide, trimming with fluted ruffle; then I cut a strip of the brocade, the same width, cut in points three inches deep, fastened this over the white and finished with moulding. I fastened the curtains back with fastenings made to match the lambrequins. I fastened my curtains together about fifteen inches from the top, pinned on a small chromo, framed with a wreath of white leaves made by cutting them from white velvet in the shape of ivy leaves. I then cut leaves the same shape from crown muslin, stiffening them with gum arabic; I pasted them to the under side of the other leaves, at the same time fastening a wire through the centre; fastened them to a large wire wound with velvet, brushed the leaves lightly with liquid gum and dusted with glass-dust.

I made a little stand, two and one-half feet high; covered the top with blue cambric, then with white muslin trimmed with fluted ruffle; the sides I covered with blue cambric, then with gathered muslin. I have hangings of white Swiss, fastened above the glass, and one either side of the stand. Under the glass I have a bracket made serviceable as a comb-case; it is made of perforated paper, worked with blue worsted and silver paper placed underneath; half the pasteboard cover is made to lift up; the whole cover is concealed by a moss mat of blue and white: the top and sides are trimmed with silvered bugles. On either side the glass I have a match receiver, one for used and the other for unused matches. These I made by cutting petals from blue and white velvet like those of a lily; brushed the wrong side of them with gum arabic; fastened together, using white petals for the inside and blue for the outside. For toilet set mats, I cut rounds of blue velvet two inches larger than the bottles, cut the edges in points; made wreaths, as directed above, just large enough to allow the bottles to stand inside and fastened them to the mats. Made a pine cushion of blue silk, put a side-plaited ruffle around the sides, and finished the top with white leaves, made same as before, with exception of the glass-dust.

My handkerchief box I made by cutting two squares, for top and bottom, of pasteboard, also strips for the sides two inches wide; the inside I covered first with

a layer of cotton batting, then with white silk quilted with blue; the outside I covered with blue velvet trimmed with a wreath of white leaves, shaped like maple. My glove-box is made to correspond with handkerchief-box. For hair-pin box I cut a large maple leaf from blue velvet, stiffening it the same as white leaves, brushed it lightly with liquid gum, and dusted it with glass-dust; I also fastened a small pasteboard box to the back of it; this makes a very pretty ornament, as the leaf lying carelessly on the side completely hides the box.

I made a washstand the same height as toilet stand, covered the sides with blue cambric gathered under white Swiss, left open through the centre, the opening being hidden by ruffles. The space under the stand will be found very convenient. The top is covered with white oilcloth, the edge cut in points; a star cut out of each point and blue cambric pasted underneath; for splash cloth I took a square of oilcloth picked around the edge; covered this with paper, excepting two inches for border and an oval space in the centre in which was placed a group of ferns, spattered with blue ink and removed the paper. I made mats to correspond for soap-dish, bowl, etc. I also made two barrel chairs. I need not give full directions for those, as they have probably been given many times; one is upholstered with blue, the other with white over blue cambric; made footstools to match. Also a tidy for blue chair of white canvas; worked a wreath of three shades of blue; worked around the edge and fringed out; tidies for the arms to match; and a tidy for the white chair of blue worsted.

I made my pillow-shams of Lonsdale cambric, trimmed with fluted ruffle; cut a piece of bobbinet fourteen inches long by seven wide, darned it with linen floss, and inserted it in the centre of the shams; darned a strip two and a half inches wide, which I inserted in the shams two inches from centre piece; placed blue cambric under the bobbinet, with sheet-shams to match.

Owing to the limited space, I must omit the description of the remaining furniture, pictures, etc., which complete the arrangement of my room.

MRS. NELL C. UPHAM.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ROOM MADE BEAUTIFUL.

I want to tell the readers of the CABINET how to make even an old-fashioned room pleasant; yes, I might say almost beautiful. I am a reader of the CABINET, and as I glance over some of the titles, I see in many, "How to Make Our Homes Pleasant."

I am one of the rather unfortunate ones, as far as Johns and Isaacs are concerned, having neither one nor the other. I also live in one of those old-fashioned houses, so what I write about will be from experience.

I do not remember seeing anything about making straw brackets. I have just finished one, and those that see it say it is beautiful. Take two pieces of pasteboard six inches broad at the top and tapering to a point, for the sides, (this is for a corner) and sew them together at the back, then take another piece for the top, or shelf, five inches long in front or for face; then sew on straws lengthwise, letting them come below the foundation; after covering with straw, brush them over with black-walnut stain and varnish. It looks like ornamental carved work.

We have two south windows filled with flowers, and they are things of beauty. I think you would laugh to see the dishes and pots that hold them, that is, if you saw them as they were originally. They

are what used to be meat cans, neatly painted, and perhaps a picture now and then to brighten them. When I have tinfoil, I paste that on my rusty dishes and immediately they are transformed into silver ones. I had a plant given me one day, but could not find an empty dish to put it in. I searched for a long time, and found nothing but an old coffee pot.

"Oh, dear!" says sister Nettie, "do for pity's sake find something better than that."

But I already had an idea ("a bright idee," as grandpa says). I took the pot—a tin one—made some holes in the bottom, filled it with earth, and then began work in earnest. I painted it drab, with a rim or edge of red; but still there was the spout to be seen sticking out on one side. It did not look right, so putting a small tunnel in the spout, I filled that with earth, and painted it to correspond; then taking an old tin cup, I wired that to the handle and finished with the others. I planted ivy and yellow myrtle in the small dishes and a scarlet geranium in the centre. I have never been ashamed of my novel arrangement in regard to that dish.

But I want to tell you how I treat my ivy. I had one last winter that ran seventy-two feet, which I looped or festooned all around the room. I take hen manure, sand, and good rich earth in equal parts, mix thoroughly. I think there is nothing better.

But I will return to my subject. Did any of my readers ever make husk-mats? I have made two. Take the inner husks of Indian corn, then with a common table fork split the stiff ends as finely as convenient; then braid, leaving the fringed edge out about two inches to form a soft-looking surface. I colored mine blue and red, dipping the ends in dyes made as for ribbons, etc. I used aniline dyes. I have also made a hanging-basket of husks. I think it is quite equal to the phantom-basket. I have in my mind a pretty picture frame made from them. I have not made it yet, but think I can. I have been making some pretty frames of straw which I colored at the same time.

I hope you have all tried the barrel chairs. I think every one ought to make one at least. I often read of some one that has made this thing, and that thing, but such almost always have a John to do the carpentering. Now, I have to do all this myself. I have learned to saw by a mark, and get it straight, too. I have been making a table from a wooden box in the garret. I have not had it on exhibition yet, but think I will for the benefit of the readers of the CABINET. I had a cunning little bracket given me to hold a vase of grasses. I prized my gift, but had no ornamental vase to put there. I did not have a chance to get one, so I had to make one. I took some pasteboard, wet it with warm water, and pressed it on to the sides of a wine glass, that is, so the sides would just meet nicely, and left them to dry. After this was perfectly dry, I covered it with tinfoil and made the standard stiff by pressing some putty on the inside. I have never been ashamed of it, although placed in a room with things of more value. When this is filled with pressed maple leaves, with a few stalks of oats and grass, I think you would say it was pretty enough for anyone.

I found some green moss in a kind of spring or shallow well. I spread it on paper and dried it, and it has kept its color for a whole year. I used mine for a mat for a fern basket. I took common shavings from pine or cedar and braided: then formed into a basket and sewed it.

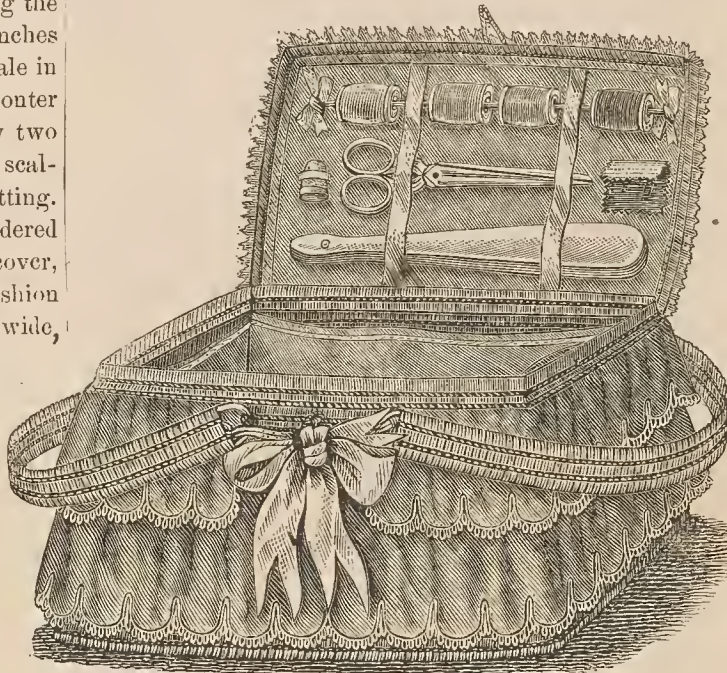
I hope the readers of this paper will try these things. Homely though they may seem, I am sure they will be fully repaid.

AUNT SUE.

Household Elegancies.

GARDEN WORK-BASKET.

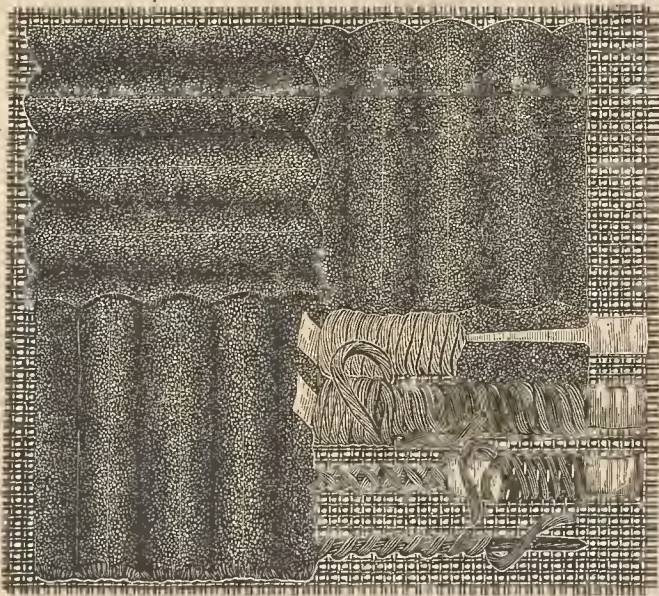
This square basket of white wicker-work, provided with two handles, a cover, and a loop for closing the latter, is seven inches high, eleven and a half inches long, and seven inches wide. Unbleached percale in two shades is used for the trimming. The outer decoration consists of two flounces, respectively two and one-fifth and four and one-fifth inches deep, scalloped at the bottom and edged with white tatting. The flounces would look equally pretty embroidered with button-hole stitch in black or white. The cover, which is provided in the centre with a pin-enshion four and four-fifths inches long and two inches wide, is decorated with ruchings two inches wide, of two shades of percale, scalloped on each side. The two handles are affixed beneath a bow of percale. Line the inside of the basket smoothly with percale, and fasten at each corner a long strip of muslin finished with a gimp at the top, thus providing the basket with four pockets. Affix to the cover, which is one inch thick, a piece of card-board of the same size, covered with percale, and provided with straps of muslin, and eord (as plainly shown in the engraving) for the reception of seissors, fan, thimble, cotton, etc.



GARDEN WORK-BASKET.

FOOT-STOOL OF PLUSH EMBROIDERY, WITH WOODEN FRAME.

Materials, a piece of canvas seventeen inches square, double zephyr in four shades of cherry color, card-board, twisted fringe, etc. This sort of embroidery is very practical, as neither brushing nor pressure will hurt its appearance. According to the following directions and the clear illustration, it is very easily comprehended. The frame consists of four boards, each four inches high and about fourteen inches long.



EMBROIDERED FOOT-STOOL.

Of course it may be made larger or smaller, but then the embroidery must be arranged to correspond. The engraving represents a part of the embroidery full size; the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, indicate the gradual manner in which each stripe is worked; four of these stripes, each worked of one shade, constitute a square. Our model consists of twenty-five such squares. Various colors may be taken instead of different shades of one color; it is best to choose them to harmonize with the furniture of the room.

Although the work is executed of double zephyr, the canvas taken must not be any coarser than represented in the engraving; it is even better to take it a little finer. The closer the threads of worsted adjoin each other, the more beautiful and durable is the em-

broidery. Each stripe is worked over six squares of the canvas. Begin in the centre of the stripe and work a row of twelve cross-stitches, each stitch passing over two squares of canvas; a thread of worsted is inserted beneath the cross-stitches. The manner in which this is done is clearly shown in the engraving at the letter *a*. A strip of card-board, cut as wide as four squares of canvas, is placed over the row of cross-stitches, and over this another row of cross-stitches is worked as shown at the letter *b*. This is succeeded by still another row, worked over the full width of the stripe, as indicated at the letter *c*. Letter *d* represents a completed stripe, and the manner in which it is cut open, the seissors passing beneath the stitches, close to the cardboard, which is then removed. The three remaining stripes of the square are worked in the same manner, each of one shade. The engraving clearly represents the arrangement of the various squares. However, the stripes must not be cut open until the whole embroidery is completed, as otherwise the open threads would be very much in the way, as also liable to be mussed by the constant turning of the work, which is unavoidable while in process of construction.

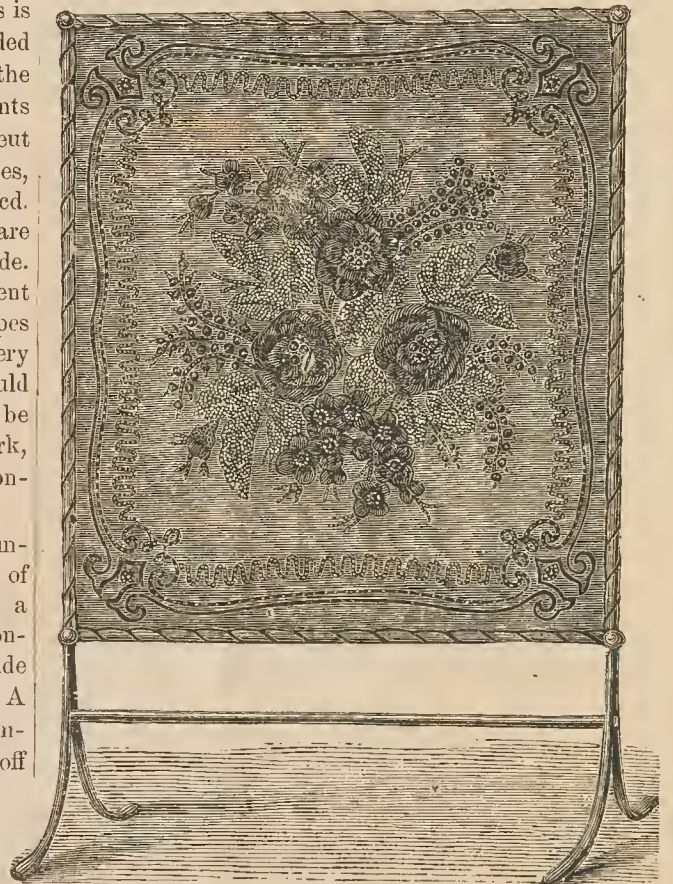
When cut open, hold the work over hot, steaming water, which will cause the open threads of worsted to join evenly, and give the whole a beautiful finished appearance. The frame, consisting of four boards, is crossed over on one side by wide belting, then covered by white muslin. A cushion is affixed at the top, over which the embroidery is stretched. The stool is finished off all around by a heavy twisted fringe about four inches deep. Tassels may be added at the corners. A loop of eord affixed on the sides is extremely convenient for pulling the stool about.

LIGHT SCREEN—EMBROIDERY OF BEADS AND CRAPE.

Materials, a piece of green silk sixteen inches long and fourteen two-fifths inches wide, pieces of black crape, black silk soutache, very fine black woolen

eord, round black beads in two sizes, steel, glass, milk-white and chalk-white beads, etc. This screen is a very practical defence against the sunlight as well as the lamp-light. The stand, very simply constructed of brass, may be ordered of any tinker. It is twenty and four-fifths inches high, and thirteen and three-fifths inches wide. The height of the frame is fifteen and one-fifth inches. The embroidery within the frame, worked of crape and beads on a ground of pale-green silk, has a beautiful effect against the light. It is best to work it in a frame. Stretch the silk in a frame, after having drawn the outlines of the design and lined the silk with thin white gauze. The leaves are filled in with chain stitches of white cotton, and then worked of the various colored white beads. Veins, tendrils, and stems are made of steel beads, and the black beads, which are arranged like bunches of grapes, have each two steel beads attached as calyxes. The petals of the flowers are of crape, and very easy to make. Each consists of a square piece of crape, folded over into a triangle and gathered in at the open sides.

For the large rose three sizes of petals are requisite; the largest two inches square; the next, one and three-fifths inches square, and the smallest, one and one-fifth inches square. The smaller roses have but two rows of petals, and for these the largest size is left out. For the blossoms, only the smallest size of petals is used. Standing loops of steel beads, and several large black beads, constitute the centres of the larger flowers; for the small roses, a large black bead, surrounded by a ring of steel beads, suffices. The arabesque border is worked



LIGHT SCREEN.

with black silk soutache, the inner row decorated with steel beads. A large black bead, enclosed by a ring of steel beads, marks each corner; the winding border all around is made of glass beads. Green silk lining covers the stitches on the wrong side. The lining and embroidered part are connected by means of a fine woolen eord.

Fireside Reading.

DON'T STAY TOO LATE.

BY AUNT JEMIMA.

One of the advantages of being "about thirty" is that one now and then can put in a word of good, motherly advice to the other sex. So I'll begin at once, and say to any single gentleman reader who chooses to listen—Don't stay too late.

At the store or office? No. You know very well I don't mean that. I am not fighting imaginary dangers, but real ones, I mean simply, don't stay too late when you go to spend a quiet evening with a young lady. It is not fair; it is short-sighted, and it is pretty sure to wear out your welcome. Even if the poor thing is eventually to allow you to stop until death doth part, that is no reason why you should bestow too much of your tediousness upon her at the outset. When she really wishes your visits to be longer, you'll know it; even then be chary of the moments after eleven. At any rate, don't suffer yourself to be misled by the usual commonplace forms of detention that, in nine cases out of ten, arise from a sudden consciousness on the lady's part that she may have been betraying her weariness rather too plainly.

It won't hurt you at all to be longed for after you are gone; but beware of ever causing a girl to give a sigh of relief when the hall door closes after you. There is a sandman for the parlor as well as for the nursery; and after a certain hour, except in special cases, whenever he finds the eyes too well drilled to succumb to his attacks, he sprinkles his sand around the hearth. After that, your best efforts to please are wasted. Every word will grate, every winning attempt be met only with the silicate of emotion.

I know all about it. I've received young gentlemen visitors in my day; yes, and enjoyed receiving them, if ever a girl did. I'd think all day that perhaps John, for instance, might come in the evening; and on these occasions I've come down to tea with a rosebud in my hair, and a happy flutter in my heart. Yes, and I've started at the knock at the front door,

and when at last he came in, smiling and bowing, I've looked just as if I didn't care a single bit. There were others, too—not Johns, by any means, but friends who were always welcome, and whom it was right good and pleasant to see. But that fact did not make null and void all somnific law; it didn't make father and mother willing that the house should be open till midnight; it didn't make it desirable that I should feel a rebuke in everybody's "Good morning!" when, with throbbing head, I came down late to breakfast. No, you may be sure it didn't.

Therefore, I learned soon to honor those who knew that it was time to go when half-past ten came; while those who didn't know were the bane of my existence. Now, never think that these friends stayed from kindness to their weary hostess—not at all. They stayed probably because they had not the taste to go. They



GRANDPA'S CHAIR.

liked the warm room, perhaps, and dreaded the cold street; but beyond that they lacked the simple grace of taking themselves off promptly and handsomely. Ah! what a gift that is in a man or woman, to know when to go, and knowing it, to stand not upon the order of going, but go at once. I know a few such persons. They radiate peace and restfulness, or they sparkle and scintillate, or they arouse and inspire you, as the case may be.

An hour glides away, then another, and in the midst of another you are conscious only of a gentle "Good-bye" flash and they are gone. Then a hundred things rush upon you—you wish you had asked them this, or told them that; you think how pleasant it was to meet them, and you long to see them again.

So, dear single gentlemen, whoever and wherever you are, the next time you go out to spend a quiet evening with a lady, remember my words. Young girls are human; they require rest and sleep; they are amenable to the benefits of domestic system and order; they have a precious heritage of strength, health, and good looks to guard.

Don't go too late, and don't go by inches. "Good-bye" is the flower of a welcome. If you wish it to retain its aroma, the fewer leaves it sheds the better.

Pretty Speeches.—To be able readily, and without premeditation, to say the right thing is an enviable gift, and may be made a wonderful instrument of conciliation and pacification. Ladies are the fair and proper recipients of pretty speeches. The Due de Nievernois made an ingenious one to Madame du

Barri, who was endeavoring to persuade him to withdraw his opposition to some measure she had set her heart on.

"It is of no use, Monsieur le Duc," she said, "you are only injuring your influence, for the king has made up his mind, and I myself heard him say that he will never change."

"Ah, madame, he was looking at you," replied the duke. Could any but a Frenchman have ever conveyed determined resistance in so polite a form?

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a lovesick millionaire, when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star.

"Oh, do not praise it like that!" he cried, "I cannot get it for you."

It is no wonder that Tom Moore was such a general favorite, if he often said such charming little things as he wrote. We think the very prettiest, quaintest quip ever penned is in one of his love-songs.

"The lesson of sweet enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I'll allow:
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now."

Irishmen generally do manage to say prettier things than others can. They have a certain confidence or assurance which enables them to blurt out whatever comes uppermost in their minds; that is why they make bulls. A man who is always shooting must miss sometimes.

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY MRS. J. J. RANDALL.

Hop Yeast—Self-Working.—Boil two ounces of hops in four quarts of water for thirty minutes; strain it, and let the liquor cool down to new milk warmth, then put in a small handful of salt, and one-half pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor, then mix all well together. The third day, add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and then mashed; let it stand till the next day; then strain and put it into bottles, and it is ready for use. It must be stirred frequently while making and kept near the fire. Before using shake the bottle well. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and grows better with age.

India Pickles.—One oz. West India pepper, one oz. black Spanish pepper, two oz. white pepper, four oz. allspice, four oz. ginger root, four oz. cayenne, and one pound best English Mustard.

Recipe for Making Six Gallons of Pickles.—First cure vegetables in brine about three weeks, cauliflower, small onions and cucumbers; when cured take them out of brine and place in crocks. Boil all of the spices except mustard, in two gallons of vinegar for thirty minutes; mix the mustard in a little cold vinegar and put it in with the boiling vinegar; then pour over the vegetables while hot. The spices should be tied in a small bag before putting in the vinegar, and if you have several crocks they should be divided equally and tied in as many bags, and when boiled a sack left in each crock; use best cider vinegar if you can get it.

Neapolitan Cake.—Black Cake.—One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup strong coffee, four and a half cups sifted flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two of cinnamon, two of cloves, one of mace, one pound raisins, one pound currants, and quarter pound citron. **White Cake.**—One cup butter, four cups white sugar, two cups sweet milk, two cups cornstarch mixed with four and a half cups sifted flour, whites of eight eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful extract of bitter almonds. Bake the cakes in round pans with straight edges; the loaves should be one and a half inches in thickness; after baking, when the cake is all cold, each black loaf should be spread with a thick coating of lemon and sugar made as follows: the white of one egg thoroughly beaten, the grated rind of two and the juice of three lemons, and powdered sugar enough to make a thick frosting, then lay a white loaf on each black one, and frost as you would any other one.

Spiced Currants.—One peck of currants carefully picked over; not necessary to strip from the stems. Heat them and strain through a sieve, so as to get juice and pulp; scald the pulp just long enough for the scum to rise; add equal quantities of sugar. Two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon; two of ground cloves tied in a muslin bag; four lemons sliced thin and the seeds taken out; boil until reduced one-third; boil slowly; then add two pounds of raisins stoned and stewed tender in a very little water; let it cook a few minutes longer; bottle and seal tight.

Blueberry Cake.—Two cups sugar, one cup sour cream, three eggs, four and a half cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, half cup melted butter stirred in the last thing; dredge one pint of blueberries with flour; stir in carefully to prevent them from breaking. It can be made of all cream and no butter; or all milk and a half cup of butter. Bake in shallow tins to be eaten warm for breakfast or tea. It is also a good dessert eaten with cream and sugar.

Boiled Icing.—Two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar; two tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until the syrup begins to thicken or hair a little; while hot beat in the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth.

Doughnuts.—One cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one-fourth of a nutmeg, one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Stir the butter and sugar together; beat

the whites and the yolk separately, and add to the butter and sugar; then stir in the milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and stir the other ingredients into the flour. Take out on kneading-board; roll out and cut into rounds; make a small hole in the centre of each; let them lie about fifteen minutes and fry in hot lard.

Baked Beans—Without Pork.—Pick over one pint of small white beans and parboil, then turn off the water, and pour boiling water over them; let them steam very slowly on top of the stove all the afternoon; then put in the baking dish—iron is best—and season with pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of syrup and a lump of butter as large as an egg; pour on just enough water to float them, and bake an hour or two; then finish baking them in the morning.

Graham Pudding.—One and a half cups sifted graham flour, half cup molasses, quarter cup butter, half cup sour milk, one egg, half cup raisins, half cup currants, one teaspoonful soda, spiced to taste: steam in a buttered pudding mould two and a half hours.

Corn Starch Cookies.—One half pound sugar, half a pound corn starch, a little less than half a pound butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one of essence of lemon.

Stewed Pigeons and Cabbage.—Prepare pigeons for stewing, and put on just enough water to cook them tender. When the water has all boiled away add a large piece of butter, and let them brown a few minutes; have some cabbage shaved fine to lay under the pigeons after they are browned, and pour on just enough water to cook it. When done, add a cup of cream, and season; boil up once and serve. Veal stew is good cooked in the same way.

Roast Goose.—After cleaning rub thoroughly with soda and pour boiling water over it. It takes away any strong taste or smell of goose, and renders it more tender. For the dressing, butter slices of bread and season with salt and pepper; beat up one egg, pour in a little milk, and moisten the bread. Season the goose inside and out, stuff and lay in a baking pan with a little water. When it begins to bake baste very often, first with butter, afterwards with the drippings in the pan.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup sugar, one cup boiling water, one teaspoonful butter, one teaspoonful corn starch, and one egg; stir the butter and sugar together; beat in the yolk of the egg, wet the corn starch with a very little cold water, and then pour on a cup of boiling water and add to the other ingredients. Cook over a kettle of boiling water; make a nice pie-crust and bake. When both are cold put together and frost with the white of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Place in the oven a few moments after the frosting is on.

Pudding Sauce.—One-half pint syrup, juice of two lemons; simmer fifteen minutes; add half of a grated nutmeg and half of a cup butter; stir smooth.

German Bread.—One pint of milk, one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter; two-thirds cup yeast; make a rising with the milk, yeast, and a little flour; when light, add the sugar, butter, and flour, enough to make a soft dough. Flour the paste-board well; roll out half an inch thick, put into pans and spread a little butter over the top. Sift over the whole one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Let it stand for a second rising, and when perfectly light, bake in a quick oven. To be eaten with coffee.

To Cook Eggs.—Put in a pail, pour boiling water over them and cover; let them stand where they will keep hot, but not boil, for fifteen minutes. They have a rich, creamy taste which cannot be obtained by cooking any other way.

Lemon Snaps.—One large cup sugar, three-fourths cup butter, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of hot water, half a teaspoonful soda. The juice and grated rind of one lemon; flour to make stiff enough to roll. Roll very thin, cut in shape, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Potatoe Balls.—Mash potatoes in the usual way, make into balls, and dip in beaten egg; lay on a buttered plate and brown in a hot oven. They cook nicely laid around roast beef.

Cream Cakes.—One cup sugar, four eggs, one large cup flour; beat the sugar and yolks together until very light; add the beaten whites and the flour; stir all together for fifteen minutes. Try them dropped on buttered paper, if they do not run; bake a light brown. If not stiff enough, add a little more flour; scrape out a little of the inside of each cake, and fill with whipped cream; then put the two flat sides together.

Cream for the Cakes.—One pint of cream whipped light, half an oz. of gelatine dissolved in one gill of hot milk, whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one small teacup of powdered sugar; flavor with lemon; mix the cream, eggs, and sugar together; flavor, and beat in the gelatine and milk last. They should be quite cold before adding.

Beet and Cabbage Salad.—Equal quantities of boiled beets and raw cabbage chopped fine; season with salt and pepper.

Dressing.—One cup vinegar, half a cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs; stir the butter and sugar together, add the beaten eggs, stir in the vinegar, boil one minute and turn over the salad.

Graham Muffins.—Two cups sifted graham flour, one cup sifted white flour; rub into the flour a piece of butter the size of an egg; sift in one teaspoonful baking powder, half a cup sugar, one and a half cups sour milk, two eggs, one small teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, add the last thing; bake in iron pans heated smoking hot before you put in the batter.

Corn Meal Muffins.—Two cups sifted corn meal, one cup sifted white flour, piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, half a cup sugar, two eggs, one and a half cups sour milk, one small teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, put in the last thing; bake in iron pans.

Stewed Onions.—Young onions should always be cooked in this way: cut off the tops and skin them; cook in just water enough to cover them until half done; turn off this water, and add enough hot water to cook them tender; salt the last water; when done drain and put on milk enough to float them when the milk is hot; add a tablespoonful of flour, stirred smooth, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Stewed Cabbage.—Chop young cabbage and cook in two waters; when tender, drain and add milk or cream about half a cupful; season, and let stand on back part of stove and stew gently for ten minutes.

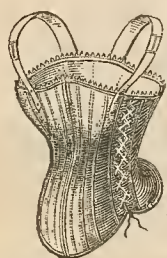
Oyster Soup.—For one can of oysters use one quart of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rolled crackers, one and a half tablespoonfuls of milk for each person; heat the water and juice of the oysters; when it boils add the oysters, and season with salt, pepper, and butter. When it commences to boil again, count thirty seconds and it is done. Put the milk and crackers in a tureen, and pour the soup over them.

Baked Tomatoes.—To two quarts ripe tomatoes (scalded and peeled) take one pint bread crumbs, one tablespoonful butter, and half a pound sugar; put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish, or baking-pau, then sprinkle crumbs and sugar, then tomatoes and crumbs alternately till the dish is filled, and bake well.

Tomatoes for Breakfast.—Have ready boiling water; throw in the ripe tomatoes; let them remain a few minutes, say five, then remove the skins, and season with butter, pepper and salt. Another way of cooking tomatoes is to slice and fry them (dipped in bread crumbs) like apples.

Onion Sauce.—Boil eight large white onions, change the water several times while they are boiling; when done, chop them on a board; to keep them a good color, put them in a sauce-pan with one-fourth pound butter and two tablespoonfuls of rich cream; boil them a little, and serve in a sauce-boat.

Easy Muffins.—One quart flour, two teaspoonfuls (level) of soda; one teaspoonful salt, two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful butter; mix with butter, milk, or clabber, and bake quick.



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THE GLAD BY-AND-BYE.

Words by N. T. U.

Music by HENRY P. KEENS.

Andantino.

1. There's a light in the dis-tance we see..... There's a hope that shall beck-on us on..... Till each
2. When the tempt-er no long-er shall wait..... For his vic-tim by night and by day..... When the
3. We will look to the Fa-ther a-bove..... With hearts that are trust-ful and true;..... And while

soul from bond-age is free,..... Till the vic-t'ry no-bly is won..... } In the glad bye and bye, In the glad bye and
golom-y phan-toms of fate, Shall no long-er droop o'er the way.....
ask-ing bless-ings and love,.... We will gird on our ar-mor a-new.....

Chorus.

ff *SOPR'O. ff* *pp* *rit. molto.*
bye, We shall fear for our loved ones no more.... In the glad bye and bye.... In the glad bye and
ALTO.
TENOR.

ff *pp* *rit. molto.*
bye, We shall fear for our lov'd ones no more.... In the glad bye and bye, bye and bye
We shall fear for our loved ones no more..... glad bye and bye.

rit. e dim.

THE LADIES' HOME GAZETTE

WILLIS & GORHAM
D 69
MICH

H.W. TROY DES
ST. LOUIS
MEYER & CHASE
ST. LOUIS
WARREN
ST. LOUIS

By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1877.

No. 66.

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FOUNTAINS IN A SPANISH PARK.

About thirty miles to the south of Madrid, the capital of Spain, lies a princely domain surrounding a magnificent country mansion. This is Aranjuez, the summer residence of the King. It was designed and constructed under the directions of Philip the Second,

Triton fountain, which stands in a shady and secluded spot. The arrangement of the water jets and of the bronze and marble sculpture is exceedingly artistic and effective. Broad double avenues of elms traverse the park, leading to the centre; and the walks are lined with box and laurel hedges. The purple buds of the cactus and aloe stand out against the green of

in a common sitting-room. I have one which measures four feet and five inches from top of soil; the largest leaves are four and one-fourth by three and three-eighths inches. Another measures thirty-eight inches, and has been loaded with buds and blossoms since the first of March. I don't know as they are anything unusual, but I never chanced to see as fine specimens



FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

and is reached by a well-constructed road connecting it with the capital, as well as by the Madrid and Alicante railway. The palace of Aranjuez contains many noble works of art; but the chief attraction to natives as well as visitors is the park, with its ornamental gardens and fountains. Our engraving represents the

the rare shrubs; and the air is filled with the fragrance of the orange blossom.

FUCHSIA.

I want to tell the readers of the CABINET about my Fuchsias, which surpass anything I ever saw grown

grown in one winter in a common room. I have a Begonia that grows finely and looks thrifty, but some of the leaves when about half grown begin to dry at the ends and finally drop. Can you tell me the cause? It has good drainage. It is want of root room?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Floral Contributions.

FLOWER-GARDENING FOR COTTAGE HOMES.

The object of this article is to endeavor to assist that woman who is her own flower-gardener, in order that she may be enabled to make the best and longest display of bloom, with the least amount of trouble, or expenditure of time, energy and money. Without any desire to appear hypercritical, I would say that the many illy-planned, badly-planted gardens scattered over our country, may be attributed to the undertaking too much, and the not doing well what is undertaken.

Whether our "piece of pleasure-ground" be park or court-yard, lawn or garden, the most important points are to arrange it judiciously, and secure, by wise planting, a constant display of verdure and bloom. We will suppose there is a three-feet border running around the hedge of flowering-shrubs which gives such a charming finish to the boundary-line; also that one or several ornamental beds are arranged as jardinetts on the grass-plots. Now we may at once secure a vast amount of bloom and the loveliest verdure by utilizing the edges of both beds and borders, and instead of following the example of Mrs. Golden, and ordering costly tile borders, we will form rustic ones, made of mossy stones, white clinkers, bits of rock, stumps and roots, all artistically arranged and filled in with pockets of light, rich soil, and according to the prescribed form of the terra-cotta jardinetts, we will arrange, in place of the prominent receptacles for conspicuous plants, that number of tubs or kegs, covered tastefully with gnarled roots and branches in the usual "rustic" style. Perhaps some may not be acquainted with the jardinet, and I will therefore describe the manner of forming what I term my "cottage jardinet." First measure off upon the turf a circular or other form of bed, as large as desired, and having dug it to the depth of three or four feet, spread over it a foot of old, well-rotted manure, and again dig it thoroughly, mixing in sand or wood ashes, thoroughly leached, if the soil is not light and pliable; this should give a bed raised about two feet above the surface, around which a wall is built, rising a few inches above the surface of the bed, and with the four rustic tubs securely planted among the stones, one on each side, and ends equidistant, allowing them to project above the wall, and extend out a few inches beyond it.

Though there are numerous elegant and attractive edgings for beds and borders, I have never seen one that exceeded this simple one of "rock and root work," after being covered with

PERMANENT EDGINGS.

To establish attractive borders for our beds, is an important consideration with the "rough-and-ready" gardener, whose time is generally so precious as to be counted by the moments, and to obtain a permanent one that is indeed worthy of attention, the following is the one we will adopt:

Into those pockets and crevices, between the stones and rocks, and in the hollows of stumps, where the nice, light soil has been carefully packed, we will plant all those lovely trailing beauties, which are so dear to the artistic eye of the truly fine in taste; only using care to cover the edge next to a carpet of turf with yellow, white, or deep-colored foliage, while along a bright yellow gravel-walk, silver and gray, or some delicate tints, with rich greens and browns, must be established; here we may use for instance the blue Lobelia, Perilla, Amaranthus (Melancholicus), etc.;

the deep dark tints of which are wondrously effective. I cannot imagine a more chaste, more sparkling, more altogether attractive and classical plant for this purpose, however, than the Ivy, and that prettiest of all Ivies, *Hedera helix marginata* (Silver-leaved Ivy); but the deep green of the *Hedera helix*, and the white and yellow varieties of the variegated Ivies prove equally imposing in proper positions.

For a rich, dense edge of silvery foliage, nothing can excel that treasure *Juniperus Alpina* (Canadian Trailing Juniper), or for a deep rich green, *J. Prostrata*, which by pegging down the shoots, will spread in wide, waving circles, beautiful to behold. These possess, too, the advantage of being evergreens, affording beauty even during winter, while through the summer they may be further beautified by mixing with thin *Sempervivum Californicum*, *Antennaria tomentosa*, *Saxifraga umbrosa* (London Pride), *Sempervivum tectorum*, *Sedum acre*, *S. acre variegata*, and *Stachys lanata*, *Lysimachia nummularia* (Moneywort), *Trostula orina glauca*, *Tussilago farfara variegata* (Colt's foot), *Viola major*, *V. minor*, *V. minor variegata*, and *Lonicera brachypoda aurea* (Golden Japan Honey-suckle). Many scores more of lovely creepers might be added, but I give only those which may be relied on, as permanent plants of easiest culture.

Our edgings and borders finished, we fill the four tubs in our jardinet with some imposing plants suited to the season, or establish one of the exquisite dwarf evergreens in each, such as that precious little novelty, the round *Arbor Vitæ*—a chance seedling of peculiar beauty—*Globe Arbor Vitæ*, another treasure of surpassing beauty; the Hedge-hog Juniper, smallest of all conifers, forming a dense ball of glaucous green foliage one foot in diameter. In lieu of these, plunge pot-plants into the soil, commencing with the early Spring bulbs or shrubs, such as the *Deutzia gracilis*, *Spiræa*, etc., etc., vases, baskets, etc.

The center of each jardinet affords a fine position for some prominent adornment, such as a pedestal, made of a section of tree-trunk, or wooden post, covered with rustic work, and surmounted by a vase or basket of corresponding character filled with plants.

No more imposing object can be imagined than a mossy tree trunk, five feet in height, partially covered with some delicate vines, as the *Akebia quinata*, *Adlumia virrhosa* (Silkvine) or Ivy (all hardy), supporting a rustic basket, made by nailing one or three common peach-baskets on the flat horizontal surface of the trunk, then with pliable wire (taken from discarded broom stumps, perhaps), fastening pieces of crooked, gnarled, and twisted branches over the sides, nailing pieces of mossy bark here and there, and finally twining grape vines around the bottom and across the top in lieu of a handle.

These baskets, grouped as one, present a most tasteful appearance in the early spring, and by sowing seeds of annuals among the bulbs, intermixed with Ivy (which will hang over the sides and twine round the handle), it presents a most attractive appearance, and may be kept in constant bloom throughout the season.

A beautiful effect is given by making a variety of such embellishments, using baskets of different forms, and vases made by covering boxes, pails, and kegs, which will form designs quite artistic in character if carefully manipulated. With a large cheese-box, a good imitation of the Roman vase may be made, that is in form, preserving the rustic character throughout. A Grecian vase, stand on a solid square block of wood (which cover neatly with bark alone), arranging on each face the chaplet of bay leaves, cut four pieces of

mossy bark, and arrange so that the small leaves almost meet at the top, overlapping each other from top to bottom where a knot, made of shavings, tacked firmly on the pedestal, will continue perfect for an entire season. The large projecting handles, extending high above the rim on each side, are best made of curved branches selected with care for the purpose.

Our next step is to stock the borders and beds, so that a continuous bloom is secured, and this I would advise to be effected by means of the "plunging system," so far as bedding plants are concerned, for by raising a good supply of Geraniums, Salvias, Fuchsias, Ageratums, etc., from cuttings, the beds may be kept gay during the entire season; therefore we should first fill our beds with Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Jonquils, Iris, Crocus, Snow-drops and Dracaenas, with the dwarfest of the Evergreens and low-growing, blooming shrubs; then the spring flowers passing away, the summer blooms "take up the pleasing tale," and Asters, Campanulas, Balsams, Clarkias, and a host of other beauties give forth their perfume and display their gorgeous colors beneath the summer sky.

A CHEAP DISPLAY OF ANNUALS.

Though large sums are expended each year in the purchase of flower seeds, it must be admitted that we but seldom see the flowers raised therefrom turned to the best advantage. To do justice to this class of plants, the soil must be light and rich, that is, the best of them require such food, and will not do their best without it. After finishing our beds and borders as just advised, there will be found much space, among the bulbs and around the little evergreens and shrubs, for many a clump of annuals, and if well selected, a charming display of color will well repay the cost of seed and slight labor of sowing. My first suggestion is, use a few fine varieties, rather than a mixed host of poor kinds; next plant with a view to fine effects and follow the "clumping" system thus: Red clumps, sow Rose of Heaven (*Agrostemma-rosa*), using seed plentifully, *Crimson Candytuft*, *Clarkia Elegans* (*Dianthus Chinensis*), *Indian Pink*, *Taponaria Calabirena*, *Silene pendula*, and *Viscaria oculata*. These will form bright Magenta-colored clumps: White Candytuft, white; *Malcolmia maritima*, white; Sweet Alyssum, white; *Verbena*; *Pyrethrum*, dwarf; *Phlox Drummondii*, white; *Collinsia bicolor*, white; *Geraniums*, white.

Yellow—*Athanasia aurea*, (for a high central clump); *Bartonia aurea*, *Calendula officinalis superba*; *Erysimum Perofskianum*, (the finest yellow flowering annual known) giving its rich golden orange blooms, all the season (sow seed in March) *Eschscholtzia Californica*, and *Septosiphon aurea*.

Blue—*Campanula carpatia*, *Eutoca viscida*, *Gilia achilleæfolia* and *G. minima cœrulea*; *Kaulfussia omelloides*, *Lupinus subcarnosus*; *Veronica glauca* and *Myosotis*.

For large masses, use Dwarf *Tropæolums* *Anterhinums*, and *Scarlet Flax* (which is a gorgeous plant for our "rough and ready" garden; make a rich spot and sow seed in March in lines; cover lightly and protect until well established, then let alone, and you will have a rich treat that will dazzle you in June;) *Peony-flowered Poppy*, *Sweet Peas*, *Portulacæas*, *Sanvitalia procumbens*, *Stocks* in variety "dwarf Bouquet" being best, *Viola Cœrulea* and *V. cornuta*; *Nemophila*, *Abrona*, and *Pausies*, use as medium clumps.

CALLA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Passiflora Cœrulea.—How can I grow *Passiflora Cœrulea*? I have one ten years old which has not yet flowered.
ABBIE FRENCH.

Answer.—Very few of the Passion flowers bloom until they are old; then they seldom fail to give an abundance of flowers. We suppose your plant is out of doors, (for this species is hardly worth growing in a greenhouse, as there are so many finer species which occupy no more room), therefore grow it well in rich soil, with plenty of water, and as soon as the plant has a woody stem it will give you plenty of bloom. Prune in early spring. The flower is on the young growth.

Growing Mareschal Niel Rose.—How shall I treat the Mareschal Niel Rose? Mine died last year with my best care.
MRS. L. W. F. MANTENE.

Answer.—There is no special treatment required. Give a rich soil, well drained, and the plant will soon grow large. This rose to do well should be planted out, as it is too rampant a grower for pot culture. When it attains size it blooms very freely. If budded on a strong stock it blooms more freely than when on its own root.

Name of Plant. *Libonia Floribunda*.—Can you give me the name of the plant which I inclose? It began to bloom about Christmas, and will it continue through the winter?
MRS. L. S. PAGE.
Woodstock, McHenry County, Ill.

Answer.—It is *Libonia Floribunda*, a very pretty and free-blooming greenhouse plant. If well grown it covers itself with a profusion of bright yellow and red flowers which last well on the plant, but are not of value as cut flowers as they wither rapidly. Common greenhouse culture is all the plant requires.

Where to Obtain Mistletoe.—Can any of your readers inform me where I can get some Mistletoe? At our next "Yule Log" we wish to revive an old-time custom, just to please the young people.
ANNA H. STOREY.

Answer.—The true Mistletoe (*Viscum*) is not a native of America, but about Christmas is often imported from England by florists. The American Mistletoe (*Phorodendron*) is native south of New Jersey, growing usually on elms and hickories. If you have friends at the south you might obtain this. The berries are white, and we suppose the effect of the "young people" passing under it would be the same and as satisfactory as if you had the true mistletoe.

Day Lilies in the Parlor.—Can the Day Lily be grown in pots for the house? I have nice south windows. Please tell me how to treat them, soil, sun, temperature.
NELLIE.
Ayer, Mass.

Answer.—There are two species of plants commonly called Day Lily, *Hemerocallis*, with yellow or orange-colored flowers, and *Funkia*, with white or blue flowers. Both are hardy herbaceous plants. We have seen the light yellow *Hemerocallis* forced in a greenhouse, and the flowers were quite as fragrant and more delicate than in the garden. We do not remember having seen *Funkias* forced. We fear under house culture you would not succeed in obtaining early bloom, say April for the *Hemerocallis*, and May for the *Funkia*. The culture would be: Pot the roots from the garden in common soil just before the ground freezes up, choosing the round thick crowns; let the

pots stand in a shed or cellar (if they get frozen it will not injure and may benefit them); after January first bring the pots into the room and give all the light and heat possible. Do not give much water until the plants begin to grow, but keep them moist. When growing do not allow them to become dry. If you try the experiment, the CABINET would be pleased with a report.

Peony Growing.—Two years since I got some fine Peonies, and though I have done all I could to make them flourish, I cannot get them to bloom. They come up every spring, but soon die down without blooming. Can you tell me what to do?
LELA EASTLAND.

Answer.—Your Peonies are in too light a soil. The plants are hard to kill, and will come up year after year, but unless they have a rich soil they do not bloom well. Dig in well rotted manure around your plants in the autumn, and keep the soil rich so the crowns may become strong, and they will bloom every year.

White Worms on Anemones and Lily of the Valley. **Treatment of Cactus after blooming.**—My Anemones and Lily of the Valley are literally eaten up by small transparent worms whose presence I cannot account for, having baked soil before planting them. Have noticed small black flies around plants this winter.

What treatment does a "Swallow-tail" Cactus require after flowering at Christmas profusely?

Answer.—1. It is easier to suggest a remedy for the worms than to find the cause. The flies may have laid eggs which hatched into worms. Shake out the tubers carefully, wash them with lukewarm water, and repot in fresh soil (which is not improved by baking). If any of the tubers are decayed, cut out the diseased part if desirable to save the plant; but it would be best to throw away your plants and get new ones. Worms seldom attack a healthy bulb or tuber.

2. By "Swallow-tail" Cactus you mean *Epiphyllum truncatum*. After flowering, keep it rather dry till towards spring, then as it begins to grow repot it in sandy loam with good drainage.

Slugs, Snails, and Ants in Ferneries.—My Fernery looks well but will get slugs and snails in it which eat the plants, also small flies and black ants. Can you tell me how to kill them?
Philadelphia.
HARRY W. SIMON.

Answer.—Cut potatoes or yellow turnips in halves, scoop out the pieces and lay them in the Fernery. The slugs and snails will go to them, and are easily caught. Sprinkle a little fine sugar through a dry coarse sponge; the ants will go into the sponge and are easily destroyed by putting the sponge in hot water. We do not think the flies do any injury to your plants.

Destroying White Earth Worms.—Please tell me how to destroy the white earth worms which are killing my plants. I have tried strong lime and tobacco water without success.
Tyrone, Pa.
MRS. J. G.
and
Peru, Clinton Co., N. Y.
H. J. F.

Answer.—The best way would be to repot your plants in fresh soil, draining the pots well. The worms do not eat the roots unless they are diseased. Cut off all dead roots; shade the plants for a few days until they recover from the repotting. We wonder "tobacco water" did not kill your plants.

Flowers for Vases.—What flowers shall I plant in vases that have the sun on them from ten in the morning until it sets?
MRS. JANE.

Washington, D. C.

Answer.—For the centre, *Canna Adele* Levallois, which is low growing and has dazzling crimson flowers, or *Dracæna ferrea* or *terminalis*, then *Centaurea candidissima* or *Cineraria maritima*, both white foliaged plants; next *Coleus* or *Achyranthus*, this in any variety (both to be kept low by pinching), then edge with *Gazania splendens*, *Othonna crassifolia*, or *Mesembryanthemum cordifolium variegatum*. If more common plants are required, let the centre be *Coleus* and fill in with gay-colored *Petunias*. In any case, give plenty of water; the cause of failure in vase planting is that the plants are allowed to dry up.

The Christmas Rose.—*Olea fragrans*.—Can you tell me, through your paper, about the Christmas Rose, and where I can get it? Where can I find *Olea fragrans*? Is it a good house plant?
Alleghany City, Pa.
MRS. J. W. ELVERHART.

Answer.—The Christmas Rose is botanically *Helleborus niger*. The leaves are evergreen, the flowers very large white or pinkish, produced in November and December. The plant is hardy, but the flowers are apt to be injured by early snow, therefore it is better to grow the plants in a cold frame. In England it is very generally grown, and plants may be imported from Messrs. Backhouse, of York, for about \$20 per hundred. We do not remember seeing it for sale in this country; perhaps Louis Menand, Albany, N. Y., could supply it. There was formerly plenty at the Botanic Garden, Cambridge, Mass; the gardener might supply it in exchange.

Olea fragrans is a neat, rather tall growing greenhouse plant, with foliage resembling a *Camellia*. The flowers are very small in clusters, while turning yellow as they fade, exquisitely fragrant. It would do well as a parlor plant, but there are many things much more showy. The flowers of the *Olea* only last a short time, in early spring, and the rest of the year there is only foliage. Plants can probably be obtained at any of the large greenhouses, as the plant is not uncommon.

Answers to Correspondents.—The readers of the FLORAL CABINET will realize something of the popularity of this department, when we inform them there are waiting publication over 300 letters, all asking questions. It is not in the bounds of possibility to answer a question the same month received, but every question shall have attention and a reply and be published as soon as we can. There are 20 printed pages full, each as large as this, waiting their turn to be published.

Exchanging Plants.—We discontinued publishing offers of subscribers to exchange plants, bulbs, etc., with each other because in every case the rush of applicants was so far beyond the capacity of the subscriber to supply, that the offer at last became an annoyance, and the offerer always writes to us to stop it. Any one who offers to exchange must expect to receive 200 to 500 replies. Few realize how large our circulation is, or how eager people are to get things free.

Names of Plants.—Many plants are sent to us for names. We regret want of time to answer by personal letter, and think it better to send to nearest florist. Most sent to us come in bad order, and our space is really too limited to be filled up with other than the most necessary information, most agreeable to the largest number of readers.

Flower Gardening.

A GARDEN OF MY OWN.

I always admired flowers, and longed for a flower-bed of my own. I had read many lengthy articles about raising flower seeds—all good no doubt—but they were beyond my reach. Now, a hot bed, or a cold frame is a great help if you can have one, and not very expensive if you have a father, husband, or brother who will make you one; but I am aware of the fact that there are a great many families where the men are always too busy for such things. Do not be discouraged ye lovers of flowers; I have never had a hot bed or cold frame; but I have had beautiful flowers. I found some old boxes, nailed some strips of leather on the ends for handles to move them with. I then filled them nearly full with light sandy soil, which consisted of decayed sod and sand; then sowed the seeds in rows in the boxes, and took an old sieve and sifted some soil to cover them with. My reasons for sifting the soil is, the seeds can be more evenly covered. Many of the smaller seeds when covered with soil that is lumpy spend all of their vitality in trying to reach the light; and when they do reach it their strength is exhausted, and they turn yellow and die; or if they do manage to live, they are sickly-looking plants, and the flowers they produce, if any, are small and stunted.

Some of you may say, "That is all sham, I have just as nice flowers as anybody and I don't sift the soil either."

Remember, friend, that "there are exceptions to all rules." I had reference to the small seeds produced by some of our tender flowers.

After covering the seeds I cover the boxes with glass, and set them on the veranda, which is on the east side of the house. If the nights are very cool I bring them into the house; if the sun shines very hot I raise the glass from the boxes, just a little, to prevent the seeds from scorching. I do not have the boxes quite full, leaving two or three inches so that the plants can get a good start before I have to remove the glass. I have thus been enabled to have good strong, thrifty plants ready for the border as soon as the weather will permit me to transplant them.

I find that I can take better care of the young plants, if I sow seeds that require about the same length of time to germinate in the same base. The Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Nemophila and Cockscomb require from four to ten days in a favorable situation. The *Cacalia*, *Datura*, *Verbena*, *Tropæolum*, and others require from twelve to eighteen days. If you are just commencing the culture of flowers do not try to do too much.

A few thrifty plants of the hardier flowers well cared for will give you more pleasure than a garden overstocked with pale sickly plants of the choicer varieties. In order to make a wise selection it is essential to know the habits of the different flowers, and also what place you wish them to occupy. The Sweet Pea will make a beautiful hedge; but if planted in a bed of Asters or Phlox it will only disappoint you. A nice bed of Pansies we all admire; but if they are planted in a hot, dry place they will prove a failure; and we will be no nearer success if we assign the *Par-tulacca* to some shady place; exchange their positions and you will be surprised with your success.

When preparing a place for your Pansies in some cool shady nook do not forget to leave a corner for the

little *Nemophila*; for treatment that will secure success with one will prove equally successful with the other. You must have a bed of *Phlox Drummondii*. I think there is no flower that surpasses it in brilliancy when cultivated for a mass of colors. This little flower is a native of America, and was first discovered forty-one years ago in Texas, by Drummond, a collector sent out by the Glasgow Botanical Society. The bud before opening resembles a flame, hence the name *Phlox*, or *Flame*.

If you wish a showy bed on the lawn with but little labor, you may have it by obtaining a few Striped *Petunia* seeds. Do not leave the Asters out of your collection. I had some beautiful ones this summer. For the background I had the *Washington*, one of the largest varieties, next the *Imbrique Panpan*, and then the *Dwarf Bouquet*.

For baskets, I think the *Tropæolum* are excellent, *T. Peregrinum* being my favorite. In making your collection for the garden, do not forget to select a few with which to brighten your home during the winter. Vines are indispensable in this collection. We all know the value of Ivies. The *Madeira* vines are also excellent, thriving under adverse treatment. The *Cobea Scanden* is another of my favorites, it grows so rapidly and bears such a profusion of large bell-shaped flowers.

I have often heard people speak of the difficulty in starting these seeds. I will tell you how I start them. Fill a box with light sandy soil; then take the seeds, which are large and flat, and press them edgewise into the soil; cover the box with glass, and do not water them until they start, unless the soil gets very dry. I had a *Geranium* (*General Grant*) which I raised from seed; it grew five feet high, and had numerous branches. It continued in bloom all last winter and summer. I also had one which I started from a slip that was over seven feet high.

I think if we had a little more botany in our paper it would benefit many of our readers. Friends, if you want good, reliable instruction about the cultivation of flowers, save your pennies until you get one dollar and thirty cents, and then send for the *THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET*, which also contains excellent recipes, and many valuable hints for beautifying our homes.

MARY J. SEWARD.

CHURCH FLOWERS.

In a back number of the *CABINET*, *Mitchella Repens*, in an article on Church flowers, asks what she shall use for green for her bouquets. For the past four or five years I have furnished most of the flowers for the church in our village, and of course anything that is written in regard to bouquet-making is of unusual interest to me. Believing that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well in bouquet-making as much as other things, I have studied and toiled to do it well, and while not pretending to have reached perfection, yet, whereas once it seemed a disagreeable duty, by practice and a more extended knowledge of plants and flowers, it is now a labor of love.

For green, I use *Hemlock*, *Asparagus*, and *Ground Pine*, *Lycopodium*, which in this section—Central Massachusetts—grows plentifully in the woods. I gather it in handfuls and keep it in the cellar where it will keep for weeks without wilting. There is no plant that I know of that is so useful for keeping flowers from crowding each other and for the borders of bouquets as this.

KALMIA CATIFOLIA.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, yet we trust that some how good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

It was a moonless November night with a creeping chill in the air, and hoar frost sparkling on the grass borders. Stars trembled above the bare tree tops in the clear dark, and the wall-clock had just chimed midnight, when a slight, girlish figure crept down the great staircase. She slipped ghost-like along through the shadows, close to the wall of the passage, and noiselessly undid a side door and let herself out into the night. There in the darkness arose the sound of a half-stifled sob, that seemed to come from a breaking heart. She took hold of the porch railing, for her knees were weak from recent illness, and seemed to totter under her. Then suddenly she cast herself down and kissed the threshold, with a heart bursting with sorrow, while she prayed for the dear sleepers under that roof she was leaving forever.

Poor *Virginie*! there was still great confusion in her ideas. She did not well know how her sickness had come to pass, or how long she had lain unconscious on the floor by little *Jakes's* bed, before they carried her to her own room in the Hall, where she found herself on waking from delirium.

She shrank with terror from the thought of what she had probably revealed in her moments of wandering. All her thoughts were flurried. She tried in vain to get hold of the right end of things, but only two scenes stood out in her memory like points of flame: the interview with *Bradley* in the boat, and the confession *Winnie* had made to her in the pine grove seemed burned into her brain.

The doctor had enjoined the most perfect quiet, and for several days and nights she rested with her eyes closed in a dim twilight state, though vaguely conscious of all that was going on about her. She remembered that she had spoken harsh, abrupt words to her friend that fatal night, but what they were it seemed impossible to recall. So she dwelt upon the old, deeply-rooted impression that *Winnie* would change to her, with the dim consciousness that she had changed.

But *Winnie* was her constant, untiring nurse, hovering about her bed at all hours of the day and night. As she grew stronger, she strove to repress the impulse to shrink away from her touch and her caresses, but the pale lids quivered while she pressed back hot, hopeless tears.

As memory asserted itself, at moments, the past rushed back upon her with a weight of agony she could not bear. She tried with all her feeble strength to put it by, and set herself toward the resolve to leave the Hall, which had once been thwarted. Now she would go if force was given her to crawl on hands and knees.

For some days she had been convalescent, and a faint relish for gruel and toast was reviving in her. The doctor gave permission for her to get up and walk about a little, and sit well wrapped up in the sunshine. But *Virginie* feigned a weakness she did not feel, and resisted every effort to remove her from her own room. *Winnie* was tender and affectionate, but she did not importune her with conversation, for the doctor had given strict orders that the patient must not be excited. But the sick girl saw an unwonted glow of joy and hope in her friend's face, and felt a new magnetic life tingling in the tips of her warm fingers.

It was at night, with scalding tears welling from her eyes, that *Virginie* perfected her plans for escape. She had no attendance but old *Nanna*, and was left more and more to herself. All through the burning fever, except in the hours of delirium, she had been conscious of *Bradley* hovering near her. With her quickened sense she had heard him steal to her door to listen to her breathing. The low, anxious tones of his voice came to her from the hall where he waylaid the doctor, or old *Nanna*. She knew he had shot the birds which were served up in her sick-room,

and that the consuming trouble of his mind would not let him sleep at night, for she heard him moving restlessly in his own room, or trampling the gravel paths long after the others were asleep. Her mind was filled with pity, and love, and inexpressible dread of what might happen. It was this which had led her to creep out under the stars that still November night.

Virginia held clasped in her hand a scrap of paper which had come to her wrapped around the stalks of a little nose-gay of bluish roses, borne in on the tray by old Nanna, when she brought her tea.

"Dar's a posey for you, honey," said the old woman, beaming on her with maternal fondness. "Mass'r Bradley sent it. He's a notion you're powerful lonesome; and little Miss says she'll have you toted down stairs to-morrow and took a drive in de kerridge. Don't look so peaked and scart like, honey. I'd be a-thinkin' you was a mighty sight better ef I could see you larf. Your eyes are too big and solemn. 'Twont do to be allus a-thinkin' and a-thinkin', and a-broodin' and a-broodin'," and the great black hand caressed the little wan cheek.

As soon as she had trotted away, Virginia with trembling fingers unwound the thin paper from the flower-stalks, and saw that there were words written upon it. As well as her agitation would allow, she read as follows:

"Dearest, if you do not see and speak to me, I shall break bounds. I cannot longer endure this state of agony and suspense. I dared not speak to W. while you were lying low, but now she must learn that I am yours, body and soul, for life and death. It was like the torture of the doomed to be kept away from you in your delirium. I thought I should go mad, and now I abhor myself for the part I have to play. Oh, my darling! my life! my love! have pity on me. Send me a single word by old Nanna, whom you may trust, and earn my eternal gratitude."

How could she leave him and break his noble, generous heart! But through all the agony of that hour she still meant to be true to herself, and loyal to what seemed her duty to her friend. With heart breaking prayers and sobs, the poor child crept down the avenue under the dark trees, that stretched out menacing arms, and made shadows that frightened her. She carried a little bag too heavy for her feeble strength, and in shifting it from one hand to the other, felt something rough and hairy thrust itself up against her side.

"Hector, is it you, dear old fellow?" He gave a leap and a quick glad bark. She remembered that since the alarm of burglars, he had been let out of the kennel to protect the place at night. "Go back, sir," she said in a firm, low voice, but the creature would not leave her; he leapt to her shoulder and caressed her face, and at last she was fain to let him trot beside her, thinking he would soon turn homeward.

The Finster cottage was there before her with no light in the dark window, for Jake was out again; and had crawled up to the Hall once or twice to inquire after his friend. She thought, with a pang, that this poor boy was the only being who had loved her there she had not harmed. Ill and weak, and out alone in the darkness, oh, how she longed for a haven of rest. Life had been unkind to linger on in her when she yearned for the sleep that knows no waking. Her heart was torn in pieces by pity and love and remorse; her strength was sorely broken, but still she kept on through the ghostly trees, terrified with every sound, but resolute to crawl forward while breath remained.

She could hear the lapping of the waves against the shingle, and once the temptation came to end all by a leap in the dark water; but she put it away with a shudder as she hurried on as rapidly as her feebleness would allow. She felt her knees tottering under her, and there were strange dizzy turns, and flashes of pain through her head, and creeping chills, and tremors in her limbs. Sometimes she laid hold of the bushes by the way, or stopped to pant, and clasp her throbbing side.

There was a little flask of wine in her bag, some of that which the doctor had ordered. She felt for it once or twice, and put it to her lips, hardly conscious that old Hector was still pattering along by her side.

Virginia was no courageous heroine, but a weak, timorous girl, frightened by the moaning of the night wind, and the step of any small woodland creature that came across her path; but as she went forward through the darkness, all fear was taken away, and she seemed walking through the valley of the shadow of death, with her mother's hand clasped in hers. She looked up at the stars that sparkled with frosty brightness, and reassured herself by keeping her face steadily fixed toward Hopedale, the little town on the railroad ten miles distant, where she had told Mrs. Walcott to direct her letter. She had never been to that remote village, but she knew the road that led there. It was a place with which Winnifred had no associations.

The road was not hard to find even in the dark. She took the right hand turn and skirted some fields and fences until the path struck into a little travelled highway partly

grown up to grass. The country was wild and lonely, one of those rough mountain sides that had been run over by a great fire, and had grown up to bushes. Here and there, at long intervals, there was a rude clearing, and the cabin of a wood-chopper, or an Irish settler. The way was vague and spectral, and dim in the night, and Virginia felt less protected than she had done in the thick wood, but Hector was still trotting cheerfully along beside her, wondering, perhaps, in his canine mind, as to the meaning of this strange, nocturnal excursion, but determined to see it out.

The air freshened as it drew toward morning, but exercise over the hard road brought the blood into her chilly finger tips. She wondered that so much life still remained in her, and at the strength of youth. She was not aware that in the darkness she had made a wrong turning. Her heart felt a little lighter as she tried to forget herself, and to urge her slow steps on, counting the trees, the crooked lines in the brush fences, and the dreary stone heaps. She tried vainly to estimate how many of these would make a mile, but with every device her progress was snail-like, and when the pallid dawn came up over the fields, revealing the dim outlines of this rugged country, she found herself in the edge of a clearing, where stumps and felled trees and piles of brush and corded wood were heaped confusedly together.

A woolly mist began to curl up from the frosty earth, but there were as yet no weak red streaks in the east. Now the heaviness of her limbs, and the faintness in her brain made the thought of creeping in among the timber to rest awhile most grateful. Perhaps in an hour's time some farmer would come along in his wagon, of whom she could beg a ride. If not, she would go over the fields and make a long detour to Hopedale, stopping at the first house to buy a piece of bread and a cup of milk.

Virginia crept in among the timber, and sought among the chips and dead leaves for a dry bit of ground. She folded her gray shawl closely about her, and made a pillow of her little bag. Hector had been drawn away by the scent of some wild creature among the brush. At the moment when an irrepressible drowsiness, deep, sweet and dreamless, like oblivion, began to steal over Virginia, there struck upon her dulled ear the sound of a man running up the hill road with short, quick pants in his breath, his iron heel striking sharp sounds out of the flints. There was something menacing in the sound, and a thrill went through her and brought her to consciousness. She staggered up to her feet, peered around the corner of the timber pile, and saw the man running along the road clearly in the early dawn—she saw what she could never forget to her dying day. His head was bare, and he had pulled off his coat and was carrying it upon his arm. He got over the ground with wonderful celerity. His eyes were blood-shot but watchful and alert, as if ready to stand at bay like a savage beast; but in his dark face there was the sinister, baleful light of triumph. In an instant, almost in the flash of an eye, he had passed.

Virginia stood reeling upon her feet, and raised her hands despairingly to her head, while a stifled cry broke from her heart.

What had she done to leave the Hall unprotected, the door unbarred, to allow the watch-dog to follow her? What had happened down there? Was it robbery, was it murder? Was Bradley wounded, dead perhaps, shot through the heart by that perfidious man, whom she had believed to be in hiding far away, but who like a fiend had waited and watched, and at last had accomplished his fell purpose.

She knew she would be sought for now; there was no getting away. She would be accused and reviled, and must meet those she had wronged. She turned instinctively to go back, but there was a ringing in her ears, a confused throbbing in her brain. She sank to her knees and crept a little way along the ground, and then the blackness of darkness came over her, and she fell forward prone upon her face.

The old Hall did not get up very early of a morning. It was too slow and stately to bestir itself until sometime after sunrise. Winnie loved her luxurious morning nap, but on this November morning, which was sunless and gray, she seemed, in her dreams, to feel an ominous wave of excitement throb through the house. Drowsily she heard the opening and shutting of doors, the sound of hurried footsteps, the whispers of the women servants, and the deeper tones of the coachman and gardener, until suddenly roused to the fact that something had gone wrong, she sprang to her feet, slipped into her dressing-gown, and opening her door confronted a group of terrified faces.

Nanna began wringing her hands and vociferating:

"Oh, little Missy, don't scole ole Nanna. I's dat weak you could knock me ober wid a feder, honey."

"Is Virginia worse?" cried Jinnie. "Why in Heaven's name didn't you call me in the night?"

"Taint Miss Jinny, honey, she's sleepin' like a kitten in wool; but," catching her breath, and turning a peculiar dusky pallor, she half-whispered, "it's de safe in ole mass'r's room."

"The burglars broke in last night," said the gardener, cutting Nanna short, "and they have robbed the safe."

Winnie advanced into the hall without speaking. "Robbed the safe," she repeated at last, "and not a soul of you were awakened by the noise?"

"Must have been de debble in carnal," said Nanna, "come stealin' in wid a stockin' on his cloven huff, for de souf door was wide open, an' I locked it las night, an' put up de chain good an' fast."

Winnie looked about her half-bewildered, and at that moment Bradley hearing the unusual sounds, and anxious about Virginia, descended from his room on the floor above, while Mrs. Braithwaite, with an architectural night-cap on her head and her dress huddled all awry, came hastily out of her bedroom.

"The burglars were here last night," said Winnie, addressing Bradley, with her voice keyed high with excitement, "and they have rifled the safe in papa's room. Only two days ago I got home a considerable sum of money from the bank to pay for the new works at the mine. The place must have been shadowed who knows how long? Poor old Hector, I wonder if they fed him poisoned meat?"

Bradley was stunned even before he could take in the meaning of her words. He grasped the bannisters for support, and for a moment the power of speech seemed absolutely gone.

"Oh, dear," groaned Mrs. Braithwaite, sinking down heavily, like a middle-aged ungrammatical Cassandra, "I always told you things would go wrong if you insisted on keeping strangers in the house, and now they has gone wrong."

"Have you examined the safe to see how much is missing?" Bradley asked, as he at last rallied his voice, though there was a deadly sinking at his heart.

"Come with me," she exclaimed, and then turned and imperiously dismissed the servants: "Go about your business at once; you need not idle here; Mr. Halcourt will do all that is necessary."

She ran to her father's room, the long dark hair enveloping her shoulders like a cloud. Mrs. Braithwaite came limping on behind into that chamber which, during her husband's lifetime, she had never entered without dread. The safe door stood open, and only the large package of bank notes was missing; not even a tin box containing some valuable heirlooms of the Halcourt family had been touched, and all the papers remained in their places neatly docketed and tied up with red tape, just as the old judge had left them. Bradley bent down to examine the lock. It was perfect and entire.

"There are no signs of violence," said he, slowly, "neither of detonating powder or prying instruments. The person who opened this safe must have known the combination of the lock. Have you ever confided it to any one, Winnifred?"

"No," and then she started as the scene with Virginia flashed back upon her mind. "Yes," reluctantly, "I did tell Virginia the numbers that she might help me remember."

"It's that girl," shrilled out Mrs. Braithwaite, exultantly. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised, for I never had any kind of confidence in her."

"You are wicked to say so," cried Winnie, turning fiercely round upon her mother. "It is simply infamous to accuse a poor, defenceless, sick girl of a crime like this. I will venture my life upon it that Virginia knows no more of the robbery than I do. I will confront you with her, and prove to you that she is as innocent as an angel of light. If she tells me she has never confided this secret to another, I will believe her against the whole world."

A gleam of adoring gratitude shot from Bradley's eyes. He did justice to his cousin now; she was a noble creature. But he was so sick at heart, so burdened with dread that he could scarcely follow Winnie as she ran to her friend's door, and standing there in the passage with the heavy masses of her hair sweeping in a dark cloud around her, her face pale, and eyes glittering with excitement, she tapped on the panel.

"How soundly she sleeps!" She tapped louder. There was no summons. With a frightened face, glancing back at her cousin, she turned the handle. It yielded; the door opened, but the room was empty. Winnie stood, with Bradley and her mother behind her, as one stupefied, gazing vacantly at the little white bed with its undinted pillows, the small neat table with a few flowers in a glass, the chair where she had sat looking so pale and pretty in her blue wrapper only last night. Then she raised her hands to her head with a groan, wrung out of her very soul, as the truth forced itself upon her.

"Tell me where she has gone," she cried, turning desperately upon Bradley. "You know very well she was sick and weak and could not walk far. She must have wandered off when the delirium came upon her in the night, and we shall find her lying dead perhaps down by the lake, or under the trees. The idea of Virginia robbing me is preposterous"—taking refuge in a burst of scorn. "She know she could have anything I possess;

she was too scrupulous to take even the price of a gown. I tell you she has wandered away ill, and out of her mind."

Bradley, through this passionate and tender outburst, had not spoken, scarcely breathed, for the shock of Virginia's flight had fallen upon him with stunning force. Now his eyes fell on a piece of folded paper that lay on the table, and he took it up mechanically and placed it in Winnie's hand. As she unfolded the scrap which was traced with weak wavering lines, and literally blistered with tears, she read the following:

"Try to forgive and to forget me. I have not meant to do you wrong, for I have loved you dearly. I have prayed and wept and struggled against temptation, but I am weak, and must fly, for sooner would I die a thousand deaths than harm a hair of your head. You may revile me and scorn me, but my heart will always adore your goodness, and breathe out prayers for your welfare. Farewell forever. VIRGINIE."

Winnie's hands trembled so violently that the paper fluttered down to the floor.

"What does she mean by doing me wrong, and fleeing from temptation?" she asked, with a convulsed face. "What is this mystery that is enveloping me on every side?"

Bradley had turned his face to the wall; he could not speak, and the misery of his weak conduct in paltering with truth planted its fangs deep in his soul. Winnie seemed to tower far above him; he dared not meet her eye; and seeing him thus crushed and beaten down with a secret load of grief and remorse, she cried out passionately:

"Why in Heaven's name don't you speak?"

"I thought it was strange he should want to keep that girl in the house," volunteered Mrs. Braithwaite, filling the doorway with her bulk, "and I told him so, but I suppose he was taken in by her, just as you were, Winnifred?"

"Do be still, mamma," cried Winnie, with hopeless impatience. "I won't hear Virginia accused of any crime; but there is something behind all this, and I will know the truth."

Edgar Swayne had come up the stairs unheeded in the excitement of the moment. His face was haggard, and his great-coat was splashed with mud, as if he had ridden hard. Now he pushed past Mrs. Braithwaite's form, and presented himself to Winnie.

"Miss Braithwaite," said he, abruptly, "I have just heard of the robbery from the gardener, and I think I can tell you who it was that rifled your safe last night. If it had not been for that man," pointing with undisguised scorn at Bradley Falconer, "who stepped in to shield a criminal from justice, I should have had him behind prison bars before he found the opportunity to rob you."

"Who are you speaking of?" Bradley asked, facing him with haughty coldness, though pale as ashes.

"Of Walter Freeborn."

"Walter Freeborn?" repeated Winnifred, in a dazed, bewildered tone. "Why, that is the name of Virginia's uncle."

"Yes; and do you want to know who Walter Freeborn is?" returned Edgar. "He is an escaped convict who broke prison more than six months ago, and for the past few weeks has been skulking about this place, holding secret interviews with his niece; and now it would appear that she has become an accomplice in his crime. It was doubtless through her aid that he rifled the safe, and then they decamped together."

"You lie in your throat," cried Bradley, turning upon him as if he would rend him.

"Oh, Bradley," cried Winnifred, joyfully, springing between them, "how glad I am to hear you defend her. But why," wringing her hands, "did she not tell me the truth about this dreadful uncle? Why did she deceive me? I would have forgiven anything. I never would have thought evil of her. I would have sheltered her in my arms, and saved her from him. Oh, why has she gone away with these terrible suspicions clinging to her skirts?"

"She did not confess to you," said Bradley, "I am as sure of it as I am that I live, because that man terrified her into silence with threats and menaces. I aided his escape because I detected this dreadful secret, and knew that the horror and fear shadowing her life were killing her. I divined it, though she never told me the truth."

The color left Winnie's lips. Something in Bradley's tone had struck an icy foreboding to her heart.

"But why did she go away?" asked Winnie faintly. "Why, if she was innocent of all complicity with this man, as I believe before heaven she was, did she steal out of the house like a culprit in the middle of the night?"

Bradley felt pushed to the edge of the precipice; he must take the fatal leap. He nerved himself for it, and was outwardly almost calm, as he turned and said in a low voice, low but distinct to every one present:

"She went away because I love her with my whole heart, and soul, and strength. I told her of my love when

I knew it at last. I did not mean to tell her," he added, humbly, "and it was a fatal act. It has driven her out of this house, God knows where, when she was ill, and scarce able to drag herself away, because she would not stay here to wrong you, and her conscience was killing her. I am the criminal, but she is guiltless before heaven. If she is found dead in the fields, it is my selfishness that has done it. Oh, my God!"

The burning tears welled up into his eyes, his voice was choked with sobs.

The effect of this revelation on the different faces of the group was a strange study; but everything swam in blackness before Winnie's eyes. A thunderbolt had crashed down on her proud young head, as it falls on the leafy top of a stalwart young oak in the forest. It was such a moment as makes a vigorous creature suddenly old, hurling a life out of self-satisfaction, and false security and triumph, into an abyss of pain and despair. She covered her face with her hands, and tottered forward to a chair. In a moment she had started to her feet again with a sharp lonely cry of anguish:

"You duped me, you cheated me, oh, fool, fool that I have been! You have carried on a love intrigue with her, my friend, here in this house, while presenting yourself before the world as my affianced husband. And she listened, well pleased, to your love tale, and responded to it, while I betrayed myself, all unconscious, in her bosom. Oh, my God! who would have thought I should live to see this hour? Oh, it was cruel, cruel."

Again she sank down and covered her face, and terrible resistant sobs shook her whole frame.

Bradley stood almost over her, pleading in tones of passionate entreaty.

"When you have calmed yourself, Winnifred, you will see all this sad story in a different light. You are noble and generous, and the time will come when you will be just to her, when you will even pity her for the terrible struggle through which she has passed in trying to be true to you. For myself, I expect nothing but your scorn and contempt. I cannot make you understand my cruel position. You have loved her dearly, but there is no such feeling in your heart to plead forgiveness for me."

Winnie was crushed as by a sudden stroke, and she trembled convulsively through her whole body.

"I do not understand you, Bradley," she said, in a strange tone; "my brain seems frozen."

"I mean," he returned with gentle sadness, "that there was no question of love between us. Our union would be merely a marriage of expediency, a thing that nature abhors. I meant to show you my heart that day Virginia was taken ill—to throw myself entirely on your generosity, and to ask you to release me from an artificial bond that would soon gall you as it galled me. I told you when we talked of this that I would release you from your obligation, should you desire it, even were we standing at the altar. I had not waked then to the meaning of my feeling for her. The knowledge came when I saw her suffering. But now I claim your generous forbearance. I ask you with deep contrition for the pain I have caused you, to let me go in search of her, that I may prove to you and to the whole world that she is the innocent victim of a base man, and no less," he added, in a stifled voice, "the victim of my love."

Winnifred was stunned and almost incapable of motion. The life had ebbed out of her, and Bradley's words appeared to come from a long distance. But pride and will were still alive. She struggled up to her feet, rigid and erect, looking taller than her wont, her face like marble, and her eyes shooting out terrible glances of scorn.

"Go," said she emphatically. "You have cheated, and tricked, and deceived me; now go to her. I will not detain you longer."

The strength went out of her limbs, and slowly she sank down fainting and almost insensible. The mute signs of suffering were so visible in her, that Bradley paused with a terrible cloud of pain sweeping before his eyes.

"Winnie," said he, in tones of entreaty, "if what I did not dream of is true, if I have wounded more than your woman's pride, I beg your pardon even on my knees. No, it cannot be that you are suffering the pangs of unrequited love. Oh, Winnie, I am all unworthy of you! Hate me! scorn me! revile me!"

The hard sobs again convulsed her bosom. She did not weep easily, and the emotion seemed to rend its way outward.

She made a sign with her hand that he should leave her, and slowly turning with one long, sad look, he went away. Edgar had rushed out of the house the moment of Bradley's declaration of his love for Virginia, and now when the numbness and the sense of shock had a little passed by, Winnie lifted her head and gazed about her. The daylight hurt her eyeballs, and shot sharp darts of pain through her brain. Slowly she got upon her feet, almost groping forward with a sense that all support was gone. The old satisfaction and feeling of predominance, the old triumphant self-confidence had been struck away. She was alone save that her mother still sat there in heavy

silence, with her large helpless hands crossed in her lap, and a bewildered look of stupification, a dim groping kind of distress glimmering in her face.

Winnie looked around. Bradley was gone. Virginia was gone. They were both lost to her forever. As the terrible consciousness swept over her, her eye fell on her mother, and suddenly she tottered forward, and fell on the floor near her, and clasped her knees, and laid her head in her mother's lap. By an instinct long unused, the poor dull-witted woman put her arms around her child, the beautiful, brilliant, triumphant creature, who, after years of indifference, had at last come creeping as a suppliant to her knees! With plaintive murmurs she timidly touched her hair and chafed her cold hands.

"There, don't cry, don't cry, Winnie. I always knew that foreign girl would bring harm. I said so from the first, when you began doting on her. But I am beat about Bradley. He was the best little boy I ever knew; but it did seem strange he should want that girl kept here; and I suppose all along she was using her arts to get him away from you."

"Don't, don't," said Winnie, wincing, as if the blundering speech had stung her. "You can't understand that, mamma, and I cannot explain. But you see how I am beaten down to the earth. Love me a little, and comfort me if you can, mamma. I have been wicked to you, and have neglected and hurt you. This is my punishment. Can you forgive your child? Oh, this trouble is heavier than I can bear."

The poor woman began to sob, and her face worked with unwonted emotion. Some frozen feelings were again softening her poor, lonely old heart.

"You were a pretty baby," said she, simply going back into the dim past. "You were fond of me then; and I often wake nights and think I feel your little soft hand against my face. But when you got old enough to sense things your father took you away from me, and I never had any more comfort. I was your own mother just the same, though," with a pathetic touch of humility. "I never did pretend to be quick about things, but I had human feelings for all that."

"Don't, don't," cried Winnie, moaning out her despair. "All the past has been hideously wrong. I have made you suffer, and I am sorry, but I can't think of it now. Love me a little if you can. Let me feel that all is not taken away, that there is something human to cling to even if I have been wicked."

A new strength and purpose seemed to come into the poor mother's soul, and she lifted up her child, and took her in her arms, and laid her head down on her bosom, where it had not rested for years. Furtively she put her lips to Winnie's forehead, and smoothed the rich dark hair, and an hour passed and still the girl was lying in her mother's arms.

At last she was roused out of her lethargy by the sobs and groans, and loud laments of old Nauna, as she came in hauling Steenie by the arm, though he resisted this violence with all his might. His frightened wool stood more on end than ever, and a pale ashen hue had overspread his face.

"Oh, little Miss, I knowed if dar was mischief goin' dis lim of Satan must be in it shore. I kotched him chokin' over his brekfust. He couldn't swaller a mossle, honey, and den I sarched him, as wid de bosom of 'struction, and look here, honey," letting the whites of her eyes go into total eclipse, while she opened her great black hand, and displayed an elegant little lady's watch, enamelled in blue, and with a spray of diamonds on the cover. "I foun' dis on his pusson, honey, and he's got his foot in wid de buglums, shore. Git down on your knees to your missus and 'fess," and she pushed the boy down trembling and shivering in every limb, and held him with her strong hands.

Winnie roused herself in a bewildered way, and took the little watch.

"Where did you get this watch, Steenie?"

"He gived it to me," his teeth chattering as if they would fall out of their sockets.

"And who is he?"

"Dat dar stranger man. Oh, you'll have me huug on de galluses like Gandy says. Oh, oh!"

"Stop crying this minute, and tell me where you got the watch, or I shall send for an officer."

"Oh, don't send for no ossifer. I'll tell, I'll 'fess de livin' truf. Dat man gived it to me in de barn; an' he gived me suffin sweet to driuk—rum mebbe; an' he scart Gandy about de spooks; an' he got me to put notes in Miss Jinny's room; an' he coaxed me to tell him dem figgers ou de safe. I heard you tellin' 'em over to Miss Jinny, an' I knowed well enuff what dey meant; an' deu he gi' me de watch."

Winnifred stood holding the watch in her hand.

"Oh, Virginia!" the cry seemed to escape her involuntarily. Then she rallied her forces, and pushed back the long dark hair from her face. "Something must be done," she said, half to herself. "My God where shall I find help?"

(To be continued.)

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NEW YORK, JULY, 1877.

VALUABLE NOTES FOR FLOWER GROWERS.

Moist Air for House Plants.—Every florist and plant-grower (says the *American Garden*), will answer the often repeated question, "How can I make my Window Plants flourish?" by saying, "You must keep the air moist." How to do this is, however, a troublesome and unsolved problem. We have found by experience that the simplest solution to the problem is the use of a common whisk-broom. Take a pail of tepid water every evening; dip your broom in it and whisk it over the plants till everything is moist. Your plants will enjoy this bath and the insects will not. Insects dislike nothing so much as abundant dampness. The most troublesome enemy of all—the red spider—will soon leave for dryer quarters.

"But," says some nice housekeeper, "I shall spoil my carpet if I keep up such a daily showering." So you will if you do not protect it, but, with a good sized piece of oil cloth under your plant-stand, as there always should be, you may spatter away as much as you like.

Success with Calla Lilies. "Aunt Addie" in the *New York Tribune* thus tells her success with Calla Lilies:

In almost every collection of house plants may be found the Calla Lilly. Ladies call attention to "my Calla" with affection and pride in their tone. It is justly a favorite with all amateur floriculturists. The little care it needs, its indifference to ordinary atmospheric changes, its large, showy leaves, and the purity and grace of its flowers render it certainly a highly-to-be-desired plant. And then again it never says die. No matter how puny its foliage or how white or spindling it may grow, it presents a pleasing appearance, and gives one some little space for hope. But in very many instances we see thrifty, healthy-looking plants that we are told cannot be made to bloom. They put

forth leaf after leaf of rich dark green, satiny-looking organs, but no bud of promise appears to gladden the eye and the heart of the anxious watcher. I speak feelingly, from experience. I have tested all the many directions which have come under my observation, but all with like results—no buds. Even the entire-rest plan did not succeed with me, for Easter came and not one Lily. Disgusted, I determined to try a little private judgment. Knowing the decided distaste most bulbs have to being removed, I put my Callas in a pot filled two inches up with pieces of broken crocks and charcoal, then used light rich soil, with plenty of sand and black muck, watering with very warm water. I set the pot in a dish three inches deep, poured off the water that drained through, and poured very hot in it so as to get as much bottom heat as possible. This was for winter treatment.

During the summer months I took the pot out of the saucer and set it in the flower bed, on the shady side of my garden. In the winter I stood it on a table by itself, in a sunny window, with these results: My plant is over three feet tall, and thirty-eight leaves on it, one fine lily and two buds. The young bulbs are doing beautifully also. During the last summer I had a lily each month, much to my friends' and my own surprise. The pot is very nearly concealed by luxuriantly growing *Crassifolia*.

Used-up Hyacinths.—A good many persons, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, are at a loss to know what to do with the Hyacinths and Narcissi that have gone out of flower. They don't like the idea of throwing them away, and they are disfigurements in the greenhouse.

Two or three courses can be recommended: one is to open a trench in any spare corner of the garden, and plant them in it, turning the bulk of earth out of the pots without disturbing the roots and simply remove the crocks.

Some fine mould should be placed about the bulbs, and the soil put back and firmly pressed about them. Treated in this way, the Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, etc., will ripen their bulbs and growth, and come in very useful next autumn for planting out in beds or borders. They will, however, need to be watered in dry, hot weather.

Another good mode is to open holes along the fringe of a shrubbery border, almost beneath the lowermost branches, and plant out for permanent effect. In such a spot they come into flower early in the spring, and they are sufficiently out of the way not to interfere with the summer planting, if the margin of any shrubbery border admits of its being done.

Treatment of Cyclamens.—In answer to the questions how Cyclamens should be treated until they are potted off for flowering, when this should be done, and in what soil, the *Villa Gardener* says:

Cyclamens do not do well because they are badly treated. The neglect begins as soon as they have finished flowering. The idea prevails that the moment the last flower fades the plants should be dried off. If growers would only bear in mind that the chief mode of increasing the number of Cyclamens is by seed, that alone would save the plants from treatment so unreasonable and ruinous to next year's flowers. These flowers are formed by the leaves after the current year's blossoms have faded. Hence, the importance of carefully tending, watering, and, if need be, feeding the foliage till fully grown, or till it begins to fade in course of nature. The best place for completing and maturing growth is a cold frame or a sunny corner out of doors. After the leaves fade, the

Cyclamen will take a period of rest without forcing it by total dryness.

The best plan for resting Cyclamens, is to plunge them in a cold frame, alike sheltered from heavy rains, and the roots kept from being burnt by the sun on the sides. Opinions may also differ as to the best season for potting Cyclamens. Some pot just as the flowers begin to come up; others as the corns manifest symptoms of starting in the autumn or early winter.

The first course is perhaps the best. The soil that suits them best is a mixture of loam, leaf mould, and decomposed manure, freely sanded into openness and grittiness.

The drainage should be perfect, as stagnant water at base of bulb is fatal to Cyclamens. The best season to sow Cyclamens is February. As soon as the plants are up they should be picked off, and then shifted on in succession as soon as they fill the pots with roots. If this is properly attended to, and the young plants are pushed on in a bottom and surface heat of 60 to 65 deg. the plants may be made to flower within the year.

Flowering of Sweet Peas.—A correspondent of Mr. Vick says he meets with extraordinary success as follows:

I prepare a trench eighteen inches deep, and fill with ordinary garden soil enriched with perfectly rotted stable manure. About the first of December I sow the seeds in this trench, eight inches deep—that is, the seeds are eight inches under ground, when the trench is quite filled. Over the trench I place a foot of fresh stable dung, which is removed about the first of April. The plants appear a few days later, having been apparently growing through the winter, and are then treated in the usual manner. My plants bloom in extraordinary abundance, from June until September. My soil is a heavy loam abounding in the various salts of lime, and this, doubtless, accounts in a great measure for my success. But the chief cause, I think, arises from the fact that the roots do not suffer from drought, as they would if nearer to the surface, and also from my diligently picking off every bloom as soon as it begins to fade. Once allow the energy of the plant to expend itself in forming seeds, and the bloom then is comparatively over. I may add that I deluge with water once a week during the hot weather.

A Good Way to Start Tuberoses.—Another correspondent of Mr. Vick says:

I have hit on a good way to start Tuberoses. I plant them in old tomato cans, without punching any holes for drainage, set them on the mantel over the kitchen range, and keep warm and wet. When well started I move them to a cooler place, and at the proper time set them out in the garden. In this way I have raised during the past two years vigorous plants, yielding from twenty to thirty-five blossoms each. Contrary to the teachings of at least some of the books, the Trailing Arbutus (*Epigaea repens*), can be brought into bloom at any time during the winter. I have had beautiful bunches of flowers at Christmas. The simple plan is to take them up late in the fall—December will do if the ground is open—and plant them in a fernery or warden case. They will take care of themselves. The common ferns of the woods, too, will push up, and unroll their fronds, the scarlet berries of the Wintergreen and the Partridge berry will swell, and remain fresh all winter, and the evergreen vines of the woods will grow as if it were spring. I always go to the woods for the contents of my fernery.

BURMESE COURTSHIP.

The Burmese are Buddhists, and Buddhism has nothing to do with marriage. In other words, marriage is contrary to the principles of the Buddhist religion. The true Buddhist is supposed to endeavor to escape from the universe of being; from a succession of transmigration of the soul which would otherwise continue forever. The Buddhist priest not only leads a life of celibacy, but will not sanctify the marriage tie by his presence at a wedding. He has too much

pity for those who marry or are given in marriage, and who are thus unable to escape from unending trans-migrations. The result is that the young people have it all their own way, and the parents as little as the priests prevent their thoroughly enjoying themselves after their own ideas of admiring and being admired, loving and being loved. Consequently, Burmese courtships are about the pleasantest things in their way which are to be found in all the semi-civilized world, from Mandalay to May Fair. They have nothing to do with capture, purchase, or dowry; with Welsh bundling or Scotch whistling. They are always nice, generally strictly proper, although not unfrequently accompanied by very serious quarrels, when different gentlemen aspire to the same fair hand.

A Burmese damsel is demure, laughter-loving, and self-reliant. Her manner is graceful and pleasing. She wears a bright silk petticoat, a white jacket, a gold necklace, and has glossy black hair decked with flowers. She often smokes a green cheroot. Of course she has admirers, and she gives them all a fair chance. Every evening she receives a visit from all these young gentlemen; and such is the waywardness of human nature that the same swain will often pay similar visits on the same evening to other young ladies of the same village or township. Thus courtship is always going on, and courting time has been an acknowledged institution from time immemorial.

Here some explanation is necessary. The Burmese evening is divided into three watches—namely, children's bed-time, old folk bed-time, and young folk bed-time. Children's bed-time is sunset, or shortly afterward. Courting time begins soon after children's bed-time, and continues long after old folk bed-time, which is about nine o'clock. Young folk bed-time depends a great deal upon the will and pleasure of the

young people in question; say about eleven o'clock. When the hour of courting approaches, the young lady trims her little lamp, so that it gleams through the window, and takes her seat upon a mat on the floor. Meantime the young gentlemen have been putting on their best bright silk putzoos, a nondescript garment something between a pair of trousers and a petticoat, have donned their clean white jackets, have tied colored silk handkerchiefs on their heads in the most approved style, and have turned out altogether

over. How the lady receives each lover, especially in the presence of other lovers, is more than we can describe. She herself requires considerable attention, and the old people never interfere. Indeed, why should the old folk interfere? The young folk can take care of themselves, and are only doing what they themselves did in the days when they were young.

These evening gatherings are generally very innocent, and the marriages which follow them are generally

very happy, although sanctified by no priest, and only held together by the ties of mutual affection or the obligations of civil law. Jealousy, however, is a master passion in Burmah, and if a damsel is too kind to one of her admirers, the chances are that the offending lover is stabbed, speared, or shot. Indeed, a jealous rival, who suspects that the object of his affections is alone with another rival, will not unfrequently astonish the happy pair by running a spear through the floor of matting on which they may be reposing, and then there is a regular Burmese row, terminating very seriously sometimes.

This courting time in Burmah is nothing more than a relic of the old Hindoo institution known as the swayamvara, or choice of a husband by a maiden. This swayamvara was once practiced by the old military caste in Hindustan, but has long since passed away from the shores of India. No doubt it was one of the Kshatriya customs, which the Buddhists carried with them to Burmah when they were expelled from India by the wars and persecutions of the Brahmans some ten or twelve centuries ago. Thus the world moves on, and doubtless it will be discovered in due time that other old Kshatriya customs may still be found in Burmah. Gambling away a wife, which is often mentioned in Sanskrit tradition, and would be impossible in the India of the present day, has not unfrequently occurred in Burmah.



"I WONDER IF I COULD DANCE?"

in the height of Burmese fashion. They enter, they seat themselves on the mats round the fair one, and then the "chaffing" begins. If a gallant has been unsuccessful in a boat-race, or has tumbled into the water, or has paid too much attention to another damsel, or has been deserted by another damsel, or has made himself ridiculous in any other way, the chances are that his feelings will be hurt before the evening is

He was an applicant for the position of writing teacher in one of the public schools. They gave him a copy-book, and asked him for a specimen of what he could do. He took up the pen, and, in a handwriting that looked like a flash of lightning that had mistaken the direct road, wrote as follows: "Sorrer doesn't kill folkes as fast as green gooseburys."

Household Topics.

"ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."

"Dear me, there goes the door-bell! Girls, quick, help me put this room to rights. Sarah, take the bread-pan into the kitchen, and Mattie, do arrange the books and papers on that table." So nervous little Mrs. Watson bustled about, trying to do a dozen things in a few minutes, and, as a consequence, the front door was not opened until the visitors had rung twice, and were getting to be impatient. They were two young ladies and their brother from a neighboring house, who, knowing that the Watson's had a young lady visiting them from a distance, had come to call upon her.

It being a cold winter's night, and no fire in the parlor, of course the callers must be shown into the sitting-room, which, it must be confessed, had a decidedly upset appearance. Little Charley, the five year old, had been building houses and then tearing them down, so that his blocks were scattered in every direction about the floor, ready to trip up the unwary. Mr. W. had taken off his boots and set them carefully behind the stove, while he replaced them with his slippers. One of the boys had been whittling, and the chips had flown hither and yon. Some one had brought in a quantity of stockings to be mended, thrown them into a chair, and there they still lay. In fact, the chairs had to be cleared of their contents before there were enough for the use of the company. The sewing machine had almost disappeared underneath an accumulation of unfinished work, an open piano was strewn with sheet music, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

But who does not know how soon even an orderly room will become disarranged after the family has taken possession of it for the evening? And in this case the room could not have been called tidy when they came in from supper. After the callers had been seated, and introductions given to the visitor, Miss Laura Ellison, Mrs. Watson felt called upon to apologize for the disorder by saying it was the family room, and it was impossible to keep it tidy at all times. This created rather an uncomfortable feeling all round, most certainly to the hostess, and to the callers themselves, who could not, most assuredly, in the face of the disorder, make any disclaimer to Mrs. Watson's words.

However, the conversation soon became general, and Mrs. W. having busied herself in picking up one thing and another, took Charley up stairs to bed. Mr. Watson had betaken himself to his newspapers, and before long, the young people had some music. Then the callers took their leave, and, after lingering by the fire a few minutes, Mattie proposed retiring. "For see, girls," said she, "it is after ten o'clock, and I for one am sleepy."

So without doing anything towards righting the still disorderly room, she started upstairs, her sister and their guest soon following. But while preparing for bed, she remarked, "I don't know when I have been so mortified as I was to-night, to think that Louisa Ward and her brother and sister should come in upon us, and find us in such a heap! How do you manage, Laura, at your house to always keep everything in such nice order? If we could only have a fire in the parlor, and use it evenings, we never should be caught so; but father thinks it is a great waste of fuel, and that is why we moved the piano into the sitting-room. Of course, in the evenings we do have a warm parlor, we are sure not to have any callers."

"It used to be just so at our house," replied her friend, "until at last I took the matter in hand out of sheer desperation, and by seeing to things myself, I generally manage to keep the sitting-room ready for company at any time. But it was only by constantly picking up and putting away, and by 'line upon line and precept upon precept' to the boys, that I could get them to look after their own things and put them away when they were through with them."

"Well, to-morrow I will take some lessons from you, if you are willing," said Mattie.

"Certainly," Laura replied, "and, excuse me, Mattie, but I noticed both nights I have been here that you did not close the piano. Now, that is one of the things which mother required of me when we first bought ours, to see that it was closed every night, and at the same time, I put the cover on the sewing machine and lock it down."

"That is a good idea," said Mattie, "and to-morrow I will begin to be orderly. But I am too sleepy to talk or even to think any more."

True to her promise, Mattie began after breakfast the next morning her task of "arranging things." In the first place she attacked the sewing machine, folding up and putting in a large wash-basket in the closet all the unfinished work. After fastening down the cover she looked around to see what to do next.

"If mother did not have to have so many plants," sighed she. "They take up so much room, and there is not a window left to look out of."

Here Laura came to her rescue by saying:

"Why don't you get your father to make a box to fit before one of the windows, and fasten it upon legs like a table; then you can put in a layer of earth, and set the flower-pots in it. You would be surprised to see how many plants could be crowded in. Mother had one made, and we like it better than any plant-stand we ever had."

Mattie doubted if her father could be prevailed upon to make one, but said she would see about it.

Just then Sarah said, coming in from the kitchen with a woful face:

"We shall have heavy bread again to-day. It did not get a good start last night, for it had to be put off in the cold when the company came, and it has not caught up. But I have got to bake it whether or no before dinner, and trust to luck to do better next time."

Mattie looked at Laura, and said:

"That is another objection to turning a sitting-room into a parlor. A bread-pan standing behind the stove is a rather unsightly object, is it not? But when the fire is out in the kitchen, what can we do?"

Laura replied:

"That very thing puzzled me, too, for some time until I invented a crocheted cover for it. Mother mixes her bread in a large wooden bowl, and we draw down the cover, (it is scarlet and black), and then we have a cane-seated stool which we put behind the stove, and after the bread and its cover are placed upon it, it looks quite ornamental. The only trouble is, I have to watch when strangers are present for fear they should mistake it for an ottoman, and sit down on it!"

"Well," exclaimed the girls, "you are a genius. Who would have thought of that but you, Laura?"

"Why," she replied, laughing. "I had so many times been mortified by that dingy looking bread-bowl, that I tried to think of something to hide it. And I made another knitted cover, smaller round, but longer, like a bag, to slip over the jar which mother uses to mix our buckwheat cakes in."

"I will make one for mother for Christmas, if you will show me how, Laura," said Mattie.

"With pleasure," replied Laura, "and if you have any flower-pots that look shabbily, I can show you how to make some pretty covers for them out of bed-ticking and blue or scarlet worsted braid."

So Mattie was fairly started in the good work of keeping things in order. Her sister Sarah was her mother's assistant in the kitchen, but Mattie's health never having been strong, she was spared any heavy work, and had been considered the "young lady of leisure" of the family. But her new object of interest took up much of her time, and she did not rest until she had taught her brothers, what her mother, with all her desire for order, had failed to establish, and that was, that each one was responsible for his own belongings. She looked up a pretty box for Charley's toys and blocks, which she deposited in a corner of the closet, and taught him to put his playthings there when not using them.

Finding she could not prevail upon her father to help her in the matter of a plant-box, she saved up her money for a month, and then had one made to order. Mrs. Watson was much pleased, and in "the new departure" all the family found themselves more comfortable.

Mattie now has a house of her own, and it is as neat and tidy as one could wish to find. MRS. M. H.

HOME-MADE LOUNGES.

Many pretty and useful articles can be made for home comfort and adornment, if one only knows how to go to work. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, gives some instructions about making lounges and brackets, which we copy for the benefit of our readers:

Very pretty and comfortable lounges can be manufactured at home with very little trouble or expense. If the husband or sons have any spare hours, or skill with saw, hammer, and nails, they can snatch leisure moments, now and then, and make the frame; or, if they are not skilful, a carpenter, in an hour or two, could make it, and give it a proper shape to suit the part of the room where it will be put. After the slats are nailed on, if there is any place near by where a few springs can be obtained, they will make the lounge much more comfortable. Over the springs cotton batting, hair, or moss, should be laid, then a thick, strong canvas or bagging, that the springs may not wear the outside cover. When this is nailed down smooth and tight, taking care that the stuffing is spread on evenly, without lumps or hard spots, put on the cretonne chintz or woolen outside cover, and nail it down strong. Finish by nailing with brass or black nails, a gimp and fringe plaiting or ruffle to cover the edge, and you have a neat lounge, quite as comfortable as most that you buy. Three large, square pillows, filled with feathers, hair, moss, or "excelsior" (a kind of poplar shaving made expressly to pack furniture in), and covered to match the lounge, are a great convenience for a straight lounge, placed, as it should be, close to the wall.

Pretty and very useful corner brackets can be shaped and made without difficulty, and covered with embroidery, damask, or reps. Round the shelf or bracket a piece of the same material with the furniture cover or lambrequin may be cut in points, or scalloped and finished with heavy fringe. These pieces are often beautifully embroidered on Java canvas, and the brackets, when finished, are quite ornamental as well as useful. Leather work, or pine cones, varnished, are often worked up into very fanciful brackets, and are quite strong and durable.

Housefurnishing.

HINTS FOR HOUSE-FURNISHING.

Perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET have a room which they would like to have furnished, yet they have so little money they think it will be impossible to do it. A room furnished according to the following hints would look home-like and comfortable at very little expense.

If you cannot afford to buy a carpet, oil the floor with good linseed oil, and lay down rugs wherever you can find a place for one. One way to make a pretty rug is to braid rags, sew the braids together in strips, then put a border around this of a contrasting color; or make a round one by sewing the braid round and round in the old-fashioned way until the rug is large enough.

Another way is to take burlap, cut it any size you wish, fringe out the edges, work a border around it with double worsted in some contrasting color; the Roman key or the Grecian braid are pretty patterns for a border. Work a monogram or a figure in the centre, and your rug is completed. Instead of zephyr you can ravel out an old scarf or "cloud;" color it some bright color, and it will be far cheaper than worsted. Then there are rugs made by drawing carpet rags, cut on the bias, through burlap and then shearing. Another way is to take a piece of dark cloth (an old coat will do nicely); cut it any shape you choose and apply figures cut out of bright colored flannel; sew these on in button-hole stitch; or, instead of applying figures, cut circular pieces out of variously colored flannel; have some larger than the others; place a large circle of light-colored cloth on the black, on top of this a smaller one, and then a still smaller one; tack these firmly in place. If carefully made these are very pretty.

Paper or tint the room if you can; if you cannot, do the next best thing, which is to cover the walls as much as possible with pretty things. Wind a rope with cedar, or sew autumn leaves on a strip of cotton; put this up as a cornice; have the same around the window and door casings; make wreaths, crosses, anchors, harps, etc., of cedar and autumn leaves, which are to be put wherever there is a vacant space on the wall.

I made a pretty cross by sewing green moss on stiff paper cut in the shape I wished; on a strip of calico I sewed pressed ferns and autumn leaves; this I twined around the cross gracefully, allowing one end to droop over one arm. I cut letters out of stiff paper and sewed on them the dry moss which grows on the roots of trees in swampy places; these I tacked on the wall over the door. My motto was "Welcome." Sprays of cedar are pretty over doors and windows, as well as bouquets and wreaths of autumn leaves.

You will want a lounge; which may be made by taking a box of the proper size; have a strong cover put on with hinges, as your lounge will be a good receptacle for bedding and articles not in constant use; pad the top well with curled hair, hay, or cotton batting; cover smoothly with calico, put a curtain around it; add one or two large square pillows covered with the same material, and a strong loop to raise the cover by, and your lounge is finished. Several smaller boxes covered in the same way will make nice ottomans. Old chairs which have been put away as too shabby to use, mended and covered to hide defects, are as easy as new chairs. Barrel chairs are made by cutting a barrel into the shape of a chair;

rope is then put across bed-cord fashion to form the seat, the back and sides are padded, and then it is all covered smoothly with enameled cloth, calico or worsted goods; a cushion is made of the same material.

If you have not got an old table which you can spare for your room, "John" can make one, if he is at all handy with tools, which, when varnished and covered with a large table cover, will answer every purpose. I am not much of a carpenter, but I made a toilet table by setting an old shoe-box on end and nailing on the top of this a board of the right length and width. I padded this, put a curtain around it, and it was finished; one or two shelves in the box would be convenient.

If you have pictures which can be framed, your walls need not look bare long; you can make cone frames by gluing cones on a foundation; moss or lichen frames by sewing the moss on stiff pasteboard; rustic frames, by gluing bits of bark, twigs, etc., on a foundation, or by taking wood with the bark left on, cutting the proper length and width and fitting carefully at the corners so they will be true. Then there are frames made of paper stars, of perforated paper worked with worsted, and frames of different kinds of seeds and grain; yellow corn makes a pretty frame, and also rice sprinkled thickly over a frame made of pasteboard; then color with stain varnish; and any one can make straw frames. Many fancy articles can be made of straw by soaking the straw in warm water and then flattening them and gluing them on your foundation.

In this way you can make baskets, letter-cases, wall-pockets, paper-racks, boxes, brush, comb, and card-cases, brackets and many other articles. Of the bark of white birch you can make many fancy articles besides those of which I have just spoken. Twigs of the Norway spruce also make up very prettily. Those fungi which grow on the trunks of trees make nice brackets by simply varnishing them and nailing a strip of leather on the back by which they can be suspended.

For a corner bracket cut a piece of wood in a three-cornered shape, only rounded on the outer edge; nail pieces on the side of this, by which it can be fastened to the wall; stain the top a dark color; make a lambrequin by working a pretty pattern on canvas cut in deep scallops; put on the edge a heavy bead fringe, and tack to the bracket with ornamental tacks. A simple way to make a lambrequin is to cut a piece of rep or flannel in deep scallops, pink the edges, cut leaves out of black velvet or cloth of a contrasting color, and apply them to the rep with button-hole stitch.

Other brackets may be made of very heavy pasteboard cut in fanciful designs, and covered with rice, cones, or almost any kind of seed, glued on in fanciful designs. If you can, get John to make brackets of cigar boxes, and have him put up a mantel-shelf; stain the top; then make a deep lambrequin to hide the supports, which of course will not look as well as they would if made by a professional cabinet-maker.

Then by all means have some flowering plants in the window. By the way, tin fruit cans make nice flower-pots; cover them with lichen, moss, or bark. Crocheted covers are pretty; crochet them the right size and shape; starch very stiff, and dry on the pot they are intended to cover; then varnish with stain varnish.

Much more might be said on this subject of home-furnishing, but I see that this article is long enough. I hope some of you will try these suggestions; if you

do you will be surprised to see how comfortable and home-like your room will look at little expense.

With best wishes for your success in this undertaking, I remain your friend in all matters pertaining to fancy work and home decoration. MARY E. MURRY.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Every one wants picture frames. I scarcely ever go in a house, that some one does not tell me of some picture they have, but can't use them because they cannot afford to buy frames; and such was my trouble for a long time; but now I make them, even for very large pictures, and every one pronounces them beautiful. Some, indeed a great many, have taken them for handsome carved walnut frames.

My method is very simple and easy. I first have a rough wooden frame made, no matter how rough, and cover it with dark brown cambric or calico; when that is dry, lay it flat on a table, and glue on it the scaly bark from the sycamore tree. After you have covered your frame in this way, varnish it with copal varnish. Then cut small slips of wood with the edges rounded off, and cover with gilt paper, to look like the moulding in walnut frames; be sure to cut the pieces to fit exactly, and tack them on your frame. If in gluing on the bark it should curl, tack it on with a small tack.

A pretty ornament for a parlor is very easily made in this way: Have a wooden cross made of timber, one and three-fourths inches square; make the cross eighteen inches high by twelve inches across the arms; then place it on a base formed of two pieces of board about an inch in thickness; the top piece must extend out around the cross some distance. A good size for the proportions above named is one and a half inches by five inches; the second board must be placed under this, and must be one and a half square inches larger, so it will form a base, like two steps, leading to the cross. In the centre of the base cut a hole and fix in the cross firmly; when this is completed, cover it over with white paper without lines; then spatter it over until it is quite dark—almost as dark as granite—with India ink; dissolve some India ink in a saucer, dip an old tooth brush in it, and pass it lightly over a hair-pin; this will cause the ink to fall in tiny spatters on the cross. It takes some time to make it really dark, but if you persevere, your patience will be rewarded. When this is done, take the brightest autumn leaves you can get, and form into a wreath; begin down on the base with quite a cluster, as if it was growing there; place a small tack now and then under the leaves, and use fine wire in forming your wreath. This can be worked over the tacks, and not be seen; commence, as I said before, at the bottom of the base, down low, rather to one side, and bring around the cross, then under the arm, and over the top, falling gracefully over and below the other arm. You can't think how beautiful it is, and how rich and gorgeous the leaves look. I made one some time ago; it brightened the whole room in which I placed it. If your leaves should curl or fade, you know they can be easily replaced every fall; but they last for months. E. W. H.

Oatmeal for the Complexion.—A writer in the *Household* says that she uses oatmeal twice a day to make her face smooth and rosy. Take the dry meal, a little on a preserve plate, pour on just enough cold water to make thin, strain through a little sieve, and dipping a cloth into the water, wash over the face once or twice and let it dry. The result will be a beautiful complexion.

Household Elegancies.

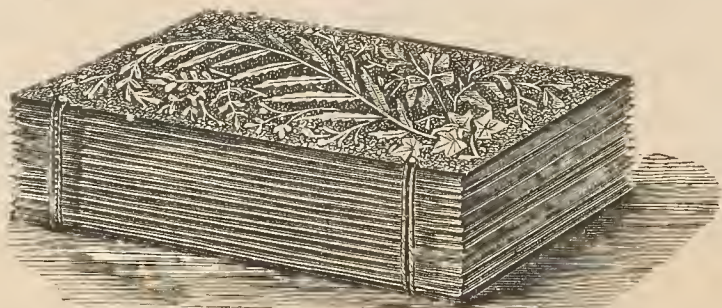
A BEAUTIFUL PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING PRESSED LEAVES AND GRASS.

A pretty and substantial method for preserving leaves and grasses is shown in our illustrations:

Cream tinted paper of moderate thickness is cut into as many pages of uniform size as may be desired, and upon one side of each page the leaves and sprays are fastened with floss silk or the narrowest ribbon. The cover is composed of card-board, and ornamented with spatter work; two loops of cord extend from the lower cover at each side, and are caught over buttons upon the upper one, holding the edges firmly and closely together.

Another mode shows the pages arranged in one continuous strip, and then folded to the size of the cover; the method first described, however, will be found preferable.

shape. Sew it on to pasteboard of the same shape; bend this rounding. Cut out a back to fit it, and let the back extend up and form a cross; cover the cross with black velvet; cut a strip of white perforated card-board somewhat narrower than the cross; one for the standard, one for the arm, and one for above the arm; sew these on as they will not stick fast to the velvet with mucilage; then cut strips a little narrower than the first ones, and so on until you fill out the whole cross; these can be fastened on with mucilage. For the front part where it is sewed together, cut a strip of tin foil an inch and a half in width; with small scissors



PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING LEAVES, ETC.

sors cut a fringe on both sides, leaving enough in the centre to stick it on by; place five of these strips on, having every one a little narrower than the preceding one; then take a small natural leaf, cut some by it out of the green part of the curtain; vein them with a brown crayon pencil; wind some wire with green zephyr; lay a small pleat in each leaf, sew them on the wire, make a few small flowers to imitate vine flowers, fasten them on, sew the bottom of the wire in each corner of the pocket, and make a small loop to hang it up by.

A handsome card-basket can be made, having the foundation of stiff pasteboard; cut a strip a finger wide and three-quarters of a yard in length; join together and scallop the top; cut a bottom to fit and join together; gather some sweet corn husks, the inside ones are best; color some of them pink with ani-

trim the top of it with husk work, line the under side with white silk, also inside of basket with white silk. Sew a cluster of preserved autumn leaves on top in the centre of the handle. The husks make much richer work than paper does.

A delicate and pretty hanging basket for corner of a room may be made in the following manner:

Make the foundation of pasteboard, in the shape of a bird's nest, only larger and longer. Take a strip of tissue paper, double it four times, having it three or four inches in width after being doubled; cut a fringe on one side, leaving enough on the other side to stick it on by; with a knife crimp the fringe; then pick it apart. Begin at the bottom and paste it on, always fastening one strip a little above the other, and so on until you fill the basket up to the top. As you get near the top make the fringe shorter. Put an artificial rose and leaves in the centre of the basket, on one side, for the front. Make quite a long handle to hang it up by; taking a strip of pasteboard, cover it entirely with the fringe; arrange a few buds and leaves on top of the handle so as to droop forward toward the front of the basket.

Phantom baskets are pretty made of raveled cloth, red, white, and blue.

You can make a rich-looking hanging basket for vines by taking a large cocoa-nut shell and gluing small cones all over the outside surface; glue a strip of grape vine on to hang it up by.

A toilet stand for bed room of simple materials: Plain thin white muslin, over pink cambric, will produce a pretty effect at little cost. Take a box the size of a washstand bureau; set it up lengthwise, with the open side toward the wall; cover it smoothly with the cambric; then with the muslin, laying a box pleat about seven inches apart, letting them extend the length of the box; place small pink bows between the pleats, seven inches apart. Cover the top the same as the sides. Finish the edge with a box pleated ruching. Place a bow on each corner.

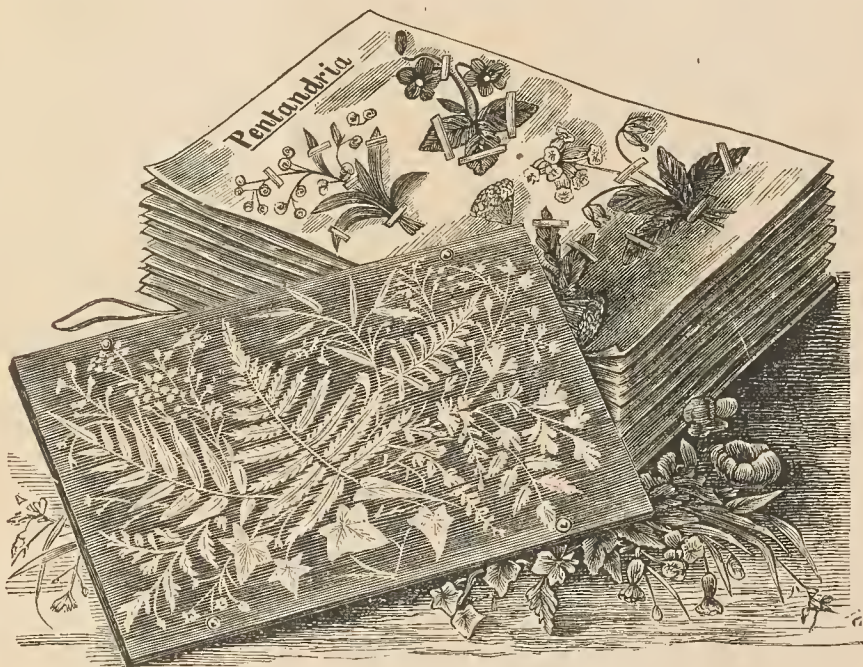
JARDINIÈRE.

The framework is of bamboo. These frames are sold at most fancy-work shops, with a tin tray to put the flower-pots into. To hide the tray, drapes of embroidered cloth are placed in each division; these are pinked or cut in points at the edges, and ornamented round with simple design in embroidery. A scroll in braid or embroidery ornaments the middle of each drape.

HOME-MADE ARTICLES.

Why not make them? Any one that has any ingenuity can, by saving pieces and bits of this and that, form them into beautiful things which will make any home pleasanter.

A very rich lamp mat can be made by taking a piece of dark red velvet, cut it round, (I prefer it quite



PORTFOLIO FOR PRESERVING LEAVES.

large), scallop it around the edge, sew a red worsted rose, a shade lighter than the velvet, in every other scallop, and in every other one a fringe over an inch wide, knit of green variegated zephyr, to imitate moss.

Wall pockets are pretty made out of soiled oil cloth curtains. Cut out a design in one of the corners, (you will surely find one bright corner), in some fanciful

line, and some green; cut a piece an inch square, double it in the centre, then double again. Enough has been said in the CABINET in regard to paper work to enable any one to know how to make and arrange it.

Always dip them in water so as to make them pliable before cutting them. Sew them on, overlapping each other, in forms you like best. Make a handle,

Make two catchalls, one for the waste matches, one for the others, by taking two goose eggs, or gourds; break at one end, empty out the contents. With sharp scissors cut off three-quarters of an inch. Crochet covers to fit them, out of pink zephyr; run a cord around near the top, fasten a cord on to hang it by, sew a bow on each side and three ball tassels on the bottom.

P. C. W.



JARDINIÈRE.

Fireside Reading.

A NEGRO CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

Why don't you do as Peter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms above his head,
Crying, "Good Lord, remember me."
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go for the milk-white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering around,
Then, good Lord, remember me.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lively Butter.—There is an old goat owned in Detroit which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them; and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. A few days ago he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk with a friend. They happened to speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat, and said:

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town."

The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on "the belt." The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated

butter kegs and abandoned hoop skirts, and the goat turned a somersault the other way, while slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep, who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out:

"Oh, it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

Preaching Politics.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the sermon. He replied:

"I don't like to hear any man preach politics."

"I am very sure you heard no minister preach politics to-day," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passage," said the deacon.

"I will," he said. "If the Republicans scarcely are saved, where will the Democrats appear?"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake; these were the words, 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "he might have used those words, but I know mighty well *what he meant.*"

Cyrus, King of Persia, when a boy, was asked what was the first thing that he learned. In reply, he said: "To speak the truth." This is one of the most important lessons of life, and cannot be learned too early. There is no attribute of our being more beautiful than truthfulness; it sheds a glory upon the whole character; it does away with all distrust, inspiring, in its stead, sentiments of faith and confidence.

A story is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and

Spoilt his Poetry.—There are few jokes that make better fun than secretly piecing out a friend's unfinished line. The trick is a practical and verbal joke in one, and harmless—unless a sacred beginning is burlesqued by a ridiculous sequel.

It is related of Dr. Mansel that when an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he chanced to call at the rooms of a brother Cantab, who was absent, but who had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

"The sun's perpendicular rays
Illumine the depths of the sea,"—

Here the flight of the poet, by some cause, stopped short; but Mansel, who enjoyed a joke, completed the stanza thus:—

"And the fishes, beginning to sweat,
Cried, 'Goodness! how hot we shall be!'"

On the Wrong Lay.—A certain Lincoln county huckster, who deals principally in butter and poultry, invariably asks a little more for these luxuries than any of his neighbors. When asked his reasons for so doing, he always replies after this fashion:

"Well, sir, that's an extra quality of butter: it was made by my wife's aunt, sir—one of the best housekeepers in the State. Those chickens are a superior article, sir; they were raised by my wife's aunt, sir, and what she doesn't know about raising chickens ain't worth knowing, sir."

This peculiarity has been remarked by his customers, and they are in the habit of commenting on it quite freely behind his back. The other day a very solemn-looking individual entered the store, and, walking up to a basket of eggs, inquired:

"What do you ask for eggs?"

"Fifteen cents a dozen," was the bland reply.

"Fifteen cents?" exclaimed the melancholy customer. "Why, I can buy them anywhere at ten—but, may be your wife's aunt laid these eggs!"

The owner of the hen fruit hung his head, looked thoughtful for a moment, and replied:

"Take 'em along at ten!"

A letter from one tramp to another was picked up in Fair Haven, Vt., the other day, which closed as follows: "u won't ketch me in this stat agin, my advise to u iz to go bak to york stat, ceep clere of vermont for it iz not a good hum fur a sensativ tramp."

"Skip the hard words, honey, dear," said an Irish school-mistress to one of her pupils; "they are only the names of foreign countries, and you will never be in them."



GRANDMOTHER'S TEA-PARTY.

frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa' man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

A learned and eloquent bishop was very anxious to convert a Parsee, who was making some stay in London. "I cannot think," said he, "how any man of intelligence and education, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object, such as the sun." "Oh, my lord bishop," returned the Parsee, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival in England, "you should see it; you have no idea what a glorious object it is."

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. COCKS.

Aunt Sophia's Plain Wheat Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of flour, five eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt. Wet the flour gradually with the milk, add the salt, then the eggs, beaten very light. Bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour. Eat with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce.—One teacup of light brown sugar, half a teacup of butter, one teaspoonful of milk, flavor with lemon or vanilla, cream the butter, add the sugar, milk and essence, and stir until white and frothy.

Aunt Jany's Plum Pudding.—One pint of milk, two eggs, half a pound of beef suet, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, one of cloves, one-half of salt; flour sufficient to make a stiff dough; mince the suet very fine; beat the eggs; then rub the flour and suet together; add the other ingredients. It is best to mix it over night. Boil three hours and eat with hard sauce. (See Hard Sauce.)

Breakfast Dish.—Half a pound of smoked beef cut thin, one pint of milk, one egg, sprinkle of pepper; cover beef with cold water; let it simmer five minutes, then pour off most of the water; add the milk and beaten egg; simmer one minute, and you have a fine dish for breakfast or lunch.

Ham Omelette.—Five eggs, one-fourth pound of ham, three-fourths cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour; first cut the fat of the ham in very small pieces, and put them in the omelette pan; cook a few minutes, then add the lean ham cut in the same way. Be careful not to burn while cooking. Mix the flour and milk together, a little milk at a time; beat the flour and milk together, add the beaten eggs, and pour all on ham in the pan; do not stir it, but let it remain on a moderate fire until nicely brown. Run a knife round the edge, put a plate on the top, and turn it out.

Tomato Soup.—One quart can of tomatoes, one quart of milk, one pint of water, half a teaspoonful of soda, five soda crackers, one tablespoonful of butter; let the tomatoes boil five minutes; season with salt and pepper, add the water and milk, with soda in the milk. After coming to a boil put in crackers rolled very fine, and the soup is finished fifteen minutes from the time commenced. Eaten with crackers the taste is almost equal to oyster stew.

Clam Soup.—Fifty hard clams, one quart of milk, five soda crackers, one tablespoonful of butter; wash the clams well in two or three waters, put in a pot with one quart of water; cover close; when open take out of shells, settle and strain the juice; put it in a pot with the clams; boil ten minutes; add milk, pepper, butter, crackers rolled fine, and boil one minute.

Beefsteak and Onions.—One and a half pounds of beefsteak, one-fourth pound of beef suet, one quart of onions; cut the suet in thin pieces; lay on the bottom of a flat pan; put in the steak cut about three inches square; peel the onions, cut in thin slices and lay on the meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover tight, and cook over a slow fire for one hour.

Breakfast Dish.—When you have beefsteak left from dinner, cut it in small pieces; to one teacup of this put two teacups of onions cut in slices, three cups of potatoes cut in small chunks; sprinkle with a little

salt and pepper; cover with boiling water, and let it simmer one hour over a moderate fire.

Codfish.—One pound of salt codfish, one egg, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter; pepper; soak codfish twenty-four hours before using; change the water twice; put on fire and let it remain twenty minutes; pick it very fine; add the milk and beaten eggs; sprinkle of pepper; butter, and let it simmer five minutes.

Fresh Mackerel.—Wash the fish clean, dry with a cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rub a little flour on them, have your pan hot, put in a spoonful of lard, lay the mackerel in, skin up, and fry a nice brown; turn over; when brown on both sides, serve on a dish.

Corn Fritters.—Twenty-five ears of corn grated, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt; mix the flour and milk and beaten eggs well together; heat your pan hot and fry in hot lard.

Potatoe Fritters.—Fifteen potatoes, one pint of milk, four eggs; boil your potatoes and mash them fine as possible; then add a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, the milk and eggs and thicken with a little flour; drop with a spoon in boiling lard and brown on both sides.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Five cups of prepared flour, one cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, one pint sweet milk; rub the butter in the flour, making it like tea-biscuit, with the milk after adding the sugar; bake in jelly pans; cut in thin slices; butter each slice; have the strawberries well sugared; put them between and on top; eat with cream and sugar.

Economy Cake.—Three cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, four cups of flour, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four of cream of tartar, half a nutmeg.

Ginger Nuts.—One teacup of butter, two of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, half a tablespoonful of soda; sufficient flour to mix stiff; cut in cakes and bake quickly.

Corn Bread.—Four cups of Indian meal, two of flour, one-fourth cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, one or two eggs; mix well and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Wheat Pancakes.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt; flour to make a batter; mix well together; have ready a round pan with hot lard; put in four tablespoonfuls of batter; brown on both sides; put on a hot plate; spread with butter, sugar, and a little nutmeg; make another one in the same way and lay on top of first one, and so on till all the batter is used. Cut in pieces as you would a pie.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Five cups of buckwheat, one and a half cups of Indian meal, half a cup of wheat flour, one cup of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt; mix over night with sufficient warm water to make a batter.

Rusk. One pint of sweet milk, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter; warm the milk; melt the butter and sugar in it; add two tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt; add flour enough to make it as thick as cake; when light, knead it again a little stiffer; when again light, knead over; cut in cakes; put in your pan; let it rise again, bake about twenty minutes. Take it out, wet the top with a mixture of brown sugar and water, or syrup and water.

Biscuit.—When your bread is light take off a piece of your dough; roll it out, dot it with butter; turn it over and roll the butter in well; let it rise again, make out in cakes and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

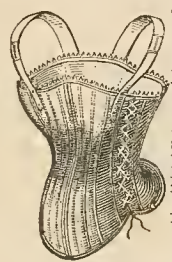
Meat Croquets.—Take any cold waste meat, or beefsteak, cut off all gristle, etc., chop the remainder very fine, add twice as much mashed potatoes, one egg, a little butter, salt, pepper, and a small quantity of allspice; work thoroughly together; make into small cakes and fry in hot lard.

Meringue Pie.—Three lemons, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, six yolks of eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, two teacups of white sugar; take out the seeds from the lemons, grate the rinds, chop the remainder very fine; wet the corn starch with a little cold water, then pour on to it two teacups of boiling water; let it come to a boil; add the sugar, and when it is cool put in the yolks of the eggs, the chopped lemons, juice, and butter, stirring all together. Line two pie plates with crust; pour in and bake; beat the whites to a froth, adding six tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over the pies while hot, and bake two or three minutes till a light brown; be careful not to burn.

Pumpkin Pie.—One large cup of cooked pumpkin, one egg, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger; sweeten to taste; mix thoroughly and bake with an under crust.

Recipe for Mangoes.—Take mangoes, cucumbers, snap-beans, radish pods, and gherkins for the pickles. Cut a slice from the side of each mango and remove every seed. Put them all in a jar, and having boiled as much strong salt and water as will cover them, pour it on them hot, and cover them thickly with grape leaves. Do this every morning till they are quite green, and then every other morning till you are ready to put them in vinegar. They will at first be yellow, but will turn green after repeated scaldings. Make a stuffing for the mangoes as follows: twelve ounces ginger, half a pound garlic, one pound or less of horse-radish, one pound white mustard seed, two ounces cloves, two ounces black pepper, two ounces allspice, two ounces celery seed, the whole mixed into a paste with sweet oil. The ginger should be crushed in a mortar, the horse-radish scraped, and cut into small pieces. After stuffing the mangoes, sew in the slices that were taken out, put them and the other pickles in a jar, sprinkling the stuffing that may be left between them, fill the jar with cold vinegar, and in three weeks pour that from them, and fill the jar again with strong cold vinegar.

To Make Souse of Hogs or Pigs.—Select as many heads and feet as you wish to souse; the whitest are the best; put them in cold water and let them remain a day or night. Then remove and have them nicely cleaned; cut off the ears and have them cleaned also. Put them again in water, sprinkle with salt; shift or change the water twice a day. Let them soak till they look white, but not till they smell in the least, which is likely, unless they are strictly attended to. When sufficiently soaked, remove, clean again nicely, and boil in plenty of water till well cooked. Then remove all the bones from the heads and feet, chop the meat well, season with salt, black pepper, and allspice to your taste, and while hot press it into dishes or pans and place weights on each till cold. When ready for use, slice and eat with vinegar. A very nice way is to slice it, dip into batter and fry. In seasoning the souse, also put in vinegar with pepper and salt, and set the vessel on the fire. Stir the whole well together, and press into cakes as above.



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Editor Ladies' Floral Cabinet, N. Y.

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Brightest roses Fade and Die.

Words by L. T. RUTLEDGE.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Bright - est ros - es fade and with - er,
2. Life is sweet! but not for - ev - er
3. Fraught with Hopes for but to - mor - row,

Flow'rs of beau - ty fall a - way,
Is it strewn with sweet per - fume,
It will be a hap - py day!

Chills of Au - tumn hast - en hith - er,
For some chill - ing frost will sev - er,
When it comes it brings but sor - row,

Cloud - ing o'er the sun of
It from beau - ty, peace and
Cast - ing all our hopes a -

May; Fad - ing, sigh - ing, fall - ing, dy - ing,
bloom; Cast - ing it on Time's dark riv - er—
way; In the fu - ture see a gleaming

On the ground they thick - ly lie,—
On Time's dark and roll - ing tide,
Of a hap - py "bye - and - bye,"

Flow'rs of beau - ty soft - ly
Leav - ing it to drift and
When it comes, 'tis but a

Chorus.
SOPRO.
ALTO.
TENOR.

sigh - - ing, Bright - est ros - es fade and die.
shiv - - er, Los - ing all its joy and pride.
seem - - ing: Bright - est ros - es fade and die.

Bright - est ros - es fade and with - er,
Ros - es fade and with - er,

Ros - es fade and with - er, they fade and with - er,

In their pride they soft - ly sigh, Soon the Au - tumn hast - ens hith - - er, And the ros - es fade and die.

In their pride they soft - ly sigh, Soon the Au - tumn hast - ens hith - er, And the ros - es fade, they fade and die.

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BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1877.

No. 67.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

PRETTY WINDOW GARDENS.

Upon this and a succeeding page are given illustrations of some very beautiful ways of decorating windows and rooms with the living greenery of our popular window flowers. There is no home but can be vastly improved by the addition of a few plants; and there is no description of furniture that can compare with the delicacy, grace, and refining influence of window vines, blossoms and plant beauties.

It is hardly necessary to describe in detail all these engravings. It will be easily seen that the decoration of the windows on this page are far superior to those on page 116. And this difference is easily explained by the use of so many climbing vines. Figs. 1 and 2 are especially charming for the tasteful arrangement of the vines, and the addition of the vase in the first, and the spray of leaves and ferns, above and before the looking-glass in the second, make an inexpressibly tasteful effect.

In Fig. 3 is a sketch of a simple bracket which any one can make, the rustic fence being purchasable at any florist's at a cheap price. In several of the illustrations will be noticed wall pockets containing plants. This idea can be extended more freely than it usually is, and plants of beautiful foliage put in them in various places against the wall, every one of which will do far more than pictures to brighten a home. One of the most beautiful homes we have ever seen, had under each picture, fastened to the wall, a pretty group of leaves, ferns and moss. And the verdict of

visitors was for the woodland treasures in preference to the costly pictures. These illustrations, we believe, were engraved by Mr. Vick from photographs of the homes of some of his ardent floral admirers.

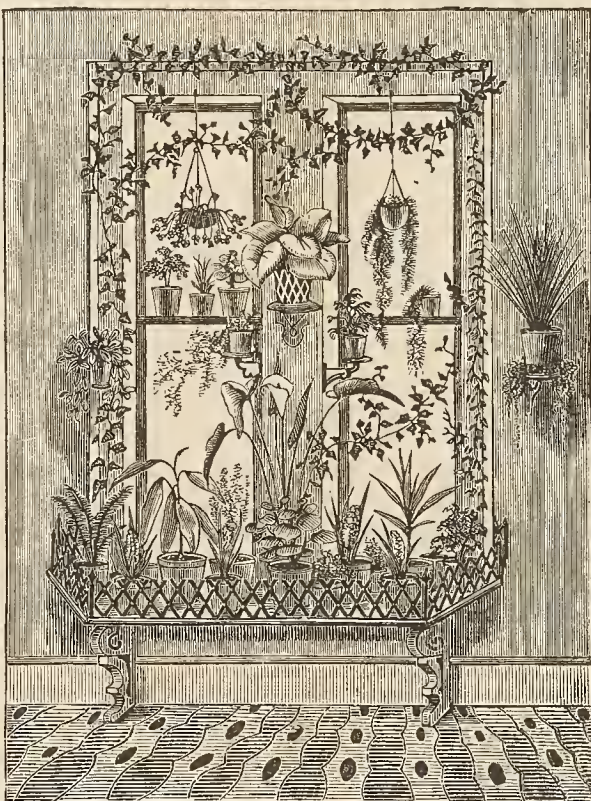


FIG. 3. WINDOW PLANT STANDS AND BRACKETS.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Eschscholtzia Californica is one flower that I would recommend to all lovers of hardy plants. It is a hardy perennial of easy culture, blooming the first year from seed. It succeeds in any common soil, the richer the better, however, as it produces larger flowers and deeper colored foliage. The blossoms are of a bright yellow, shaded with deep orange in the centre. They are about one inch in diameter on young plants, on old ones about one and a half and sometimes two inches across, borne on long foot-stalks thrown well about the foliage, and are produced in the great-

est profusion from the middle of April until the last of August, after which they produce a few scattering ones until frost. These flowers are very fine for bouquets. The seed should be sown from the first of April until the last of May, and from the first until the last of September. For plants to bloom in early spring, in patches where wanted to bloom, as the plant has a tap root and is quite difficult to transplant, cover about one-eighth of an inch in depth, and thin to four or five inches apart before the plants become spindling and weak; at this distance they will make a compact bed and will be a complete blaze of beauty all the summer. Apart from its beautiful flowers, the leaves are very ornamental, being many-parted.

Plants from seed bloom about the middle of August and sometimes in July. Seed should be saved from the first blooms that open, as they are the largest. Allow none to seed except those you wish to save, as it will cause the plant to produce very small flowers, and in time will stop it from blooming entirely, I would advise all who wish something showy to grow this plant. There are several other varieties of *Eschscholtzia*, but this is the only kind I have tried.

W. G. IVY.

A Magnificent Ivy.—A lady in Yardville, N. J., who bought an Ivy last fall, less than six feet in length, took such good care of it during the winter that when it was planted out in June, it had grown three hundred feet, and one of the main branches was forty-five feet long.

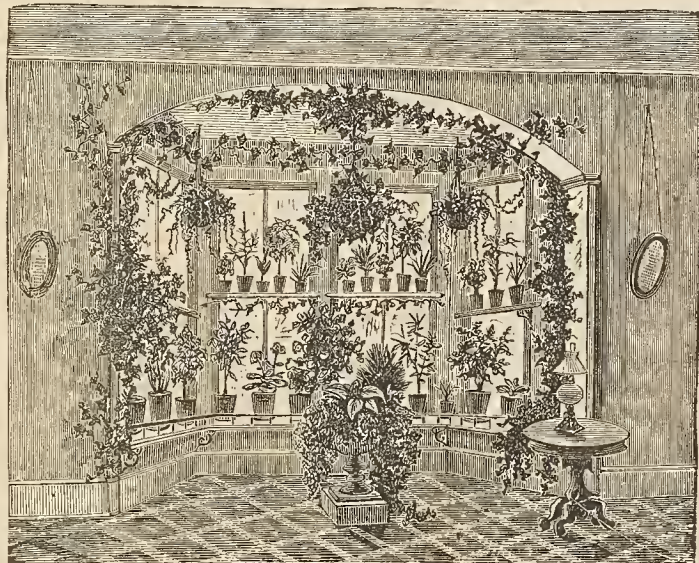


FIG. 1. BAY-WINDOW.

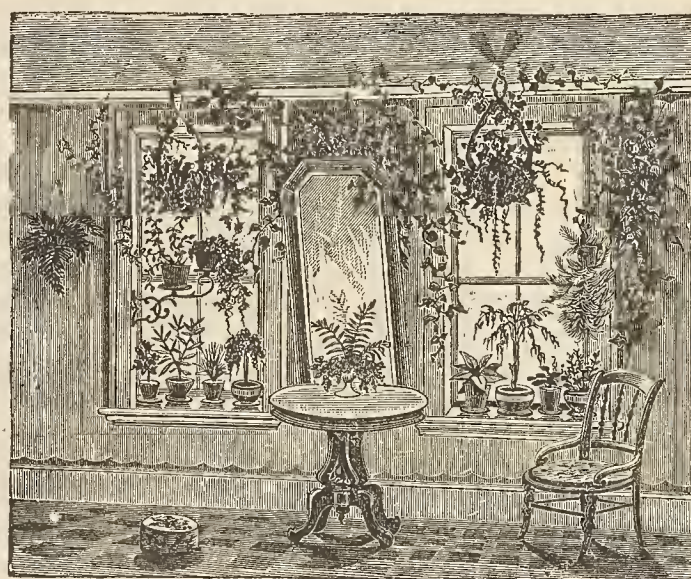


FIG. 2. SITTING-ROOM WINDOW.

Floral Contributions.

SOMETHING ABOUT PLANTS.

Naturally, I have quite a love for plants, and during the last four years circumstances have caused that love to develop into a grand passion. The circumstances were these:

One morning, about four years ago, I realized the fact, which my friends had realized for some time previous, that I had a disease about me which would render me an invalid for life and that my life might stretch over many years. Only those who have been in like distress can even imagine the extreme bitterness which mingled with all my thoughts that morning. At length I resolved that my living should not be wholly disagreeable to others as well as to myself, and that the way to help myself overcome the fretfulness and general disagreeableness incident to sickness was to keep the mind fully occupied with other thoughts than of self. I caused my sick-room to hold as many plants as it had places for, and obtained works upon plant-life, thus studying their individual needs. I soon found that while I ministered to them they gave happiness to me in tenfold measure.

This year I have been able to cultivate them out of doors as well as indoors; and while remembering the days of pain they have helped me so much to bear in a less fretful way, I thank the Giver of all good things that He gave us plants and gave me a sense of appreciation of their wonderful life and beauty.

Very many people who came into my room said to me, "I don't wonder you are sick, with so many plants about you!" How could I explain to such what they were to me? How much of happiness and consequent health they gave me? They ought to have known as well as I that only flowers, stems and leaves which are decaying give out poisonous gases. I was careful to have all such picked off and to keep the plants in a perfect state of health.

I think that vegetation is a sure index of the healthfulness of a room; where that will flourish the human life will flourish, too, and, *vice versa*.

On the stove was always a shallow dish which was kept full of water, thus providing a moist atmosphere; once a week every plant had a bath in warm water. This is very easily accomplished by fitting a damp cloth over the earth to prevent its shattering off; while holding the cloth firmly the pot can be tipped in any position desired. If any should become infested with any of the many plant enemies—which is very seldom—dip them in a strong tea made of tobacco leaves; this will give their foliage a bright, fresh greenness, besides killing insects.

Three years ago I sent to a florist for a small quantity of tobacco seed, and since it has sown itself, and, if let alone, a sufficiency for such purposes will grow and mature. Gathered before the frosts come and placed "up attic," one need never dread the care of plants.

Those which have rough leaves and stems, like Chinese Primroses, showy-leaved Begonias, and some Coleus, do not like "dipping;" so the dust can be blown off such. Just here I must tell you how I succeeded with Chinese Primroses, both plants and seeds. Last spring I sent to a florist and obtained three different varieties, and after potting them, seemed to do well until at the end of two weeks I noticed that they were decaying at the tops. I never had seen anything like it before, so I went to books for information, and I concluded it must be that mildew had attacked them.

I dosed them with sulphur, both plants and earth, but all proved of no avail, and in about two months after getting them they were all dead.

Determined not to be beaten in that way, I then procured a package of seeds containing mixed varieties, and sowed every seed, as I supposed I should probably have only a few plants from all. When I wish to germinate choice seed, I fill a box about six inches deep with soil composed of one-third part each of good garden soil, which has been sifted to free it from all stones, and dirt found in decayed apple trees, and fine cow manure; to this mixture I add enough sand to give it a slight sandy appearance. On this I place my seeds, sift just enough soil over to cover them—they are of quite good size—and water with warm water until the earth is soaked; place a glass over the box, and set it on the top of the sitting-room stove. I did this way with my Primroses, and in a week they began to show their tiny leaflets; the next day I removed them to a sunny window and took off the glass, remembering to replace it evenings to remain over them until the next morning.

Plant after plant showed itself, and as fast as any of them attained their fourth leaf, I transplanted them into the same kind of soil with more sand added. When the weather was warm enough, I put the pots out in the garden under a tree, and there they have lived and flourished all summer; this fall they were transplanted where they were to grow through the winter, and finding I had no room for all, curiosity prompted me to count them, and I found there were sixty-eight.

Many of them have gone into other homes to cheer our northern winter-life, but I took good care that they all went where they would be well cared for. I never had plants of any kind do better, and I found them very tenacious of life under adverse circumstances, have crowded them in among other plants, and have them alone, and either way they do equally well, always remembering, however, that they do not like the full blaze of the sun, are impatient of heat, and do not like water on the leaves or stalks. At present more than two-thirds of mine are budded, and many of them are just ready to expand into full bloom.

I think that the best success is had with all choice plants outside of a greenhouse, when they are raised from seeds, or cuttings rooted in the same house where they are to be grown. Then they have the same air from the commencement of their lives.

Cuttings of Verbenas must be rooted and started in September to insure an abundance of bloom during the winter months. They, too, like a very sandy soil, but little water and all the sun they can possibly get. Fuchsias seldom get as much richness of soil as they like; they are capable of attaining great size, and will grow fast and bloom abundantly eight months of a year if given very rich soil and manure; water as often as once a week, always remembering to provide plenty of water for them to drink.

After the season of bloom is past, they want rest and will provide it for themselves by refusing to put forth new leaves, and look much as sleepy children do when forced to stay awake—very uninteresting. I put mine down cellar—the Fuchsias, not the children—the first of November, and water the earth while they are there only enough to keep them from drying out utterly, and bring them to the light and heat the middle of January.

I wish I could induce every woman to have just a few plants, if no more than a few can be taken care of well. Their growth is a curiosity, and if one cares for them, one notes the minutest and most delicate

changes of leaf, bud and blossom, and thus they not only fill the mind with other cares than those of life's daily routine, but they must elevate the thoughts—lead their owners to think of the Creator's creative power and goodness. Who, other than He, had the skill to plan such variety?

A Fernery, after it is filled, is very little care and trouble. I put a thick layer of dry moss in the bottom of mine for the purpose of absorbing all superfluous moisture; above this, small pieces of wood coal to the depth of an inch, and over this the soil, in which can be planted Achyrantes, Begonias, Ivies, any and all pretty creeping vines from the woods, Coleus, Ferns, and almost all tender kinds of plants.

Have the glass case fit tightly; give air by raising this case about ten minutes each day, and give water only when no moisture gathers on the glass, which latter case will not occur oftener than three or four weeks. If the plants cannot have the sun they do not mind, but keep on flourishing, blooming and thanking their owners for giving them such nice, comfortable quarters during the chilly months when their out-of-door companions are forced to cover up their heads lest Jack Frost should behead them some night.

Another combination of plants, whereby space and care are economized, is to put many in the bowl of a rustic stand, or, having had a tinsmith fit to the top of some old stand a zinc pan, arrange them in that. If casters are on the feet of the stand it can be easily moved to suit the convenience of its owner, and by pushing into the soil four small sticks, each a little taller than the tallest plants, newspapers can be readily placed over the whole on those cold nights when protection is needed. Nothing equals paper for that purpose. If any of my pets are particularly tender, I enfold each separately, then placing all together, enclose them in one immense paper covering.

Glazed pots are the only kinds I use; they are always clean-looking, while the unglazed require much washing to keep them presentable, and those which are painted, however handsome they may be at first, in a year or two become unsightly objects. I think any particular kind of plant-holder is not essential to their well-being.

I always insure good drainage by the use of wood-coal broken into bits, and think it preferable to anything else, as, if too much water should chance to remain in the soil, it corrects any acidity that may occur. All plants need iron in the earth from which they derive their life; a small quantity of refuse iron chips or filings, which any blacksmith will be glad to have taken from his shop, dug into the top soil will assist them much to put forth vigorous, healthy-looking leaves, and will deepen and intensify all the hues of colored flowers.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book."

A. D.

Cypress Seed.—Every person that has ever planted Cypress seed knows that it takes a long time for it to germinate, and it frequently does not come at all, especially if the ground is not kept very moist. My method of sprouting it is a very simple and successful one. I take a large spoonful of cold coffee grounds and put them in a cup, then sprinkle the seed over these grounds, and cover them with coffee grounds, and in from two to four days the seed will all be sprouted, when they can be planted out, and they will grow rapidly. I have used this plan for years.

MARY B. McMILLIN.

Answers to Correspondents.

Black Flies on Plants.—The Best Window for Plants.—Should Plants be Grown in Bed-rooms?—How shall I get rid of the little black flies on my plants? Is it healthy to have plants in a bed-room? Which is best for plants, a western or eastern exposure?

JENNIE ELDREA.

Rome, Mich.

Answer.—Tobacco smoke will kill the flies; put the plants under a barrel and throw some damp plug tobacco on some hot coals. Let the plants remain in the fumes about ten minutes, then syringe or water the branches. The best exposure or window for plants is east. One hour of morning sun is worth two of afternoon. Window plants should have as much sun as possible. It is not unhealthy to have plants in a bed-room, unless they are in such quantity as to produce dampness. Plants exhale oxygen and inhale carbonic acid. Animals do just the reverse.

Begonias for Fernery.—What species of Begonias are best for a Fernery?

Ravenswood, Ill.

MRS. W. VAN HORN.

Answer.—Any of the Begonias with large ornamental foliage do well in a Fernery. Some varieties can be found at any greenhouse. The Fernery should be aired occasionally and not be kept very wet or the Begonias will rot. By ornamental leaved we mean Begonia Rex and its many seedling varieties.

Soil, etc.—What kind of soil is best for Calceolaria? How deep shall I cover the seed? Is Clematis cirrhosa an annual? Will Cobaea scandens sprout in the spring from an old root?

Briscoe Run.

MRS. J. P. JOHNSON.

Answer.—Calceolaria seed is very small and should be sown as lightly as possible, on the surface of the ground; if watered afterwards, will often sufficiently cover it. The soil should be very fine sandy loam. Clematis cirrhosa is a perennial. Cobaea scandens will not sprout from the root, but if a portion of stem is left, eyes will break. The plant is not hardy where there is frost.

Jasmine Treatment.—Please tell me whether Jasminum grandiflorum should be put in the cellar after it has finished blooming, or remain where it will continue to grow? I have kept mine on the plant-stand where it will grow, but the leaves and branches dry up.

MRS. J. L. ANDREWS.

Answer.—You would probably lose your plant if you put it in the cellar. The fault in your culture is the air of the room is too dry, and perhaps you do not water enough. The tropical Jasmynes are all evergreen, and do not require drying off.

Begonias.—What can be the trouble with my trailing Begonia? It hung in a wire basket covered with moss, and grew beautifully all summer, but ceased blooming in June. Now (Jan. '77) it is beginning to bloom again; but when the leaves are nearly half grown they are covered with little watery looking spots, and drop off.

Cincinnati, O.

ESTHER W. HENDERSON.

Answer.—You are probably keeping your plant too cold and wet. If grown in heat this species will bear any amount of water, but it requires more heat than most Begonias.

Billbergia fasciata.—Coleus turning black.—When does Billbergia fasciata bloom? Are there

more colors than one? What is the treatment? Why do Coleus begin getting black at the top and continue so downward until they die away?

Galena, Ill.

JOHN F. BRENDEN.

Answer.—All the Billbergias bloom as soon as the crowns are strong; the season is usually summer and autumn, but some remain in perfection a long time. We know only one color of B. fasciata. From your description, we think your Coleus must have been frost-bitten. The Coleus is a very tender plant, originally native of the hot island of Java, and it is not well to plant any of the varieties in the garden before all danger of frost is past.

Temperature for Plants.—Coal Ashes.—What is the temperature for plants in a sitting-room warmed by a coal stove? Of what use are coal ashes?

H. J. F.

Peru, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Answer.—The temperature may rise as high as you would generally keep it, if you keep the air moist. It is dry heat which injures plants. Coal ashes are of no horticultural value.

Turk's Head Cactus, etc.—Why does not my Turk's Head Cactus bloom? It is thirteen years old, six inches high, fourteen inches in circumference? When does it bloom, and what flower does it have? A neighbor has had a Bridal Rose for three years, and an Amaryllis for seven years, which have not bloomed. Why is it?

E. J. L. C.

East Haddam.

Answer.—The Turk's Head Cactus grows to a great size and does not bloom until old; from the size, yours should bloom; but when it does you will be disappointed. The flowers are very small, in a circle near the top, and are pink, red, yellowish, or white. The Bridal Rose is not a rose, but a double flowering Bramble. It should bloom on the young wood very freely. Probably the shoots are too weak; repot it in good soil and give it plenty of sun. The Amaryllis should be dried off in autumn and allowed to rest all winter. Repot it in the spring, and it will probably bloom.

A Rockery.—Our house is on a side hill, and we are obliged to terrace the front. I am anxious to save a large maple tree, the roots of which are somewhat exposed and present a rough appearance, which I think may be improved by a rockery being built under it. Please give me your assistance.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

MRS. J. I. DOUGLASS.

Answer.—By piling up rugged, angular rocks in a rude way under the roots of the tree, it can doubtless be saved and many delicate plants could be grown in the chinks of the rocks. Make the arrangement as natural as possible, that is, avoid all formal arrangement. The effect you should aim to produce is that the rocks appear as if Nature placed them so that the tree sprung from them. Let the chinks between the rocks be deep and filled with good soil. Many plants which seem to grow on bare rocks send their roots far below the surface and feed upon the alluvial deposit in some chink of the rock, where the lower soil is always moist, no matter how dry the surface may be. The maple tree will in time, however, send out roots which will appropriate your whole rockery. The masses of rock or heaps of stone which we often see as "rockeries" have no beauty and only serve more conspicuously to display the misery of the stunted plants placed upon them.

Lily of the Valley.—Keeping Geraniums.—Why cannot I succeed in getting Lily of the Valley to bloom? Out of forty stalks but one has a flower-stem. Can you give me any experience as to keeping Geraniums through the winter tied up in bundles with the dirt removed? What kinds will keep in that way? Would they not do better dried off in the pots? Should the cellar be damp or dry?

Laelede, Ind.

MRS. LUCIE A. SCHROCK.

Answer.—Probably the soil is too poor for your Lily of the Valley. The tubers need to be well grown to bloom. In a garden bed probably not one in ten flowers. Manure the bed well with well rotted manure in autumn or early spring; do not let the ground become very dry, and you will get bloom. The flower is worth all the care you can give it. The Zonale or Horseshoe Geraniums will live shaken out in autumn and hung up in a cool, frost-proof dry cellar; but they do quite as well dried off in the pots. Neither mode is the best for keeping them, for they make very good window plants for winter, and do not require annual rest.

Heliotrope root-bound.—Does the Heliotrope do well when root-bound?

FLOWER LOVER.

Osborn, Green Co., O.

Answer.—It certainly will not succeed. Give it a good soil and repot, as the plant grows large, and the larger the plant the more flowers.

Culture of Hydrangea, etc.—What should be the treatment of Hydrangea? Should it be in sun or shade—in wet or dry soil? Should Lilies be set in the open ground, and how early in the season? What should be done with the bulbs after blooming?

Milwaukee, Wis.

MRS. A. C. ALLEN.

Answer.—If you mean Hydrangea Hortensia, the plants are best grown in large pots or tubs, as they are not hardy. Let the soil be rich, and give the plants an abundance of water. Set the tubs on a piazza or in the garden in the sun; they will bloom all summer. Let the frost kill the foliage, and then keep the plants in the tubs through the winter in the house cellar. Lilies should be planted in a deep, rich, well drained soil in the garden in autumn or as early in the spring as possible. The depth should vary from two to five inches, according to the size of the bulb. They need not be disturbed for years, and will each year grow stronger and give better flowers. Most Lilies are hardy, but all the species are injured by keeping the bulbs out of the ground. If planted in a very exposed situation, a covering of litter over the bed during the winter is advantageous. A Lily bed should be of rich light soil, never very wet or very dry.

Aquariums.—How can I construct an aquarium? Is there any way to prevent the cement detaching itself from the glass?

MRS. J. E. L.

Ada, O.

Answer.—A very simple and pretty aquarium may be made by procuring a large glass confectionery case cover, and fixing it upside down in a stand. The best are made of stone, with the glass glazed in lead or set in an iron frame; but they are expensive. If the cement detaches itself from the glass it was not properly mixed.

Names of Plants.—Answer to Annie E. Syanes, Lynchburg, Texas. The two small white and blue flowers are species of Vetch (vicia). The larger blue flower we cannot name, but it is not an Ageratum or a Forget-me-not (Myosotis).

VERBENAS.

No plant excels the Verbena for planting, either in masses or bedding. Its bright colors contrast finely with the green grass of the lawn. It is a universal favorite with all flower lovers. Indeed, no lawn or flower-garden is complete without its bed of Verbenas. They are beautiful both in foliage and flower. Although they are but half hardy perennials, they bloom the first season. And they are so easily grown. The seed falling on the ground, will, if not picked up by the little birds, remain unimpaired through the entire winter, coming up quite thickly the following spring. I got the earliest and strongest plants from self-sown seed; but I always save seed from selected colors, as they range in colors from the brightest red, and a dark blue and purple, to a pure white; and then we have them with such a variety of markings.

Two years ago I procured a variety of striped Verbena plants; and from a particularly choice one, I saved the seed for the next year's planting, and from those seed I had quite a variety. Some were self-colored, and some were striped, and some were speckled and mottled in various ways. Some plants would have a tussle all of a color and another one with a single floweret of another color in the same tussle. The contrast was quite pleasing. While some are delightfully fragrant, others are entirely devoid of any fragrance whatever. I find the light colored ones the most fragrant.

The original plant from which the seed was saved, was white, striped with red. The Verbena has some enemies. The aphid or green lice sometimes attack it, and there is a kind of white lice that work on the roots, sometimes causing the plant to wither and die. For the first named pest, I make use of the dirty suds in washing. Give them a good showering in the evening. It not only rids the plants of the pest, but it is beneficial in the growth of the Verbena. For the ones on the roots a preventive is a little lime or wood ashes mixed in the soil before setting the plants, as they are somewhat hard to get rid of after planting. Occasionally there will be a plant diseased, which can always be told by its puny growth. Better pull it up and give the vigorous ones more room.

The Verbena delights in the bright sunshine. And I have better success with it of a dry season than almost any other bedding plants unless it is the Portulacas. Like Purslane, it will flourish wet or dry. The Verbena does best in a sandy soil. I mix one-fourth sand, an equal amount of well rotted hot-bed manure and soil from the woods, or sods rotted. The ground should be spaded one foot deep and then set the plants two feet apart. Keep the ground loose and peg down the straggling shoots, which will cause them to root at the joints where they come in contact with the soil, and the bed will soon become a perfect mat of bloom. And the more you pluck of the flowers, the more they bloom.

We have one kind of Verbena that is entirely hardy here with us, in latitude thirty-nine degrees north. It is called Verbena Montana in the florists' catalogues. Young plants of it will bloom all the summer. The older ones bloom earlier. They bloom along with the Tulips. The color is a red, changing to a rosy purple. The foliage is of a lighter green than the tender varieties. It is said to be a native of the Rocky Mountains. I don't know of more than the one kind that is hardy here. I don't know whether the tender kinds will mix with the hardy one. I have grown in the same bed, side by side with each other, the two kinds, and saved seed from both, but never could get but the one color.

The Verbena, although a favorite, is not a good house plant in an ordinary dwelling. It is a little "miffy" about being kept in the heated atmosphere of a room.

The Verbena is propagated either by layering, rooting in a saucer of wet sand, or from fresh slips in water. I have grown them frequently from slips in bouquets. I have seen them grown as basket plants, and as pot plants, but they are not at home outside of a bed or mound, where they can roam at will.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER XL.

"What God hath joined let not man put asunder."

"She's coming to," said the man in a half whisper, as he bent down over the unconscious burden on the earth. "Look to the dorg, Ben. If he hadn't howled so distressed like, we might ha' passed her by on the road."

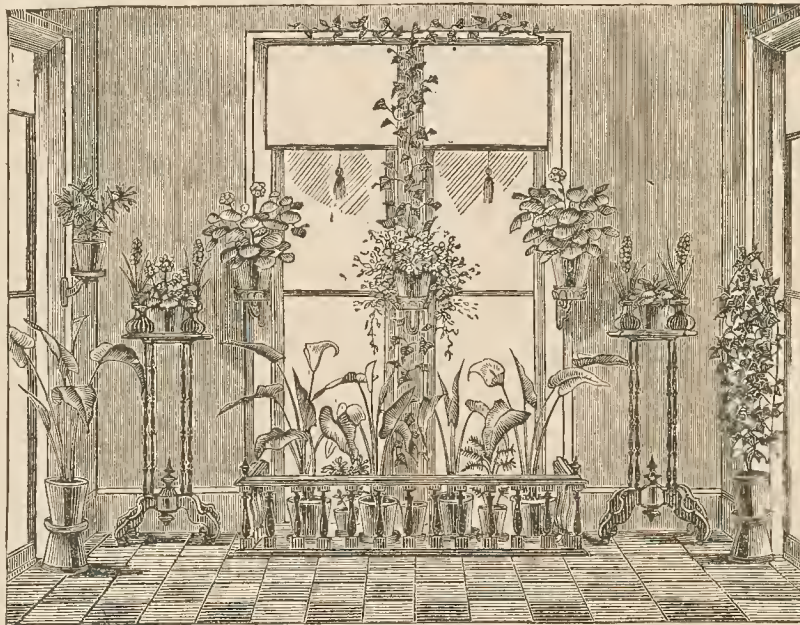
The speaker stripped off his miner's jacket, and rolled it in a bundle to support the girl's head.



GROUP OF WINDOW PLANTS.

"Run down to yon spring under the edge of the hill," again addressing the lad, "and fetch some water in yer cap. I wish we had a drop o' whiskey to put in it; 'twould bring her to quicker nor anything."

The boy, who was no other than Sharp Ben, ran down the hill like a squirrel, and was back again in a moment with his cap half full of water.



A HALL WINDOW.

"She's a comely, pale young thing," said the man in a not un pitying tone, though his voice was rough, "and her clothes shows she comes of good folks. I wonder what took her out wandering in the night time."

"There! she's give a big sigh," said Ben, as he helped sprinkle the water with a vigorous hand. "When I tuk a close squint I knowd that dorg, and now I know the young

'ooman. She's the young 'ooman as com'd up to the mine with the new missis, old Boss's darter. I seed her a-ridin' in the coach, and first I disremembered her yaller hair."

"Hoot!" said the man, drawing himself up straight with astonishment. "That would be a nice fix if you're dead shore you've seen her with the missis. Summats gone wrong at the big house. She's out o' her head, poor thing, for she looks weakly, and they'll be sore perplexed to know what has happened. You're spry in the heels, Ben; and if you take the dorg and carry the news to the young missis, belike she'll warm your pocket with summat handsome. But lend a hand first, Ben, to get the gall into the cart."

Virginie opened her bewildered and unseeing eyes.

"Come, miss," said he in an encouraging tone of voice, "you're a bit faintish, but bear up now, and we'll lift you into the cart."

She gazed at him with woeful, blank, blue eyes, devoid of any sign of consciousness, though she did feebly strive to struggle up into a sitting posture, and was lifted into the cart that stood near, by the man and boy. They moved the cans of explosive material which they had brought up from below for blasting the new works, into the farthest corner, and laying the sick girl on a horse-blanket, placed the folded jacket under her head. The man was deliberate in his movements. He took out a black cutty pipe and proceeded to fill it.

"Here's a bag," sung out Ben, who had been exploring the bushes, "and here's the gall's hat."

"Gie me the hat," returned the man, reaching down for it from where he was perched; "you take the bag back to the big house. It's all you want to prove you true. I've a bit of twine here in my breeches pocket. You can make a noose round yon dorg's neck, so that he don't give you the slip. Tell the missis she'll find the young 'ooman at Mary Smithers's."

This was indeed Mary Smithers's husband, a reticent man and slow of speech.

Old Hector had been sitting on his haunches looking with sad and solemn eye at the proceedings just narrated. When Ben tried to put the string around his neck, he laughingly refused the indignity, but, as if he knew what belonged to a reasonable being, turned and followed the boy down the mountain.

There was a sharp climb over the brow, and then a rough and broken descent of a mile, down which the cart slowly jolted. Smithers puffed away at his pipe, turning now and then to glance at the motionless form that lay as still and pale as a corpse, though even under the gray shawl he could detect a slight heaving of the chest. The day was joyless, and gray, and very still. "Fixing for a snow storm," thought Bob, as he puffed away at his pipe and let the lean cart horse scramble in his own fashion over the rugged ground.

When the slow vehicle did at last approach the hamlet Bob made a short circuit by a side lane in order to enter the little zig-zag street of miners' cabins without attracting all the eyes in the place. But the precaution was needless, for the street was empty. Nearly every door stood open, and a few hens were picking about, but men, women, and children had all run to the mine. Bob could see the crowd huddled about the shaft's mouth, and at once divined disaster and death.

"Belike someun's tumbled down the pit," he thought, "or the old south gallery has caved. There's been danger ever since the digging commenced, and ingineer said a man's foot might bring down the timber work." But Bob was a phlegmatic man, and the suspicion that the timberwork of the abandoned gallery had fallen and buried a dozen of his comrades did not quicken his motions. He had stopped the cart in front of his own cottage, which was tidier than the rest, as could be seen through the open door, which afforded a good view of the interior. There was a high bed made up with a neat patched quilt, and white pillows; at the foot stood the empty cradle which his wife could not yet put away out of her sight. Bob let down the end piece of his cart, and taking the unconscious girl in his arms, laid her down gently on the bed, and drew the quilt over her.

Then he softly shut the door, and, taking his horse by the head, led him over toward the group of people at the works. The women, with children clinging to them, were vociferating and talking loud, especially one little, wiry, black-eyed woman with a lame boy in her arms, who had worked her way to the inner circle. The men stood mainly sullen and silent. They were clad in their grimy working clothes, some of them with lamps in their caps, and picks in their hands. The young engineer was talking to one or two of the men apart from the others. Unfortunately,

the superintendent had been called away on business, and was now absent.

"We won't go down inter no death-trap like that," broke out a fierce little man, with flaming red whiskers, "no, not for no stranger as ventured where he'd no business. I was the first as see him, and I sung out at the top of my lungs, but he kep' right on, and then come the dull heavy sound as if a mountain had slid down the pit's mouth."

"'Twas only the side wall as fell," remarked another. "I went in as far as I could crawl on hands and knees, and the roof was hanging by a hair; a sneeze would bring it down."

"It didn't cave reg'lar," remarked he of the burning whiskers, "and I call it the meanest kind of a death-trap; but if it was a miner in the way of getting bread for wife and weans, as was ketched in a hole like a rat, ropes couldn't hold us back from digging him out, if we knowed we'd be buried forty miles deep in the bowhills of the arth."

A murmur of approval ran through the crowd, that held its ground more doggedly than ever. The pit's mouth had an awful fascination when a human being was walled up or perishing in its black depths.

"He had no belongings with us," said another man, gloomily. "He was suspicioned for a thief, and was likely hiding away from the sheriff and poss, as they call it. But Smoky Duff was his friend, and Smoky's the man to git him out of yon hole."

Smoky had kept himself in the background with his cap slouched over his eyes.

"He wern't no friend o' mine," he muttered. "My woman took him in to lodge and feed for pay, and I knowed nought about it."

Nancy Duff had wisely absented herself from the scene. "I wouldn't have thought, men, you were all cowards," said the engineer, coming toward the larger group, "you whose trade it is to look death in the face every day in the year, and yet you will let a fellow-being perish down there without putting forth one effort to save him."

The swart faces, begrimed with coal-dust, looked only the more dark, and sullen, and glum at these words; but one great giant of a man, known as Long Bill, visibly winced under the imputation of cowardice.

"It's wife and weans as makes a man hang back," he muttered. "The feel of their arms round your neck when you're going down the man-lines, takes the spirit out of you."

"You shan't stir one step," cried the giant's wife, the same little wiry, black-eyed woman who had been stirring up the others to resistance. She thought she had discerned signs of weakening in Long Bill's voice, and now thrust the pale-faced, deformed little boy into his arms. "Have you a spark of human feeling," she cried, turning fiercely upon the others, to be persuadin' my mon into danger, when he has got a ricketty baby, and me with only one pair of hands, and three others under ten year old to support? Why don't you go yourself?" addressing the young engineer, "and you no chick or child to lave behind. Let the boss go!" raising her shrill voice and looking around triumphantly.

It was now the young engineer's turn to wince. He had no "chick or child," as the woman had said, but there was a six months' bride waiting for him down in a lowland city. He was no craven, but he, too, might feel a pair of arms clinging to his neck as he went down to probable death.

"What good would it do for me to risk my life alone," he said, in a low voice, "when the men refuse to follow?"

"Try us and see," was the ready response from more than one surly throat. "If the Boss leads, we're not so slow to go arter him. When he resks his bones, and thinks they're no better than our necks, tain't in us to hang back."

A glance of dismay shot out of the black eye of Long Bill's wife. She had miscalculated the effect of her eloquence. But the engineer roused himself, and looking about with a business air, said in a brisk tone:

"Come, come my men, you are not going to let a fellow-creature perish without one effort to save him, even if he is a doubtful character. Of course you don't mean to go down there without a reward; but I will promise a hundred dollars in Miss Braithwaite's name to the first man that offers."

"Hoot!" cried Long Bill, thrusting his hands more doggedly than before into his breeches pockets. "You don't ketch us with mouldy cheese. Old Boss was tight as glue. How can we be shore the young missis don't take arter him? Don't offer other folks' money; offer yourself, mon, your own blood and bones, and see if we don't foller where you lead, if it's down to hell."

The engineer turned slightly pale and stood silent with his eyes cast down.

"Who's a coward now?" cried Bill's wife, with a taunting laugh, in which the others grimly joined.

Bob, leading his cart, had approached the edge of the

crowd where his wife stood with her apron flung over her head.

"Is't the choke damp?" he asked, jerking his thumb forward.

She shook her head.

"The old gallery they've been undermining. A strange mon got down there, and the old rotten timber-work gave way, so he's buried alive, and the rest of the timber only hangs by a hair. They say a whisper will bring it down."

Bob took off his cap, and scratched his head.

"What 'casion had a strange mon for to go into the gallery?" he asked.

"They say he was trying to hide," she returned in a whisper. "There's officers out searching for him."

Bob nodded slowly, "I knows him, Smoky Duff's chicken. But go to the house, Mary. I brought company home wid me."

"Company!"

"A gall I picked up by the roadside. She was laying in a swoon, white and limp as a wet linen rag. I brought her in the cart and laid her on the bed in the house."

"Poor thing! how comed she faintin' by the roadside?"

"Dunno. Passes me. Ben Harding, as I had wid me in the cart, says it's the young miss that old Judge's darter had wid her last summer, when she comed to the mine."

"Oh, no," cried Mary, putting up her hands. "It can't be the pretty, pale-faced, yellow-haired young ledly that spoke to me so kind, and took such notice of the babbly. 'Twas she, Bob, as made the little frocks—the very one my lamb was laid out in."

Mary turned to furtively wipe away the tears with her apron, and then ran hastily down the path toward her own house.

Bradley had rushed out of the Hall half maddened by the crisis of his fate. His brain was confused, and his face ghastly in its desperate misery. A wild tumult raged within him, and nothing was clear but the determination to search for Virginia. An insane notion had full possession of his mind that he should find her dead in the grounds, lying pale and stark under some tree or hedge, with her golden hair dabbled by the night dews.

He sought with feverish eagerness through the shrubbery; he rushed along the borders of the lake, gazing with despair into the clear waters, and looking with sick dread for small footprints in the sand. He found himself in among the dense forest trees, not knowing where he was, or how he came there; but the terrible agonizing quest went on, while his heart tortured itself with reproaches. He had killed her. He was worse than a murderer. He had driven her out to suffering, and privation, perhaps to death.

Hours seemed to have passed in a ghastly dream, when accident guided his footsteps not far from the highway that led to the little hamlet of Halcourt Centre. He knew where he was, and a clear rational thought struck like a sunbeam through the confusion of his ideas. He had been a fool, a madman, not to go at once to the telegraph office, and dispatch to Deauport for aid in rousing the country. He could have cursed himself for the precious time he had wasted. At that moment an impulse seized him to cry aloud for help; but the place was very lonely. The crows were cawing drearily overhead in the sunless, windless morning air. Though an age seemed to have elapsed since he first heard of Virginia's flight, when he looked at his watch he was surprised to find that it was not yet eight o'clock.

The autumn stillness was profound and solemn, and the gray vaporous curtain of the atmosphere transmitted sound from a great distance. As he paused for an instant on the other side of the screen of trees that divided him from the highway, the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs, galloping down the road, struck his ear. Here, perhaps, were tidings. In that unreasoning state of mind he leaped over the brush fence, and, taking his hat off, waved it at the advancing horseman. His pale face, blood-shot eyes, and dishevelled dress gave him the air of a madman.

"Stop!" he shouted as the rider came on at full speed.

"Have you any news?"

"Yes, I have news," yelled the youth on horseback, without slackening his pace, "I am taking it down to Halcourt Hall."

"Where is she?" cried Bradley, making a spring at the bridle rein, and almost unseating the rider, who was no other than the superintendent's clerk, mounted on his master's horse.

"Where's who? D— you, let go the rein. You must be crazy. Who are you talking about?"

"Miss Duval, the young lady who escaped last night from the Hall in a fit of delirium."

"Oh," returned the youth, unbending with a swift gleam of recognition. "You are Mr. Halcourt. Excuse me, I did not recognize you at first, it was all so sudden. I had not heard of the young lady's disappearance. I was going to the Hall to carry the news of an accident at the mine. There is a man buried in one of the old disused galleries,

that has caved, and the men refuse to go down and dig him out, partly because it is a dangerous piece of work, and partly because he is a stranger of doubtful reputation."

"Who is he?"

"He is called Dr. Walters, but that is not his real name. According to report he is a desperate character, the leader of a gang of burglars. He doubtless took refuge in the old south gallery as a hiding-place, and not knowing the kind of trap he was to fall into."

Bradley stood for a moment silent and immovable, capable now of reflection, for a new turn had been given to all his ideas. This man must not die. He must snatch him out of the pit to wring from him a confession of Virginia's innocence. He must vindicate the honor of the woman he loved whether alive or dead.

"Get off your horse," at last Bradley spoke with authority, and I will take him and go to the mine, while you make your way across to the Hall on foot. But stop a moment; you must first leave this message at the telegraph office at Halcourt Centre, and he hastily wrote a few lines in his pocket diary, and tore out the leaf and folded it.

The young man obeyed meekly; he knew the person before him would one day be master of Halcourt, and deemed it best to conciliate the coming man. Bradley sprang into the saddle, and the horse darted away up the road like a flash of lightning.

The men were still hanging in groups about the shaft, half-ashamed and thoroughly sullen. Some had lighted pipes and seated themselves on the timber piles and heaps of debris, and were smoking in sullen silence. Most of the women had gone back to their houses, but Long Bill's wife was still mounting guard over her son of Anak.

"Why, there's him," she exclaimed, turning round at the clatter of a horse's hoofs. "There's the young missis intended, and he looks stern as a meat-axe. There'll be some big orderin' now, I'll warrant. Bill, don't you put down Charley; don't you dare stir one step."

Bradley sprang from his panting horse, flecked about the nostrils with foam, and looked at the group of miners with bitter contempt.

"Are you men," said he, "to let a fellow-being perish down in that black murder-hole without raising a finger to save him?"

A hoarse, guttural murmur, unintelligible in words, ran through the crowd as it shifted and swayed.

"I shall not stay here to reason with you, or try to persuade you into mere decency," he added with biting scorn. "You are not human beings, but heartless brutes." He flung off his coat. "Give me a lamp and pick," he cried, and his feet were already on the descent.

"Stop! for Heaven's sake!" cried the engineer, who had laid hold of his arm. "An attempt must be made to prop the roof with timbers, or the whole thing will give way and crush you like a worm. One man can do nothing alone; and any attempt will be perilous, but it may perhaps succeed."

"Then, why in God's name don't you come along?" shouted Bradley. "Why do you hang back like a miserable poltroon?"

"I'm coming, sir," said the young man, with a blush of shame on his face. "God knows I'm willing to risk my life if you are."

The dark crowd of miners hustled and shouldered each other, and then made a simultaneous rush forward. Long Bill set the little deformed boy down by his mother's feet, though she screeched out after him in vain.

"We are ready to go with you," cried the hoarse voices, touched with some new and genuine emotion, "we'll go willing as water, but we didn't want to be druv into no slaughter pen like so many dumb critters."

"I'm glad if you have waked up to your duty," Bradley cried out to them. "It may not yet be too late to save life. I shall take the lead here, and I expect to be obeyed."

"Ay, sir, ay, sir," sounded from all sides, and in a moment more the perilous work had begun.

The women all ran back to the pit's mouth and set up a doleful wailing; most of them had babies in their arms, and older bairns clinging to their skirts. Long Bill's wife was dry-eyed and vociferous, but the others only wept, and moaned, and finally settled down into patient dumb endurance.

Into the midst of this group Winnifred suddenly came spurring on the back of Thunderbolt. She had not waited to put on her habit, but had thrown the great furred cloak over her morning attire. The proud young face, so beautiful in its bloom and glow, so assured in its glance, so self-possessed in its authority, was familiar enough to the miners' women. They had watched her at a distance with a wondering awe; they had criticised her, too, in their own rude fashion. She seldom went into their cabins, or conciliated them with familiar, kindly chat; even when she wished to do them a favor, which in their ignorance they resisted, as in the case of the school, she carried it with a high hand, and by the force of an imperious will. She

was not a favorite, but she was always an object of interest.

But now her ashy pale face, with the lips apart, and eyes so full of misery, woke their compassion.

"She looks quite beat down from her grand airs," whispered one to another, as Winnie alighted, and gave Thunderbolt into the care of a lad. "And him such a handsome young man. I wonder if she knows?"

"What are you whispering about?" Winnie cried. "Tell me what they are doing in the mine."

The women with dull, sad faces looked askance and nudged each other.

"You tell," muttered one. "She don't know he's gone down."

"No, you tell."

At last Long Bill's wife spoke up:

"Does seem as if you ought to know, miss. That young man, your sweetheart, so they say, has gone down to help dig out the man that's buried under part of the old gallery. And the roof is like to fall and crush him, and the hands as has gone down along with him. No more than a chance if they ever crawl out alive."

Winnie did not cry out. She put her hand to her side, and bent over as if a sharp pain had gone through it.

"Poor thing!" murmured one of the women, "she'll take it hard if worse comes to worst."

"Tain't no worse for her nor the rest of us," responded another under her breath.

"Nothing like so bad," was the speedy answer. "She's rollin' in money, and there's as good fish in the sea as ever was ketched, but we and our children will be left to starve if any ill chance befalls the men."

Low as the words were spoken, they came to Winnie's ears.

"What is that you are saying?—that you and your children will be left to starve if your husbands die along with him? God avert the calamity, but if anything happens down there, you shall be to me as my sisters."

Long Bill's wife had begun to sob now in a hard, dry way.

"That's fine to say, miss, but a grand young leddy like you can't be expected to remember all her words."

"So you doubt me?" with a kind of pitying vehemence, while a rush of emotion brought a cool flood against her burning eyeballs, and imparted a sense of relief. "You think I shall forget you, and what has happened to-day? If I do, may God forget me in my need."

She sat down on the end of a stick of timber, and joined the heart-sick, weary vigil of the other women. Little Charley, the deformed boy, attracted by the grand-looking, pale lady, hunched himself along the ground, and began furtively feeling of the fur on her cloak.

"Come here; she don't want you," his mother cried sharply, but Winnie took him up in her lap and nursed him, and the touch of his tiny hand, and the little, pallid, pinched face smiling shyly up in hers, helped her to bear the agony of that hour. At last word came up the shaft that the danger was still great, but not so great as it had been. The men were all at work under Mr. Halcourt's directions; and he was doing wonders.

Winnifred felt a glow of pride warm her heart. Bradley was a hero after all, and worthy of any woman's love. She was glad even if she had lost him forever, and soul and flesh quivered with the agony of that loss.

Time went by uncounted while the work progressed down in the darkness, and life and death hung on a thread. Little Charley had gone to sleep in her arms, and was nestled in the warm folds of the cloak. Winnie sat dry-eyed, but with her face marble-pale, every sense strained in the agonized intensity of waiting and watching and listening for tidings from below. The poor women forgot their own trouble to cast pitying glances at her.

"Poor thing! she can't cry," one whispered to another. "It will break her heart if anything happens him."

At length something came and touched Winnie's shoulder, where she was seated on the timber, a little apart from the others. She turned mechanically and saw a decent, mild-faced young woman standing near her.

"I thought I must come and tell you, miss, that the young leddy is very bad, and quite gone out of her mind."

Winnie roused herself by an effort, and looked in the woman's face.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the young leddy, your friend. My men found her lying 'long side the road, and first off he thought she was clean gone. But she come to a little, and he brought her in the cart to my cabin. There she lies just sensin' nothing at all, and 'twould move a stone to hear her piteous talk. She calls on you, miss, and," sinking her voice, "on the young man down yon with the miners."

Winnifred experienced a great shock, for recollection came rushing back upon her like a boiling torrent through the bed of a dried up river. She had forgotten that Virginia was lost, for her whole being hung on Bradley's fate. Now the terrible past was revealed as by a sheet of lightning, and her heart seemed torn in two. How could she

leave that spot while his life still hung in the balance? and yet she must go.

She raised her hands to her head and moaned. Then she slowly rose, put down the sleeping child in its mother's lap, and mechanically dragged her steps to Mary Smither's door. Pushing it open, the bed was before her where the poor girl lay with wild dilated eyes, her bosom heaving with thick pants, and the bale fires of fever burning in her face. Instantly she rushed forward and took the sick girl in her arms. Virginia crept and clung convulsively to her bosom, as before she had covered away. She seemed to devour her face, pressing hot kisses on her hands, and calling her sometimes mother, sometimes by her own name, with every term of passionate endearment.

Winnifred held her close, and the tears that had so long refused to come rained down in a hot shower. Along with the capacity to suffer, a great well of tenderness had opened in her nature. Indescribable thoughts and feelings rushed over her, and years of intense life seemed compressed into a moment of time. The familiar presence acted like a sedative on Virginia's excited brain, and soothed and quieted, with her head on Winnie's shoulder, she sank into a half lethargic sleep, in which old memories were mingled with murmurs of Bradley's name, and broken accounts of her wanderings. She slept for half an hour and then her eyes opened with a saner look. Winnie bent down and put her lips to her ear.

"Hush, my darling," she whispered; "be quiet, and I will find Bradley and bring him to you."

The words were a powerful charm. Virginia's weary, flower-like head fell back upon the coarse pillow, her lips parted in a sweet smile, and some lovely vision seemed to float before her half-closed eyes.

Winnie shuddered at the thought of what she had promised. Would it be her cruel task to lay Bradley, maimed and dying, at the feet of his love? A great pang shot through her, for even in death he would belong to another. And then Virginia would escape out of life like a bird with both wings broken; and the future opened before the young girl's lovely eyes like a vast desert tract where no green thing could ever grow.

Now that Virginia was sleeping, she stole out of the cabin into the fresh air. Off at the pit's mouth she could discern a group of dusky miners. Others were coming out, and women and children were running wildly about. Winnie's heart beat thick as if it would burst through her side. She began to run, but stumbled and almost fell. Still she kept on, and when she reached the shaft, quite pale and breathless, the miners made way respectfully.

The cage was coming up, and Bradley with it. She was startled at the sight of him, for he was like a spectre. His coat and hat were off, and his white shirt and other clothes were torn, and grimed with clay, and bloody from a wound in the temple, of which he seemed unconscious. In the bottom of the cage lay something huddled together, a mere mass crushed and disfigured out of all semblance to a human form. One of the men had considerably thrown his jacket over the bruised face.

Winnie pressed toward her cousin.

"Are you hurt, Bradley?" she asked, noticing the wound on his temple.

"No," said he, and then he raised his hand; "or if I am, it is a mere scratch. The men maintained a respectful silence. 'We found that poor creature dead,' he added, as he turned and pointed to the cage." He had been dead for hours." Then he approached Winnie, with a look of dumb entreaty and dread.

"For God's sake tell me what you know about her. Is she alive? Do not fear to let me know the worst."

"She is alive," said Winnie, controlling and steadying her voice. "She is here waiting for you."

Bradley could have covered her feet with kisses. At that moment the young engineer, who had done yeoman's service in the dangerous work of digging out, drew near and saluted Winnifred politely.

"You know, Miss Braithwaite," said he, "that these remains must lie where they are until the coroner can be fetched from Deanport."

Winnifred drew herself up to her full height. A haughty light shot from her eye, and her tone had its old assured ring. "I know, Mr. Elicott, that these remains will not stay where they are. I am sole mistress of Halcourt mine, and shall have the body removed immediately to the school-house and prepared for burial."

"But pardon me, Miss Braithwaite, you will be amenable to the law. A lady might not understand what is required in such cases."

"Some ladies might be grateful for your instructions, but I am not," returned Winnie defiantly. "Nobody but myself can suffer. I am full and complete owner of this place, and what is done is done by my orders. Look here, my men," turning to the group of miners, "prepare a litter of some sort, as soon as possible, and take up this body and carry it to the school-house."

"Yes, mum; we'll do it," returned Long Bill and Smithers almost simultaneously, "that is," added Bill, turning toward Bradley, "if his honor says so."

Bradley nodded his head, and in less than five minutes the litter was prepared, and the mangled remains laid upon it, and the little cortege began to move slowly toward the school-house with Winnifred and Bradley at its head, and the miners and their wives and children straggling on behind.

"Lay it here," said Winnie, when she had improvised a sort of bier with two or three of the school benches. They obeyed her orders in silence. The tattered jacket was still over the face, and when the body had been put down, she turned and said resolutely to the men:

"That will do; now you may go out; I will take charge here myself."

A puzzled, surprised look came into the rough faces. The men hesitated and hung back.

"Do you hear me?" Winnie cried, with an imperious gesture. "Now begone."

"Tain't fit for the likes of you, miss, to be left here with such a one as him, if I may make bold to say so, is it your Honor?" Long Bill ventured to say, humbly appealing to Bradley for a confirmation of his opinion.

But Bradley motioned him to go out, and followed himself and shut the door behind him.

Then Winnie was left alone with that thing, lying still and stark upon the rude bier. She walked to the door and locked it, for the key remained on the inside, and then turned with a shudder. Could she approach, could she look on that face ghastly and livid in death, which she had never seen in life, the face of one so strangely mingled with her fate?

She thought of all poor Virginia had suffered, and in spite of her own pangs, her own terrible sense of bereavement, she was glad the stricken girl had been spared this hour. Cowering for a moment, she hid her face, for it was a ghastly, an almost loathsome task she had set herself to do. But Winnifred was a brave girl.

The struggle ended, she went forward and raised the jacket and looked steadily at the dead, discolored countenance with all semblance of humanity crushed out of it. An awful and swift doom had fallen upon the sinner. One long glance sufficed, and then she dropped the covering and went forward with her work.

For the sake of the living, it was her duty to see that no damning evidence of guilt remained on the dead body. Close hidden in the breast she found what she was in search of, and at the end of five minutes opened the school-house door holding a small packet in her hand.

Bradley was awaiting her outside. He had tied a handkerchief about his head to staunch the bleeding of his wound. Mr. Elicott, the young engineer, had joined him with a dissatisfied countenance. He was kicking a bit of turf with the toe of his boot. Winnifred's defiance of law and order still weighed upon his mind.

"Smoky Duff and his wife ought to be made to testify," he was saying just as Winnie approached them.

"Mr. Elicott," Winnie returned with some asperity, "I beg you not to concern yourself about Smoky Duff and his wife. If an investigation is necessary, be sure I shall do all in my power to further it. Meantime, I must request you to distribute to the miners this packet of money, reserving for yourself one-quarter of the whole sum. I give it to them and to you as a reward for your brave conduct."

The young man was almost stunned by the magnitude of the sum which he saw Winnifred had thrust into his hand.

"Why, Miss Braithwaite, this is a great deal of money. You cannot mean to give the whole."

"Every penny of it," she replied and turned her back.

Bradley motioned her one side with his hand.

"Don't you mean to tell me where she is? I am suffering the tortures of the damned."

"I will take you to her now," she answered, "but first there was a duty to perform."

They walked together through the little dirty lane of cabins in silence, but with hearts beating tumultuously. The women had collected about their doors, and were gossiping in groups. When they approached the Smithers cottage, Mary ran out to meet them with a tremulous ray of joy in her face.

"Oh, miss, I think she's a little better, 'deed, I do. She's quieted down wonderful and ain't near so wild. But the doctor you sent for, he couldn't be found, miss. He was off Basset way tending a man in a fit."

"No matter," said Winnie, with a grave smile, "I have brought a better physician along with me."

She paused an instant, for a rush of wings seemed to up-bear her like a strong inspiration. She was no longer an actor in the scene, but an observer of a strange and beautiful drama. Her heart was melted within her; for the first time the meaning of life, and the blessedness of sacrifice came over her to lift her out of self up to some higher level. Softly she opened the cabin door and whispered to Bradley as she gently pushed him forward.

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(To be continued.)

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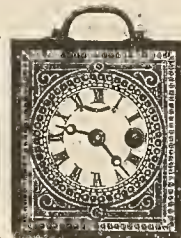
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NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1877.

BOUQUETS.

Any one can make a bouquet; but by our own observation we know that not every one can make pretty ones, and to a lover of flowers, what is more annoying than to see flowers, which are in themselves beautiful, so grouped together that all harmony of color is lost, and their beauty, form, and symmetry destroyed.

A few general hints before taking up particular kinds of bouquets:

I find that many fail in making bouquets from a lack of green and white, the two essentials of a handsome bouquet. How often have I seen friends gather their flowers—beautiful ones, too—and then say, "Oh, dear! I must get a little green," pick half-a-dozen Geranium leaves, or a few sprigs of some other green, make their bouquet and fuss over it half an hour, and then wonder why their bouquet was not prettier.

Plenty of green must be your first requisite, and I would recommend a variety. Geraniums, that is, sweet-scented of all kinds, of course; then nothing is prettier than the young Rose shoots, common Asparagus is not to be despised; pretty grass is also a great ornament; parsley is exquisite, the bright green contrasting so well with the darker green of Rose leaves; then always try to have sprays of some kind of vine. Among what we call weeds, wild buckwheat is extremely pretty for bouquets for brackets or where it can be trained up in picture cords. Now I will proceed to particular kinds of bouquets.

First, taking those for large vases, or anything requiring more than two or three flowers. How your bouquet shall be made must depend on the number and kind of your flowers. If you have but very few, I would recommend placing sprays of green in your vase and then disposing of your flowers to suit your own taste. If you have a moderate number of flowers a loose bouquet is prettiest, placing your flowers and green so that they will not have an inclination to lop this way and that, but will stay in place. Any flowers of moderate size look well made in this kind of a bouquet, and it is much easier made than elaborate ones.

Nothing is handsomer than a large vase filled with handsome sprays of green of different shades, and one Lily, whether the common white, the Auratum or any of the more rare Lilies. It makes "a thing of beauty." If something more is wanted, say with a common white Lily place a row of scarlet Geraniums around, and the effect cannot fail to please.

Now for the style of bouquet known as pyramidal. To make these satisfactorily, you need a slim stick the same length as from the bottom of your vase to the top of your bouquet. Good taste, an abundance of flowers, and plenty of string, and some time are needed. The first consideration is, what to begin with, few flowers being appropriate, many giving a flattened appearance to the top. Spirea is one of the prettiest, as that nearly always comes to a pretty point; Snap-Dragon and Sweet Peas, also among common flowers, do very well. The next step is to surround the top with some delicate feathery green, and then work downward, mixing in flowers and green as they look best, winding them firmly around the stick, but being careful not to wind the stems too tightly, as that makes them droop very soon.

Care should be taken that none of the flowers are crowded, as that entirely spoils the effect; the last thing, a row of Geranium leaves should be placed around. Many prefer to make their whole bouquet of alternate rows of flowers and green; I have seen a few handsome bouquets made so; for instance, one began with a scarlet Salvia with a row of delicate green, then white Candytuft, next green, then scarlet Geranium, etc.

But of all varieties of bouquets, my favorite is that made in some flat dish or in some out-of-the-way thing that one would not mistrust you could put to such a use. I take a common coffee cup and saucer, fill the saucer with moss or sand, place flowers and green loosely in the cup and a few flowers in the moss, or if you have sand, it must be entirely covered with them and green; then you have a lovely little mound. A glass sauce dish placed on a large deep plate furnishes another splendid receptacle for flowers, while no lovelier place can be found for our floral treasures than a wire basket lined with moss with a bowl set in and filled in around with moss until firm, then bowl and moss filled with vines and flowers.

Some flowers are suitable for nothing but flat bouquets; Balsams may be so arranged beautifully, and in no other way do Pansies show their lovely faces to such advantage. Button-hole bouquets are prettiest when most simple; my favorite is one dark rich Pansy encircled with the light purple Heliotrope, the whole framed in with rich green; or if that is too sober, break off two or three separate flowers from a truss of double pink or scarlet Geranium; wind each one separately on a piece of broom-straw and then arrange in a bouquet.

Well, I fear our kind Editor will weary of my commonplace remarks, which will probably all be old stories, so I will stop with one last general bit of advice: Have flowers somewhere or somehow; if you can't have them in Sevres china, cut-glass, majolica, or silver, nor yet in our common vases, put them in a teacup, or a bottle, but have them somewhere and you will be the happier and better for it.

MRS. W. C. HOLMES.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Among the numberless flowers of the wildwood, the Epigæa, or Trailing Arbutus, is acknowledged by all to bear off the palm for beauty and fragrance. So modest and unpretending, infinitely more so than the

oft-praised Violet, for the Violet presents its bright face fearlessly to the gaze of men, while the modest, shrinking Arbutus hides its charms in chaste obscurity under a covering of forest leaves.

But it does not remain long "unseen by man's disturbing eye," for its admirers "watch and wait" for April to come so they can gather these fragrant and beautiful blossoms, and transfer them to their homes to charm the eye of loved ones. It is only the blossoms that can be coaxed into our homes, the plant refusing to live with our garden favorites. No instance is known, I believe, of the Arbutus being cultivated successfully. It has been tried repeatedly, but without success.

An old farmer in Chester Valley, who loved flowers with a species of idolatry, and had a garden stored with plants rich, rare, and beautiful, an humble, conscientious follower of George Fox, but who, like our charming Quaker poet, Whittier, is full and fond of the beautiful in Nature, informed me that he had tried for years to coax the Arbutus from its woodland home; had taken it up in late autumn, with an abundance of its own soil, and planted it with a covering of leaves, but when spring came no flowers appeared; tried it in spring-time, placing it in a great variety of situations, but failure attended every attempt, and, to use his quaint words, as he once apostrophized a basket of blossoms, "Thou art a winsome, but wilful beauty, scorning all my proffers of love and kindness!" If any of the readers of the FLORAL CABINET have had a different experience, I should like to know of it, and the method they adopted.

The season of the flowering of the Trailing Arbutus is almost a festival in our family, and many an excursion is gotten up to gather these sweet flowerets to gladden the æsthetic tastes of friends. Does not God teach us a lesson in these blossoms—a lesson of love and tenderness to earth's humble ones? How often have we moralized over this, as, in brushing aside the crisp, dried, faded leaves, the starry-eyed, "incense breathing" flower was disclosed in all its loveliness. How many beautiful souls surround our pathway in life, so covered with earthly mould, and the faded, tattered garments of poverty and want, that we fail to recognize their value. Nevertheless, it is there, and if we could remove the outside covering we would find souls so pure and true, spirits so humble and loving, looking heavenward for a crown that never fades, despite the unfriendliness and neglect of earth. How often the beautiful flowers might teach us lessons of love and wisdom if we obeyed Christ's injunction to "Consider the lilies of the field." C. M. T.

Tradescantia.—Perhaps some of the readers of the CABINET will be interested to know that the common green Tradescantia—commonly known about here by the names of Inch Plant, Joint Plant, Wandering Jew, Jacob's Ladder, etc.—bears a pretty white flower, in shape and size similar to that of the striped variety, T. Zebrina. After cultivating the plant for years, I was surprised last winter to find it in bloom. M. P. G.

One of Nature's Handiworks.—In the doorway of an up-town pharmacy, on the evening of the 22d of July, a plant reared its single flower which had just bloomed and was of singular beauty and at least six inches in diameter. The sepals were of a delicate pink which in the petals faded into the purest white. Within, the pistil and stamens almost cast a halo with their rich golden color. The plant is a variety of the *Cereus triangularis*, but its real name is not known.

JAPANESE FANS.

In Japan the fan which opens and shuts, called the *agi*, belongs exclusively to the men; and the flat fan, called *uchiwa*, is used only by women. For a Japanese gentleman to carry an *uchiwa* in the street would be such a dire breach of etiquette that I doubt whether any sane one ever did such a thing. Moreover, it is exceedingly impolite to use a flat fan in the presence of a Japanese gentleman, and neither by man nor woman must a flat fan be taken out-of-doors. The masculine native of the "Land of the Gods" invariably carries a fan in his girdle or in the bosom of his flowing dress in hot weather; and not a few carry them all the year round. Among the lower classes the fan is stuck in the back or over the neck under the collar, and is even safely stowed under the projecting cue of hair which lies like a gun-barrel on the smooth-shaven scalp. Formerly, all Japanese gentlemen wore two swords in their girdle. The custom was abolished in 1872; but not a few of them, being long used to their swords, and feeling the absolute need of something to thrust in their place, bought fans on purpose to have one always in their belt.

It is very probable that at least sixty million fans are made in Japan every year. They have now become an article of export to many countries. They are cheap editions of Japanese works of art for the rich and poor of all the world to look at. Some people have an idea that the pictures on them are exaggerations or mere imagination. This is not so. In general, the representations are strictly true to life. The Japanese have no immense manufactories employing hundreds of operatives; no centralized capital; and the division-of-labor principle is hardly known among them. Hence, fans are made by thousands of independent workers all over the country, in hundreds of cities and villages. The place most noted for its production in this line, however, is Nagoya, in the province of Owari. Most of those which come to England are from this fourth largest city in Japan. Kyoto is famous for very fine fans, and her artists excel in delicacy of tints and richness of coloring. Tokio (formerly called Yeddo) also produces several millions annually. Ivory boned and handled fans, made for foreign ladies, and richly adorned with gold lacquer, mosaic, silk, cord, etc., are especially made in Tokio.

There are a great many varieties of fans, and they are put to a great many and curious uses. Besides those in common use, the umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of this fan constitute a language which the wrestlers—fat fellows, who look as though stuffed with blubber by means of a sausage-blower—fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese army-commanders used a large fan, having a frame of

made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and which creates greater coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The *uchiwa*, or flat fan, is frequently made of feathers, leaves, or fine silk. It is oftener made of rough paper, and used as a grain-winnow, to blow the charcoal fires, and as a dust-pan. Probably it is on this account that it holds the lowest grade in the caste of fashion.

The Japanese gentleman—I mean one of the old school—who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and when it does he spreads an umbrella. With his fan he directs his servants, and saves talking. Within-doors the graces of the Japanese maiden, and the dignity of the wife, are enhanced by the fan. To the Japanese actor the fan is indispensable, and he brings down the house by the deftness displayed in opening or shutting it. The Japanese dancing-girl makes the fan a very part of herself, and most graceful motions being performed by its help. To the juggler the fan is a necessity, many of his cleverest tricks, including that in which he makes a butterfly hover up and down the edge of a sword, being performed with bits of paper and a fan.

In Japan, people are continually making presents to each other, though the gifts are usually very small. A fan is always a proper gift. In nearly every house are one or more fan-cases leaning or hung against the wall. They are of all kinds, from the cheap tube of bamboo and lacquered wood up to the splendidly-gilt and inlaid case, costing many dollars. In these cases are holes, in which the handles of the fans are put, or silver hooks, between which they hang. On marriage occasions, friends offer costly gifts; those who are acquaintances merely, usually send a fan, on

which are written congratulations. They are often used as cards by proxy callers on New Year's Day.

When a young man attains to office, or an officer is promoted, a fan with a line or two of writing sent him is the equivalent for congratulations in person. It is the custom to ask friends or distinguished persons to write their names, or some original poetry, or classic quotation, on fans, thus filling the place occupied by our mother's, or father's, or our own youthful "albums."



ENJOYING THEIR LETTERS.

iron covered with thick paper. In the centre of the fan was a red ball, on a golden or silver field. The red ball represented the sun, the martial symbol of the Japanese nation. The fans of the present day, having a large, red, silver, or golden ball on a colored or white field, are in imitation of the old war-fan with which the Japanese hero used to signal in the field. In cases of danger it could be shut, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair.

All the varieties of fans known among us have been made for centuries in Japan. One notable variety is

Household Topics.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Some things I have learned during my twelve years experience of housekeeping, that I think may be of some service to my sisters of the CABINET, and, with our Editor's permission, I shall try to help others over some of the hard places over which I have been helped. Mrs. Croesus and Mrs. Dives can know nothing of the trial it is to find the beauty, if not the usefulness of some long coveted article, obtained by many little self-denials, and after long and patient waiting, apparently ruined by some untoward accident, while it is still fresh and new to us; nor with what joy we, who are obliged to count not only our dimes but our pennies, hail a remedy for our mishaps.

For a long time I had wished for a new carpet for our sitting-room to replace one robbed, by years of faithful service, of its beauty. At last my desire was gratified, and a new one whose scarlet ground, covered with brown and mossy-green figures, delighted my eyes, replaced the old. Alas, in its first freshness, an awkward hand upset an inkstand, and streams of Stygian blackness rolled over its bright colors. Then how to remedy it.

Instantly I recalled reading of a similar accident, and the remedy, which I had never had occasion to use before. I at once applied it. Hastily getting a saucer and silver spoon, I at once took up from the carpet all ink possible in that way. Then mixing, in equal quantities, salt and black pepper, I covered all the inked portion with it with a liberal hand. Waiting for a few moments for it to absorb all it would, I then brushed the mixture lightly off, and again applied more, this time rubbing it faithfully in; again waited and brushed it off thoroughly, when to my joy not a vestige of the ink appeared.

Since then, I have had need to use it, till now fresh ink, ink I mean before it has had time to dry, on woolen articles of any description, has no terrors for me if I can only get at my remedy. After it has dried it would not answer. And the remedy is one at every body's ready command.

Brightly polished furniture and picture frames add such an inviting look to the house that the little additional labor required to secure them is well expended. Give all black walnut furniture, whether varnished or oiled, an annual rubbing with linseed oil and a flannel rag, polishing off with another and clean flannel, and if you have not tried it, the new look it will assume will both surprise and delight you. Put but little oil at a time on the rag, and rub till the wood seems moistened with it, then rub well with the clean flannel and there will be no oiliness perceptible. For picture frames, and indeed all except French polished furniture, if marred by fly-specks, I wash them well first with cold tea, dry them, and then treat as above with the oil. Care must be taken to avoid touching the gilt bands near the picture, as they would be spoiled. And after you finish rubbing the furniture, be sure to burn the oiled flannels. Chemists say many a fire supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, owed its origin to the leaving about of oiled woolen cloths; as they will often burn spontaneously. Very inferior walnut frames thus treated, darken and become quite presentable.

I spoke of using cold tea for removing specks from the frames of pictures. I also wish to speak of its good qualities in cleansing all kinds of varnished and grained woodwork, not only from fly-specks, but all kinds of soil. It seems to possess the cleansing power

of soap without its injurious effects. I learned its use from an English publication, and I would not be without a knowledge of its good properties for more than the cost of the whole book. I have used it on all but my piano (that is French polished, and all the rest I have is either oiled or varnished wood) as need required, with good effects, nothing receiving injury from it. Soap is ruinous to varnish, and the tea seems to have for it all the good effects without any bad ones. In cleaning it is always much better, it seems to me, to rub the way of the grain of the wood; to wet a small portion at a time and dry with another cloth at once.

In washing mirrors, be sure to use only a damp cloth, at least one that will not by pressure let drops of water run down, getting under the frame and causing dampness, as that will affect the quicksilver all mirrors are coated with on the backs, and discolored spots and smeary, cloudy glass will be the result. I have often seen coarse cloths used to clean them. Nothing but fine soft ones are fit. I like to clean them first with a damp cloth, followed by another moistened with alcohol, finishing off with chamois. It gives them a nice polish. With them, as with wood, I like to rub in straight lines. The direct rays of the sun, and the heat from lamps striking on them is said to be injurious to them, as it is for oil paintings and chromos.

Possessed of very little strength, and liking my table to be well appointed, it was a trial to me to know how to attain the desired end. To clean the silver was out of my power; *not* to make the table pretty with it was a constant eyesore. Tarnished silver was worse than none, and to trust it to be cleaned to the ordinary Irish girl seemed to be the ready way to unfit it for use, sure. Gradually pieces were withdrawn to be used occasionally only, when I could get them properly cared for. Then I read of a way to cleanse it easily and rapidly by the use of a solution of cyanide of potassium. Believe me, I would not even mention it here, did I not fear others might see it as I did without a word of caution as to its dangerous nature. So I want to say it is one of the deadliest poisons, and to be kept with as much care as dynamite. And for the safety of the public, to prevent accidents of a heartrending nature, I do wish that all publishers would always make an explicit statement of the dangerous nature of the various chemicals one often sees recommended for various domestic purposes, when they are so, as many might use them ignorantly or unthinkingly.

To return from this digression. I did send for some, intending to use it only myself, and with all possible precautions. The very gentlemanly druggist of whom I ordered it, sent it to me, at the same time sending me a box of a preparation used by himself in keeping articles bright, with the wish that I would try it. I did so, and have used it with satisfaction from that day to this—more than a year—and do not know as there is anything objectionable about it. It cleanses easily and quickly the silver, giving it a good polish. Its name is Oriental Polish, and a very good thing I have found it. I run no risks with the other, and I can now gratify my love of bright silver, not being obliged to call in aid other than my own.

From silver to table cutlery, is but a step. Those who use silver-plated cutlery will not need to know that finely sifted wood ashes sprinkled over carefully polished and thoroughly dried steel knives will keep them from rust, which is so apt to mar cutlery not in daily use; others will value the knowledge. My way is to give them all a thorough wiping, expose them

to the sun's rays or gentle heat, to be sure every bit of moisture is absent, then avoiding breathing on the blades, or touching aught but the handles, to wrap them separately in thick brown paper, as when they came from the store, sprinkling ashes over each. Then put in a knife box in a dry closet. I have kept them months free from rust and tarnish, as I could not previously. A wipe on a towel when wanted and they are fit for the table.

Straw mattings are commonly used in many chambers, and I prefer it in summer for my dining room, it is so easily kept clean. The white seems most desirable to me, as the colored soon fades. Sweep clean; have ready a pail of warm water with a handful of fine salt dissolved in it, and a plate of Indian meal, no soap, as that turns the straw yellow. With a moderately wet cloth covered with the meal, scour well the matting, rinsing it up with the salt water, and even a very dirty matting will look quite fresh. Do but a small piece at a time; use a small quantity of water at a time so as not to soak through, and wipe dry, and your carpet will look almost like new. The little meal left on will sweep off when dry. That takes the place of soap, and the salt restores the green color seen in new mattings.

I wish to say that I have kept for more than a year in fine condition, without once scalding, preserves and jellies put up in this way: I put them in small bottles, like horseradish and pickle bottles, have ready cut from soft, white paper two covers for each bottle; also the whites of eggs, observing to use only the thin, watery part of the white. Fill the bottles hot from the kettle as you would for canning fruit; as soon as one is filled, moisten one of the covers, which should be cut to fit, on the under side with the white of the egg. Cover the top of the bottle with it smoothly and tightly, holding it in position for a moment, when the heat will dry it; then do the other and larger cover in the same way; apply on top of the other, and at once, for greater security, with fine soft cord; tie tightly to the bottle's neck. It is hard on the fingers, the bottles are so very hot, but the end justifies the slight pain. The preserves are air-tight and will keep good any reasonable length of time. All preserves should be kept in a dry, cool place, and if dark, so much the better.

The above is not written for Mrs. Notable and her model daughters, but hoping the hints may be of some service to those like myself, who have had to pick up their knowledge of housekeeping under many difficulties and discouragements, I am, theirs and the CABINET'S warm friend. COUSIN MADELEINE.

Foot Mats.—Cut all your woolen scraps of cloth and flannel into pieces half an inch wide and three inches long. Black, white, and colored—a great many. Get a ball of jute twine for ten cents, and set up on strong steel knitting needles, five stitches, and knit one row. Knit the first stitch on the second row, and between the needles, at right angles with the stitch, put a piece of your cloth, and knit another stitch. Then turn the end of the cloth that points toward you out between the needles, leaving both ends of the cloth sticking from you, and so all the way across, two stitches for every tuft of cloth. Having knit one row of tufts, knit one plain row of the twine to get back again to the side of the mat where you began. The ends of the cloth must be from you as you put them in.

My mat is one yard square. The centre is of black and the border of bright colors, knit in strips, nineteen inches and nine tufts, one hundred rows of tufts in length. It is inexpensive, all it costs being the twine. Be sure you ask for jute string. ANNA.

Household Art.

ON HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.

If you wish to have your walls tinted, put indigo or Barlow's blueing in your prepared whitewash; if blue tint is wished, a few cents' worth of glue dissolved in water, and salt added to the whitewash, will prevent it rubbing off. A bright pretty border will add very much to the looks of your room.

A SLEEPY HOLLOW CHAIR

will add very much to the comfort and looks. Take a barrel and draw with chalk or pencil the shape desired for your chair; then bore holes to admit a fine saw, and saw around, following the marks. Bore holes one foot and six inches from the bottom for the seat and draw strong wire or rope through as many times as you think necessary to hold the cushions. An old bed-quilt will do to cover it first; cover it all over. An old Dolly Varden dress will be pretty to cover it, or pretty chintz; and blue cambric is nice. For economy, two partly worn sheets, bleached nice and white, and blue considerably; starch and iron nicely; then measure off the length of your chair, and pleat all one way about two inches between pleats, or closer if desired, and pleat in this way around the chair. Sew on the quilt that has been previously tacked on. A pleating or ruffle around the seat, and a fold of the cambric or cord, will furnish it nicely.

TO MAKE SHELVES OR WHAT-NOTS.

Saw shelves the desired size and bore holes in the corners; take wire or strong cord and fasten your lower shelf on first by fastening large buttons with strong eyes on the wire first to prevent the wire drawing through; then string empty spools on, the largest on the bottom; then put on your second shelf, and you may in that way have as many as you wish. Suspend it with spools or cord, and you have shelves strong enough to hold books or any other articles. Spools can be had of dressmakers, or have friends save them for you.

If you wish lambrequins for your shelves, the embroidered ones are very nice, or spatterwork on green, blue, or white velveteen, is beautiful, pinked or fringed around. A more economical way is to take old pieces of black broadcloth, cut in scallops or points, the longest in the centre; then notch or pink around the edge; some pretty embroidery pattern can be traced with chalk or pencil in vines and flowers; then cut out in long notches or round holes, following the pattern traced; longer slits for flowers, leaves, etc. Put blue or red cambric under it, and the pattern will show off nicely; any color is nice under it, or leaves, vines and flowers can be cut out of bright colored velveteen and chain-stitched on the broadcloth or ladies' cloth. Spatterwork lambrequins are nice made of buff silesia, such as is used to line coat-sleeves, and the delicate buff harmonizes beautifully with blue.

A WASHSTAND OR DRESSING-TABLE

can be made of a common dry goods box the right size, or a half oval pine table. I have seen one made of a barrel set on end and a board two feet wide by three feet long placed on it and covered with cambric, or a sheet can be used. Gather or pleat it, then tack it on the edge of the stand; on the bottom put a ruffle. You can get for thirty or forty cents enough marbled oil-cloth for the top of your stand or table. It is wide enough to cover your table and make a splash mat to put against the wall to protect it. A half yard will

be enough for both, as it is wide. The upper corner of the mat is to be rounded off, and pink it all around, if you cannot paint flowers, vines, etc. on it. The pretty decalcomanie pictures are very nice transferred on the mat. The oil cloth is much nicer than anything else, as it is so easily cleaned when soiled. A shelf, if a box is used, is very handy to place rubbers, shoes, soiled clothes, etc., on.

An ottoman can be made of a tea chest or box; if a tea chest is used, cut strips of leather from old boot tops or shoes and tack on the cover, then to the chest, and the inside of the chest serves for a receptacle for soiled clothes, or shoes, slippers, etc. Pad the top with cotton or pieces of bed-quilts that are too much worn for use; then cover over that a pieced top of bits of silk or velvet. A pretty cover is made of black cloth, and take nicely shaped oak leaves and cut out leaves of velvet on any bright colored material; then chain-stitch them on the black with gold-colored silk, and the veins of brown silk; for the sides you can take the best breadths of an old black dress, or color some if you have no black; then pleat it, and fasten the pleats at the bottom. A cord could be put around the box about an inch from the bottom and it will form a pretty edge, a piece about two or three inches wide to be kilt-pleated and tacked to the cover. A nice ottoman can be made of a small tobacco caddy, which can be had of any grocer. Made same as the chest, except the kilt-pleating on the cover; in place of the pleating make a puff by making reverse pleating about three inches wide. The covering can be made of the best parts of old coats or pants.

A KNITTED CARPET.

Knit on strong wooden needles, or it could be crocheted in breadths half a yard wide and sewed together; it makes quite a pretty carpet for a bed-room. The cost is trifling to make and have wove a rag carpet with bright pretty colors; old calico dresses can be colored a pretty tan color, with blue and twisted stripe of black and white, or any color fancy may dictate. Three or four dollars will cover all the expense for a bed-room carpet.

MATS FOR THE FLOOR

are nice made of coffee sacks; one sack is large enough for two; get scarlet or blue, or clouded Germantown yarn, and work a Grecian pattern for the border; in the centre is the word "Welcome." Some have large initials worked. Take four threads in working same as for Java canvas. A nice rug is made by piecing blocks, same as for the log cabin bed-quilt. Sew enough together for a nice sized rug; then sew all around on canvas, or something heavy, for a lining and to hold it in place; a strip of red flannel about three inches wide is pinked both edges, and a narrower piece of black cloth is pinked the same, and stitched on the red around the rug. Another rug is made of odd pieces of cloth cut octagon shape and sewed together. Ball-stitch with coarse Germantown yarn, and a pleated border around the rug of any color desired.

A WORK-BASKET

is very pretty made of strong wire; take four pieces from two and a half to three feet long; string spools, the largest at the bottom, until the wire is covered; then from the bottom curve the wire nicely in and then out large enough to admit a work-basket; if a pretty basket is not attainable, take a small sized peach basket, cover it inside and out with a bright, pretty color; make pockets outside and small ones inside for thread, buttons, balls, etc.; pleat braid around

the bottom and top, and you will be surprised to see what a pretty work-basket you will have, with your nice standard of spools; paint with burnt umber and varnish.

A WALL-POCKET

for combs and brushes is made of pasteboard from old boxes; cover it smooth with blue or pink cambric; pleat muslin in fine pleats and put over the cambric; finish top and bottom of the pocket with a ruffle two inches wide, each edge rolled and overcast with blue or pink zephyr, in quite long stitches, then gather half an inch from the top and sew it around; have pieces of the same to hang it by; finish it with bows at the corners and where it hangs on the nail.

A TOILET SET.

A very nice toilet set can be made of marbled oil-cloth. Cut out a piece large enough for the wash-bowl, and a piece for soap-tray and other articles; pink all around or bind with ribbon or braid stitched on; then with water colors, or oil paints, paint a vine with flowers around; it makes a nicer set for a wash-stand than crochet ones, as it saves washing; when soiled it can be wiped off.

A great many things can be made of marbled oil cloth that are useful as well as ornamental. I covered a wash-stand which was very much soiled, the varnish was rubbed off, and it was scratched badly. I cut the oil-cloth large enough to tack under the edge, and it looks much better than before. It is nice cut and fitted on pantry shelves; also to spread on the table for children. Take four pieces, ten inches long by three inches wide, cut one end of each to a point; bind around with bright ribbon, and paint some pretty autumn leaves, vines, or flowers in each one; then sew all together; the pointed ends for the bottom, and you have an elegant scrap-bag. It also makes an elegant portfolio cover, painted in delicate colors, either a head or flowers, vines and leaves, lined with silk and bound all around; or if preferred, black can be used instead of white oil-cloth, and painted the same.

MATCH RECEIVERS, ETC.

Tin spice boxes make very pretty hanging receptacles for burnt matches; crochet covers for them, with crochet cord and tassels to hang by. Another pretty way is to take a piece of perforated cardboard, enough to cover the tin box, and work a pretty pattern on and crochet a bottom to the cardboard and slip the box in; they are very pretty indeed and so little work; the bright tin shines through and gives it a pretty effect. They make pretty hair-pin boxes made just the same, except they are covered on the top; fill with curled hair or combings; crochet a ruffle around the top and bottom. Hair receivers can be made of the large sized baking powder cans, with crochet covers, or covered with cardboard worked with border and initials, or "Hair Receiver" worked on it. Take a square piece of perforated cardboard, work a neat border around and fasten a piece of sand paper a little smaller on the back to scratch matches on; then on the cardboard work the sentence, "Scratch My Back," or work the figure of an old man with the same words; crochet of the color used a cord to hang it up; hang it under your lamp. Photo-holders to hang on the wall made of perforated cardboard, and picture frames also, are very nice. A nice photo-frame is made by cutting four strips of cardboard to fit the photo and an inch longer; then cut eight pieces three times as long as the strips are wide, and cross the pieces on with a long stitch, in any colored zephyr; cross the corners just the same, with a long stitch; it makes a very pretty frame.

Household Elegancies.

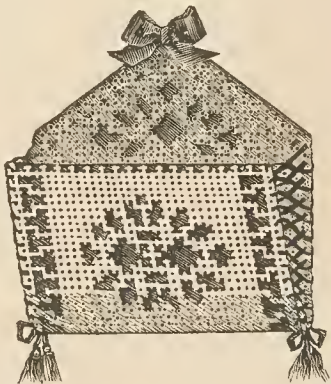
WALL-POCKET—NETTING, AND BRAIDING.

Materials: stout gray twisted cotton; black, green, and gray leather; lining; green worsted braid an inch in width; narrow green braid. This wall-pocket is netted of gray yarn and thickly intertwined with strips of colored leather. It requires a piece twenty-three inches long and eleven and a half inches wide, and two small side parts. The network is done of stout gray twisted cotton over a flat stick two-fifths of an inch wide. Begin with two loops and increase one in each row by knotting two into the last loop of each preceding row until a width of thirty loops is attained. Continue then to increase one loop in each row, but only on one side of the work, at the same time dropping one loop on the opposite side—by knotting two together—so that the width of thirty loops is uniformly retained. When fifty rows have been netted in this manner, the missing corner is finally added by dropping the stitches on the requisite side. The two side parts consist of strips each five loops in width and sixteen in length, worked in like manner.

The netted foundation is now ready, and is intertwined by strips of gray, black, and green leather, one-third of an inch wide. The strips are first drawn through lengthwise, a gray and green alternately, and then across, a gray and black alternately. As shown in the illustration, the cross-strips lie on top. After the parts have been provided with a thin black lining they are placed together in the manner indicated by the illustration. The upper part is turned over to the right side far enough to reach the pocket, and fastened to the lining at the back by means of narrow green braid. The pocket is decorated by ruchings of green worsted braid an inch wide, and tassels of gray yarn. It is hung up by means of narrow green braid.

WALL-POCKET FOR DOLL-HOUSE, OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

For the construction of this pocket cut a piece of perforated cardboard three and three-fifths inches long

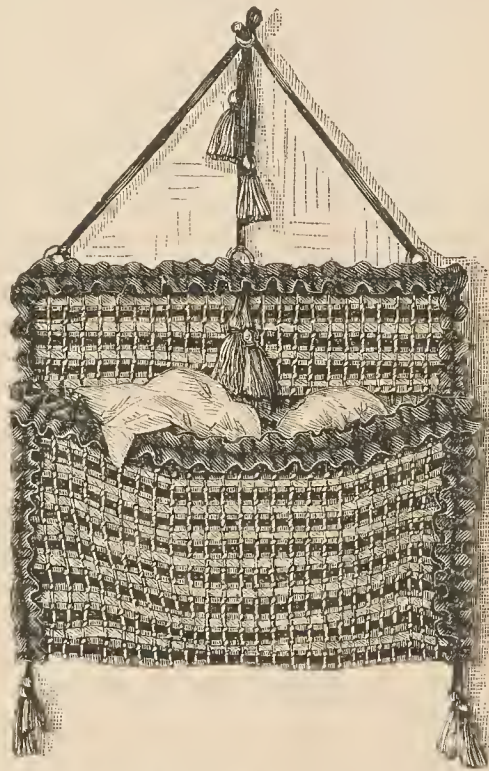


WALL-POCKET FOR DOLL-HOUSE.

and two inches wide, taper to a point at one end, and break over the opposite end to a depth of one and one-fifth of an inch, thus shaping the pocket out of one piece. Now cut out on both parts, front and back, with a sharp penknife, the neat little pattern indicated in the illustration, to which a fine effect is given by colored silk lining. As plainly shown in the illustration, front and back parts are connected by means of loose stitches of floss silk, tassels of which serve to finish off the lower ends.

NEEDLE-BOOK OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

The covers of this book consist of two equal strips of cardboard, each three and one-fifth inches long and two and two-fifths inches wide. These are decorated in the centre with a bouquet of violets painted or em-



WALL-POCKET; NETTING AND BRAIDING.

broidered in the requisite colors with silk. A cretonne flower or decalcomanie may be used instead. A neat little border of purple sewing silk decorates the edge, and the parts are lined with purple silk. The book to be inserted, and which serves for the reception of needles, and is provided with leaves of white flannel, consists of two parts of perforated cardboard, each two and two-fifths inches long and two inches wide, lined with white flannel, finished off at the edges with button-hole stitches of purple silk, and joined together by overhand stitches. Bows of narrow purple satin ribbon complete the book.

FISH-SCALE JEWELRY AND ORNAMENTS.

It was my good fortune to spend a part of last winter in Jacksonville, Florida. Going into one of the large jewelry establishments one day, my attention was attracted to a show-case, lined with blue satin, which contained what I supposed to be a fine collection of white wax flowers.

I asked permission to examine some of them, and was surprised to learn that they were not wax, but were made of fish scales.

They were made up into sets of jewelry, wreaths, and sprays for the hair. Wishing to carry some little "curiosity" home to some of my lady friends, and knowing how abundantly we were supplied with fish, I thought now here is something that cannot be expensive, and yet they are very beautiful. I decided to make some purchases. I selected a set of jewelry composed of rose leaves and buds, and asked the price. Seven dollars was the price named. I told the obliging clerk he might put them back, I thought I would not take them.

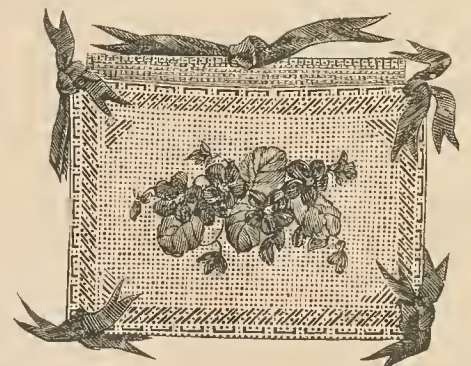
After reaching my boarding-place, I kept thinking how much they resembled wax flowers, and understanding the art of making them, I decided to try the fish scales. Going in search of Edmund, the colored

man, whose duty I knew it was each morning to prepare the fish for breakfast. I explained my errand and got the promise of the scales, which I found just outside my door the next morning. I washed them two or three times in warm water; then wiped each scale dry on a clean cloth. This removed all the sticky substance adhering to them.

While they were drying, I went back to the jewelry store and purchased a spool of No. 16 silver wire, and the mountings for a set of jewelry, which consisted of a silver pin, resembling somewhat a common safety pin, and the wires for the ear-rings. Paid fifty cents for the set. I will now tell the readers of the CABINET how to make a few of the flowers. Gather natural flowers and pick them to pieces to get patterns, and cut the scales as near like them as possible. For a rose, after cutting the leaves, bend them over the finger to shape them. With a sharp-pointed awl or needle make a hole in each leaf near its base. Cut some of the silver wire in pieces an inch or two long, and wire each one. A little notch cut in the leaf where the wire is twisted together will keep it from slipping back and forth.

After preparing enough for a rose, commence putting it together. Taking three or four leaves, place them properly and wind them tightly with fine white thread or silk; add more leaves and continue to fasten in the same way. Use wire long enough for a stem in three or four of the outside leaves. Twist all the wires together and wind them smoothly with white embroidery silk, which can be split and untwisted for the purpose.

For a bud use leaves same as for rose, cut the calyx, wire, and bend over the finger to shape; put four of these on each bud. To make rose leaves, cut out the leaf, then nicely notch the edges. Make a hole near the base and another near the point. Take a piece of wire three or four inches long, put it through the hole at the base and bring the end up the back of the leaf and put it through the hole near the point; bring it down the front and put it back through the first hole. The wire forms a vein for the centre of the leaf. Take the same wire and again bring it up the back of the leaf; when half way up the leaf, bring it over to the front between two of the notches on the edge, and then put it back through the same hole. This gives you a side vein. Wire the other side of the leaf to match. Twist the two wires together for a stem.



NEEDLE-BOOK OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

A pansy is easily made, and is one of the prettiest of the collection. In each leaf make three holes; the centre one about two-thirds of the way up the leaf, and one each side a little lower down. Put a wire through each of these holes, and twist all together at the base. This forms a veining. If you can get small rice shells, wire one for the centre of the flower. If they cannot be had, a glass bead wired will answer the purpose. Place the leaves around this in their proper order; hold firmly and wind tightly. K.

Hireside Reading.

Whittier Telling at School.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells this anecdote of the poet Whittier's success in aiding a little girl at a school examination:

You know Whittier's love for children. The aged poet this winter has renewed his youth, like the eagle's, in a handsome overcoat of the purest Ulster pattern, clad upon with which he attended last week's school examination up among the Berkshire hills, so dear to him. He was standing beside the teacher, who was catechising a dimpled little dot in geography.

"What are the provinces of Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"Potatoes, whiskey, aldermen, patriotism, and—" began the child.

"No, no," interrupted the teacher; "I didn't mean products; I said provinces."

"Oh," said the girl, "Connacht, Leinster, Munster, and—and—" Here she stuck, put her chubby finger in her rosebud mouth, and sought inspiration successively in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling and the poet. All children love the dear old Quaker poet's kindly face. He smiled; her face brightened sympathetically. The *entente cordiale* had been established between them. He patted his coat significantly; she looked at him inquiringly; he nodded, and she burst out—

"Oh, Miss Simmons, I know now. They are Connacht, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat!"

The first time that General Custer set his handsome eyes upon his future wife was when he was fifteen years old, and going to school in Monroe, Mich. Going along the street one day, the rough, flaxen-headed, freckled-faced boy passed a little black-eyed, eight-year-old girl swinging on a gate. She was a pretty little creature, her father's pet, an only child, and naturally spoiled. She said archly, her little face dimpling with smiles:

"Hello! you Custer boy!"

Then, frightened at her own temerity, turned and fled into the house. It was love at first sight with the wild young savage of fifteen, and he then and there vowed that some day that small girl should be his wife. And so she was, but only after many lovers' woes; for Judge Bacon, pretty Lizzie's father, was for a long time obdurate toward the young man who he feared was fickle and unstable, and his daughter and her suitor submitted most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

A friar, when preaching in a nunnery, observed to his females auditors: "Be not too proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of

appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

There was a young lady from the city, and he asked her if she would partake of an ice-cream. She gently answered: "If it's good, square confectioner's cream, I'm there; but if it's picnic or strawberry-festival slush, count me out!"

A clerical candidate for a lectureship somewhere in England was called upon to deliver a discourse before the trustees of the endowment, and in order to show his cleverness he took for his text the single word "but." He thereupon proceeded to show that no po-

that pass for cherubs in painting and sculpture. Going out a-gunning together, one of them shot a bird, and the other ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawled in the grass, as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay: "Ye're in for it now, Jock, ye've shot a cherubim!"

A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over, and she had sat awhile, she went to her mother and inquired:—"Don't you think it would do papa good to go outdoors?"

"You politicians are queer people," said an old business man to an impecunious partisan. "How so?" asked the politician. "Why, because you trouble yourselves more about the payment of the debts of the State than you do about your own!"

An Irishman to whom some wonderful story was told on the authority of a penny paper, declined to believe it, saying he distrusted all he saw in the "cheap prints." "Why shouldn't you believe the cheap papers," he was asked, "as soon as any other?" "Because," was his ready answer, "I don't think they can afford to speak the truth for the money."

A stout German in the beer industry to an unprofitable customer: "Here, now, you took dose doors und walk owet mid your ears, eh?" (He doesn't.) "Heim, you don't got out? Vell, you waits a minute und I gets a man dot vill!"

"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson river, recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. And her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocketbook again."

A Chinese laundry man died of starvation at Louisville, the other day, with these pathetic and expressive words on his lips: "Bes' thing Chinaman do in

Kentuckee he die—flee weeke—only washee lun shirtee—him get no payee—heap starve on nothing."

Junior, translating the passage from the modern German comedy: "*Als ich meine eleganteste Shawl aus der Wasche ziehe*—" looks at the notes, and finding "*shawl*: anglicism," renders: "When I took my most elegant anglicism out of the wardrobe."

A young gentleman who moves in the best society of San Antonio, said the other evening to a young lady, "The foliage is much more exuberant this year than usual." "Yes," she answered, thoughtfully, "All them imported fruits is cheaper than they used to be."



"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."

sition in life is without corresponding cross or opposite trial, and illustrated his text by many passages of Scripture. Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful, but the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called, but you answered not, and etc. When the candidate came down from the pulpit and entered the vestry, the senior trustee politely remarked, "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you; but we don't think you are the preacher for us."

There is a story told of two Scotch lads who knew little of gunnery and natural history, but were familiar with King James's Bible and with the winged heads

Housekeeping.

RECEIPTS FROM CHLOE'S COOK-BOOK.

Tomato Soup.—Two quarts of sweet milk and two quarts of water; when boiling add one quart of cooked tomatoes, into which has first been well stirred one-half teaspoonful soda. Add pulverized crackers and butter; salt and pepper to taste.

Veal Loaf.—Three pounds of veal off the ham; three slices salt pork, chopped fine, add three eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet cream, one tablespoonful each of sage, salt, and pepper. Stir well together, and bake one and a half hours. Best when cold.

Bouilli Beef.—Put a part of a brisket of beef, weighing six pounds, into a sauce-pan, and cold water enough to cover it. Let it boil until the scum rises, and skim it nicely; add two carrots, two turnips and one onion, cut in dice form; one-half can tomatoes; stick an onion full of cloves. Let all simmer three hours. Add one tumbler full of red wine, two teaspoonfuls mixed mustard, one tablespoonful of salt. Let it simmer one hour. When done sprinkle over it some pickled cucumber cut very fine. Stir a little flour into the gravy; give one boil; turn it into the dish with the meat and send to table very hot.

Fried Chicken.—Cut up young chickens; put them in a pan with a very little water; cover closely and put them in a hot oven; let them cook until tender; then remove; roll them well in flour, and brown nicely in butter in frying pan on top of stove.

Fried Oysters.—Take large oysters drained well. Roll some crackers fine, season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some boiling lard and some beaten eggs. Dip the oysters first in the cracker then in the egg, and then into the cracker again; drop them in the hot lard; let them brown, and skim out in a colander to drain. Should be served hot.

Chicken Salad.—Take the meat of a boiled chicken, mince and add an equal quantity of chopped celery. Prepare the following dressing and pour over it. Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two of salt, a little pepper; yolk of a raw egg and a little sugar, one pint of cream, and vinegar to the taste.

Potatoe Puff.—Two cupfuls cold mashed potatoe, two tablespoonfuls melted butter beaten together till light; beat in two eggs, one cupful of milk and a little salt; turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven till well browned.

Escaloped Tomatoes.—Skin some tomatoes; take a baking dish and put in the bottom a layer of rolled cracker and small pieces of butter; then a layer of tomatoes sliced; add another layer of cracker and butter, with pepper and salt to the taste; then a layer of green corn cut from the cob. Repeat until the dish is filled. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Mince Meat.—Four pounds round of beef, boiled tender and chopped fine, twice the quantity of chopped apple, three pints of boiled cider, one quart of the water the meat was boiled in, three cups of molasses; stir well together and boil half an hour; let cool and add two pounds chopped raisins, one pound of currants, one pint brandy, four cups of sugar, half a pound of melted butter, four tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two of cloves, two grated nutmegs, and a little pepper.

Pie Plant Custard Pie.—To one cup stewed pie-plant use one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, yolks of three eggs and a small piece of butter, bake with only an under crust, and when done put on the top the three whites beaten to a foam with three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; place in an oven for a few minutes to stiffen.

Plum Pudding.—Soak over night ten crackers in three pints of milk. In the morning add five eggs, one cup of sugar, two cups of raisins, one pint of milk, a little salt and nutmeg; bake four or five hours; stir twice while baking.

Amherst Pudding.—Three cups of flour, one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins chopped, one egg, half a teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves; boil or steam three hours.

Orange Custard.—Pare and slice six oranges and lay in a deep dish. Take one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, yolks of three eggs, a little piece of butter and half a cup of sugar, and make a boiled custard; put one cup pulverized sugar over the sliced oranges and then pour over them the custard. Make a meringue of the whites and place over the custard; place in the oven for a few moments.

Lemon Cream.—Into one and a half cups of boiling water stir two tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with water and the juice of one large lemon, beaten yolks of three eggs and one cup of sugar; boil five minutes, then stir in the whites beaten stiff; pour in small glasses and serve cold, with whipped cream on top of each glass.

Fried Cakes.—Three eggs, one coffee cup sugar, one cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, five teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flour enough to roll out soft.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated alum. Dissolve both soda and alum in half a cup of boiling water and pour into the molasses. Use flour enough to mix very stiff, and knead well.

Sugar Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, flavor to taste; soften the butter and pour it on two cups of flour; beat the eggs up light and then beat the sugar into them and pour that in with the butter. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of milk, and pour that over the rest; mix up lightly with the hand and then mix in a little flour with two teaspoonfuls cream tartar stirred in it; roll out very soft and bake very quick.

Boston Brown Bread.—One quart sour milk, one cup molasses, two cups rye flour, four cups Indian meal, two even teaspoonfuls soda. Steam three hours and then bake half an hour in a hot oven.

Yeast Biscuit.—At noon boil three medium sized potatoes; wash them, add three tablespoonfuls flour, and one each of salt and sugar; over the whole pour one pint of boiling water; when cool add half a cup yeast; home-made preferred. At night stir in about half a cup of lard, a little salt and flour to make a stiff batter. In the morning knead well and put in all the flour needed; let it rise again, and knead lightly, using as little flour as possible; make into biscuits; let them rise well, and bake in a very hot, quick oven.

Baking Powder Muffins.—One-half cup sugar, half a cup butter, one cup milk, three cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, and three eggs. Put the materials together the same as for cake; bake quick and well, and place them on the table hot.

Hickory Nut Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups sugar, half a cup milk, three cups flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful soda, one cup dried currants, and one and a half cups hickory nut meats.

Almond Cake.—Two and a half cups of sugar, one and one-eighth cups butter, one cup milk, four cups flour, whites of ten eggs, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one pound blanched almonds.

Sweet Tomato Pickles.—Slice six or eight onions, and one peck of green tomatoes and scatter over them one cup of salt; let stand twelve hours, then boil them fifteen minutes in two quarts water and one quart vinegar. Skim out the pickles and put them with four quarts fresh vinegar, two pounds sugar, two large spoonfuls each of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, and half a pound of white mustard seed. Simmer all together for fifteen minutes.

Yeast that Will Keep a Month.—One quart water in porcelain kettle, six good sized potatoes grated raw and stirred in the boiling water, then add half a cup each of salt and sugar and the water in which a handful of hops has been steeped. Remove from the fire and when cool add half a cup of yeast. Use a large spoonful to a loaf.

Canned Corn.—Dissolve one and one-quarter ounces of tartaric acid in half a pint of water. Cut the corn from the cob and boil half an hour in plenty water; add to each quart of corn, as cut from the cob, two tablespoonfuls of the acid solution; boil a few minutes and can in glass cans. When used put half a teaspoonful of soda to one quart of corn; let it stand for three hours before using, and cook well. I have tried canning in this way for three years and guarantee it.

Tomato Catsup.—One gallon of tomatoes cooked and strained, two large tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two of mace, two of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, one quart of vinegar; put the tomatoes and ground spices together; let them boil one hour; add the vinegar; let it cool, and bottle; cork well.

MRS. B. N. W.

Chicken Croquets.—Take an ordinary sized chicken; let it be tender; boil in as little water as possible until done; reduce the broth to about a cup full, after you have taken up the fowl. Mince the meat of the fowl very fine, rejecting all the skin. Chop very fine one very small onion and fry in two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; stir three minutes, add the meat, broth, one teaspoonful fine chopped parsley, half a chopped sweet bread, or as much calf's brains, previously boiled, salt, pepper, twenty drops of extract of nutmeg; stir all together three minutes over the fire. Take up and stir in the yolks of three raw eggs until it is a gelatinous mass. Spread out in a dish and when entirely cold mold into forms, using one tablespoonful for each. You may form them like a sausage, a small biscuit, or a tiny sugar loaf. Dip them into beaten egg and roll into very fine bread crumbs. Drop carefully into boiling lard. Be very sure the lard is at the very boiling point, and be cautious not to let them stay in only until they are a light brown; then they will be crisp outside and soft inside. Serve on a white napkin garnished with sprigs of parsley.

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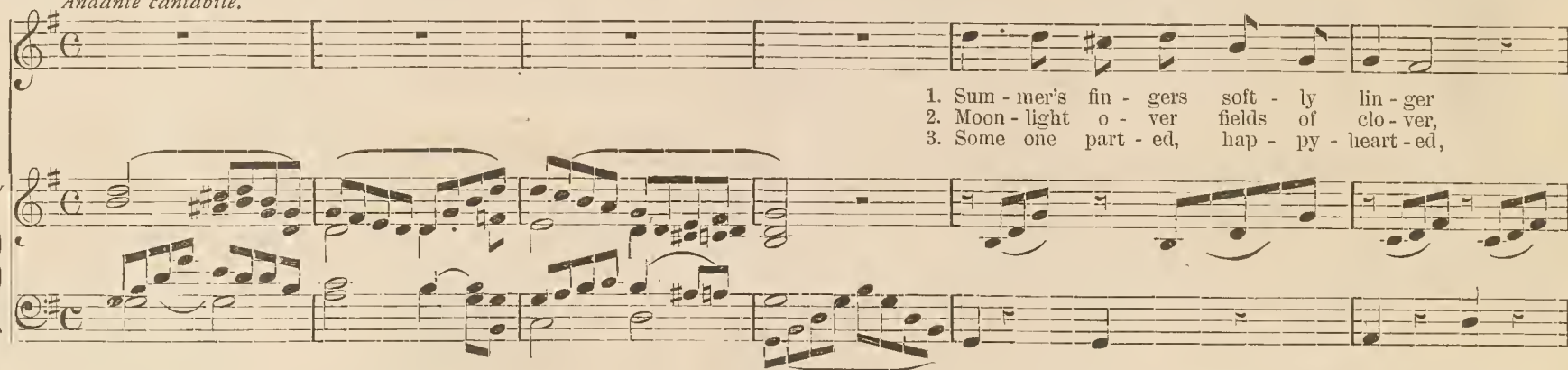
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Will my Darling come Again?

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante cantabile.



1. Sum - mer's fin - gers soft - ly lin - ger
2. Moon - light o - ver fields of clo - ver,
3. Some one part - ed, hap - py - heart - ed,



On the mead - ows far and wide, Breez - es sigh - ing, day - light dy - ing, In the hush of e - ven - tide;
Gold - en tint - ed dew im - pearl'd, Bird - lets sleep - ing, bright stars keep - ing Watch and ward a - bove the world;
Yes - ter eve, in joy and bliss, I will meet you, I will greet you, Some one whispered with a kiss;



'Neath the shad - ows, down the mead - ows, Of the lit - tle moss - y lane; Some one roam - ing in the
Time is fly - ing, hope most dy - ing, Down that lit - tle moss - y lane; Some one stray - ing, sad - ly
Foot - steps fall - ing, some one call - ing, One sweet name in glad re - frain; All their glad - ness tuned to

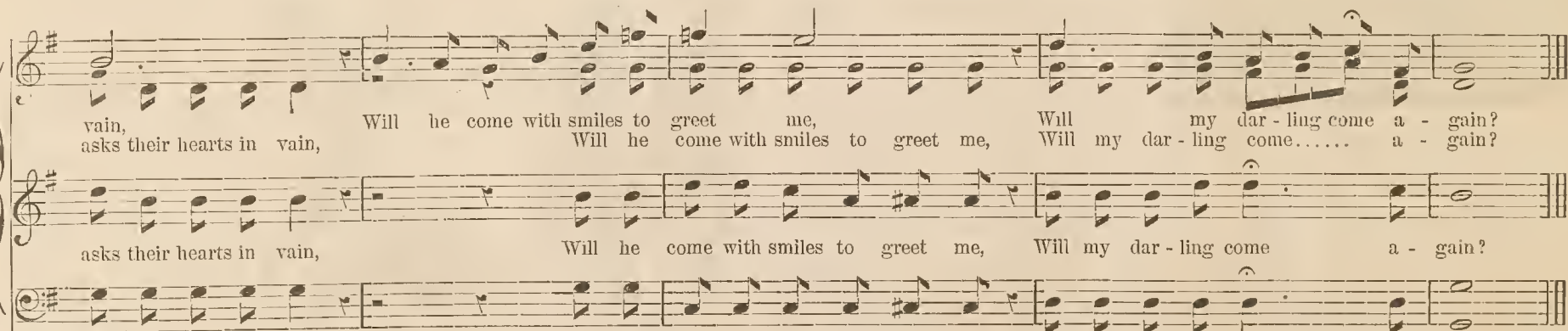
CHORUS.



gloom - ing, Say - ing, "will he come a - gain?" Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one ask their heart in
say - ing, "Will my dar - ling come a - gain?" Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one
glad - ness, "Tru - ly he will come a - gain."

TENOR.

Will he come a - gain to meet me? Some one



vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?
asks their hearts in vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?

asks their hearts in vain, Will he come with smiles to greet me, Will my dar - ling come a - gain?

THE LADIES' *Home* Almanac

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 68.

PRICE 12 CENTS.

WINDOW, FIRE-PLACE AND MIRROR DECORATIONS.

Upon this page we illustrate several very charming devices for ornamenting windows and rooms. The flower stand and hanging baskets are made of an article called virgin cork, which any one can take and construct into a hundred beautiful forms. By the use of the knife, and cementing the pieces together, floral ornaments of an inconceivable variety can be made, which are elegant in appearance and of great durability. This article, virgin cork, is hardly known yet in the United States, and yet has been very popular for years in England.

During the summer time, when our fire-places are not in use, it is the taste of many ladies to decorate them with floral and woodland treasures. The wicker basket seen in this illustration is filled with moss, having at bottom a large pan with abundance of earth, and in it are placed a great variety of plants, which do well in the shade.



FLORAL STAND.



HANGING-BASKET.

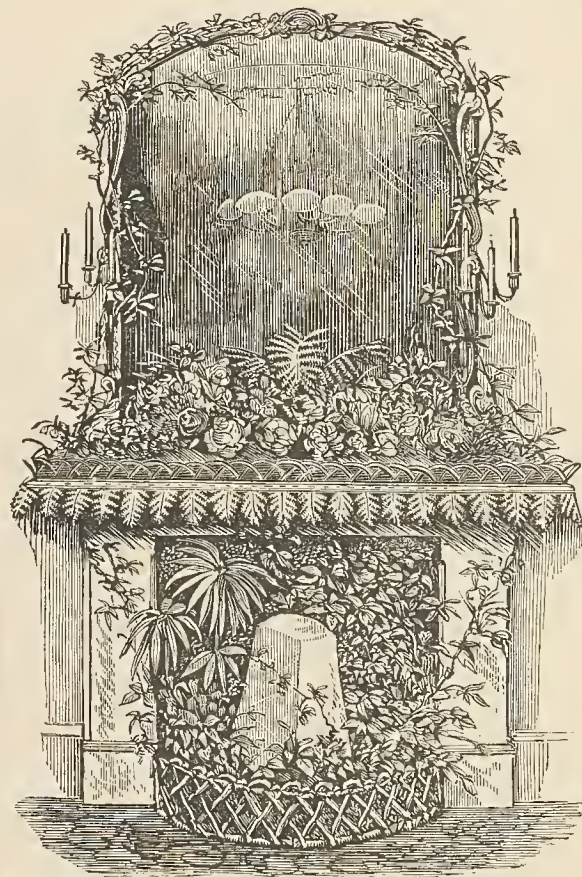
Another long basket or tray is put on the mantle, wherein are growing flowering plants, with vines at either end, and ferns at the back next to the glass. A beautiful way to finish the decorations of such a mantle is to take the tips of fern leaves, and, sticking their stems into the wicker basket, let them point outward and hang down. It gives a finish far beyond anything of artificial manufacture.

FLOWERS IN WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

I will tell you a little about the winter of the Sierras. It is very dull here in consequence of the deep snows that fall during the wet season. It snowed fourteen days at one time in January; the snow was twelve feet deep when the storm was over; but it has settled down to ten feet. The sun is so hot, that the snow is soon packed down solid. When we want to go out, we have to go on snow-shoes; they are from four to fourteen feet long, arranged to suit the size of the person. Boys and girls from five to seven, wear them from four to five feet long; twelve and fourteen years old, from seven to nine feet, etc. They are made of very light wood, and painted; nice leather slippers in the centre to place your foot, and a pole with a wooden button on the lower end to support or help your progress up hill. Every afternoon the boys and girls have a splendid time snow-shoeing. We sometimes

go head over heels; but we do not hurt ourselves as the snow is soft. My shoes are seven feet and a half long.

Well, away up here, in this isolated region, we try to have flowers. At the east window we have a table filled with beauties. The Oleander is just bursting, a delicate pink flower and very double. Black-eyed Susie is full of flowers, orange color. A daily Rose, with eight roses of very delicate shade of pink; after white we expect the Red Rose. Fuchsia has grown eight feet and a half high, scarlet, and is very beautiful when drooping with flowers. A Mauranda vine runs over a trellis frame, then up a cord ten feet. We train it up to the ceiling, then around a picture called Faith and Hope, which hangs over the organ. We have three varieties of Pinks; some are in bud. Geraniums are doing well. Petunia is just putting out buds. Pepper-tree five feet high; leaves are handsome. Two hanging baskets, one of Wandering Jew, the other of Ivy Geranium, and the grass found on the hill-sides. ARABELLA M. STORER.



FIRE-PLACE AND MIRROR DECORATION.

Floral Contributions.

A PRETTY PLANT STAND.

Among the many tables and stands for plants described in the CABINET, I find my own is decidedly unique. It was designed by our house architect for a bay window eight feet in width, and as plants and stands can be more easily attended by leaving space to walk around them, I resolved, like those people in cities who are compelled to build upward in order to obtain room, to have an addition to its height; so I have a two-story stand.

Its depth at the bottom, from front to back, is two feet, and the width of the whole about five. The lower part consists of four steps or shelves reaching by graduated distances from the front to the back of the stand, and occupying nearly two-thirds of its height. Then oblique braces from the upper shelf of the lower tier support the lower shelf of the upper tier very nearly in a line above the second shelf from the floor, thus giving room to the plants on the shelf forming the upper part of the lower story, to grow between this last shelf and the window. Above this are two more shelves, the upper one six inches wide, placed on the vertical supports at the back, and forming the top of the stand, which reaches within one foot of the upper casing to the window. The whole is painted a stone gray, and though made of wood, has a light, airy look, the sides being open consisting of two parts each, the front oblique, the back vertical, and the shelves kept in place by cleats fastened to the centre and outside supports. Reaching the upper shelves necessitates the use of a step ladder, which is the only inconvenience.

In the centre of the lower shelf, which is wider and stronger than the others, I keep my Calla, and on either side the plants requiring the largest pots. The shelves of the upper tier being designed for smaller pots and those plants which luxuriate in a warm atmosphere. The top shelf being specially devoted to Cacti, bottles of water containing cuttings, and the Hoya Carnosa, which roots sparingly and thrives with tropical vitality in the heated space, sending its ivy-like tendrils in every direction.

When preparing autumn leaves for room decoration, I am careful to leave them on the twigs or boughs as Nature placed them, where each leaf is ironed separately, and a thin coating of gum arabic spread over those naturally glossy. These, mingled with others, form bright hanging bouquets for walls and ceilings. Lambrequins of richly tinted leaves are tastefully made by taking glue prepared with whiskey for ready use, and lightly glueing the stem of each leaf, point downward, to the lower edge of thick paper cut any desired shape. Above this place successive rows, and finish with a border of pressed gray, brown or green moss. When the colors are arranged artistically, the effect is very pleasing.

Some autumn leaves, especially the Woodbine and Sumac, must be gathered after the first frost or as soon as their tints have deepened, as they drop early. The oak and maple will be found much later in perfection. The delicate creeping mosses with fern-like fronds, when separated carefully and picked free from tiny sticks, roots, and lumps of earth, and pressed, make wreaths more exquisite even than ferns.

June is usually considered the fern-gathering month, because then they press easily and retain their colors; but some of the loveliest I ever saw were gathered in Eastern woods in October. Going one day to get some

blossoms of the Hamamelis or Witch Hazel, I came upon a bed of maiden-hair Ferns bleached by the frost to the softest Naples yellow. When pressed they were formed into a wreath on black paper such as artists use for panel painting, and are the admiration of all who see them. Black velvet makes a rich background for a wreath of this description, and a nice frame can be made by cutting strips of stiff pasteboard about an inch wide the desired length, clipping the ends to a point, and covering with black broadcloth or fine casimere; then lap the ends at the corners of the frame and fasten with a white or gilt button, or with a convenient carpet tack, covering the head of the tack with a small sea shell.

Bind the wreath and glass together with strips of gummed paper and glue to the frame. Hang against a white wall. Similar strips of pasteboard can be covered with gilt or bronze paper, and are sometimes preferable to black frames. Another way is to take thin strips of smooth pine wood of any desired length and width, and after joining the corners neatly, spread a coating of putty over the whole upper side, on which designs in leaves, vines, tendrils, or geometrical figures can be stamped to imitate carving. When dry, paint the whole any shade of wood color desired.

The same frame is more effective when the wood alone is stained black or dark walnut, and the putty then moulded into graceful forms to please the taste, placed on the frame, dried, and covered with bronze. This is fine for engravings.

As all true lovers of the CABINET like to have it a floral and art journal, I will say a few words in regard to pictures. When making purchases do not select immediately one that is conspicuous with bright color, but wait until the eye becomes accustomed to the glare and is able to take in details without excitement. You may then discover it becomes tiresome after a few minutes' scrutiny, and turn with relief to one you had overlooked, where the subdued neutral tints of blending grays and browns combined with lively bits of color, produce a quieting, resting effect. We need something for our homes that can be seen often and studied without weariness. Something full of the charm of repose. When placed in position on the wall, let colored pictures hang by themselves, while engravings, photographs, and all black and white drawings can be hung separately or in groups.

AVIS FAY.

CULTURE OF THE VERBENA.

The Verbena is a very popular bedding plant, and is of numberless colors and shades, among which is to be found the brightest colors, the most intense scarlet and deepest blue, with striped, variegated, etc. Auriculiflora is a most desirable variety, comprising various shades, with a large distinct eye of white or yellow. Lovers of this fine plant will be pleased to learn that it can be raised from seed with very little trouble; in fact, it requires very little more care to raise it from seed than it does from cuttings. Seedlings are more robust and healthy than cuttings, and are not as liable to rust.

A pleasing feature about seedlings is that they are for the most part fragrant, whereas old plants are not. Seed should be soaked in tepid water for twenty-four hours before planting. Sow in a hot-bed the first of March in drills four inches apart, and cover with a scant quarter of an inch of rich soil pulverized fine. (I use an old sifter to sift the soil through.) Keep the soil damp, but never wet, and never allow it to become dry; either case would result disastrously to the seeds. In about ten days they will begin to appear.

When the young plants have formed their third or fourth leaves, transplant to the garden. In removing the plants from the seed-bed, disturb the soil as little as possible, as the seed is very uneven in germinating, some not having sprouted when the first are large enough to transplant. In transplanting be sure to select a spot fully exposed to the sun; if anyways shaded they will produce an abundance of foliage, but not a single flower.

Set plants about a foot apart; if too close they will be apt to mildew. Make the soil as rich as possible, using well rotted cow manure. A light porous soil is best suited for Verbena culture. A good bed of Verbena is a sight that will dazzle the eye with its brilliancy, it being "a brilliant carpet of unnumbered dyes."

Some writers contend that a bed of Verbenas grown two or three years in the same place will be diseased with rust, but I have no trouble with it. In a bed of Verbenas from seed you will find new colors every spring. I have noticed in a bed of dark varieties only the first year, white and other new colors the succeeding spring, among which was a white one with a light green centre, a very novel color, and also very pretty.

The inexperienced are in the habit of thinking that this plant is more easily grown than it really is; no plant will sooner show neglect than this. It will succeed very poorly in a stiff soil that bakes. The plant is a half hardy perennial, blooming soon after sown. There is a variety called Montana that is perfectly hardy, surviving the coldest winters without harm and literally covers itself with its rose-colored flowers from the middle of April until winter sets in. It is altogether a most desirable variety, and one that I would advise all to have. If you have any doubts as to your ability to grow it from seed, I would say buy plants from the florists, some of whom sell as many as twenty plants for one dollar. If you possess not a hot-bed, seed may be sown in shallow boxes the latter part of March and placed in a sunny window on the south side of the house, and kept covered with a pane of glass or a board; the glass is best.

Seed do not require light to germinate, but it is absolutely necessary after germination takes place or the seedlings will be spindling and never will produce good flowers. Do not fall in the common error of sowing seed too thick, as besides drawing them up spindling, it interferes with transplanting. To all who have not tried this plant, I would say give it a trial. You will not be disappointed. Always buy mixed papers of seed, unless you wish a particular variety.

Hampton, Va.

W. G. JOY.

Othonna.—Has anybody tried Othonna as a water plant? I experimented a little last winter with it, and am much pleased with the result. The foliage is more graceful than our old standby, Tradescantia. Last December I put some short sprays in a hanging-basket made of a broken goblet covered with scarlet worsted and silver cardboard; filled it with soft water, and put in a little charcoal. It soon put out roots and grew and blossomed, and in April it hung down a foot, and the roots filled the goblet. I was so pleased with this, I filled a tall white vase with wet sand and put some in that on the mantle. This soon reached the mantle and lay on the mat on which the vase stood. Then I put some in a glass stand for cut flowers, in wet sand. It looks well all the time, and makes a pretty draping when the stand is filled with cut flowers.

M. J. P.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cyclamen from Seed.—Will you tell me how to treat Cyclamen raised from seed, and how old they must be before they blossom?

Cornwall, Vt. MRS. E. A. WARREN.

Answer.—The little seedling bulbs as soon as large enough to handle, should be potted off and grown rapidly without drying off. If well tended they will soon form bulbs which will flower in from nine to eighteen months from the time the seed was sown. Under the old treatment of drying off and resting, it usually took three years to bring the bulb to a blooming state.

Wax Plant Seeding.—Can Hoya Carnosa (Wax Plant) be raised from seed? I have a large plant which has seeded several times. Do they often seed?

Guilford. MRS. H. N. DAVIS.

Answer.—The Wax Plant does not often seed with us. If planted in bottom heat the seed would vegetate, but it is not worth planting when increase is so easily effected by cuttings.

Calla Lily leaves turning yellow.—I have a Calla Lily which I keep well watered, but the leaves turn yellow as soon as half grown. What is the cause?

MRS. SALLIE J. HUNT.

Mayfield, Ky.

Answer.—Perhaps poor, sodden, sour soil; perhaps want of light, or both. Repot your plant in good light soil, and give it all the sun you can.

Roses Sickly, etc.—My Roses in pots grew well for two months then began to look sickly, and the leaves dropped off. How shall I treat Tritoma? Let me suggest the culture of the wild Collinsia; it makes a beautiful bed of blue. Can you name the enclosed Geranium?

MRS. M. F. BOOTH.

Bardolph, Ill.

Answer.—Your Roses were probably badly potted, the soil became sour and the roots died. Roses need a rich soil, but it should be open and well drained.

The Tritomas are bulbs from the Cape of Good Hope. Pot them in October in sandy loam, grow them in a sunny window and they will bloom about February; then diminish the supply of water, and when the foliage dies put the bulbs in the pots away to rest until the season for repotting.

The pretty blue flower you enclose as a Collinsia is Polemonium reptans. You probably have Collinsia verna, a very handsome plant with blue and white flowers, in the woods, and have confounded the names.

Your "Geranium" is Arbutum, the best of the low-growing varieties for bedding.

Akebia quinata, etc.—Please let me know when Akebia quinata blooms. What is the cause of Oleander buds falling off?

HATTIE SHERMAN.

Ohio.

Answer.—Akebia quinata blooms about the twentieth of May. The flowers are very curious, the male and female looking very unlike. Your Oleander has been kept too dry, or you have changed the temperature too rapidly. Either of these causes would make it drop the buds.

Fernery doing Badly.—Can you tell me what to do with my Fern case? I have bought Ferns and got them from the woods; they do well for a time and then rot.

Andulasia, Ill.

Answer.—You have kept them too wet, or if under a glass shade, given too little air. When ferneries are moist they need no water, and they should always be well drained.

Variegated Ivy Geranium turning green.

—**Passion Flowers.**—I have a beautiful Ivy-leaved Geranium. When it was small the green leaves were bordered with white, tinged with pink. How shall I restore the color? Where can I obtain a plant of Passion Flower?

F. E. HUSELTON.

Westford, Vt.

Answer.—You have grown your Geranium too well and in the shade. Variegated plants often revert to the green state. Let the plant become a little pot-bound and expose to full sun, and the colors will return.

You can procure plants of Passion Flowers from any greenhouse, but they are rather large for house plants. P. Empress Eugenie is the best purple.

Names of Plants.—**Ipomeas.**—How should Ipomeas be planted?

MRS. JENNIE MCKEE.

Chevanse, Ill.

Answer.—Sow Ipomeas in the garden, and treat like the common Morning Glory. Your Fuchsia is F. speciosa. The tall ever-blooming shrubby plant with bright red upright flowers is Aechinia Malva-viscus, one of the best house plants.

Ivy and Oak Leaved Geraniums not blooming.

—Can you tell me how to make my Ivy Geranium bloom? Does the Oak-leaved Geranium ever bloom?

MRS. L. L. PHILLIPS.

Seranton, Pa.

Answer.—Both the Ivy and Oak-leaved Geraniums usually flower when stunted in growth. Let your plants become pot-bound and you will get bloom, but the foliage is far better than the flowers.

Double Zinnias coming single.—How can my Zinnias be made to produce double bloom when seed is gathered from double flowers? The tendency is to come single and we lose many beautiful ones.

Accotank, Va.

JAMES HUNTER, JR.

Answer.—Your question would puzzle anyone to answer. The rules of the production of double flowers are yet a mystery, and we all take chances in trying. Save only the seeds on the outer rows of the flowers, and you may get better flowers.

Cape Jasmine Culture.—I have a Cape Jasmine two years old which I long to see bloom. Will you tell me how to treat it?

New London, Ct.

MRS. J. T. WILLIAMS.

Answer.—The Cape Jasmine is botanically a Gardenia. Grow it in a warm room. Give it plenty of sun and it should bloom from May into the summer. In summer set it on a piazza or plunge the pot in the garden. It grows in summer setting buds which open from February onward according to heat given.

Roses in the Parlor.—**Heavy Dew on Ivy.**

—My Ivy grows well and looks thrifty, but there is a sticky substance on the leaves. I wash them but it comes again. What will make Roses bloom in the window in winter?

L. P.

Chicago, Ill.

Answer.—The sticky substance on your Ivy is "heavy dew;" its cause is yet a disputed question; it does no injury, and your treatment is correct.

Very few Roses do well as window plants. The old-fashioned Monthly Roses are the best for house culture. None of the newer varieties will give half

the satisfaction that one may get from a plant of the old. Sanguinea agrippina (red) usually does well. Adam (pink) and safrana (buff) will usually bloom, but the large double Roses are useless for house culture.

Name of Plant.—Can you tell me the name of the enclosed? It was given me as a wild flower from Massachusetts.

MYRA A. PRICE.

Mendola, Ill.

Answer.—The plant is Epigaea repens, called also New England May Flower, Ground Laurel, and Trailing Arbutus. It is found from Maine to Virginia, and is the first flower of spring. Its delicate beauty and delicious fragrance make it a universal favorite.

Spots upon Foliage of House Plants.—I am much troubled by a disease upon my plants. I enclose two leaves, an Ivy and Abutilon. It shows itself in large discolored spots upon the leaves, appearing in a few hours.

E. B. F.

Beloit, Wis.

Answer.—The leaves sent are evidently sun-burned, and you must look to the glass under which your plants are kept for the cause. You say it did not appear in winter nor until the sun grew strong. It is very common in greenhouses, and care has to be used in selecting glass. A minute defect in the glass may form a burning glass, and if the focus falls on a leaf it is burned. Your treatment of your plants is right in every respect. Your only remedy for burning is to find the lights of glass which do the mischief and replace them with others.

Names of Clematis.—**Shape of Flower-bed.**

—Please give names and colors of four of the choice varieties of Clematis. Please give me an idea for shape of a flower-bed.

MRS. DAVIS.

Upper Alton, Ill.

Answer.—Supposing you want hardy Clematis, we reply Azarea grandiflora, large, blue; Juehmani, deep purple; Sophia, light-blue; Standishii, whitish. The last is a little tender.

An oval flower-bed shows off plants to great advantage.

Name of Plant.—Enclosed I send root of a plant purchased of a Freuchman in Richmond five years ago. It comes up in the spring and every year there is added about ten new roots like the one sent. How can I make it bloom? What is it?

Wilson, N. C.

JAS. S. WIGGINS.

Answer.—It is very difficult to name a plant from a root, and the plants sold by Frenchmen in our cities every spring are generally not worth either planting or naming. The root appears to be a Dahlia or perhaps a Dioscorea if the plant is a vine? In either case it should have bloomed. Send us leaves and we will try to assist you further. It may also possibly be Erythrina herbaeca.

Lemon Geranium.—Please tell me what Lemon Geranium needs. I have given mine all attention and have been unsuccessful.

L. P. H.

Austin.

Answer.—Do you mean Lemon Geranium or Lemon Verbena? If the former, pot in common garden soil and grow in a sunny window. Be careful not to over water. If the latter, plant out during the summer in any common garden soil, and store in a cellar free from frost in winter.

A LITTLE WINDOW GARDEN.

A few years ago I had quite a pretty window garden, not many flowers, but green and growing all winter, under many disadvantages. The window I used faced nearly north; it had a little sunshine, however; no shutters to the window and only an ordinary white blind. It was a very cold winter, and we kept a fire in the room day and night.

We were living in a small town, and wire baskets were scarce and dear, so I went to a tinner's, bought some wire and borrowed a pair of pliers, and made a basket for myself at very trifling cost; I lined it with moss from the woods; filled it with ground from the same place; planted in it a German or parlor Ivy, a Kenilworth Ivy, and a Wandering Jew. They all grew very well; the parlor Ivy was inclined to be rather delicate, but by pinching it back, and only letting it grow up the handles, kept it in good condition, having to give it close attention, however, for it was much troubled with green bugs, which I had to pick off nearly every day.

The Kenilworth Ivy grew and bloomed nearly all the time without any trouble, except pinching off the ends when they grew too long, to keep it full on top. The Wandering Jew had such very fine leaves on it, threw out a great many of its pretty red threads and clusters of leaves, and in the spring, much to my surprise, a tall flower stalk, which remained in bloom for some weeks. But I must tell you how my window was arranged. It looked so pretty that I made a little sketch of it.

In the middle hung my canary bird on one side the basket I have just mentioned; on the other, a common cigar box, suspended with twine, completely filled with *Tradescantia zebrina*, so that no box was seen. It grew so fast and bloomed so freely its beautiful wee purple flowers were a delight the whole winter. As the ends grew too long, I pinched them off and put them in the box to keep it full, or any place where there was room for them.

In the fall I put a piece of *Nasturtium* into a jar of water; it sent out plenty of roots, and bloomed until nearly Christmas, when it looked so delicate I threw it away. I had also a white *Petunia* in a cigar box; it bloomed very late, then looked so green and pretty all winter and began to bloom again in April.

I found cigar boxes very good for planting in; they stand well close together, and do not dry out like crocks. On cold nights I put a newspaper between the plants and the glass, and if very cold pinned up my bird cage and each of my hanging-baskets in a separate paper, and they were never touched by the cold the whole winter. I had a *Rose Geranium* and a box of *Ground Ivy*, which delighted me by blooming early in February, and some *Ferns* which are always interesting, the different shaped leaves, and their curious way of coming up, like hairy caterpillars more than anything else.

In the fall I took in some pretty *Chrysanthemums*; after they were done blooming, cut them down and kept them on account of the pretty fresh shoots that came up. I had also a little *Cactus*, a thick, flat oval, leaf with clusters of prickles on it. The buds all came out of the edges; some were leaf-buds, and two or three were bright yellow flowers, lemon-scented. Through some carelessness it died, and I have never been able to get another, not knowing its name; had also a little orange tree, which I bought in bloom; about a dozen oranges formed, but they fell off one after another. I could not keep it warm enough; the rest by care in watering and turning them round, kept very pretty all winter. E. H. E.

[Written specially for the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.]

Winnifred's Will.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

CHAPTER XII.

"When Pandora allowed unnumbered evils to escape into the world, she left hope at the bottom of the casket."

It was a sunny May-day at Halcourt Hall—a warm, bright, genial day for the season. The noble trees in the oak avenue were budding, and the waters of Glenmere shone blue and benignant under a soft spring haze. The gray stone of the old Hall was softened by a curtain of vines, and the whole place had been transformed as if by magic, since we first saw it five years ago. The borders were trimmed and neat, and glowing with blossomed shrubs and clusters of rich flowers. The turf was like three-ply velvet, and beautifully kept drives and gravel paths stretched in all directions where new vistas had been cut to afford glimpses of the mountains and lake. Two noble century plants in carved stone pots fronted the entrance, and there a fountain was tossing up its crystal jet in the sunshine.

A hound of noble size, but very old, and almost blind and toothless, lay stretched on a rug where the sun streaked across the threshold, and now and then he lifted his head to snap at an imaginary insect. The gardener was setting his green-house plants outside in the sun, while his assistant cut the thick sweet grass with a lawn-mower. The delicate scent of lilacs was in the air, mingled with odors of new-mown hay, and the garden and orchard were one broad sheet of blossoms. It was the same old orchard where five years before two young girls, one dark, the other sunny-haired, had sat together in loving confidence. Now the blue birds and robins were singing with distracting sweetness in among the fragrant branches, and the old place had renewed itself, and put on an air of stately, dignified age.

As the lawn-mower clicked over the greensward, laying down little swathes of odorous grass, a tall, erect young woman in a broad-brimmed black hat that shaded her face, and a close clinging black gown just relieved by a bit of white linen at the throat, came through the door. Old Hector gave a feeble whine of pleasure as he got upon his tottering feet to receive a pat from the hand of his mistress. For a moment she paused on the broad stone step looking out on the glorious blossomed earth, and drinking in the sweets of this incomparable morning.

From the first glance it was plain that Winnifred Braithwaite had grown older, had matured and ripened since we last saw her. Her form had lost the meagreness and angularity of girlhood, and was beautifully rounded. The noble head sat easily on fine shapely shoulders. The complexion, dark and warm, had a rich glow of health, and abundant glossy hair rippled over the low broad forehead. Her expression was no longer fitful and capricious, but the clear gray eyes looked out with calm, steady, decisive glances. She was a woman self-poised and complete.

As Winnie stood there, in graceful posture, looking out over her domain, a bath-chair was wheeled around an angle of the house by a colored lad who had his mouth made up to whistle, but refrained out of respect to the inmate. Though his slender legs and arms had elongated since we last saw him, the crisp locks under the velvet cap, the jaunty figure, the expression of light-hearted carelessness unmistakably belonged to the Steenie of old. The chair contained a large, inert woman with but a feeble gleam of intelligence in the dull face, but still with a look which seemed to indicate that the motion of the vehicle gave her a degree of pleasure.

"Are you going away again, Winnifred?" she asked in a dissatisfied tone. "I have scarcely seen anything of you for two whole days."

"No, mamma, I am not going away," and Winnie

stooped down and took the nerveless hand in hers and patted it. "I have been a bad girl to neglect you so long; but you must try and pardon me, because I have been overrun with business and company."

"You never tell me anything," said Mrs. Braithwaite, unwilling to show that she was appeased, though it did please her to let her hand rest in Winnie's, and be gently patted, "but I have a way of finding out things for myself, and I know who has been here."

"I am willing to tell you all that will interest you, mamma, except those little trifles that are of no consequence, and might fret your mind."

"There's a deal goes on," returned Mrs. Braithwaite in the tone of a peevish child, "that never comes to my knowledge, but I happened to spy Charles Fortescue going away from the house after he had been here a good three hours."

"He ought to have known better than to come," said Winnifred, with an amused smile, and the air of being used to her mother's little scenes, and bearing them with the utmost patience and good humor. "Wheel mamma down into the oak avenue, Steenie, and bring me a camp-chair from the house, and then you may leave us."

When they were seated under the great spreading boughs with patches of soft blue sky interspersed, Mrs. Braithwaite began again on her grievance.

"You are not frank with me, Winnifred, though for a long time you have tried to be good and considerate. But you are not frank. I don't suppose it belongs to the Braithwaites to be frank, but I know what Charles Fortescue's errand was, and all about the doings of his mother, and those nasty, sly, designing girls."

Winnifred leaned forward and smoothed her mother's gray hair with a light soothing touch.

"He has gone away, mamma, on a long leave of absence. He has had his walking papers; now don't worry about him."

"But you are not frank, Winnifred, you know you are not," and the pathetic wrinkles deepened in Mrs. Braithwaite's forehead. "Some day, I suppose, I shall suddenly have it told me you are going to be married, and I don't know how in my feeble state, with this weakness in my knees, I shall bear the shock."

The amusement broke out more brightly than ever in Winnie's face and dimpled it all over.

"No," said she, printing a light kiss on the corrugated brow. "It is quite needless for you to borrow trouble about anything so very unlikely. I haven't the remotest idea of taking unto myself a husband, and if such an idea should ever seriously enter my head, I will tell you at once, as I am in duty bound. You shall not have a son-in-law sprung upon you, mamma."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at her for a moment with a puzzled face, for nothing ever threw her into such mazes of perplexity as Winnie's light, bantering tone.

"Do you mean to say that you have made up your mind not to marry at all, that you are going to live and die single?"

"I couldn't positively affirm it if I were put upon oath," looking at her with a half roguish, half perverse expression. "We never know what folly we may be blindly led into, but at present I look upon myself as doomed to the awful fate of a spinster."

Mrs. Braithwaite heaved a great sigh and shook her head dismally. She was as little pleased with this alternative as the other.

"It's unnatural that a great heiress and a beauty like you, with dozens and dozens of offers, should dry away into an old maid. You don't confide in me, Winnifred, but I know who comes here. There's Colonel Peasley, and Judge Barber, and that young lawyer from New York, and Charles Fortescue."

"Don't take the trouble to name them over," cried Winnie, gaily, "they are all on the condemned list, and no hope of a reprieve."

Mrs. Braithwaite looked at her with a bewildered and disapproving face.

"I don't understand you," she said mournfully. "Per-

haps I haven't the wit to understand things. Your father often said so. But if you had married your Cousin Bradley—

"Don't," returned Winnie, in a low voice, while her whole manner changed. She rose to her feet, and half averted her face.

"I know you always try to turn me away from that subject," the mother resumed with the dull persistency which belongs to such a nature.

"Yes, I do, mamma, because it pains me, and I am sure you cannot wish to make me suffer needlessly."

"But if it pains you, Winnie, how can you pardon that sly, bad girl, and say you love her still? I always predicted that she would bring harm as soon as she was let into the house, and she did do mischief of the worst kind. She got Bradley away from you with her underhand maneuvering, and bewitched the poor boy nobody knows how. She contrived it so slyly that she carried him right off from under your very eyes, and though I'm naturally easy going, it does put me out to have you say you forgive her."

Winnie grew rigid, and her face showed that patience was taxed to its extreme limits, while her mother went maundering along with her head put back on the pillow of the Bath chair, and her eyes closed in remonstrance against her daughter's course.

"I know you can't understand it," returned Winnie, with a desperate sense of her own helplessness, in view of the opacity of her mother's mental perceptions, "but I am a very obstinate and self-willed girl, mamma. My feelings will never change, and if you love me, you will let this subject drop."

"Well, I shall always call that girl a sly trollop," sighed Mrs. Braithwaite, who took a certain pleasure in standing out against her daughter. "You have always been called high-strung, and how you could bear to have that pale-faced, hypocritical thing carry off your lover, and then persist in doting on her, is a mystery; and, to cap all, the impudent creature has gone and called her first baby after you, Winnie, Braithwaite Halcourt."

Winnie drew in her breath hard to prevent an impatient, perhaps violent outburst. For a long time she had tried to discipline herself in forbearance toward this mother, who was shut out from most of the interests and feelings of her life.

"Mamma," she said at last, with deliberate calmness, "Bradley never was my lover."

"But you were engaged to be married."

"I have explained that over and over."

"Yes, about the property. And then you would go and divide the estate, and settle half on that woman."

Winnie felt the tension slacken round her heart now that Mrs. Braithwaite had begun harping on the other string of her grievance.

"I did it, mamma, because it was just and right. My Uncle Harold was defrauded of his share of the property, and I only gave back what belonged to his family; but you know very well that Bradley has never touched one penny. He refused it absolutely, and it has been settled on Aunt Edith for life, and is then to go to Bradley's children."

"And they say she is living like a queen on the other side of the water. I wouldn't have minded if she had come down a good many pegs in the world. But she hasn't forgiven Bradley for marrying that chit, and I can't blame her. I never liked Edith Halcourt, for she did not appear to know when I was in the room; and the old Judge hated her like poison. But where did you say Bradley was living? In some dirty back street in the city?"

"Yes, mamma. They live, I am told, in a little, plain cheap house in not a very nice neighborhood, and Bradley works hard in his profession."

"And what do they call him?"

"A journalist. He has done himself great credit, and his name will one day be spoken with honor."

"Well, Winnie," heaving a deep, disapproving sigh, "I never had much opinion of them writers for newspapers. They say it ain't a respectable business, and no Halcourt has ever gone quite so low before."

"Note on poor Uncle Edwin," returned Winnie, sarcastically, "who broke his wife's heart, and ended his days in a gambling house. You are mistaken, mamma. Bradley has ennobled himself by marrying the woman he loved, and doing honest work. He has lifted himself infinitely above all the idle, spendthrift Halcourts that ever lived. If he had married me he would probably have gone to the bad like my great uncle, Edwin."

"Because you have such strange, independent notions, and such a strong will of your own. They say the husband ought always to be first, but you must rule wherever you are. Now, I suppose that poor little weak thing Bradley has married, would put her hand in the fire if he told her to. She ought to be ashamed to let him slave his life out to support her."

Winnie's impatience could not be restrained.

"Oh, mamma, how cruel, how unjust you are to her! Virginia is a perfect wife. All these years she has lived

with only one servant, and her house is a gem of neatness. She has trained her little children beautifully, and, oh, mamma" (the tears sprang into Winnie's eyes), "she has taught them to love me, and to lip a little prayer for Aunt Winnie, as they call me, night and morning. My heart often yearns for those children. I must have them here when they are old enough to come in the care of a nurse."

"Well, now, that caps the climax!" exclaimed Mrs. Braithwaite, lifting her hands. "I'll warrant the boy is as artful as his mother, and he will worm himself into your good graces, and the next news will be that you are going to make him your heir. You are a strange girl, Winnie; anybody else would have got married long ago to spite Bradley after his shameful treatment."

The amused look came back into Winnie's face.

"I suppose I am a strange creature. You tell me so often, mamma, and I am bound to believe you. But now you have put it into my head about making little Bradley my heir, who knows but I may adopt the idea? There would then be Halcourts of Halcourt."

Mrs. Braithwaite gave her a really frightened glance.

"Oh, you couldn't be in earnest about that," she said, rousing herself with unusual energy. "It would just kill me, and if I could see your own children about you, I should die happy. Why don't you take that nice Colonel Peasley. I know I should always like him. He is so kind and attentive, and seems to enjoy my conversation."

Winnie laughed merrily, and again stooped down to pat her mother's hand.

"Have you never heard, mamma, of the mother being courted for the daughter's sake? I am sorry I cannot regard Colonel Peasley as warmly as you do, but I happen to know that he is a tyrannical, despotic man who hides a cruel, cold nature under a set smile, and who would find the addition of my fortune to his own small property a comfortable arrangement."

Mrs. Braithwaite sat still a moment with a hopelessly blank expression.

"You never like the people I like; you are always seeing something in them I can't make out. And now for three nights running I have had a bad dream, and I suppose you will be vexed if I tell you how it has worried me. I dreamed that you were married to Edgar Swayne, and I would rather be laid out cold in my coffin than have that happen."

A shade of annoyance passed quickly over Winnie's face.

"Why will you torment yourself, mamma, about things never likely to happen? It would be cruel to me if you were to drive away Mr. Swayne, who is my friend and helper, and who has worked nobly among our poor people for small reward."

"But he means to get his reward," broke forth Mrs. Braithwaite, for the spirit of prophecy was now upon her. "He is slow and sure and is doing it all for pay. He would wait twenty years and never give up the hope of winning you in the end. It makes me feel just ready to fly when I see him come and coax you off to the school, and to nurse those dirty miners and their children. I see what his aim is, if I am a poor, old, lame creature glued into my chair, and never to take a step again as long as I live. When that catching fever broke out on the mountain, wasn't you away for days tending the sick people; and I expected nothing but what you would bring it home in your clothes, and we should all come down. I lay awake nights and fretted the flesh off my bones for fear you would get sick yourself."

"Poor mamma," returned Winnie in a softened voice. "did you fret like that about your troublesome girl? You ought to have been thankful that I was able to help Mr. Swayne and poor old Father Dooley, who were real heroes. When I saw how self-sacrificing and tender and devoted that old priest could be to the sick, in spite of his dirty hands and disagreeable habits, I was ashamed of having disliked him all my life. Then he took the fever and died, and everybody was loud in his praises. I think if poor papa had lived until now he would have been sorry for his harshness toward the old priest. Now that the young priest from Clovernook comes to see you as often as you wish, I am sure you ought not to begrudge me the help and friendship of Mr. Swayne, who takes so many burdens off my shoulders. His advice is invaluable to me, and when I follow it I am pretty sure to go right, and when I stand out against it I find I have made a sad blunder. He is such a true friend, so utterly unselfish and good, I wish I could teach you to think kindly of him, and drop all foolish suspicions. I will never do anything, mamma, to make you unhappy. I have been hard, and unloving, and cruel, in times past, but now I will always think of you first, and if I am impatient sometimes you will try and forgive your girl, who is so imperfect, and so self-willed by nature that she can attain but slowly and painfully to the virtues that belong to gentle woman."

The tears came into the mother's faded eyes, and she took Winnie's hand that was resting on the chair, and pulled her down to kiss her face.

"Don't talk like that, Winnie. You are as good as ever you can be, and I know I fret you, being so bright and quick, because I am dull. Your father always was fretted by my dullness, but how could I help it, if it wasn't given me to understand quick? I won't fret any more about anything if it troubles you, dear. There, I am tired now. Let Steenie come and take me in."

Winnie still lingered in the avenue after her mother had been wheeled away. The invitations of the blue weather, the sweet scents, and bird songs of spring-time were irresistible. And yet she was not thinking of these, that May-day as she stood there under the budding boughs of her ancestral trees, but of the past, and of how deeply old memories and old loves were rooted within her. The breeze seemed to whisper the names of Virginia and Bradley, but the bitterness, the fever, the anguish were gone from her heart forever. Her eyes had cleared their vision, and were now steady and calm. She could dimly discern the meaning of her life discipline, and her great sorrow. As she stood there erect, and tall, and self-sustaining, with a certain majesty of form revealed by the clinging folds of her black dress, with her hat off, and the sunshine playing over her hair, she did not know that interested and curious eyes were watching her from the porch of Finster's cottage. Now there was a porch to the fisherman's abode very prettily embowered in vines and trees. A few gay flowers peeped out from the garden borders, and the whole place had put on an unwonted air of neatness and comfort. Mrs. Finster's children were "out of the way." The family prospects had brightened, and she was a better housewife, although her gown still showed an inclination to slip off her helpless form. At that moment the humpish baby, a flaxen-headed boy of six, was calmly fishing in the lake for gudgeons, with a pin hook, while his mother sat on the porch gossiping with black Nanna, who, old and unwieldy now, and long exempt from service, and a privileged member of the family at the Hall, would toddle down in sunny weather to wear away an hour with the "pore white trash," not bating, however, one jot of the grand air of condescension with which she conferred her favors. Her teeth were gone; the "rheumatiz" had racked her joints, but she was always "tanking de Lord" because she could "sense" things as good as she ever could. The high colored turban still kept its perch on top of her crown, and she was wagging it now impressively as she turned up the whites of her eyes, and said with great fervor:

"Dunno but ole Nanna's hars would had gone down in sorrier to de grave, ef dat dar chile had been sent to lock-up. But ef you b'leve it was little Missy as save him from dat. She talk and talk so solemn and awful, like de day of judgment, dat dar chile went down on his knees and cried fit to break his heart, and she forgave him den, and has nebbber flung it up agin him, and dat dar chile would be cut up into little pieces, ef his missus ordered, widout ever so much as winkin'. Some folks can only be kep' straight, in dis world, by lovin'. It's de same wid brack folks as wid white folks; and ef it hadn't been for little Missy holdin' on, and beleevin', and forgivin' wid all her might, dat boy would be a son of perditions, a by-word, and a hissin', as de Bible says."

The old creature stopped to wipe the grateful tears from her eyes.

"I used to think she was mighty high feelin' and stuck up," remarked Mrs. Finster, "and would as soon step on poor folks as not. But something come along to change her. I 'spose it was her disappointment. Some folks a disappointment kills, and some it cures. She never carried her head a bit lower, but her voice had a different ring, and she got ho'd of Finster, and showed him she was willing to help him if he would help himself; and she sent Malviny to school, and fixed up the place; and the two oldest boys has got good situations on a farm, and Jake is learning the printer's trade down in York. Finster is a changed man. He gives the rum-shop a wide berth, and we get along a sight better than we used to. He's that tender-hearted, Finster is, misfortune keels him right over, but there never was a better man when things go straight, and there's clear sailin'."

Mrs. Finster shut her eyes and rocked pensively to and fro in the sunshine.

"Bress her heart!" returned Nanna, "ef dese blin' ole eyes could see her married to a good husband, wid children growin' up like plants in de Lord's vineyard, den would she say 'now let d'y servant 'part in peace.' But shore, honey, dar's plenty ob gemmens dat come a-ridin' and a-prancin' to de door; an', bress your heart, she's gran' and high as de Queen ob Sheby wid dem all. 'Twould do your eyes good to see her a-settin' at de table in her brack velvets, a-helpin' out of de silver dishes to kunnel dis, and jedge dat. But she won't take none of 'em, and dey knows it, shore's you're alive, honey."

"Folks do say she was dreadfully ent up about her cousin," remarked Mrs. Finster. "Who'd a thought all the time he had his heart sot on Miss Jinny? And that day he came and took her out in the boat, I never mistrusted there was anything underhand going on; and I

can't think no harm of Miss Jinny now, she was so good to my Jake, and most saved his life. He sees her every week in the city, and is always writing home about the baby and little Winnie, and is just ready to break his neck for them all. I can't think no harm of Miss Jinny; but folks did talk hard of him; and mebbe if she had married him, they'd have said he took her for her money, for it ain't easy suitin' all round."

"Folks had better hole deir tongues," responded Nanna, with withering scorn. "De Halcourts wouldn't wipe deir ole shoes on dem gabblers. I've nussed Halcourts, and brung up Halcourts, an' I can speak and tell folks dat my missis didn't marry Mass'r Bradley canse why she didn't want him; an' she was willin' he should have Miss Jinny, willin' as water."

This was a theory of the case which had that moment popped into the old woman's head, but having once pronounced it she was ready to swear to its truth on the lids of the Bible.

"Well," responded Mrs. Finster, shutting her eyes with a misunderstood air, "mebbe I had no call to speak, but folks will talk unless you cut their tongues out, and I guess the Halcourts couldn't go that length. It was all in the papers at the time, and now folks do say she's going to marry Mr. Swayne."

"Ef de debble keeps dem tongues runnin', old Nanna won't hearken. She'll stuff her ears wid cotton. Marry Mass'r Edgar! De Lord hab massy on us!" and the old creature arose in a high state of indignation and hobbled away homeward.

Winnie, meantime, had strayed down the avenue in meditative mood, and almost before she was aware had struck into the mossy wood path along the border of the lake, where shining glimpses of water were framed in the arching boughs of aromatic hemlocks and larches. The ground was starred with pale anemones, and the fragile wood sorrel, and clusters of the little smiling spring beauty. She stooped to gather a handful of the blossoms, and a footfall came behind her, so softly that she was unaware of its approach until by accident she turned and discovered Edgar Swayne, who had been watching her for a moment in silence. Winnie went forward and shook hands with frank friendliness.

Five years spent mainly in the open air, in that healthy hill country, had strengthened the slight, nervous, student form. He had left his books to deal with men and things, and his frame had expanded, his delicate forehead had browned, and the slightly consumptive bend of the shoulders had almost disappeared.

"You dropped down upon my path like a brownie," said Winnie, laughing. "and just at the moment, too, when I was thinking of you."

The young man, for Edgar Swayne was still young, looked at her with an air of pleased surprise.

"Were you, indeed, wasting any thoughts on me, Miss Braithwaite?"

"I will tell you my thoughts," she answered, looking down to fasten the cluster of wild geranium she held, in the front of her dress, "and I think you will say they were not idle or unprofitable, such as a woman's thoughts are usually supposed to be. I was reflecting upon the fact that I have been very selfish to wish you to remain in this place, where your work among the poor people has been noble but obscure; where, indeed, your fine talents have been hidden in a napkin. You now have it in your power to secure a congenial position where your ability and scholarship will at once be recognized. I feel that it is my duty to urge you to accept the professorship in the new college at Hillsdale, which I know has been offered you within the past week. Your success is assured, and no one will rejoice in it more heartily than I shall."

The glow died out of Edgar's face, and when he spoke his voice was constrained and unnatural.

"Miss Braithwaite, I will go away immediately if you wish it. Your will shall be my law. But I had come here to tell you that I have declined the professorship at Hillsdale, that I have no earthly ambition higher than to be called schoolmaster at the mines, and teacher and preacher at large among these scattered mountain villages. But if you have other views, Miss Braithwaite, of course I will retire at once."

There was some difficulty to be overcome in his speech, and he paused abruptly as if from inability to go on.

A generous flush overspread Winnie's face, and she spoke out with her usual impulsiveness.

"Mr. Swayne, you do me injustice, and it is not kind. My motives ought to be as clear to you as the noonday. You have no right to misunderstand me. For the sake of the poor people who love and honor you so religiously, I could wish you to remain here always. Without cant, or a show of superior virtue, you have by the weight of personal character gained an influence over these rude folk that is simply astonishing. I should not know where to turn for helper or friend," she added, her voice giving way a little, "if you were to leave us; but it has seemed too costly a sacrifice to ask you to remain."

"It is no sacrifice, Miss Braithwaite." Edgar had half

averted his face and was trying to maintain a cool, even tone of voice, but knowing nothing, seeing nothing but the beautiful woman before him. "You think better of me than I deserve, for my motives have not been lofty, my aims have not been noble. I am no hero and no saint, but a poor enough creature; and all the inspiration has come from you. You planned the new cottages, and built the school, and gathered the library. You instructed yourself in the rudiments of medical science that you might teach the women how to nurse their sick babies. I am willing to confess to you, Miss Braithwaite, that I have not had an eye single to God's glory. There has been much of human weakness and infirmity mingled with my work."

Winnie would have been glad to raise her eyes clearly and steadily to his, but somehow she could not.

"Mr. Swayne," said she, rather brusquely, "it is always your aim to underrate yourself and your doings, and that I consider almost as great a fault as an excess of egotism. I know how you have spent yourself to save the weak and help the needy—how nobly you have worked to reclaim the drunkard, how you have watched by sick beds night after night, and made your presence a joy and blessing in those poor cabins. Oh, Mr. Swayne, I have no thanks, for they are poor, meaningless phrases. Such a life as yours must be its own reward. I never loved philanthropy for its own sake. I can work by fits and starts, but am destitute of a steady aim. I am not disciplined to continued effort, for there are wild, untamed impulses within me, and at times a passionate spirit of rebellion against my lot in life, though it seems a favored one to the world. When the fever broke out in the cottages I desperately needed something to do, and if I hadn't worked hard in those days, tiring myself prodigiously, to put the past behind me, I should surely have done some evil. But unconsciously, almost to myself, you have led me to higher ground. I know now if I had gone unchecked through life, with full sway for my imperious will, I should have turned out a kind of monster, something abhorrent to nature. Though I curvet and rebel, and prance in the harness often enough, as it is, in my better moments I am willing to bend my neck to the yoke. If to any one, I shall owe it to you if those better impulses ever gain complete ascendancy."

A thousand emotions swept over Edgar, as he listened to this naive, frank confession, so characteristic of Winnie. He felt instinctively that he must put himself behind a barrier of reserve or his defences would be swept away.

"Miss Braithwaite," he said, coldly, "you honor me by your confidence, but you will excuse me from implicitly accepting your self-estimate. And, by the way, I had almost forgotten to tell you that the great event, the school festival, takes place to-morrow. Know then, as a profound secret, that you are to be crowned as lady patroness and presiding genius of the occasion. Polly Duff is to perform the ceremony of coronation, and little Lane Charley, Long Bill's boy, is to make a speech in your honor. Since Charley has turned out such a prodigy of learning, his father has grown ashamed of his ignorance, and now he comes sneaking into the night-school to learn to read. You would be amused to see the great giant, who could fell me with a blow of his fist, sitting with a primer before him puzzling over words of one syllable. Sharp Ben Harding, who is my right hand now in the night-school, is dressing the walls with greens, and Nancy Duff is so mollified by Polly's promotion that she has offered to scrub the school-room out gratis. Mary Smithers is to bake the tea cakes, and prepare the collation, for we are to have a little feast after the exercises, at which it is expected the lady patroness will preside; and I am sure it will do her heart good to see the many, many people she has made happier, and to be greeted on all sides with the good will and admiration and gratitude of those poor people, her faithful subjects and devoted friends."

"Oh, Mr. Swayne!" Winnie's voice choked and her eyes were full of tears, "how much I owe you that I can never repay! It is needless to try and tell you how grateful I am, but I know I have wounded you often, and I can ask you to forgive me."

Edgar Swayne was still young, and the blood had not grown sluggish or old in his veins. It was spring-time, and the birds were singing to their mates, and the wild flowers blooming at his feet. Suddenly he found himself whirled along by an irresistible tide. Something of whose power he was unconscious had gained control, and before he knew what he was doing he had seized Winnie's hand and was covering it with impassioned kisses. So tumultuous was the feeling that had mastered him the words came forth broken and disjointed.

"Oh, you must know how I love you, Miss Braithwaite. I love you now as years ago, only more fervently and irrationally. I loved you the first moment I heard the tones of your voice, and I shall carry that deep, undying love to the grave."

Winnie drew her hand away not abruptly, but gently, with an air of mild remonstrance and surprise.

"I hoped," she said, half sobbing, "that the wild, impracticable dream of those early years had vanished and been forgotten. I had relied on your generosity and great-

ness of soul, and had trusted that a deeper acquaintance with my defects of character would break the fatal spell. If I had it in my power to love any man I am not worthy to be loved by you, who are the noblest and the best of men."

"Do not drive me to despair with those sad, hopeless words," he cried, as if he were pleading for his life. "You do not know me or the abysses that have at times opened within my nature. There have been moments when I would have committed a crime to win your love. I shudder at my own self-abandonment when I think how conscience and duty might have shrivelled in the flame of an earthly passion. What acceptance can my acts have with God when I have thought first of serving and pleasing you? When I would willingly have toiled as a menial in your house for the one glance a day which was to keep me from perishing?"

"These are wild words," said Winnie, plaintively. "You are excited and know not what you say."

"No, I am not excited," and his face was almost stern in its white misery. "I have lived this over too many times; too long I have been slowly eating my heart, and striving to break the very spring of my life. Adoring you day by day with a stronger and more irrational love, I have said to myself no hope, no hope; but at the bottom of my heart some faint gleam has lingered. Oh, Winnie!" he cried, lifting his eyes to her face with an imploring prayer in them, "I could wait years and years, and make no sign. I can be obedient and docile as a dog that comes when you call, and goes at your bidding. I can live on the smallest crumb of comfort and consolation, but do not tell me that your heart still fatally clings to its love for that man, who has wronged you so cruelly. Do not command me not to hope," and his voice fell to a low thrilling whisper, "for if you do it will kill me."

Winnie turned away silently with a deep shade of thought on her face. The romance of her life had seemed so long past, that she was startled and awed by this passionate outbreak from one whose daily walk had been calm and tranquil during long years of constant intercourse with the family at the Hall. She stood so long quite silent, communing with herself, that Edgar's impatience could not be controlled.

"Do you bid me not to hope, Winnie? Do you quench the last gleam and bid me go away and hide my grief in the grave?"

Slowly she turned around and put out her hand.

"No, I do not tell you not to hope, but the task I am obliged to impose is perhaps too great for your strength. That which you wish can never take place while my mother lives, but if you are infinitely patient, and infinitely self-sacrificing, I will not command you not to hope."

Edgar sank upon his knees at her feet and his eyes were blinded by grateful tears.

THE END.

KEEP ON CHURNING.

After the battle of Long Island, which was fought Aug. 27, one hundred years ago, and after the capture of New York city by the British, Gen. Howe made his headquarters in New York, leaving Staten Island in command of Col. Dalrymple. The wounded from the bloody Brooklyn field were taken to the island and billeted upon the farm-houses. It was Howe's custom to visit the temporary hospitals regularly, in order to satisfy himself that his men were receiving proper care. On one occasion, during a heavy storm, he and his staff took shelter under a farmhouse shed. Farmer Cole, seeing the party outside, approached them with a hearty invitation to enter the house and rest till the storm should subside. Mrs. Cole was churning in the kitchen, and the guests occupied the sitting-room. "We are very hungry," said a member of the staff; "can you give us something to eat?"

"I can't leave my churn," said the practical housewife.

"I'll churn for you," said a splendidly-uniformed officer. Forthwith he was set to work, Mrs. Cole having taught him how to use the dasher.

As she proceeded with the culinary work, ever and anon she glanced at the toiling officer. "Well," said she to his brother officers, "if he can't use the sword better than the churn dasher, he must be a mighty poor soldier."

This sally raised a hearty laugh, in which the volunteer churner joined heartily. He kept on gallantly, the perspiration streaming from every pore. It was the hardest work he had ever done in his life.

"That's right," said Mrs. Cole, encouragingly; "keep on long enough and you'll fetch butter."

When the storm had ceased the military gentlemen took their leave, first offering to pay for their entertainment. "We don't keep tavern," said Mrs. Cole, with the short and decisive snap of the independent farmer's wife; and the officers rode away.

"Keep on long enough and you'll fetch butter," became a household expression in the British army, and was taken to the other side of the water, where it was uttered many a time to encourage those who were striving to accomplish results under difficulties.

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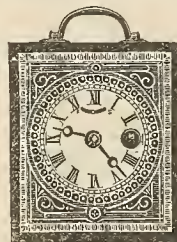
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD SUBJECTS.

Flowers are always appropriate for house decoration. Within the reach of all, they never "go out of style," and are always beautiful. I say within the reach of all, because to make a pretty bouquet does not require a great variety of flowers, or the petted darlings of the green-house. A few violets and leaves in a tiny vase are lovely, and many other wild flowers not so well known as the violets, are as delicate and pretty as some of the rare exotics. A little search in the woods, or on the cliffs, will reveal hundreds of them. The children, if once shown how to find them, will keep the vase always full. Nature's great flower-garden is free to all.

I differ with many persons as to what is a "pretty bouquet;" not the stiff bunches of flowers of all colors we so often see, surely. Two kinds of flowers, one of them white, with plenty of delicate green leaves, will always make a pretty dish bouquet; and in every bouquet a good deal of white and green is necessary; they soften and harmonize the whole. White and variegated Balsams make a pretty saucer bouquet, using short moss or curled parsley for green. Geranium leaves are not a necessity either; small Rose leaves, Myrtle, any delicate leaf will do, and the mosses of the Lycopodium family are most beautiful of all. Small glass vases with a rosebud, a spray of Heliotrope and two or three Fern leaves in it, is "a thing of beauty," which, they tell us, "is a joy forever." A pretty jelly glass will answer equally as well. Scarlet Sage and Wild Parsley make an exquisite bunch. Wild Parsley is a treasure. Once planted, it "volunteers" to an amazing extent, and blooms from June to September. The flowers are white and lace-like in appearance, and give a refined look to any bouquet.

Flat shells, filled with sand, are pretty bouquet-holders; fringe the edge with green, fill with purple and pink Verbenas, with Wild Parsley between them. Don't laugh at the combination of purple, pink and white, till you try it.

The broken goblets, with scarlet covers, are pretty filled entirely with green; twine Geranium Ivy round the handle, fill up with Ferns, Dusty Miller and Coleus. If hung by a long cord in a window, twine long sprays of Madeira vine up the cord, putting in short ones to droop. German and English Ivy and Madeira vine keep fresh in water a long time. Fill a vase with them; put it on a bracket under a picture, and train them up the long cords. English Ivy in pots grows wonderfully if the top of the earth is sprinkled with bone-dust, and the cold coffee poured on it once a week.

When the vines are all gone, the ferns, leaves, and grasses are a pretty substitute. Ferns will grow in shady, damp corners where nothing else will. They should be cut when well matured; the young, tender ones are too juicy, if I may use the expression, to press well. They should be kept in a warm room; a sudden change of temperature will make them curl. Arrange them in graceful bunches on the wall in the space where something is needed to "fill up" over or under a picture; wire them like autumn leaves, and put them round the picture frames. A few grasses improve these Fern bunches. Fasten them up with small pins. Fasten Ivies to the wall with double-pointed stick.

My experience is in favor of waxed leaves; they retain their colors better, and are less apt to curl. Put a piece of wax the size of a pea on each leaf, and iron with a warm iron till the coating of wax is smooth and very thin. Common beeswax will do. The Lycopodium pressed retain their color better than Ferns and never curl.

Grasses should be gathered before they get dry; and, if possible, arranged as they are to remain; if not, hang them in their natural position, not heads downwards; they never recover their drooping spirits after such treatment. To crystallize them, dissolve alum in boiling water, a pound to a pint; take it off the fire and put the grasses in, a few at a time; the solution is so strong it begins to deposit the instant it stops boiling; leave the grasses in a few seconds. In this way the most delicate grasses will take a fine frosting of crystals that will not weigh them down. Leave coarse grass in longer. Another way is to wet them and dip them in flour.

Don't make grass bouquets too large and stiff; make the effect as airy as possible. Put in a few bright berries and leaves. Asparagus berries are pretty and stay fresh all winter. A few grasses dyed scarlet may be put in, but not many. Heads of wheat and other grains are pretty.

By exercising a little forethought all these things may be secured in their season, and the pleasure they give more than repays the trouble, if trouble it is considered. Let me conclude with an account of my Centennial bouquet. I bought a handsome bunch of grasses in the Florida department of Agricultural Hall. The tall plumes attracted much attention, and, before I left the grounds, eighteen ladies asked me where I got "those beautiful grasses." WILD PARSLEY.

MOSESSES, LICHENS, AND FUNGI.

In this article I shall mainly treat of mosses, lichens and fungi, for the reason that, if prepared as they should be, in them lies a mine of floral wealth. They answer a purpose that flowers cannot reach, except everlastings. With them I shall combine some kind of grasses. They will make ornaments suitable to adorn a palace, or make the humblest cottage glad with beauty.

When at the Centennial, in the Horticultural Hall, I saw in some of the departments bouquets and bouquet-holders made up so pretty that you would almost imagine that you were in Paradise. The bouquets were of immortelles, that is, everlasting flowers, and grasses.

In the season of flowers I have a great variety, and make many bouquets for home, friends, church, and fairs. It is often remarked, "Your flower-stand is as pretty as your flowers." I will tell you first of the stand, then its making up. It was first made to hold water for flowers. I trimmed and filled it with flowers, and carried it to fairs. It was much admired, but it took so many, and they lasted so short a time, that I concluded to change the programme. I trimmed with moss not colored and running pine; it was quite pretty, but faded before the year was out.

In coloring fancy dyes, I experimented with mosses, fungi, and lichens. I brought out as nice colors as could be made on wool or silk; blue, black, green, orange, purple, scarlet, pink, all colors and shades of all colors that can be colored.

The stand is three or four inches higher than a common stand. The top is a good sized cheese-box cover. The standard is round; to the bottom is a square box about two inches high. If to hold water they should be puttied. It stands on four legs. I tacked on flour-sack paper to sew the moss on. From the top of the standard to the bottom of the legs I sewed on green twirl moss. I tied up the moss in bunches before sewing on. Then I made small bouquets, roses; the roses I made from the fungus; took yellow everlastings for the yellow in the centre of the rose; the colored mosses and lichens make beautiful bouquets. The paper from the rim of the top of the stand is nearly three-quarters of a yard long, cut at the bottom pointed, the points four inches. The first row is green; that is placed so it will stand up around the rim; then fill in as fancy dictates, but have the main body green.

I have five varieties of moss, besides a large leaf moss that grows on trees. I could hardly do without it for trimming. Have the top rounding. I first fill it with dry moss, the shape as I wish; make it quite high. At the end of each point make flowers that will hang from the point. I use grasses in the bouquets. The variety I use the most is Briza maxima. Don't forget the white. I use white everlasting; some fungi are white underside; those I turn the white side out; one kind of lichen is white, also one kind of moss.

If you wish to make your floral designs cheap, you can color annatto for orange, set with saleratus; also use soft soap; also aniline; then purchase a few of the fifteen cent fancy packages of dyes. I make crosses, wreaths, baskets, anything that fancy dictates. I have a fancy article I took to the fair and got a premium. I called it an ottomau. I have had it two years. It has not faded.

I will say here, next fall, if any one wishes samples of those fungi, mosses, and lichens, send a two cent stamp, and I will send them. While writing this, a lady came here. When she saw the stand she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, how did you make it so pretty?"

One word for the moss stand. I am too choice of it to put it on exhibition. To make nice fall bouquets of flowers, get a good variety of Gladiolus. You will not want much more. I have three autumns got the first premium on them over other bouquets of flowers.

MRS. C. MYERS.



Household Topics.

KITCHENS.

Out of the large number of housekeepers—I mean those who really do their own housekeeping, and not those who have an upper servant for that purpose—but few are the delighted possessors of a kitchen that realizes their wishes; a kitchen that is so large that extra work does not make it inconveniently small, and so small that cleaning it is not the bugbear of the whole week.

City houses, from those of moderate expense up, generally have excellent kitchens, finished with hard woods, all conveniences of faucets, sinks, ranges, and other desiderata.

Farmhouse kitchens are always supposed to be vast rooms that will permit an unlimited number of "hands" to dine therein, and still room for the necessary work of preparing the meals, cleaning the "milk dishes," and all the hard work that is incumbent on the occupier of a farmhouse and farm kitchen.

But it is to neither of these varieties that this sketch is addressed. No; it is to the large number of wives and mothers who live in villages and small cities that have not outgrown and outworn the houses that were built when the places were in their youth. A large proportion of these housekeepers live in ten to twenty year old houses that the head of the family has had a chance to buy much cheaper than they could possibly hope to build as good a one, and though the hall be narrow, the upper rooms with a sloping ceiling that barely permits one to stand erect, the spare bedroom opening from the parlor, the dining-room small and dingy, and last, though first to the door of her own housework, the kitchen, an abominably inconvenient little hole, the family move in and are thankful that, come what will, at least they have a home.

The whole family help to settle the house. Kate brightens up her own chamber with all sorts of crocheted and embroidered fancy things, because her particular girl friends will run up there to talk over the last dance or discuss dresses for the next one. She and the others feel an interest in parlor and dining-room, and while brother John is making brackets or a box for a window-garden, Kate is collecting slips from her floral friends, from which her imagination pictures untold wealth of clamoring vines and fragrant flowers.

But at the kitchen door they all stop. All, did I say? There is one who feels that even that room might be brightened and still be in harmony with its purpose, so that the six to ten hours daily that she passes there—a large share of her lifetime—might not be spent in discomfort and vexation. Perhaps she has a husband who is handy with hammer and saw, and who is willing to try his skill at whatever will cheer and lighten the household labors. It is of this busy housekeeper and her impromptu carpenter that I will tell the story of the kitchen that I once saw—first, as the family were moving in, and then after they had tried to make it both pleasant and convenient. The room was small, with one window—the wood-work had been painted a very dark shade, which was badly worn; the whitewashed walls were dark with smoke, and badly bruised and crumbling; the floor was of soft wood, in which were sink-grease and stains, never to be eradicated, and in a jog, at one side of the room, stood a rough wooden sink with pumps for well and soft water.

This was the room from which the quick eye and

willing hand finally evolved a kitchen that was of necessity small, but bright, convenient and thoroughly homelike.

Of all the little improvements I could not find room to describe even in the whole of our prized CABINET, but I will try to give a few hints from which any one can work out their own ideas, for who wishes even a kitchen an exact copy of some other one. The rough sink was replaced with a neat frame of narrow matched boards, enclosing a handy closet for iron ware, and on this was put an iron sink, which has no crevices for grease and dirt to hide in, and back of which was fastened to the wall a wide one-inch board with the upper edge beveled.

This closet only partially filled the jog before alluded to, and as there was no convenient place for a wood-box elsewhere, the closet was apparently continued to the end of it, and formed a capital corner in which to store one or two days' stock of fire wood. From the baseboard up to the height of the closet, the wall was covered with thick boards to protect the plastering, and the wide board previously alluded to as back of the sink, was also carried around the back and side of the wood-box, so that the two formed a continuous whole. At the back of the box two thick cleats were nailed, one on each side, and a board sawed to just the right length for a shelf (which was only laid on, so it could be easily removed whenever one wished the whole of the top open), and so furnished a nice place for the two water-pails, where they would not be rotted by the water constantly in the sink from the dripping of the pumps or emptying of the hand-basin.

Back of the stove and above the sink, at convenient height, were put up nicely planed strips on which, after painting, were screwed japanned hooks for the numberless cloths and towels that are in constant requisition in a kitchen. A neat little shelf was put up, in a conspicuous place, on which to stand the clock, and to my mind there is no more necessary piece of kitchen furniture. After these preliminaries all the wood-work was painted a light tint of ochre, which is a much stronger color than the drabs and browns of common use, and unlike them looks clean when it is clean. The ceiling was then whitened, and after carefully washing the side walls with glue-water, the innumerable breaks were smoothly pasted over with old cotton cloth, and a neat cheap paper of a medium shade of brown put on. The floor was treated to three coats of a dark paint, each coat being mixed entirely with oil, put on thin, and allowed time to thoroughly dry.

Back of the kitchen table were tacked up two large sheets of manilla paper that could be easily replaced when soiled, and a couple of braided rag-mats were on the floor where wintry weather would make them very acceptable to cold feet.

The room, as metamorphosed, looked really inviting, and the patient Marthas of that household need never fear to take a morning caller in the kitchen while they finish kneading bread or watching the baking of a cake.

It is pleasant, and it is capable of standing hard usage, and best of all, carpentering, painting, papering and all were the handiwork of the dwellers therein, and, being well done, will last for many years.

Let us, my sisters, take an example from this, and in the settling of a house save enough from the furnishing of the front room that the kitchen may be made cheerful, and the work that we do therein be raised above the level of drudgery.

CHLOE.

HOME CONVENIENCES.

A contributor to the CABINET would be informed how to furnish the "spare chamber," with only white-washed walls, a black walnut bedstead, two chairs, a basin, a pitcher, no washstand, no carpet, and only a few dimes in our pockets. For years the washstand in my own room has been a sewing machine crate, curtained and covered with old white muslin, which serves every purpose of a washstand, and a peep behind the curtain reveals a most cosy boot closet, with shelf above for rubbers, etc. I could not recommend an elaborate ornamental washstand, the materials for which would cost as much as the price of a plain stand at the furniture dealers.

Next, I would make a dressing-table by taking a barrel, preparing it with waste papers on the inside, so as to exclude insects, as this is to be a receptacle in summer for winter bedding and clothing, and *visa versa*. Then have a board cover, either semicircular or straight, extending two or three inches over the barrel. Perhaps you may find among your treasures some old thin white muslin which will be pretty over colored cambric, for curtains and cover.

Then, if the room is large, a box also covered and curtained with something bright, may serve to contain necessary articles in place of a bureau. A shoe-bag inside the closet or bedroom door, with several pockets for shoes and stockings, is also a convenience.

Next, the bed should be neat and inviting. If you have a feather bed, be sure the tick is clean. It may be washed by emptying out the feathers. The feathers also, if old, can be washed and much improved if you have a vacant room for drying them. If you have no feather bed, corn husks make a very good mattress. The pillows should be large, and in the event of your not having feathers, finely shred corn husks or chaff make a passable pillow. In summer I cannot do without my chaff pillow, as feathers cause the head to perspire. Make a comforter or two of the best parts of old sheets; make them a pure white and tie with scarlet or blue worsted. The skirts of worn light colored dresses make good comforters for those who are a little dainty about their bedding, and will wear for many years if carefully used, without looking soiled. A white spread is indispensable, though it be only plain cotton cloth, knotted with candlewicking in simple designs.

Then with regard to the "home-made sofa." I will describe a couch made entirely by a delicate woman with only a saw, hatchet and hammer. It was made and proportioned exactly like those at the furniture dealers. Slats running across, forming an elevation for the head; over these a tick was nailed, which, when stuffed with prairie hay, gave the desired form. The whole covered with some nice rep goods and finished with furniture gimp and fancy-headed nails.

The crown of an old straw hat can be made to form a basket, with a braid or two of straw for the handle, and another turned outward for the bottom. This, filled with sprigs of evergreen, autumn leaves and dry flowers, will be very pretty tacked against your white-washed walls. I make box frames for anything I wish to frame in a deep frame. For a small frame take a letter paper box that is lined with white paper. Cut the bottom of the box diagonally, from corner to corner, and turn the points outward. Place a picture mat over this, then a pane of glass the size of the mat, and bind with a strip of black cambric, using good glue. Then arrange your flowers, or whatever you wish to frame, in the corner of the box, put on the cover, and your picture is framed.

AUNT MARY.

Household Art.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Something very beautiful in this line are silk flowers. Procure various shades of silk, as nearly the color of the natural flowers you wish to imitate as possible, and some silver wire, about as fine as horse hair, and a very fine knitting needle.

Coil a piece of the wire by winding it around the needle, evenly and closely. Take it out and take hold of both ends and draw it out a little to separate the coils somewhat.

Take any flower you wish to imitate and bend the wire in the shape of the petals. Take silk the color of the flower and wind the end around the wire you have left on the petal for a stem. Then put it over the centre of the leaf, letting it fall in the coil at the end of the leaf, then back to the stem again and over, winding first on one side then on the other. When the petals are all made, proceed to put the flowers together, after the pattern furnished by the natural flowers, and wind the stem with silk the color of the natural stem. Make a spray of leaves as near the shape and color of the leaves of the plant that the flower has been taken from as possible, and twine it with the flower. Roses and Pansies, Echeverias, and Dahlias, are all nice to imitate.

When it is necessary to have the color go only half way over the petal, work the inner color in with a needle. Pansies and many others have to be treated in this manner.

When the flowers are all made they may be formed in a wreath and framed, or a bouquet, and put in a vase under a bell glass.

Use saddler's silk, and split it, using only a strand at a time. They are very dainty and beautiful. The usual price for teaching this work is six dollars, but one can make it just as successfully by following these directions as if they had a teacher.

MAKING HAIR WATCHGUARDS.

Many a lady desires to present her husband or some friend with a keepsake, which shall awake sentiments of love and recall her devotion whenever seen. Many of us have tresses of the hair of some dear departed friend, which we would be glad to preserve in some nice way, but the great expense of having hair watchguards made, have deterred many from procuring them.

The price of learning the secret of their manufacture has also been very high—\$15. But like many other things after we once know how, it seems very easy; indeed, only needing a little patience and perseverance for its accomplishment.

The first thing is to construct the apparatus which is needed. Procure a smooth circular board, eight or ten inches in diameter. Divide this by pencil marks into sixteen equal parts. Begin at any one of these divisions, and near the edge mark 1, in the next division 4, then 7—2—5—8—3—6—1, and repeat to 6, when all the spaces will be filled. Place this board on a support which is of less diameter than it is. If nothing better presents, a tall can or jar.

Procure seventeen equal weights; the little screws which can be found at any hardware store will do very well, and you can pass a coarse thread through them. Perhaps a large wooden needle, such as ladies sometimes use for worsted knitting, is as good as anything to use for weaving the hair around. Attach one of the

weights to the end of this needle, after first covering the needle with cloth.

Then take the hair and hold it tightly in one hand, while with the other you draw out a strand the size you need for weaving. You can count the hairs in the first strand, and guess at the rest. Put twelve in the first.

Tie a knot at each end of each strand, being careful to tie every hair in. Prepare sixteen of these strands, and tie the string attached to each weight to one of them, one for each. Then sew the other end of these strands to the cloth, near the weight, which has been attached to the needle, placing the ends towards the end of the needle.

The circular board must have a hole in the centre, and the end of the needle, and the weight must be put through that at this stage of the work, and the strands of hair, with the weights, are arranged to drop over the outside of the board. The weights should keep it so that the needle stands erect; perhaps it will have to be held, and the place where the strands of hair are sewed on, is just at the opening in the board.

Place the strands so that each one of them will come directly over one of the numbers on the board and the weights will swing clear of all obstructions. The strings attached to the weights should be five or six inches long.

When we have finished these preparations we are prepared to begin the chain. Take up the strands at each place marked No 1, and carefully raising them so the attached weights shall swing clear of all the others, exchange the two, dropping each in the other's place. Then take those at 2 and exchange in the same manner; then at 3 and so on, until you reach 8, after which you begin at 1 again. Keep on in this way until the hair is all used up; then tie the ends carefully while you clip the ends off; remove the weight and rip the sewing from the other part of the work.

Braid together three strands of rubber cord or tie them together with a thread of silk. Draw these in as you remove the needle.

The work must first be boiled in water for twenty minutes and thoroughly dried.

Fasten the ends of the hair and the elastic cord with a drop of wax. It is then ready to send to the jeweler's for the gold settings.

The pattern in this chain is spiral. Another kind has the appearance of links, and is made in the following way:

When the board is divided into sixteen divisions mark only every other one, beginning with first, then third, then second, then fourth, then first, third, second, and fourth. Arrange the strands so that one comes at each side of each number. Begin with the opposite strands at number one and exchange them; then take those on the other side of the same number, then proceed with figure two in the same manner, and so on.

SPATTER WORK.

Almost all the directions for making spatter work say take a tooth-brush and comb, but a larger brush, such as are used for blacking brushes, and a fine sieve are much better. But very little ink should be put on the brush at a time, so the spatters will be smooth and uniform. The fern work is much nicer when fine ferns, arranged in a tasteful manner, are used than large ones.

A quite large picture can be made in this way in an hour. Common good black ink is as good as anything for it.

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Take a piece of velvet, black or dark brown or navy blue is very pretty, and ornament each corner with a pretty little bouquet in silk embroidery. Embroider an edge in small scallops; button-hole stitch around it. Cut a piece of enameled cloth eleven inches square, and a pale blue silk lining of the same size. This lining should be quilted with white silk upon wadding in some handsome pattern, then laid upon the enameled cloth, and the edges bound with blue ribbon.

The embroidered velvet should be just large enough so the edge will come beyond this binding. Fasten it on with blind stitches. Turn each corner down to the middle. Fasten two of them and sew white ribbon on the other two to tie them together. White ribbon less than an inch in width may be quilted and sewed around the edge instead of the button-hole embroidery. This makes a very pretty present for a friend, and is nice to hang up in a room. A loop of ribbon should be sewed on one corner for this purpose.

DIRECTIONS FOR STAMPING.

Very pretty patterns, already perforated, come for using in this way, but if you happen to have a pretty pattern which you wish to use, perforate it with a pin, following the design. Place the cloth which is to be stamped beneath the pattern, and rub a mixture of powdered borax, starch, and Prussian blue, well mixed, over the pattern. It will penetrate the perforations and produce the pattern upon the cloth. The pattern must be carefully removed, and the cloth pressed with a hot iron. If the stamping seems to be wearing off at any time, iron it again and it will set it. This process has been kept secret, or sold at a great price, and probably has never been publicly published.

A beautiful table or piano spread may be made of the fashionable brown velvet embroidered with silk or a contrasting color or colors. A wreath of leaves, in shaded green and autumn colors, is about as lovely as anything. A large group or wreath in the centre, and a spray in each corner are required. Two wreaths united and each containing an initial of the owner's name, is very handsome.

The work can be done quite expeditiously, and they are so beautiful that it is very satisfactory to make them, and it is an excellent way of displaying one's artistic skill.

WHAT-NOTS.

Very beautiful what-nots may be made, with hanging shelves and embroidered lambrequins. The shelves can be ordered of any carpenter, and are simply plain black walnut cut in the right shape and highly varnished.

The lambrequins may be made on a velvet foundation, or filled in on canvas. Beads in different colors make the handsomest embroidery.

A pattern should be chosen, such as can be obtained at any fancy store, and the work done after it. When beads of the right colors cannot be got, zephyr may be used with very good effect, and the two are often combined in the same work. The lower edge of the lambrequin should be cut in large scallops, say three or five, and a twisted fringe of beads put around it. Perhaps black beads are the most suitable for this part of the work. When the embroidery is finished the upper part of the lambrequin must be tacked to the board shelf, and a band heavily embroidered with beads put on the edge to cover it.

Household Elegancies.

WALL-BASKET.

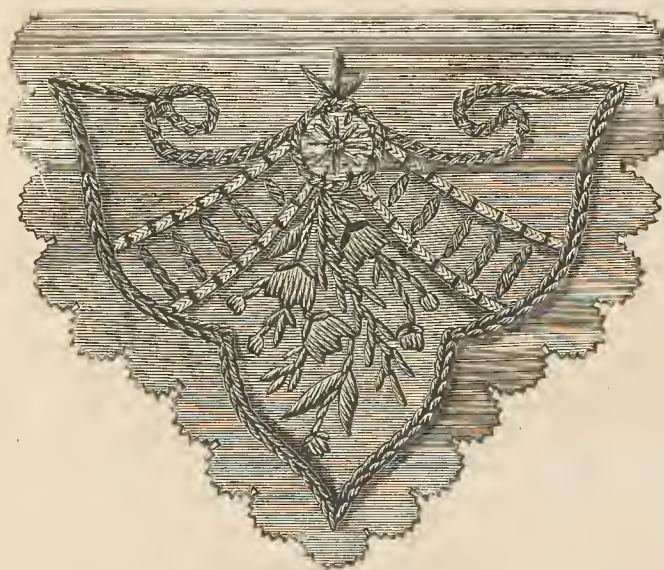
This is a pretty wall-basket of cane-work, ornamented with drapes, which we illustrate herewith:

Drape No. 1 has a foundation of scarlet cloth, pinked at the edges and ornamented with blue silk braid, and an embroidered design in gold, green and blue purse silk.

Drape No. 2 may have its foundation of pale blue cloth or silk. The edge is straight, and is button-holed round with silk. The design may be worked in chain-stitch, or with braid in gold colors. A few gold or steel beads are needed, and the long stitches are in two shades of crimson silk. The edge is of fine lacet work. The basket is lined with bright-colored silk. When the drapes are worked and fixed in their places, a leaf-trimming of satin ribbon is put on. A silk tassel is placed between each drape, and bows of ribbon are put on as in the design.

FANCY ARTICLES.

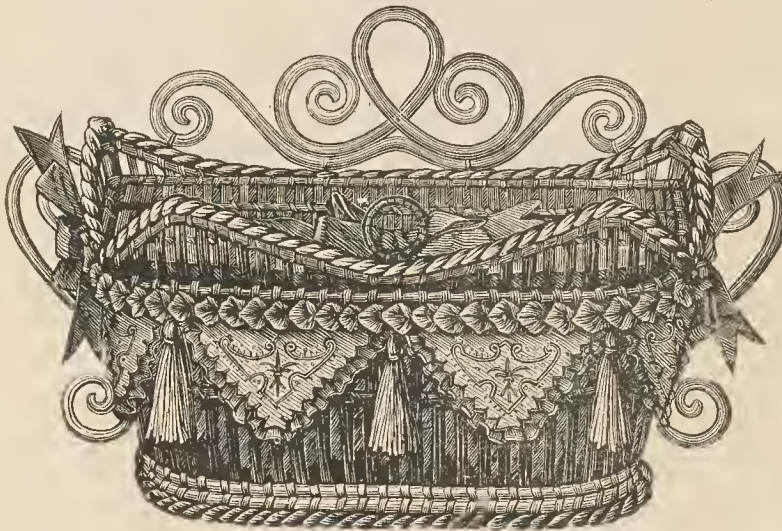
The little articles I am going to describe, are all inexpensive, and all who make use of their leisure moments can have them. Very pretty ornaments are made of straw, such as frames, baskets, brackets, etc. To make a bracket, take a piece of cardboard a foot square and cut it in half from one corner to the other. Cut large scallops on the bias edge of both pieces. Make small holes with an awl, about a half inch apart, around the edge of all the scallops. Select nice straws that are not broken and put them through the holes of both pieces; hold the two pieces about three inches apart; cut the ends of the straws in scallops size of those in the cardboard. Take narrow blue ribbon—skirt-braid can be substituted—and wind alternately between the straws until the space between the pieces of cardboard is filled. Three long pieces of the ribbon is required for sus-



NO. 1.—DRAPE: EMBROIDERY.

pending it. Fasten one on the lower piece of the bracket, next to the wall, and draw through a hole, which should previously be made in the upper piece. The other two ribbons are fastened on the corners of the upper piece and all brought together and tied in a bow. Suspend in a corner and fill with grasses and scarlet berries from the woods. You will be surprised at the beauty of this, and all the work of your own hands.

Straw makes beautiful little frames for small pictures. When well made, they look very much like gilt frames. Five straws is a pretty width; fasten the corners together carefully with fine thread. Make several and suspend them in clusters with blue cord. Nothing is prettier for photographs. To make a pretty card-basket, take a piece of cardboard and cut in a circle about seven inches in diameter; cover with blue silk; take a strip of the cardboard three inches wide, and long enough to go around the circle; cut long points in the strip and cover with silk and bind



WALL-BASKET.

the edges with silk or narrow ribbon a shade darker. Join this piece to the circle and bend the points downward. This gives it a pretty drooping look.

A very pretty lamp-mat is made by crocheting a centre with tidy cotton No. 10, then a round of blue zephyr, another of cotton, and so on until you get it the size you wish; finish it with a heavy blue fringe. Crochet a tidy for your rocking-chair to match. Of course, any other color can be used in making these ornaments that is preferred.

Now, I am going to tell of a nice and easy way to make mats for floors. Take small worsted pieces—the smaller the better—and cut them about two inches in length, and as narrow as you can cut them without pulling apart. Take a circular piece of old good-for-nothing-cloth, and begin tacking them on in the centre; arrange them in alternate rows of light and dark colors, each row about three inches wide; when done, it presents a motley, fuzzy appearance which is very pleasing to the eye. Save all the little scraps that cannot be used for anything else, and make these mats. They are both useful and ornamental.

Pretty toilet sets are made of netting and zephyr. Take a piece of netting ten inches long by eight wide; commence with blue zephyr and run a "fence row" through the piece lengthwise; then five rows of brown zephyr; then blue, until the piece of netting is filled. A mixed

fringe of brown and blue finishes them. You can vary the colors according to taste. Tidies made on this order look well.

The phantom-basket has been described before, but there are various ways of making them, and my way, I think, is the prettiest of all. Tear the cotton in strips an inch wide; ravel all out but three or four threads. Make the foundation of the basket to slope toward the bottom. Fasten the ends of the raveled strips all around the top of the basket, twist them,

and loop back. Tie them together about middle way with a colored ribbon. Suspend it by three long raveled strips in the centre of your room, and fill with grasses, ferns, and bright leaves. In the absence of these, artificial flowers make it look beautiful.

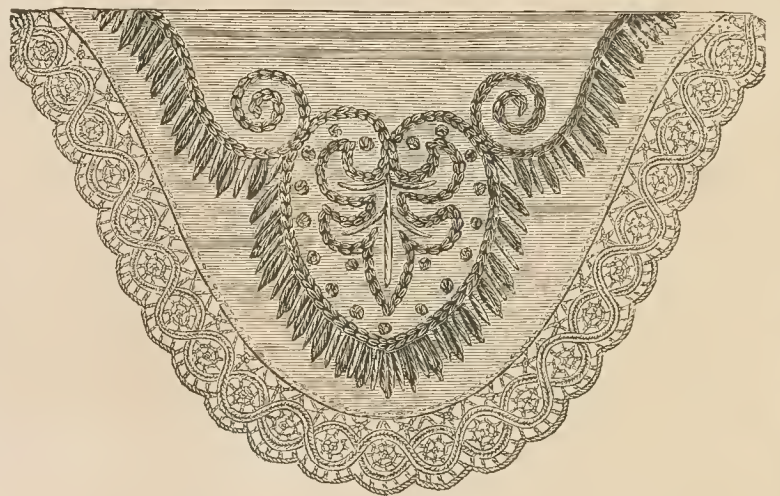
One of the prettiest ornaments I ever saw, was a feather cross. The foundation was cardboard; length of cross twelve inches, by three wide—arms in proportion. The feathers were of the pure white, downy kind, and sewed on in rows so that they lap over each preceding row, and these hide the stitches and bony part of the feathers. Fasten it in a gilt frame. To make a hanging-basket for leaves and dry flowers, gather a quantity of warhoo berries and string them; interlace them the same as you would beads; it closely resembles coral, and is very attractive. These berries can be used many ways; they look pretty strung and looped about pictures. They make beautiful crosses, anchors, etc.

Kind Nature furnishes us abundant means to decorate our rooms, if we will only gather the gifts that are lavished upon us.

VICKIE BLUE.

A PRETTY WORK-BASKET.

Take coarse tidy cotton No. 8, and crochet a round mat, thick, that is, not to put over the thread; have the mat the size of a two-quart dish, or if you wish for a small basket, take a pint dish, which is a pretty size; then crochet six times round without widening, then crochet round three times the shell pattern, with which every one is familiar; one ball of cotton will make one basket over the pint dish, one over a two-quart dish; then make a handle of two shell rows long enough to go over it to look as you please; then make a stiff starch of flour, put in a lot of glue, say half a pound to a pint and a half of starch; put in the crochet basket while boiling hot; have it thoroughly wet; take and wring out a little; stretch it over the dish intended, and let them dry; the quicker the better; serve the handle in



NO. 2.—DRAPE: EMBROIDERY WITH LACET EDGE.

the same way. When dry, take a paint brush and varnish over with brown shellac, which you will find at any paint shop. Let it dry; when thoroughly dry they will be stiff like a board; then take and line them, and thread in bright colored ribbon in through the meshes of the shell-work, tying a bow now and then on the basket, and you will have a pretty basket at a trifling expense.

Fasten the handle to the basket with a bow of ribbon.

Hireside Reading.

Olive Logan revives a pleasant little domestic story of Queen Victoria when she was at once one of the best sovereigns and devoted wives that ever graced the English throne: Long years ago—but this is a bit of exclusive reminiscence known only to a few—the Queen, in the early days of her wedded life, had one of those squabbles with her husband of the sort which will come about between the most loving married couples. Chagrined and vexed, the Prince retired to his room and locked the door. The Queen took the matter quietly for awhile, but after the lapse of an hour she went to the door and rapped. "Albert," said she, "come out." "No, I will not!" answered the Prince within. "Come, go away; leave me alone." The royal temper waxed hot at this. "Sir," she cried, "come out at once; the Queen, whose subject you are, commands you!" He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she designated, he sat down in silence. For a long time nothing was said. The Queen was first to break the silence. "Albert," she said, "speak to me." "Does the Queen command it?" he asked. "No," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck, "your wife begs it."

"Where's the refrigerator?" asked an old lady, after vainly trying to find the elevator to a store with all the modern improvements. "We've no refrigerator, but there's an ice cooler over in that corner," said one of the girls in attendance. "None of your impudence, young woman, or I'll report you to your employer and have you discharged," retorted the old lady in great wrath.

James Russell Lowell tells a good story about his butcher. One morning the man expatiated upon the loveliness of the moonlight of the night before, and just as the poet was thinking that he had done him an injustice in never having given him credit for refinement of soul, the butcher said, "Last night was so fine I jist couldn't sleep, and had to get up and go to killin'."

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife soon after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be making all dis nois ven dar vas a funeral here so soon."

An old hunter in Michigan, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained its use. He soon got lost, and laid out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard

to make the thing go north, but 'twas no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle right ronnd, and point sontheast every time."

While the English excursionists were on the Capitol Square in Richmond, Va., the other day, a fine-looking Englishman pointed to a squirrel some distance off, and inquired of a citizen, "Can you tell me, sir, what 'hinsect' that is hover there?" Citizen: "That's a squirrel, sir." John Bull: "Oh! ah! Thanks."

An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him, and once, finding

weep?" was asked. "Alas, things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."

A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

A young clergyman seems to have compressed the whole body of his sermon on "deceit" into the following: "Oh! my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom and the stiffest of all-rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

A fast youth asked at a San Francisco restaurant: "What have you got?" "Almost everything," was the reply. "Almost everything?" Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly. One plate of hash!" yelled the waiter.

The laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "4-tograph." There has only been three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee, "10aC," and the other wrote Wyandotte, "Y&."

An old Scotchwoman, whose favorite son was in the habit of swearing occasionally, was censured by her minister for not correcting him. "It's very wrong, minister," she admitted, "but ye maun aloo that it sets aff conversation mightily."

The Middletown (Conn.) cemetery contains this epitaph: Beautiful flowers of Middletown, How art thou cutted down! cutted down!

Charles Mathews, the comedian, was served by a greengrocer named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Mathews, laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said: "Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

An English clergyman was "turned down" at a fashionable spelling-bee for spelling drunkenness with one "n." Shortly afterward he returned to his parish, and found himself very coldly received by his parishioners. He sent for the parish clerk and asked him what was the cause. "Well, sir," replied the man, "a report has come down here that you was turned out of a great lady's honse in London for drunkenness."

A member of a country choir had his hair cut very closely, and when he had to sing on the following Sunday, "Cover my defenceless head," there was a general titter and a smiling from behind the fans.



THE TRUANT'S RETURN.

that some one of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as, anyhow, he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leather-stocking, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you

Housekeeping.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

Virginia Mode of Curing Hams.—Rub the fleshy side of each ham, long and well, with salt. To every ham allow an even tablespoonful of powdered salt-petre, which must next be rubbed on the meat; then add sugar and red pepper beaten small; lastly, rub on more salt mixed with a small quantity of molasses. Let the hams remain packed for about five or six weeks; then hang them up and smoke with hickory chips for a month. Take them down and rub with hickory ashes; sun them, after which hang them up in a dry place, occasionally smoking them on dry days. Never smoke bacon on rainy days.

To Boil a Ham.—Wash the ham, wipe dry, and put it to sun from ten to twelve hours. Soak it all night in cold water; next morning put it on the stove, in a pot of cold water, to simmer for four or five hours. Take it off the fire and let it remain in the same water in which it was boiled until the ham is perfectly cold. Take it out of the water, let it dry off and skin it. Sprinkle with black pepper and grated cracker, browned; garnish the dish with curled parsley.

Waffles.—Boil a cup of rice to consistency of soup; when properly boiled, especially for waffles, it should fill a quart cup. Add two teaspoonfuls salt and one large spoonful butter or lard. Fill a quart measure with flour, add to it two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda. Beat up two eggs light; stir in the rice, then the flour, with sweet milk enough to make a tolerably stiff batter. Have the fire very bright and the waffle irons hot and well greased with lard. Bake to a tolerably dark brown.

Yeast.—Boil twelve large Irish potatoes, together with a small quantity of hops, tied up in a bag, in a gallon of water; when the potatoes are perfectly done, peel and mash them, and add to them one cup of sugar and one cup of salt; pour over the mixture the boiling water in which the potatoes were cooked. Let stand till it gets cool, when add one cup of good yeast. After keeping it open one night, bottle and cork lightly.

Italian Soup, (Never Printed in America).—Put into three pints of boiling water the remains of a cold fowl, or a piece of cold roast beef, or a ham bone; add one handful of Lima beans; half a gallon of tomatoes with the skins taken off; one teacup of rice; and two onions sliced and then fried a good brown; one large spoonful of butter; pepper and salt to the taste. Let the soup boil about twenty minutes, and then cut off corn from three ears and add to the soup. This soup requires about three-fourths of an hour to make, and is very nice. The fried onion is absolutely necessary. A few sliced Irish potatoes can be added to the other vegetables.

Rich Beef Soup.—Put in a beef shank before breakfast, so that the meat will have time to cook to pieces, in a kettle of water, with salt to taste. Add one-half gallon ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped up, or, if in winter, one quart canned tomatoes. About twelve o'clock put into the soup half a small head of cabbage, one onion, one turnip, four or five large potatoes, one carrot, two pods oehra, all chopped fine, half a pint butter beans, cut off corn from two ears. Keep all boiling till dinner is ready to serve; make a thin paste of a small quantity of flour mixed with cold water, which must be put in half an hour before serving.

Batter Bread, Virginia Mode.—Beat up four eggs light, add meal to the proper consistency, about one and a half pints after it is sifted, one large teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful melted batter, and sweet milk to make a tolerably thin batter. Bake in a batter bread skillet, or very small oval iron moulds well greased with lard so that a rich crust may be formed.

Green Grape Jelly.—Gather the grapes before they have turned, choosing only good sound ones; pick them from the stem, wash and put them into a stone jar. Set the jar in a kettle of cold water over a brisk fire; when the juice rises to the top, take them off the fire and squeeze through a coarse towel or jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice allow one pound best loaf sugar; put on the fire and boil twenty minutes. When a little cool pour into jelly-glasses or moulds and cover tightly.

Crab Apple Jelly.—Wait until after frost has touched the apples; pick, wash, and cut in half; put in a kettle, filling it with water if it is half full of fruit, using warm water. Boil until the apples are perfectly soft; then take off the fire and squeeze, and add one pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice. The juice looks very cloudy when first squeezed, but clears beautifully after boiling ten minutes. Cook twenty minutes. Cover tightly after putting in glass.

Sweet Meats of Watermelon Rind.—Cut the rind in any shape fancied, grape and grape leaves and fish, also bunches of roses. Put it in brine to keep; when you wish to make the sweet meats, soak out the brine by putting it in fresh water and changing it every day. Put three or four tablespoonfuls pulverized alum in one gallon water; as soon as dissolved, lay in the rind and cover closely with cabbage leaves; simmer until the rind becomes a bright green. Soak out the alum water; while it is soaking pour boiling water to half a pound white ginger and let it stand long enough to soften sufficiently to slice easily in thin pieces (retaining the shape of the races as much as possible), then boil it in water an hour to extract the strength; add two or three dozen blades of mace and more water and two pounds of best white sugar; make a thin syrup and boil the rind gently for half an hour; then set it away for a day or two, when boil again as before, adding more water and sugar at each boiling till the syrup is thick and rich and sufficient to cover the rind. Repeat these boilings six or seven times at intervals of three or four days. The quantity of seasoning given is for three gallons rind, two pounds sugar for one pound rind. This sweet meats keeps indefinitely and never ferments.

Blackberry Cordial.—Let the fruit simmer awhile and then press out juice; to each pint of the same, put nearly equal quantities of white sugar; boil and skim and when a thick jelly, put in bottles, filling half way; when cold, fill up with good whiskey or French brandy. It tastes as if highly spiced, and is splendid for medicinal purposes.

Lemon Sherbet.—Dissolve one and a half pounds sugar (loaf is best) in one quart of water; add the juice of ten lemons, pressing the lemons so as to extract not only the juice, but the oil of the rind. Let the peel remain awhile in the oil and sugar. Strain through a sieve and freeze like ice cream.

Hyden Salad.—To one gallon cabbage finely chopped, add one and a half gallons green tomatoes; half a pint green peppers; one pint of onions, all chopped fine. Sprinkle salt on them to extract the

juice; next morning pour boiling water over it, then squeeze it dry. Put four tablespoonfuls ginger, one of cloves, two of turmeric, one of celery seed, two pounds sugar, and two spoonfuls salt. Mix all with half a gallon vinegar and boil a few minutes.

Chicken Salad.—One large chicken boiled; when cold, remove the skin and chop the flesh into a dish, over which throw a towel slightly dipped in cold water; one pint celery, chopped, put between cloths to dry; one tablespoonful best mustard; one yolk of raw egg, dropped into a dish large enough to hold all of the dressing, beat it well for ten minutes; slowly add the mustard and one teaspoonful vinegar; when this is well mixed add three-eighths of a bottle of oil, a drop at a time, always stirring the same way. Rub the yolks of six hard boiled eggs very smooth and stir in half a cup of vinegar. Pour this mixture slowly into the first, stirring them together as lightly as possible. Take the chopped chicken, half a loaf of stale bread crumbs, the celery, a little celery seed, yellow pickle, also chopped, pepper and salt to taste, also the oil from the chicken, skimmed from top of water in which it is boiled. Set this aside and pour on the dressing just before serving. It will curdle if kept too cool.

Cabbage Pudding.—Chop up a head of cabbage, scald in salt water until tender; drain off, add half a cup butter, four eggs, one pint bread crumbs, pepper, salt and mustard to taste; milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a deep dish.

Sultana Pudding.—One pint bread crumbs, one quart milk, one cup sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten; the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix up and bake till done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, beat in one teacup white sugar, in which has been strained the juice of a lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly; pour over this the whites and replace in the oven and bake a light brown. To be eaten cold with cream.

Ginger Bread.—Six cups flour; half a pound lard rubbed into two cups molasses, one cup buttermilk, two heaping spoonfuls pearl ash dissolved in the milk; six tablespoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful alum dissolved in one teacup of boiling water and poured over hot.

Icing for Cake.—One pound sugar; whites of eight eggs; put the sugar into a bowl and pour the whites over it. Take half an ounce gum arabic, beat and sift it in; mix all together and beat it up.

Cocoanut Drops.—One pound grated cocoanut; one pound sifted white sugar, whites of six eggs. Drop them in buttered plates and bake at once.

Mince Meat.—Boil a beef heart very tender; take out the veins and gristle; shred it fine. Add three pounds suet cut very fine, one teaspoonful salt, three pounds currants, after they are washed; three pounds raisins shred and cut fine, three pounds brown sugar, twelve ounces citron, one tablespoonful mace, one of cloves, two of allspice, one nutmeg. Beat all fine and mix together, adding half a tumblerful lemon juice or vinegar, two tumblers French brandy and three of wine.

Oil Mangoes.—One quart mustard seed; one ounce mace, one ounce cloves, four ounces grated horse-radish, four ounces ground ginger, four ounces garlic, and a little turmeric. Beat them together in a mortar and make into a paste with oil, fill the mangoes and scald once in strong vinegar.

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Gathering Autumn Leaves.

Words and Music by H. T. MARTIN.



1. Don't call them "mel - an - chol - y days, — The sad - dest of the year," Tho' they may change the bright green woods To
2. Down in the dell the moss - es grow, With fern - leaves o - ver - spread, Up - on the brown hill - side we found The
2. 'Twas in those mel - low Au - tumn days, Down in the wood - y dell, Where our first tales of love were told, As

The piano accompaniment for the first verse continues with a steady rhythm, supporting the vocal lines with chords and single notes.

yel - low leaf and sere: To me those days pos - sess a charm Which mem' - ry round them weaves, Re -
dog - wood ber - ries red: The Spring may boast of blos - soms rare, The Sum - mer, gold - en sheaves But
on - ly lov - ers tell: 'Twas there you gave your prom - ise true, Be - neath the Ma - ple trees, As

The piano accompaniment continues, with the left hand featuring some longer note values and the right hand maintaining the harmonic texture.

CHORUS.

call - ing hap - py days we spent, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves. Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing,
bright - est days were those we spent, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves. Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing,
hand in hand we wan - dered on, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves. Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing,

The piano accompaniment for the chorus features a more active melody in the right hand, with frequent chords and moving lines.

Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves, hur - rah! What hap - py days we used to spend, Gath - er - ing Au - tumn leaves!

The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a few lingering notes in both hands.

THE LADIES' **National Calendar**

By ADAMS & BISHOP.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 96. PRICE 12 CENTS.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"A stern discipline pervades all nature which is a little cruel that it may be very kind."

—HERBERT SPENCER.

THE shadows of the closing year are gathering about us. Once more the circle of the months draws to its completeness, and the season of storms heralds its approach by days of gloom and nights of cold. The natural world is wrapped in silent trance, but not in the silence of death. "Nature knows no pause in progress and development," says the great master, who studied well her secrets. The winter storm is as necessary to the strength of the oak as the summer sunshine or the autumn rain, and softly and shelteringly the Christmas snow-

fall covers "the unrisen wheat" and secures the promise of the coming harvest. In every bough lies imprisoned, in "galleries dark," the living sap that with returning spring shall fashion into beauty leaf and bough and fragrant blossom. Mighty sleeping forces, unseen but eternal, remind us of the sublime expres-

sion of the Hebrew prophet, "the hidings of God's power." We are conscious of reserved force, in the cold and silent air. The tempests linger awhile in their northern caves, but we are sure that they remain couchant, ready for a spring. Are they checked by the echoes of seraph music, by the glory

and open wide the gates of gold that never more shall shut.

Where shall be found the heart, in all earth's struggling millions, that shall not beat with gladder throb that it is Christmas? Is there anywhere in any dark mine or cold prison one that shall not

catch a gleam of the holy light, or some distant echo of the angel's song? If there is such a spot, Christian faith and Christian charity should blush that it should be.

In our own land more and more, we are coming to feel the gentle and tender influences that will not suffer any soul to eat the Christmas feast alone. Everywhere gentle charities carry the bread of love to cheerless homes and hungry hearts. At Christmas, if ever, men and women feel that they are all akin, and put away



A CHRISTMAS IN ELFLAND.

of the light from upper skies that floods Judæa plains? Truly December needs not the cheer of summer flowers or autumn splendor; there is a warmth and light throbbing through all the pulses of the world. Hope and love beat back with shining wings the frigid darkness of wrong and woe,

from them "that abomination called condescension." The rich and the poor meet together, with some faint realization that the Lord is the maker of them all. The rich go among the poor with sympathies all awake, remembering the Babe of the manger, "who, though he was rich, for our

sakes became poor"; and the poor grow tenderer toward the rich, as they feel that the icy barrier of pride melts away in the warm rays of divine love.

It is not alone in material things that the world is moving, but in spiritual as well; and in nothing is this more apparent than in the nature of its charities. How absurd would it have appeared a century ago to offer to the destitute poor, the entertainments which are now provided upon Christmas day throughout the length and breadth of our land! the Christmas-tree, loaded with fairy gifts for the waifs of the street, the rich flowers and luscious fruit, carried to the bedsides of the sick in cellars and attics, the feast of dainties provided for criminals within prison walls, and, better still, the words of love and cheer that are as freely given to those who, guilty though they be, are brothers still to the Son of Mary.

How much of the tender character of many of our charities, is owing to the more general observance of Christmas day as a hallowed festival, it might not be possible to estimate, but we are sure that it has not been insignificant. There is a peculiar charm in the observance of the great Christian festival that thrills all hearts. Its merry-making is merrier than that of all the year, for its joy is genuine and pure; its worship rises higher, for it swells the rapture of heaven with the gladness of earth. It is good to observe it outwardly, to do it honor with every tribute we can bring of loving homage, to wreath garlands and make feasts, to give and to receive gifts. Above all it should be marked by gifts of love; and who so poor that he has none to offer, and who is rich that has it not to give?

"Love is a present for a mighty king."

God had no better thing to offer, and he gave it to the world on the first Christmas morning. Like the breath of the south wind it came, and a new spring was born. Cruel faiths and dark superstitions fled before the soft radiance of the Bethlehem Star that gilds our day with beauty and blesses our nights with peace.

In every land we find some gentle thought or tender strain of feeling running like a thread of gold through the Christmas customs. None are more beautiful than the remembrance of the animal creation in the universal rejoicing. In the far North the Norwegian peasant children tie together a sheaf of wheat and other grain, which they place upon a pole planted in the snow as a Christmas-tree for the birds; and in the far South the Italian housewife

makes white eakes for the stalled cattle. Even those superstitions are beautiful that still cling about the day—superstitions which Puritanism condemned so severely, and Romanism exalted so unduly. The old German legends weave it into the warp and woof of their strange stories, like that of our engraving, where the maiden, by the observance of certain rites on Christmas eve, is borne away to Elfland, where children that have been transformed into birds for offense given the fairies, await the coming of

being carried away, but casts her into so deep a sleep that she cannot be awakened to take the offered fruit, and the gnomes are obliged to return her to her home on Christmas morning at the rising of the sun. Like all the rest, the story has its thread of gold, and the tale is not for the Norse folk only, but for us.

Let us make the gold our own. For each of us there is some deed of kindness to perform, some ministry of tender affection, some unkindness to forgive and forget, some bruised heart to bind, some sinful soul to cheer with words of hope.

"Make channels for the streams of love

Where they may broadly run;
And love has ever-flowing streams
To fill them every one."

Kindle bright fires, wreath your houses with holly and mistletoe, spread your tables with good things, give to your friends, give to your enemies, give to your beloved ones, make your homes bright and your children happy, give to the poor, but take heed how you give:

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms;
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Better to warm the heart than the body. Do not offend the one that you may benefit the other. It has often been made harder to the poor man to

accept a benefit than to go without it. Get him work and he can earn coals and blankets, but he can never buy a flower for his wife, though she loves them well; nor a toy for his child, though he looks into the toy-shop windows with longing eyes. Do not forget this when you would make him a present. And, kind readers, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Christmas Gifts.—No Christmas gift is more universally acceptable than flowers. They are always elegant, and admit of such range in taste and cost as to satisfy the requirements of the most fastidious.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

some beautiful maiden to restore them to their homes. If the fairies give her fruit, and she eats it, it confers on her the power to release the offenders from the power of the spell, and give them back to their beloved ones. But this is only on condition that the maid be fair, and will consent to remain herself in exile in place of those she releases. Sylva, the beloved of the whole hamlet where she lived, "as the rarer lily blossoms 'mid the green herbs of the field," resolved to adventure the spell for the sake of returning the child of her stepmother, who, by perverseness and cruelty to Sylva, had offended the little people, with whom Sylva is an especial favorite. An earth fairy, who loves her, cannot prevent her



"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie
Angels sang with mirth and glee:
In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld their legions bright
'To them appearing with great light,
Who said, God's Son is born this night:
In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture text we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind:
In excelsis gloria.

Floral Gossip.

THE MISTLETOE

THE Mistletoe (*Viscum album*) belongs to the natural order Loranthaceæ and Dicoelia-tetrandria of Linnaeus, it is a true parasitical plant, as at no period of its existence does it derive any nourishment from the soil or from decayed bark, like the fungi and allied vegetation. Of this genus there are several species; this is the only one of special interest, and is what is generally known as the English Mistletoe. It is an evergreen, pendent shrub, usually found growing on fruit-trees, but occasionally fixing itself on the thorn, oak, maple, and ash, very rarely on the pine. The stem, when full-grown, is an inch in diameter; it is very much branched or subdivided, forming a head from two to five feet in diameter. The bark is smooth, of a yellowish green color. The leaves are tongue-shaped, entire, in pairs on very short foot-stalks. The flowers are male and female in different plants, axillary, and in short, close spikes. Neither the male, nor female flowers have a corolla; the stamens and pistils spring from the calyx. The fruit is a globular white berry covered with a viscous substance; these berries appear in winter, and are in perfection about Christmas.

The Mistletoe may be made to grow on the apple or other trees, where the climate is not colder than that of England, by cutting a notch in the bark on the under surface of a branch, and carefully inserting the seed therein; the only precaution being necessary is to place the seed in such a position that the embryo shall be directed toward the trunk of the tree, and that the seed shall not be bruised. The growth of the Mistletoe is very slow, rarely more than two or three inches of the shoot and two or three pairs of leaves being produced in a season; the durability of the plant is proportionately great, for when once established on a tree it is seldom known to cease growing until it has exhausted the vitality of the tree, causing its death. Many old orchards in England have been completely destroyed by this beautiful parasite. The death of the trees is not, however, to be greatly regretted, as the Mistletoe brings a high price in the markets, more than the value of the tree. Hundreds of tons of it are sold annually for Christmas decoration; it is now regularly imported into this country for the same purpose. The Mistletoe was a special object of worship with the ancient Britons, and that many important rites were performed with it by the Druids or priests is certain. By them it was held sacred, and many virtues were attached to it. They sent round their attendant youths with this plant to announce the entrance of the New Year; and a somewhat similar custom is still continued in France. The popular custom in England of kissing under a branch of Mistletoe during the Christmas festivities is referred to

the supposition on the part of some that it was the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden. Mr. Loudon supposes this pleasant custom most likely came from our Saxon ancestors, and to have been commemorative of Balder, the son of Odin, who is one of the heroes of Icelandic romance. According to the story, it was prophesied that Balder would die, to avert which fate his mother exacted a vow from all things on earth that they would not injure him. One of his enemies, knowing the Mistletoe had not taken the vow, as it did not grow upon the earth but on trees, made a dart of its wood, and with it killed the hero.

The origin of the modern custom connected with the Mistletoe is not very clear, which is perhaps fortunate. If known, the innocent merriment now associated with the plant would be exchanged for a feeling of stern disappointment, and it would be banished from many firesides, where it is now a great source of joy and pleasure. The Mistletoe of the Southern and Western States is the *Phoradendron*



A CHRISTMAS GAME.

flavescens, which grows chiefly upon the branches of elms and hickories; it is a yellowish-green, woody-stemmed parasite, with a jointed stalk having opposite and whorled branches, fleshy, obovate-shaped leaves, small flowers in axillary spikes, which are shorter than the leaves; the fruit, though smaller, resembles that of the English varieties. This species is widely distributed from New Jersey, South and West. This species has none of the poetic associations that distinguish in so marked a degree its English namesake.

AN ENCLOSED WINDOW-GARDEN.

A LADY correspondent of *Vick's Illustrated Magazine*, at Lynn, Mass., writes as follows:

I have no conservatory, or even a bay-window; only one south window in my sitting-room that I can use for plants. At this window, half way up, is a walnut shelf a foot wide, supported by iron

brackets, and on it is a zinc pan painted drab, with an inch of sand on the bottom to keep the pots moist. My idea was to enclose this window from the room, with the shelf inside, so as to exclude dust and include moist air. I communicated my idea to a carpenter, and his hands completed the practical part, and my window-garden stood completed. I am well pleased with it, and the plants are, judging from the way they grow. Now for details: I had a table made of black walnut, as long as the window is wide, including the easing, two feet wide and six inches deep. It is plain on the sides, has handsomely turned legs finished with casters. There is no top; at the bottom inside is a cleat, on which rest narrow slats of pine, and on this a zinc pan just the depth of the sides. An inch of damp sand supplies the moisture, and the warm air from the furnace comes in contact with the pan underneath and furnishes bottom heat. So much for the table. The sides are of walnut, and reach to the top of the window-easing. The front consists of two glass doors, opening in the centre, each one made of two panes of glass. The top is made of walnut and finished with a handsome moulding similar to a bookcase. The top is fastened to the table with four large screws, and to the top of the window with small brass hooks and screw-eyes. The whole can be removed from the window in a few minutes. An outside window in winter bids defiance to Jack Frost.

At different times I have had Hyacinths, Polyanthus, Narcissus, and Due Von Thol Tulips. I have noticed that the flowers hang on longer than when kept in the dry air of the sitting-room. The plants are not half the trouble they were before, and so I think my window-garden a success. When winter is gone its mission is not ended; while I am writing to-day, with the thermometer among the nineties, my garden is still a pleasure, and gives me a cooling sensation when I look through its glass doors. On a shelf in a large pot is a Japanese climbing fern, *Lygodium scandens*; it is trained on strings and covers the upper half of the window. In the lower part on one side is the Hoya, now full of lovely clusters of bloom; on the opposite side *Cissus discolor*, trained on a trellis like the Hoya. In the centre I have ferns, *Adiantum cuneatum*, in a ten-inch pot; it measures, outside the foliage, thirty inches. Besides this is *Cyrtomium falcatum* and another fern I do not know, and a lot of *Lycopodium Martensii*, green and white; *Begonia rex*, and silver-leaf *Begonia*. At ten o'clock in the morning I close the blind, open the window, and then open the blind when the sun has gone away. The ferns grow beautifully.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET for August contains numerous valuable household hints for floral and ornamental adornment of the home. Ladies of taste and those desirous of cultivating a taste for embellishing their home, should subscribe for this handsome monthly.—*The Reporter, Savannah, Mo.*

Gossip About Flowers.

AMPELOPSIS VEITCHII.

MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL, in a recent essay on rural adornment, gives very high and just praise to *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, a lovely new vine which has come to us from Japan, and which is by no means so well known yet as its merits deserve. It is smaller and of finer habit than our own Virginia creeper, clinging with much greater tenacity to either wood, brick, or stone, and carrying the greenness of its foliage well into November. Even then it yields to the cold with great reluctance, its leaves changing through a rich brown to a dark maroon, and dropping at last in flakes of deepest crimson. Were it only an evergreen it would, Mr. Mitchell thinks, more than match the ivy. The same vigorous creeper is also prominent in the plant decoration of Wellesley, near Boston. In the latest volume of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society it is said that the unique and picturesque porter's lodge, at the entrance gateway to that magnificent estate, is completely overrun by *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, and the writer declares that "this hardy vine of rapid growth, fine foliage, and wonderfully adhesive power has perhaps no equal." He adds that "on some of the trees it has mounted to the highest branches." It is also used elsewhere on the grounds, and with noteworthy effect, especially in the draping of a Druidical arch of rude stone with rock-work connected.

RELATIONS OF FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

FOR some years past—since the publication of Darwin's researches—we have been accustomed to look on the forms, colors, perfumes, and nectar-like secretions of flowers as so many adaptations and contrivances to secure the visits of insects, and the consequent fertilization of the flower. Recently, however, an observer has been found who is bold enough to challenge these opinions of Darwin, Delapino, Mueller, Lubbock, and others. M. Gaston Bonnier, after having observed during the last seven years some eight hundred plants in various parts of Europe, comes to the following conclusions, the details upon which he founds them being given in recent numbers of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* and of the *Bulletin* of the Botanical Society of France:

1. The development of colors in flowers has no relation to the development of nectar. In closely-allied species of the same genus the most conspicuous flowers are not those which are most visited by insects.

2. In dioecious flowers provided with nectar the insects do not visit first the male and afterwards the female flower.

3. Bees become much accustomed to colors, but as

much so to those which are inconspicuous as to those which are brilliant. For the same weight of honey a green surface is as freely visited as a green surface with a background of red.

4. The development of spots and stripes on the corolla has no relation to the production of nectar.

M. Bonnier, who has studied the anatomy and disposition of the nectar-secreting organs in a great number of plants, points out that these accumulations of saccharine material occur usually in parts of the plant where development is going on actively, as in young leaves or young ovaries. When the



HANGING BASKET OF FERNS.

emission of liquid ceases, the saccharine matters contained in the nectaries return into the plant, and are probably used up by the neighboring parts in the course of this development. In fact, the nectaries, whether floral or extra floral, whether they excrete liquid or not, act as reservoirs of nutriment which is in direct relation to the life of the plant.

HOW PLANTS DEFEND THEMSELVES.

IN a recent lecture Mr. Francis Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected

from insects and other dangers. Opium, strychnine, and belladonna, he said, three of the most deadly poisons, were all formed by plants as a means of defence to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this poisonous property, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching their zebras by mashing up some poison plant in their drinking places. Poppies are protected by poison from the attacks of goats, and probably of other cattle. The strychnine plant was a good example of the way in which poison was limited to the part of the plant where it was needed. Almonds were also protected by poison, cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind was eaten by mice. Other plants were protected, not by strong poisons, but by some aromatic substance. The fennel, anise, and caraway seeds were examples of this, which were not eaten by birds on that account. The lime, which was protected by this aroma, was able to grow wild and hold its own anywhere, whereas the orange, the citron, and olive required to be carefully preserved and watched. The mint was another example of a plant protected against cattle by this aromatic principle. Flowers are often

more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and owe to this principle their safety from attack, and caterpillars will starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant the leaves of which they readily devour. Water plants are unprotected, for the reason that water was protection enough. The most peculiar protection, perhaps, was that enjoyed by the common lettuce, which, when pricked, even by an ant's foot, spurted up a sticky juice and enveloped the intruder, who, biting the leaf from vexation, drew down upon himself a fresh shower of cabbage wrath, in which the unfortunate ant was drowned.

A Botanical Usurper.—

A curious instance of the invasion of a country by a plant of foreign origin is seen in the history of the mango in Jamaica. In 1782 specimens of the cinnamon, jack-fruit, and mango were sent to the Botanic Garden of the island. There the cinnamon was carefully fostered, but proved to be difficult of culture in the island; while the mango, which was neglected, became in eleven years as common as the orange, spreading over lowlands and mountains, from the sea-level to 5,000 feet elevation. On the abolition of slavery, immense tracts of land, especially coffee plantations, relapsed into a state of nature, and the mango being a favorite fruit with the blacks, its stones were flung everywhere, giving rise to groves along the roadside and around the settlements; and the fruit of these again, rolling down hill, gave rise to forests in the valleys. The effect of this spread of the mango has been to cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and to ameliorate the climate of what were dry and barren districts.

ORCHIDS.

WE well remember, when a little child, the first time we saw a plant growing without earth, in which to fix its roots. It was on a visit to the wife of a naval officer who had been long absent in tropical countries, and had brought home with him the strange root which I saw hanging up in a southern piazza, attached to a block of wood by a little fine wire. When told that in its native land it grew upon the branches of trees, and bore beautiful flowers, I remember feeling a sort of awe creep over me as though the thing were what the Scotch call "uncanny"—much the same feeling as I had when listening to tales of gnomes and fairies in the gloaming. Something of the same feeling clings to me still in studying the strange habits and weird, grotesque aspect of the singular plants called Orchids. Unlike all other plants in their appearance, structure, and modes of growth, they display a delight in contradictions and a prankish caprice in their choice of their abiding-places that would justify the idea that they took delight in surprising the unsuspecting botanist with some anomaly of growth or structure just as he had his ideas all settled, and was quite satisfied that he knew all about them, and prepared to enlighten the world upon their erratic habits. Charles Kingsley says that any one who has read Darwin's book on the fertilization of Orchids will be very wary how he says anything about this mysterious race. The caution is a wise one, any general assertion with regard to them, being liable to be flatly contradicted in some particular instance, often in very many.

They afford a study upon which a life-time might be easily expended without reaching all, or even a large proportion, of the singular facts with regard to their nature, or anything like an accurate knowledge of their various species.

Orchids are generally divided into two classes, the terrestrial and the epiphytal, the former growing in the earth, the latter upon trees.

Like all general statements with regard to them, it has to be qualified, as there are exceptions to the rule. The terrestrial, are found more especially in temperate regions, though they also extend into the tropics. The epiphytes are chiefly confined to the tropics, and to situations where the rain-falls are heavy, and the neighborhood of rivers and water-falls. Heat and moisture seem to be the almost invariable conditions of flourishing growth. The two classes extend over nearly the whole world, the only places where they are not found being those where heat exists without moisture, or moisture without heat, as in the deserts of Africa and the extreme northern limits of the temperate zone. To give even a glance at the various species would require a volume. Epiphytal Orchids are the true aristocrats of the floral tribes. They resemble an order of Oriental grandees. They know no such motto of Western chivalry as that of the Black Prince, "I serve"; they do not own any allegiance to utilitarian ideas. Only a single plant of the race may be called actually useful, and to that the appellation applies only by courtesy, since the vanilla is valued for its delicate aroma and rich flavor; both merely luxurious additions to enjoy-

ment rather than the supply of a real need. No, with the Orchids, beauty seems to be its own excuse for being; and certainly, in whatever way we regard them, we must acknowledge that for grace of form, elegance of foliage, and magnificence of coloring, no race of plants can compare with them. The rose is the queen of flowers, but she displays only a limited number of colors; but in the Orchids we find every color of the rainbow. Even blue, the rarest of hues among flowers, is represented, and many individual plants display a number of colors in the most vivid contrast. Some are pure white, like the *Peristeria elater*, the Holy Spirit Plant of Mexico, whose column closely resembles a dove descending with wings outspread; others wear Tyrian dyes, and seem to flash with gold and jewels. The union of their strange forms with color, produces, as every one knows, the most singular simulations of animal life. Some of these are perhaps rather fanciful, but many are real and striking. Among these last, one of the most perfect is *Cynoches ventricosum*, which as its name imports, imitates a swan, the gracefully-arched column forming the head and neck.

In the figure, size, structure, and habits of these plants there is nearly as much variety as in the blossom. Some are Lilliputian, others by their height belong to Brobdingnag. The *Oncidium altissimum* has panicles nine or ten feet in length, and some of the *Dendrobies* grow to equal length, while the *Sobralias* sometimes exceed twenty feet in height. In the accompanying cut, we have endeavored to show something of their various contrasting qualities. On the right hand at the head of the page will be seen the *Oncidium papilio*, or Butterfly Orchid, with spotted leaves. Just below is the drooping, vine-like plant, *Dendrodium macranthum*, whose large panicles of flowers we had no room to figure; near it the blossom of the *Peristeria elater*. Beneath, showing the creeping habit of the root-like stem, from which the pseudo-bulbs are produced, is a *Sophrontitis*. On the extreme left at the bottom of the page is the *Orchis aranifera*, or Spider Orchid, which, when seen with the addition of color, is very striking. Next is *Habenaria orbiculata*, with its strangely elongated lip. The central figure is *Cypripedium japonica*, a Japanese plant, easily grown, it is said, in pots. The *Cypripediums* are popularly known as moccasin flowers. Several varieties are native to our Northern woods and Western prairies.

Next is a dwarf specimen of the same genus, *C. Concolor*. Above, is the graceful vine of the *Vanilla aromatica*, trailing among the numerous clusters of pseudo-bulbs of the *Tilandsia*, common as a weed in Mexico and Central America. These singular bodies are really only the enlarged and thickened base of the leaf-stem, and are produced annually with the growth of the leaf; when the leaf withers the bulb still remains; and as the years pass clusters are formed such as are seen in the engraving. The bulbs are regarded by botanists as receptacles where nourishment is stored up for the support of the plant. They are common to very many Orchids.

Orchids, as a rule, are of slow growth and long life. The same plant produces new flower-stems some-

times annually, sometimes at longer intervals, but the plant itself lives to great age; it has been asserted that there is evidence of their living one hundred years. In this long life is found the safety of investing money in their culture, for the continued production of rare flowers will bring to the florist ample remuneration for both the cost of purchase and that of cultivation.

It is impossible to succeed with Orchids without a thorough knowledge of their habits of life at home. An amusing illustration of this fact was given in the case of a gentleman who, having vainly endeavored to grow a species of *Stanhopia*, found one morning, to his astonishment, that it was sending a green stem through the bottom of the pot. Finding from this hint that it preferred to grow upside down, he concluded to let it have its own way, and was rewarded by abundant blooms. The central plant figured in the engraving shows how the epiphyte is cultivated upon wood suspended by wires. Those that need more protection for the roots are placed in baskets, filled with sphagnum moss, placed over potsherds and pieces of charcoal; others are potted. Any one who has a greenhouse can grow some Orchids, but they thrive best in a house by themselves, their aristocratic proclivities demanding select society and luxurious surroundings. It is only necessary for this purpose to divide off a small portion of the greenhouse, where they will condescend to admit a few choice exotic ferns. Stove-heat has been considered hitherto almost indispensable to most epiphytes. Of late, however, new ideas have been introduced with regard to culture which will, if they can be carried out, greatly facilitate Orchid culture. It is claimed that very many of the plants now under cultivation may be grown in a grapery where the temperature never falls below 40° Fahrenheit. This is a contradiction of all received notions, but in a number of cases the experiment has been successfully tried, and it is greatly to be desired that the matter be thoroughly tested; for if it can be proved successful it will greatly reduce the expense of Orchid culture, and encourage many to engage in it that now look upon it as beyond their means.

As the facilities of intercourse with South America become more rapid and frequent, we shall doubtless learn more about these "beautiful things without foundation," as the Spaniards name them, and increase the number which can be successfully grown with care, even without the greenhouse. Already there is a considerable list for parlor culture, so that ladies who love beauty can adorn their rooms with ornaments more elegant than the finest work of art, and enjoy at the same time the delight of studying the curious secrets of plant-life; for it is only to the patient watcher that plants impart their strange confidences.

"Silence is vocal if we listen well,"

and listening is well repaid. Let us learn to listen, and we shall hear strange stories of forest and mountain, of river and vale, where these gipsy creatures have dwelt for centuries, reflecting the splendor of the sunset, and filling the air with rich perfumes, waiting for the acknowledgment and appreciation of man.

C. S. N.



ORCHIDS AT HOME.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1879.

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THE Publishers would call attention to the extremely favorable terms upon which they offer the charming and popular volumes of WILLIAMS' HOUSEHOLD SERIES. These books have met with so favorable a reception hitherto that their merits need hardly be pressed upon the readers of the CABINET, to many of whom they are already familiar. The following premiums are offered upon orders for books:

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Publishers of the CABINET feel that an apology is due to readers and correspondents of the paper for the neglect and delay which has occurred in the past in answering letters and queries. Under the new arrangements now completed, the editor will give prompt attention to all queries, and publish the replies as rapidly as possible. If the reply does not appear as soon as expected, our correspondents may rest assured that the delay has been unavoidable. Those who send plants for name, will find it much the safest plan to send a small branch or twig, with leaf and flower. Many leaves resemble each other so closely as to render identification impossible. Delicate blossoms may be secured between two cards wrapped in a little raw cotton. In the mail bags specimens are often so crushed as to be unrecognizable. Care in mailing is absolutely indispensable. Ferns are often entirely destroyed when enclosed in an envelope.

A Beautiful Christmas Present.—The \$1 Magic Lantern advertised in this issue will make a suitable Christmas present for every boy and girl. Don't fail to read the advertisement.

We willingly recommend to our readers "The Bowker Fertilizer" advertised on another page, as the Company's references and testimonials are all that can be asked.

Floral Hints.

KEEPING FLOWER-SLIPS.

By inverting a tumbler or a glass over a slip when first set out, and keeping it over a few days, it will almost surely take root and thrive. If a handful of well-pulverized charcoal is put in the earth when you plant a geranium, it will have a much richer growth and color.

I have kept scarlet Japonicas fresh a very long time by putting their stems in a saucer of white sand: if the flower has its under surface touching the sand, it will keep bright a very long time. By placing the stems of holly berries, or almost any kind of scarlet berries, in the sand a few days, the berries will retain their brilliancy thereafter for months without being shrivelled. Autumn leaves laid in sand and carefully covered over with a layer of sand, for sometimes only four days, will preserve their color perfectly and not have the flat, stiff look of preserved leaves. The scarlet dogwood and the yellow leaves of the birch are beautiful preserved in this way. Lay them in with three or four leaves on a stem, and they will keep their graceful curves and waves as if just gathered; and one, by a little trouble, can have a more beautiful group of leaves to grace a winter bouquet than oil or wax or varnish can make them.

THE HYACINTH.

THE Hyacinth is a universal favorite in the most extended application of the word. The number of its varieties is now fully equal to that of any other florist's flower. They are not only desirable for planting in beds in the flower-garden, but for forcing into flower in the dull, cheerless months of winter and early spring, when their bright-colored blossoms and rich fragrance lend a charm not otherwise to be found. For growing in the conservatory or drawing-room the bulbs should be potted, as early as they can be obtained, in small pots of rich, light earth, and placed in a cold-frame, or some protected place in the garden where they may be secure from heavy rains; cover them with at least foot of newly-fallen leaves, and being once well watered soon after being potted, they may remain for a month at least, to form their roots, when they may be uncovered, and the most forward brought out and repotted into larger pots, and placed in a moderately warm room. The size of the pot will depend much upon the size of the bulb; as a rule, the first potting should be in four and the second in six-inch pots. Some care is necessary in the application and increase of heat, or the flowers will be abortive. For the first three weeks it should not be above fifty degrees at any time of the day; after that the heat may be increased to whatever degree is desirable in the room where they are to bloom. Water should be slightly warm when applied, and given in proportion to the development of foliage and flower; in no case should the earth in the pots become dry, neither soddened, an excess of water being as injurious as drought.

Hyacinths succeed best in a humid atmosphere,

which is not easily obtained in the drawing-room; and they are particularly sensitive to cold draughts of air, which may and should be avoided.

Hyacinths in glasses are an elegant and appropriate ornament to the drawing-room, and for this purpose occasion but little trouble. To those contemplating this interesting branch of floriculture we make the following suggestions:

1. If you choose your own bulbs, pay more attention to weight than size, and be sure that the bulb is sound at the base as well as at the top.

2. Use the single kinds only, because they are earlier, more hardy, and as a rule perfect their flowers in water better than the double varieties.

3. Use rain or soft spring water.

4. Set the bulb in the glass so that the lower end is almost but not quite in contact with the water.

5. When the bulb is placed, put the glass in a cool, dark closet, or any convenient place where light is excluded, there to remain for about six weeks, or until the roots fill the glass, which they will do sooner than in the light, as they feed more freely in the dark.

6. Fill up the glasses with water as the level sinks by the feeding of the roots or by evaporation.

7. It is not necessary to change the water if a few pieces of charcoal are placed in the bottom of the glasses.

8. When the roots are freely developed, and the flower-spike is pushing into life, remove by degrees to full light and air.

9. The more light and air given, from the time the flowers show color, the shorter will be the leaves and spike, and the brighter the colors of the flowers.

10. Do not place the glasses where the direct rays of the sun will strike upon them, as that will raise the temperature of the water sufficiently high to cook the bulbs, which is by no means an unfrequent cause of failure.

11. Hyacinth bulbs for forcing either in glasses or in pots should be of the very best quality; common mixtures will do very well for the open border, but named varieties should always be selected for house culture—not that the names are essential, but because all poor and undeveloped bulbs are culled out from named sorts and sold as mixtures.

CUTTINGS BEFORE PLANTING.

CUTTINGS of Geraniums and many other plants will be found to start with more certainty if wrapped in slightly damp moss for a few days before inserting in sand. This will allow the cut end to partly heal or become calloused, and thus not be so liable to rot or damp off. The propagator must be the judge as to the time the cutting ought to be so kept. Verbenas and similar woody cuttings can be kept but a day or two, while some hard-wooded cuttings may be kept for two weeks to advantage. Never allow cuttings to become wilted before insertion, and always allow several leaves to remain on each to elaborate the sap and assist in forming roots. Do not crowd your cuttings, as this will often cause them to damp off.

Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

MODENA.

EDITOR OF CABINET: I have taken the CABINET for five years and like it extremely, but have never until now ventured on a question. Will you tell me how to treat Ivy Geranium? I have been very unsuccessful in making them bloom in winter. K. E. GEORGE.

Answer.—Perhaps you have not sufficiently considered the preparation the plants need for winter blooming. They should have through the summer abundant sunshine, air, and water. Place them in a rich, loamy soil, and after they are well grown give them a season of rest. Early in September the plants should be taken up, the earth shaken from the roots, and the tops pruned back closely and in such a manner as to give symmetry to the form, and then repotted. The plants should be shaded for a week or so, then water or sunshine may be allowed. Such a course of treatment ought to give you thrifty plants all winter.

NORTH COHOCTON, STEUBEN CO., N. Y.

Does Amaryllis need peculiar treatment to have it bloom? as I have been much disappointed in mine bearing no flowers. H. M. MOULTON.

Answer.—Amaryllis requires careful management. Plant in large pots, in loam mixed with rotted manure. When placed in the earth press the bulb firmly in, so as to settle the earth about its roots, leaving the neck uncovered; water thoroughly and give moderate heat until it shows signs of growth, which, if the bulb is in good condition, will be very rapid when it commences. Water about once a week with warm water, and give abundant light. Sometimes a single bulb will throw up several spikes, and the time of flowering will last five or six weeks. When done flowering let them rest for a month or two, withholding water; keep them in a cool place where there is a free circulation of air, but which is secure from frost. A Johnsonii has been known to bloom twice a year.

DANVILLE, MICH.

In reading the pleasant and instructive columns of the CABINET I have seen the questions of other correspondents kindly answered, and would like to ask the following: 1. How old Cinerarias and Gloxinias must be before blooming; also Amaryllis Johnsonii and Allamandas. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—1. The two first are propagated from seed sown in the spring; plants kept in shady situations during the summer should bloom the following winter and spring. 2. We refer you to answer given above. 3. Allamanda is easily grown, if a thorough understanding be had of their needs. They are capable of producing flowers of large size and substance; for eight months of the year they require a great deal of light, but should be protected from the direct rays of the sun at midday. When done blooming they should rest for about two months. Water should be gradually withheld, and during the rest-period only sufficient given to prevent the leaves from drooping. They do best when well established in large pots. Plant young plants in light turfy, loam with a little sand. Delicate kinds are best grafted on stronger varieties.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. Hyde.—“No” to all of your queries. The Rubber Plant is Ficus elastica, an evergreen, large-growing tree. Crassula is an herbaceous plant, sometimes assuming a shrubby form. The House-leeks belong to the same order. We do not know a plant that has been christened “Roman candle.” Feverfew should be planted in the open ground; it will flower in a pot, but is apt to draw up too long, unless in a large pot, with plenty of light, and in a cool room.

Mrs. E. A. Warner.—Your enemy is the scale. Your remedy is to take a smooth stick, dip in strong soapsuds, and scrape the plants until clean, then rinse with clear water. Cacti are liable to attack from insects, particularly scale.

Amateur.—The rose vase for the centre of your bed is General Jacqueminot. For the next row, La France or Paul Neron; for the outer circle, Caroline Manais. The best moss rose is Princesse Adelaide. Mad Falcot, a fine apricot-yellow, orange bud, is nearest to an ever-blooming orange rose of any to be had. Amie Vibert is the best pure white ever-blooming rose. “The Rose,” by Parsons, is probably the best book for you.

Hattie Farrar.—Hen and chickens is a popular name applied to Bellis perennis (Double Daisy); also, with as much propriety, to Sempervivum soboliferum, the House-leek of the cottage garden.

Nina Smith.—The Justicias are not hardy; there are many species and varieties. The greenhouse varieties are best grown from cuttings of young wood; they will root freely in sand. They will grow in almost any soil or situation, preferring a light, rich loam and a rather high temperature with liberal watering. Old plants do not bloom well; young ones should be started annually.

Dora B. Foreman.—The tuberous rooted Begonias require a long period of rest; the proper time is manifested by their leaves drying up and drooping, which follows immediately after flowering. At that time cease watering and put them away, in the pots, in some dry place entirely free from frost, where they should remain until the first of April, unless they show signs of growth sooner, when they should be repotted in a light, rich soil, and grown in as warm and moist atmosphere as possible. There are so many species of Ornithogalum that it is difficult to give cultural instruction without knowing which yours is. They are, as a class, of the easiest culture; some of them will flower if the bulbs are hung up dry in a warm room. If your bulb is large and healthy, give it a rest by keeping it perfectly dry for a month or two. Many kinds of bulbs are induced to bloom by a period of rest that have been sterile for years.

O. B.—Your plant is Oxalis tetraphylla, a winter-blooming species. The bulbs should be planted any time from September until January, in rich, fibrous soil; they will flower during the winter and spring, and require rest during summer. Plant your Lily of the Valley out of doors in partial shade; it will surely bloom soon as it gets established. It is an early spring flower.

A. R. R.—It is a simple affair to make a vaporizer, as H. P. S. says, but more difficult to tell how; you must be shown instead of being told. A very useful one can be bought for twenty cents, which is the cheaper plan, unless exercise for ingenuity is wanted. We cannot give you the correct name of your Trumpet

Fuchsia without a branch in flower. It is a local name given to some plant not at all allied to the Fuchsia. It is very interesting floriculture to grow Coleus from seed; if the seed you have saved is from hybrid sorts you will be likely to get some very good ones, and no two alike. Sow the seed in boxes about the first of February. The plant enclosed is Lamium maculatum, popularly known as Dead-Nettle.

An Old Subscriber's plants came so badly broken that it is impossible to name them correctly. No. 1. is undoubtedly a Pentstemon. Var.-leaved Chrysanthemum can be had from the leading florists, whose catalogues please consult.

Mrs. John Willis.—The plant is Lychnis coronaria.

Mrs. M. C. Allen.—The plant is Ponciana Gilliesii, a native of Mendoza, South America; it is a very beautiful shrub, highly esteemed for greenhouse culture.

Mary Weed.—The leaf and flower sent is from one of the Morndas (Horse-balm), probably M. didyma. The Coleus are all difficult to carry through the winter, especially in an ordinary drawing-room. The only way to treat them properly is to take cuttings in the fall and grown on the young plants. They require the warm, moist air of the greenhouse. “Wandering Jew,” is a popular name applied to several plants, most commonly to the several varieties of Tradescantia.

Mrs. Asa Turner.—The specimen sent is from the Eleagnus Argenta, a shrub or low-growing tree, rarely more than fifteen feet high. Its popular names are Pursh or Silver-Berry. It is propagated by seeds or by layering the young shoots in September. The Cactus family is so large that it is impossible to give a correct name from your description; it probably belongs to the section Cereus.

Miss M. C. Blaine.—The specimen sent is Lycopodium Carolinianum.

E. A. Claypool.—The specimens sent are so badly bruised that we cannot give the names correctly. Do not know the popular names of either of them. No. 2 is one of the Solanums; cannot say which without the fruit.

Maria Herbert.—The name of plant is Bryophyllum Calycinum, a native of the East Indies.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

A GENTLEMAN of large scholarship, and well known for his fine reasoning powers, but of rather rough manners, was inexpressibly bored by an acquaintance, whose intense self-conceit sometimes rendered him intolerable to his friends. One day, after the latter had been displaying his peculiarity in a very provoking manner, our professor turned to him very gravely and said: “Yes; what you say is true; in fact, you and I know everything there is to know. You know everything in the universe, except that you are a fool, and I know that.”

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not? “And they shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied.” —Congregationalist.

Vanderbilt controls 3,620 miles of railway and employs 27,706 men.

New Things in Science and the Arts.

THE ARTOTYPE.

WE live in an age so full of new thoughts that we have hardly time to draw breath between the announcements of new discoveries in science and art, and few are able to appreciate and understand the rapidity with which the civilized world is moving.

Among the late improvements in what for want of a better term may be called mechanical art, is the Artotype, a recently-introduced combination of photography and lithography, the object being first photographed and afterwards printed upon a printing-press with printer's ink.

During a visit to the establishment of Messrs. Haroun & Bierstadt, 58 Reade Street, we were favored with an opportunity of seeing the pictures printed and examining them in various stages of development, and we have no hesitation in saying that the delicacy and finish, far surpass the finest photograph, while the clearness and permanency of the print equals the best steel engraving.

If the mention of printer's ink suggests the idea of coarseness to the reader, he may be assured that it is an altogether mistaken one. There is a softness of tone, and a gradation in the shadows which persuade one, in spite of evidence, that there must have been touches from the skilful brush of an artist in india-ink.

No better evidence of the refinement and elegant delicacy possible to the process, can be given, than that it has been selected by experienced publishers, to illustrate Ruskin's "Modern Painters." John Wiley & Sons have ventured upon the rather hazardous enterprise, of giving a beautiful edition to the public at one-fifth of the old one. When we say hazardous, we do not mean with regard to the public, but to the distinguished author, whose wrath spares neither friend nor foe in what he believes to be the interest of art.

Certainly the new process answers to one of his favorite axioms, "All true art is delicate."

It is not alone in black and white that the process is available, but in color also; we understood, however, from what was told us, that this part of the work had not yet been entirely perfected, though, if we might judge from what we saw in a certain private drawer into which we were permitted to peep, of a cluster of Eglantine and other wild flowers, that looked as though the dew had hardly dried from off their petals, we should think perfection was not far off.

The advantage is also possessed of being applicable to a great variety of different substances. We saw prints upon white satin, brown leather, and pine shingle, all clear, bright, and perfectly finished. Upon the pure and even surface of white holly the effect is very fine; upon leather it is quaint, and suggests the adaptation to many uses in the industrial arts.

The photograph has always, when good, given an exquisite refinement of shading; but the very tints which give its greatest beauty are the most evanescent, and every one knows how frequently a photograph is marred or ruined by change of color, by fading, and by unsightly spots; but the artotype is sub-

ject to none of these objections. Its exquisite gradations of shadow are entirely permanent, and it is subject to no uncertainty of effect from the varying skill of the manipulation or the changeful quality of chemicals, the process being wholly mechanical.

That its adaptation to the illustration of medical and scientific subjects is especially great, cannot be doubted; for the delicate pencil of the sun can delineate what no mortal hand would dare attempt, and all that can be desired is attained, when the sketch from nature is fixed in enduring tints. When scientific works and valuable books on art, can be illustrated in a style which is equal to the finest steel engraving, at a cost which will place them within the reach of the many, a great advance will be made toward the education of the public taste, and invaluable aid will be afforded to the study of natural science.

NEW FABRIC.

PATENT rights have recently been secured in this country, says an English journal, for an invention which consists in the creation of a type of novel textile fabrics termed "diamantés." It consists in sprinkling upon any kind of textile fabric glittering or sparkling particles of crystalline or metallic materials, with spaces reserved, if desired, for producing patterns. This process embellishes the fabric, and gives it an appearance which it is proposed to term "diamanté."

But beyond the creation of what may be termed an article of fashion there is in this invention a patentable novelty, which results from the actual process by which this result is attained. It consists in the use of matters designated as crystalline—that is to say, transparent and sparkling. They may be either gelatinous, like purified isinglass, or non-gelatinous, like glass, or metallic, like gold and silver. These matters may be variously colored. The materials pulverized fall upon the fabric, which is stretched and arranged to travel over rollers. A jet of steam is directed upon the fabric, the effect of which is to render the surface of the gelatinous grains or particles moist and sticky, so that the dissolved particles seize the particles of crystalline matter which may be in contact with them, and the passage of the piece upon the hot cylinder then brings about the sticking and drying. The use of steam is important, as steam does not affect the shades of color of the fabric like water, which might otherwise be used to damp the fabric before sprinkling.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

CUP AND SAUCER.—A cup and saucer (contributor 1601) that has just received the seal of the Society of Decorative Art is decorated with a Japanese design in pale tints of chocolate brown upon an ivory-colored ground. Besides the particularly graceful finish and execution of the work, it has the novel feature of having some of its lines ornamented with small white beads of enamel.

SAUCER.—A curious shape for a saucer has been tried with much success. It is flat, the edge turned up at right angles, to which a corrugated appearance is given, the decoration being in contrasted colors.

INDUSTRIAL ART IN NEW YORK.

HITHERTO there has been no museum in this city which has given any special attention to the applications of industry to art and art to industry. This want the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have determined to supply, and have devoted a portion of the new art building, in Central Park, to collections illustrating industrial art. They propose to begin with the applications of metals. Valuable gifts have already been received, others are promised, and more are earnestly solicited. Professor Thomas Egleston, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, has been authorized to receive such donations. Communications relating to the matter may be sent to him or to the Director of the Museum, Gen. Di Cesnola. The department is an important and useful one, and it is to be hoped that contributions will be liberal.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC PIANO.

THE phonographic piano is among the late applications of the principle of the phonograph. A music-box which may cost a large sum of money and be of the best construction, can only produce a limited number of tunes, but the phonographic piano can play any tune for which the music is furnished. The bars are struck by strikers as in a piano. A strip of prepared paper, upon which the tune is perforated, about ten inches wide, passes through rollers and over the keys, the strikers springing through the perforations in the paper and striking the right note, the operator taking no more part in the production of the music than the organ-grinder in turning the rollers. Of course automatic music can never be more than a body without a soul, any more than a chromo can be a painting, but there are many persons who have a certain fondness for music which never develops into a passion, and often exists without the least musical ability. To such persons the phonographic piano will be a boon, for it will allow them to choose their own tunes, and to execute them in such a manner as will give them great pleasure. It is claimed that the music is really good, and as the price is within the reach of very moderate means, it will, doubtless, be popular.

The Introduction of the Telephone.—The rapidity attending the introduction of the telephone as a means of business communication is shown by the fact that though thirteen months ago the first one was used in Chicago, the American District Telegraph Company now has over fifteen hundred patrons—that is to say, it has put up that number of telephones, with the corresponding number of wires. The carbon telephone constructed by Edison is used. The company has a central office and nine branch-offices, which take in nearly every portion of the city. At its central office and branches the number of messages per day average twenty thousand. The demand for the telephone may be inferred when we say that the company has forty-seven men and five teams constantly employed in putting up new lines and instruments, and twelve others who are constantly engaged in keeping the lines in repair.—*Christian Union*.



WINTER WREATH OF GRASSES AND LEAVES FOR WALL.

A Gigantic Garden.—China has the largest population of any country in the world. It has the longest and greatest wall ever built, and it has also the largest and most fertile garden ever cultivated. The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand

years ago, have 50,000 square miles around Shanghai, which area is called the Garden of China. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; it is all meadow-land, raised but a few feet above the lakes, rivers, canals—a complete net-

work of water communication—the land under the highest tillth; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that wherever you look you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or coming off.

General Reading.

TWO WAYS TO HELP THE POOR.

BY MISS SCHUYLER.

[From a paper read before the State Charities Aid Association Conference on "The Importance of Uniting Individual and Associated Volunteer Effort in Behalf of the Poor." No. 18 of the State Charities Aid Association pamphlets.]

ON other occasions I have repeatedly said that three or four poor families were as many as any one visitor might better undertake—a visitor, I mean, having other duties, as most of us have, and able to give comparatively little time to visiting the poor. And why so few? Surely, says some young and generous spirit, longing to give something of the brightness and freshness of youth to gladden the lives of those who have never had any youth, surely I can do more than this. Should my four families live in the same neighborhood, it would take only one hour to visit them all once a week, and I have more time than this to give to the poor. Yes, I answer, fifteen minutes to each family is quite enough, is far too much, if it means that you stop merely to enquire: "How they are getting on?" "Not ill, I hope?" "What! an accident? I am very sorry. Of course not able to work. Nothing to eat? Horrible! Here, take this dollar, and I will look in again next week!" And so, hastily retreating, to escape the thanks which follow, on from one poor family to another, and so home, with a glow of satisfaction that at least those people have a dinner to-day—only "I might just as well have given my whole morning, and have visited a dozen families as those four." And with this the thought is dismissed; and the next day, and the next bring their round of home duties and social engagements, until "my morning for visiting the poor" comes in its turn again, when the visits and the dollars are repeated. What permanent good has been done? If your family are worthless, if the man is shamming illness, they take the gift as the fair spoil of your credulity, and ask themselves what other dupes, be they churches, societies, or soft-hearted individuals, will listen to the same or another story and supply the dollars for the other days, until you come again. All you have done in this case is to have helped to pauperize a family. On the other hand, suppose the story to have been a true one, suppose the man to have been a respectable, hard-working mechanic, temporarily disabled, how much have you helped him? Was it being a friend, was it helping him in time of need, to go off and leave him, without knowing what was to become of him and his family during your absence? And in either case, true or false, has your dollar helped to benefit that family permanently?

My friends, it will take all the time you can spare, all the thought you can give, to understand and to help as you might a very few of the many who need your help so sorely. Suppose you give of your best

thought and best effort to *one* of these poor families, and see what this may mean. Let us take one of the cases usually considered discouraging—a widow with partly grown up children, boys and girls, where not one of the family knows how to do anything towards his own support, where all have lived along in some mysterious way, partly by picking up odd jobs, partly by alms, with no future before them beyond a continuance of this same hand-to-mouth existence. What can be done for these people? I think you must begin by seeing enough of them to know all

and what have you received? God's gifts are many and come to us in various ways, and the word spoken to one differs from that spoken to another. But is there, can there be, anything more satisfactory in our intercourse with the poor than to have those who first came to us as beggars come at last as friends, wanting our sympathy in their joys and sorrows, but not wanting our money?

And your poor mechanic, temporarily disabled? Could you not have seen his doctor, and spoken a good word for him to his employer, and arranged to help him until well again by a loan, for which he would have given security—as such men can—and repaid you later in small instalments? Why break down his honest pride and self-respect by making him, for the first time, a recipient of alms? Why let him toss in fevered anxiety with care for the morrow, when the sleep of to-day is so important for his recovery? Your one dollar given can do but little for him; your one hundred dollars loaned can do much.



A FERNERY FOR WINDOW.

about them, by studying the character and natural abilities of each member of the family, before you can know what you can try to do for each. If they know nothing, this must first be made apparent to them; for it is not in human nature to acknowledge willingly that we cannot do some *one* thing well. All women think they can sew and wash, all men will sooner break our necks than acknowledge they cannot drive, and so our poor woman undertakes washing or sewing, or house-cleaning—knows how to do everything, but can't get any work. Suppose we begin by giving her some of our own clothes to wash, and when she brings them home torn to pieces, instead of being annoyed, ask her, very gently, if she would not like to take a few lessons in washing, offer to arrange to have her taught, and tell her you will give her another trial with your own clothes later, and will try to find work for her. If that woman has a spark of ambition and good feeling she will accept your offer, and the next time your washing will be well done. I think the few dollars spent in replacing what that first lesson cost you will have done better service than if they had been given outright in several of your fifteen-minute visits. And the eldest daughter wishes to learn to work upon the sewing-machine; and the son is willing to take a trade; and the little children might better go to school. You see that they are taught, and at first help to find work for them, and stay by them, and encourage them to let you know of their successes or failures; at last they stand on their own feet and make their own way, and when they come to see you it is to tell you how well they are getting on, or to seek your sympathy when in affliction. But then that family, for the case is not a fictitious one, required more time than fifteen minutes a week; more time, much thought, some effort, more money perhaps that first year. This you have given;

and what have you received? God's gifts are many and come to us in various ways, and the word spoken to one differs from that spoken to another. But is there, can there be, anything more satisfactory in our intercourse with the poor than to have those who first came to us as beggars come at last as friends, wanting our sympathy in their joys and sorrows, but not wanting our money?

As the water in the phial evaporates it will be necessary to add fresh to it. By adding salt water it is evident the whole would soon become too salt to sustain life.

SATIN-COVERED FAN.

A FAN that has just received the seal of excellence of the Society of Decorative Art for harmonious coloring and simplicity of arrangement is an ordinary Japanese fan, cut square, and covered with heavy blue and yellow bronze satin, with jessamines painted in water-color on the satin. The handle is gilded with a rich dead gold, and tied round with a large satin bow of the same color as the blue covering.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

HOUSECLEANING.

To clean house properly, begin in the attic, take one room at a time and clean thoroughly; inspect every corner, trunk, box, and drawer, and dispose of all useless rubbish. Bury old shoes around the roots of the grapevines, and they will serve you years longer by retaining moisture, and thereby increasing the fruitfulness of the vines.

Brush the walls, dust carefully, and wash the floors in ammonia-water. See that the stoves used downstairs are well cleaned and carried up to one of the attic spare rooms, and they will be free from rust when wanted in the fall. Oil the pipe with warm linseed oil, and it will retain a good polish.

Proceed with the bedrooms, one only at a time; examine the bedsteads, and, if afraid of bugs, wash them in a solution of corrosive sublimate, and your slumbers will be undisturbed. Wash varnished woodwork with cold tea made from grounds previously used and boiled over. It removes dirt, fly-specks, and leaves a beautiful gloss. Plain painted surfaces require a little ammonia in the water, about a tablespoonful to the gallon; use laundry soap, a sponge; *rinse quickly* with warm water, and wipe dry with a soft muslin cloth. Whiting applied with a cloth dipped in warm water, and carefully rubbed off with a dry cloth, cleanses white paint without injuring it.

To clean the metal plates, key-holes, etc., of doors, also brass stair-rods, use sapolio, or, if brass, rotten-stone.

The semi-annual oiling of furniture tends to give walnut-wood a darker and richer look, and renews its freshness. Any housekeeper who has never tried this simple process is advised to do so, and note how quickly all white spots and blemishes disappear. No matter how old and much abused chairs and tables are, try it upon them. Ten cents' worth of oil, mixed with a little rotten-stone, which may be had at any druggist's, will be sufficient to polish the furniture of a large dwelling. Apply a little at a time with a small flannel cloth and rub until dry, and smooth with a larger piece of flannel, and finish with dry rotten-stone.

To clean marble mantels, take one part of finely powdered chalk, one part pulverized pumice-stone, and two parts of common soda, mix with water and rub well the whole surface, then wash with soap and water, and you will find every stain has been removed.

The gilded frames of mirrors and pictures are beautifully cleaned by applying the white of eggs with a soft camel's-hair brush. To prevent flies settling upon them, wash in garlic or onion water. Do not fear the odor, as it soon dies away and brightens the gilt. Accidents *will happen* even in the best-regulated households, and oil or grease sometimes gets spilled upon carpets. To clean such spots, use fuller's-earth and water, spread thickly, cover with paper, and let it remain two days; brush off, and if not removed make another application. If haste is required, use refined benzine.

The following are good and tried directions for kalsomining: Clean the walls from dust, fill all crevices and nail-holes with plaster-of-Paris and white sand, and coat the walls with a thin sizing of glue-water. Then mix eight pounds of zinc-white to a thick cream with warm water, and add half a pound of dissolved glue. (Some use common whiting instead of zinc-white; it is cheaper, but not near so good.) Apply with the largest size paint-brush or small whitewash-brush. If the mixture becomes too thick to spread evenly, add warm water. If the kalsomine is wanted tinted, a few cents' worth of dry colors will be sufficient. This is cheaper than paper or paint, and is more quickly put on the walls. A pretty border for a room, in imitation of inlaid-wood, is made by pasting cloth smoothly around the floor the desired width, then over that paste wall-paper of wood colors and geometrical designs. When perfectly dry brush over with thin glue-water, then apply two coats of copal varnish.

Wash the shelves of closets, pantry, and store-room with strong alum-water and they will never be troubled with red or black ants. Put in every mouse-hole little paper parcels of fine corn-meal and arsenic mixed, and the obnoxious little creatures will be effectually exterminated. But this should be done in very cold weather only. Plaster-of-Paris mixed with gall is good to fill mouse-holes.

Experienced housekeepers recommend paper bags for keeping dried small fruit, corn, etc., etc. We have used instead for years the Mason quart and half-gallon self-sealing jars. They are the very thing for dried and soft yeast. The latter should never be put in a jug unless under your own immediate supervision. If the housekeepers throughout our land could only look into these jugs they would either banish or clean them with their own hands.

The color and durability of our kitchen floor is most satisfactory, and the cost was only \$2 50. It was first oiled with boiled linseed-oil, then varnished with shellac varnish, and again oiled. It is kept beautifully clean by merely wiping up with cold water. Three times a year it is given a coat of oil.

We use white oil-cloth, bound with red, for wall-protectors back of the kitchen table, and under the hooks where pans, etc., are hung. It is easily kept fresh by washing in soap and warm water.

SYDNEY A. FAIRFAX.

ENTREES.

MR. DELMONICO, talking about entrees, says that Americans ought to copy "the French method of utilizing small bits of raw meats and fowls, and of re-cooking all kinds of cold joints and pieces of cooked meats which remain, day after day, from every dinner in almost every family." The success of such dishes depends mainly on the sauce, which is best made from broth. The following is his recipe for a favorite sauce: "Take an ounce of ham or bacon; cut it up in small pieces, and fry it in hot fat. Add an onion and carrot, cut up, thicken with flour, then add a pint or quart of broth, according to the quantity desired, season with pepper and salt, and any spice or herb that is relished (better though without

the spice), and let simmer for an hour, skim carefully and strain. A wineglass of any wine may be added, if liked." Cold roast, or broiled beef or mutton, may be cut into small squares, fried brown in butter, and then gently stewed in the sauce above described. Mr. Delmonico describes croquettes as the attractive French substitute for American hash, and tells how to make them: "Veal, mutton, lamb, sweetbreads, almost any of the lighter meats, besides cold chicken and turkey, can be most judiciously turned into croquettes. Chop the meat very fine. Chop up an onion, fry it in an ounce of butter; add a tablespoonful of flour. Stir well, and then add the chopped meat and a little broth, salt, pepper, little nutmeg. Stir for two or three minutes; then add the yolks of two eggs, and turn the whole mixture into a dish to cool. When cool mix well together again. Divide up into parts for the croquettes; roll into the desired shape in bread crumbs. Dip in beaten eggs, then into bread crumbs again, and fry crisp, a bright golden color. Any of these croquettes may be served plain or with tomato sauce or garniture of vegetables."

RICE DISHES OF ITALY.

THE rice dishes of Italy are popular and delicious, so unlike our own well-known ones that we urge a trial of their excellence upon our readers. Chief among them rank the *rizotto* of Milan and the cream of rice and chicken. The *rizotto* is made by par-boiling well-washed rice in boiling water for five minutes, draining and drying it on a cloth, frying it light brown with a little chopped onion and butter, and then stewing it until tender in enough highly-seasoned broth to well cover it; it has to be watched closely, and the saucepan shaken as the rice absorbs the broth, so that it shall not burn; when the rice is done it is put into a buttered mould with shreds of cold chicken, tongue, or ham, well shaken down, dusted with grated cheese, and browned in the oven. Slices of mushroom or a little tomato sauce are used as variations from the chicken or tongue.

The cream of rice is made by boiling the breast of a fowl and a cup of rice in chicken broth until soft enough to rub through a fine sieve; the paste thus formed is used to thicken boiling milk, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, to the consistency of thick cream; it is one of the most delicious and nutritious of all soups.

Rizotto is prepared with sausages in the north of Italy in a very appetizing dish; the sausages are twisted without breaking the skin in inch pieces, and fried brown; the rice is washed, boiled for five minutes in boiling water, drained and dried, and then browned in the sausage-fat with a chopped onion; last of all, these ingredients are stewed in highly-seasoned broth until the rice is tender and has absorbed all the broth, enough being used to well cover it when it is set to stew.

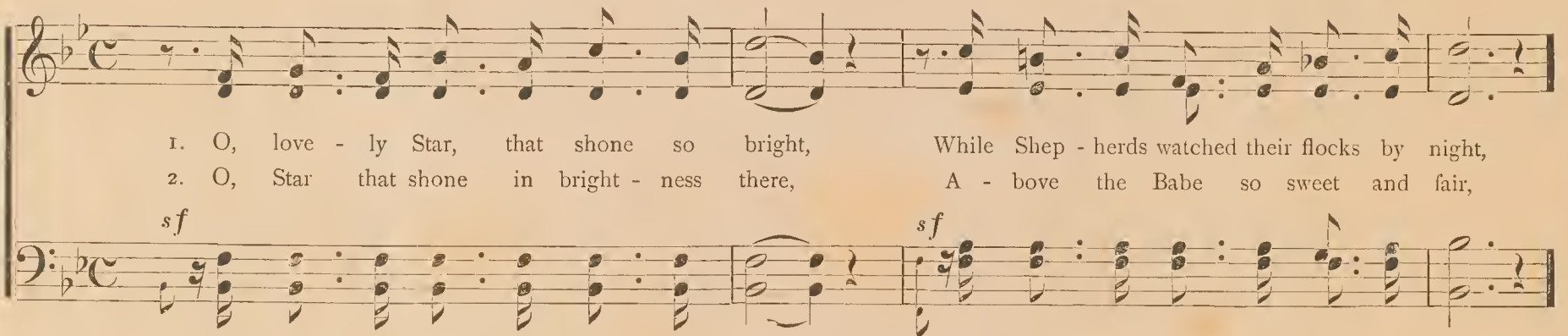
One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill, the poet, said, "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

O, Lovely Star that shone so Bright.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

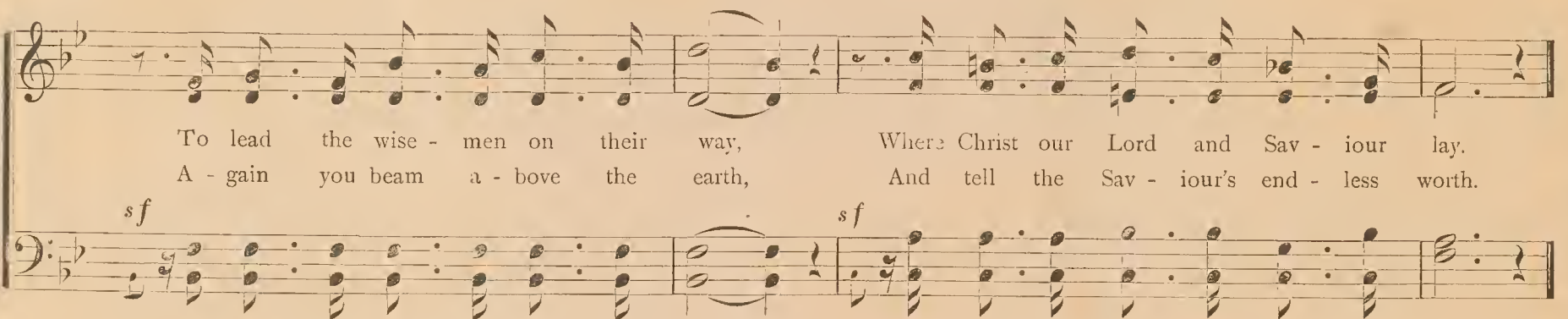
Music by H. MILLARD.

By permission.



1. O, love - ly Star, that shone so bright, While Shep - herds watched their flocks by night,
2. O, Star that shone in bright - ness there, A - bove the Babe so sweet and fair,

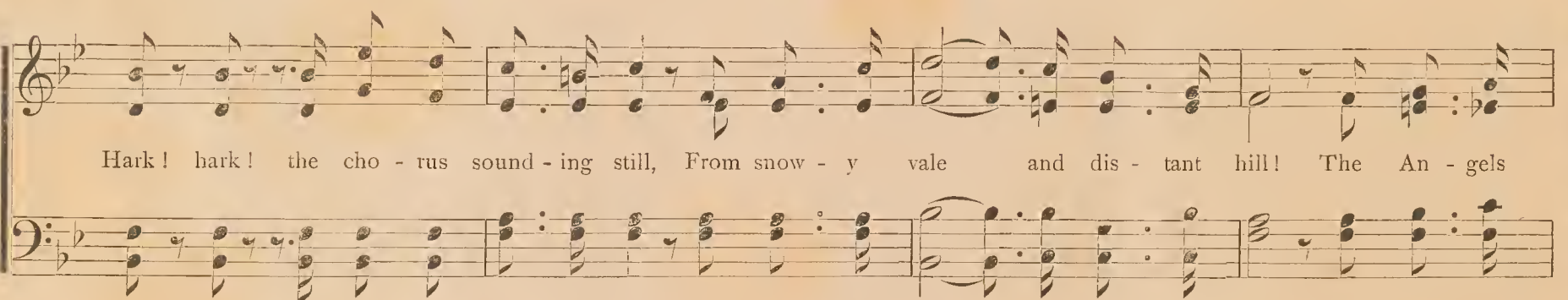
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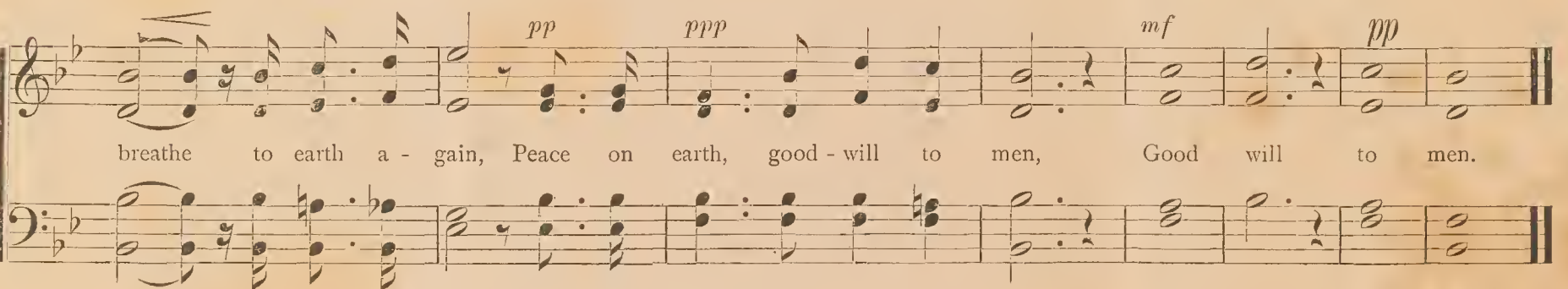
To lead the wise - men on their way, Where Christ our Lord and Sav - iour lay.
A - gain you beam a - bove the earth, And tell the Sav - iour's end - less worth.

sf *sf*

CHORUS.



Hark! hark! the cho - rus sound - ing still, From snow - y vale and dis - tant hill! The An - gels



breathe to earth a - gain, Peace on earth, good - will to men, Good will to men.

pp *ppp* *mf* *pp*

3.

O, Lovely Star, each cloud of gloom
Thy beaming rays of joy illumine!
And all our sorrow dies away,
When thou hast brought our Christmas day!

CHO.—Hark! Hark!

4.

Hosanna! to the Lord our King!
In cheerful voices we will sing,
Good Angels answer us again;
Peace! Peace! on earth, good will to men.

CHO.—Hark! Hark!

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